

Interview with
GRANT WOODBURY

January 6, 1969

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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GRANT WOODBURY

Grant Woodbury was interviewed on January 6, 1969 in Hurricane, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voices of Remembrance Foundation. He related his personal history of living in various parts of Utah. His wife, Bertha (Wheeler) Woodbury, also participated.

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

GW: [My name is] Grant Woodbury.

FH: What is your date of birth?

GW: [I was born] April 18, 1898.

FH: Where were you born?

GW: [I was born in] St. George [Washington County] Utah.

FH: [What was] your father's name?

GW: [My father was] Robert Parker Woodbury.

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

GW: [Her name was] Carolyn Penelope (Thompson) [Woodbury].

FH: What are some of the [events] that you remember from your early childhood?

GW: At the age of three, or around that [age], dad moved to Cedar City [Iron County, Utah] to go to school. The first [friend] that I remember is still a friend of mine [living here], Ivan Workman. His father and mother were living there and going to school too. The only other one that I remember was a fellow by the name of -

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

GW: The first [person] I remember [from] Cedar City was George Farmer. He was the adopted son of an old shoemaker that came from the old country. [The shoemaker] and his wife lived there and adopted this boy and raised him. The only other [folks] that I remember [were the] Bensons and I was scared to death of them. There were three of them [who] were bigger than I was and every time they would see me on the street they would get after me. I was scared to death.

FH: That was probably why they got after you.

GW: Probably. Dad finished his school course there in three years [and received] a life-time

certificate for teaching. We moved to Springdale [Washington County, Utah and] he taught [his] first year in Springdale. Oliver [DeMille] Gifford moved us down [to Springdale] by team. He had a boy, Cyrus, and he was the first [person] I remember here. On the way up to Springdale we stopped overnight at [the home of] Nephi Workman [in] Virgin [Washington County, Utah] and I [became] acquainted with his son, Nephi. We spent the winter in Springdale and I [became] acquainted with quite a lot of [friends], especially the Hepworth boys [and] some of the Giffords.

In the spring we moved to Toquerville [Washington County, Utah]. Father had bought a farm in La Verkin [Washington County, Utah] but there was no place to [live] there so he rented a little house in Toquerville. We lived there for three or four months, I don't know exactly how long, until we got a basement and a tent put up in La Verkin. Just before we moved to La Verkin I turned six years old.

The first winter [in] school, another boy and I were the only boys starting school [and] there were a couple of girls. Winford Gubler and I started together [and] went clear through school together. [We] graduated [from the] eighth grade together. We [have been] pals all [of] our life. I had another real pal over there, Clarence Sanders; he was in the same grade all through. He had gone the winter before [we did] but he was held back.

FH: Have you kept track of these two? Where are they now?

GW: Winford died quite a number of years ago, but Clarence is still living over in La Verkin [Washington County, Utah]. I saw him just the other day.

BW: George is dead too.

GW: George and I weren't very close. There were the four boys, George, Clarence, Winford and I that came all the way [through school] together, only the other two boys [started] the year before we did.

FH: Did you like school?

GW: Most of it. My first teacher was the Spilsbury girl. I don't remember her first name. She was David Spilsbury's daughter from Toquerville. My next teacher was Maude Macfarlane. She married Jim Judd and [Finlay] Judd is their oldest son.

My next teacher was [inaudible], my father's sister. The next [teacher] was Camilla Woodbury, another sister [of my father], and my aunt. Then I had dad [as my teacher] one winter. I graduated [from the] eighth grade under Jed Fawcett, [a teacher] from St George.

I took part in all the games we played, basketball, baseball, was a good wrestler, a good high jumper, pole vaulter and was fast on [my] feet. I came over here once, before I moved over here, and they put me up against the fastest man they had here. We ran [to] a tie twice. His name was Clarence Cripps. We used to play games of our own making. We made our own tops, and for marbles we had little round black sand

dunes, we called them. They were [small] volcanic pebbles.

FH: [Were they] sand marbles?

GW: Yes, they were round. We used them when we used the tops to take them out of the ring, [to] see which one could win the most. I was a good shot with marbles - just plain marbles. I wasn't the best, but there weren't many who could beat me.

FH: You participated in all [of] the sports of the day.

GW: Yes. We had a game of our own making, we called it Duck, I believe. It was played with a big round rock [and] we would have smaller rocks. One fellow would put his rock or his taw (like he was playing marbles) on top of that rock. Then we would stand back behind the line and throw our rocks at that rock and try to knock it off. You could pick up your rock and try to get back over the line any time you wanted. But if he caught you, then you had to take his place. But if you knocked it off he had to put that rock back on before he could tag anybody. He did that until he caught somebody else. That was one of the games we played.

Of course we played Steal Sticks and Run-Sheep-Run; everybody knows what they are. [Laughter] And Hide and Go Seek. We used to go up on the top of the hill, boys and girls, and play Hide and Seek. In those black rocks with lots of holes in there, I tell you it was hard to find everybody!

FH: [It] sounds like you had a lot of fun.

GW: We did have lots of fun. Good clean [young people], all from families that were good LDS [The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] people. That was up until I was fourteen years old when I graduated from [the] eighth grade. I went clear through Primary. I showed you this little book.

FH: Yes. [What is the] name [of] that [book]?

GW: Leaves From My Journal [by] Wilford Woodruff. There are two names, Amelia Sanders and Sarah Hinton [who] were the only two that signed their names. They gave me [the] book when I graduated and I still have it. My Primary president just died here less than a year ago. [She was] one of the finest women I ever knew. She was Clarence Sanders' mother. I have eaten as many meals, I guess, in their house as I have in any other home except our own. [They were] fine people.

FH: That little book you have is a priceless volume now.

GW: I have had it sixty-two years [and] that [is] quite awhile to keep a little –

FH: It sure is.

GW: [Laughter] I showed it to her about it a year or two before she died. I have a quilt that she made for me. My wife gave her the [quilt] pieces and she made the top. She

finished, it didn't she?

BW: What?

GW: Sister Sanders finished that whole quilt, didn't she?

BW: Yes.

GW: [It is] a [very] nice piece of work. I used to hunt and trap [and] caught lots of coyotes, bobcats, raccoons, foxes [and] some badgers. [I] used to trap quail with figure four trap [that] we made out or-willows. We used to go up on the hill above our place [where the quail] would come down off the hill down to the canal [to] their feeding grounds. We would feed them a little bit and set our traps there. We had lots of quail to eat. My folks were like the rest of them [the parents]; they didn't have money to give us. We had what was necessary and that was all. [So] I would catch these animals. I used to pack both raccoons and foxes home alive my arms.

FH: What did you do with them?

GW: We would put them in little cages [that we] made [or in a little] box for awhile, just to show people that we could do it. I wasn't alone; other boys did it too.

FH: [Was] the value of these [critters] in the fur?

GW: Yes. I remember once we were coming from the power house and I had caught a big raccoon. I was packing him home. I thought he was dead and he came to on the way up. I can't remember who was with me, but they had a dog. That raccoon came to [and] talk about a scrap! I'm telling you he really made that dog [inaudible]! [Laughter] But after he got tired he was just like a possum and you thought he was dead again.

One morning I went down [to] the power plant, down in the [Virgin] River. There is a place up through the ledge [that is] used now to go up and down. You could walk up the ledge from one rock to another right up through the ledge. I didn't have my gun with me that morning. I generally took it. [I] had a slide action .22 [rifle]. I got right up to the bottom of the ledge and looked up just ready to go up and here is a great big bobcat standing right on top of the ledge.

[He was] right square above me [and] could have dropped on me with a bat of an eye. I looked up at him for a minute and he looked at me and I went back down the ledge! I went around and found another [way] up there! [Laughter]

FH: They are not very good to tangle with are they?

GW: You bet they are not! They are vicious [animals]. When he didn't move, I figured it was my move. We bought a little mustang horse from a fellow by the name of Ben DeMille, gave \$10.00 for him. [He was] a little sorrel-bodied patient horse. He was hard riding but talk about a nice horse, other than that, he was handy.

We had to take our cows up to the canal water (because we didn't] have (a] water system. We would come clear to the [Virgin] River with them. [When] cows have been in the corral, they like to get out and run. One day the cows went up the canal and took (off running] down the big bank just as hard as they could go. I had just driven (the horse] up, so I jumped on him without a [saddle] on him, only me. I followed those cows and got down to the cross section of the road, north of where the post office is in Hurricane. There were three cows and four roads. I got all those cows back [and] headed the right way towards home with that horse without a string [rein] of any kind on him. [It was] right in front of the fellow's place [where] we bought him. When he was just a colt we broke him. The fellow said, "By God, that is a good horse [to] take those cows back home from the four comers there. A horse that will do that is really a nice horse."

FH: He was well trained. What do you remember about your father?

GW: Dad was a [very] good man and a good father. He made us work, we earned our beans, but he wasn't hard on us. He tanned our butts once in awhile alright, but he didn't beat us or anything like that.

FH: Not unless you had it coming!

GW: He never did whip hard. He would outline our work for us. He would say to me, "Grant, you have so much of this 'York to do. When [you are] finished, (the] time is your own. If one of your friends wants to come and help you do it, that is fine, but you have that much to do. Until that much is done, you can't leave." He always set a good example [for] us.

FH: Was his word dependable?

GW: Yes. He figured on keeping his word no matter what it was, or how it hurt. When he told us something, that was what he [planned] on doing. He taught school all the time until I was married. While he was in school, I did most of the farm work. He would come home Friday night and be there Saturday. He would never work on Sunday. He taught in Springdale for, I don't remember [how long]. He taught in Virgin for seven years. He taught in La Verkin for a year or two and taught in Short Creek [Arizona] for several years. I don't remember how many and he taught in Hurricane one winter.

FH: I have heard his name [from] people who have been his students.

GW: He has been [the] city mayor, head of the co-op business [for] many years, on the [Hurricane] Canal [Company] board, he was -

BW: Mayor.

GW: Yes. He was [the] ward chorister in La Verkin the biggest part of the time he was there and did it after he [moved] over here. [He] had a good voice. I don't know if I can tell you too much more about him.

FH: [Did] his parents [John Stillman and Martha Alice (Parker) Woodbury] come here by assignment from the leaders of the church?

GW: I don't know if his father was called down here or not. I think he was. There were three Woodbury brothers: John Stillman, [who] was my granddad, Orrin [Nelson] and Thomas [Hobart]. Thomas Woodbury lived across the [Virgin] River from Grafton, [on] this side of Rockville. There is a [small] rock house [that] you [probably] noticed down this way. [Grafton and Rockville are in Washington County, Utah.]

FH: Yes, I noticed it.

GW: There is an orchard down below. As I understand it, the biggest trees there were the first fruit trees brought into Dixie. He was kind of a horticulturist. They were the first trees, as I understand it, in Dixie country. They were still there the last time I was down there [and] still bearing fruit. He moved back to Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah and] the other two boys stayed here.

FH: That means those trees have been there a hundred years or better.

GW: Yes. The two boys are both here. Orrin is the grandfather of the Orrin that you know up there.

FH: Up in Salt Lake [City].

GW: His father was Frank [Woodbury]. He was in the newspaper business there all of his life [and] was [a] patriarch there for a long while. My grandfather [John Stillman] Woodbury was among the first [LDS missionaries] sent to the [Hawaiian] Islands. He was there five years on two missions. [On] the first one, he was a young married man, his wife went with him. I don't know what the matter was but she got upset over something and left. Where she went or what happened to her we never knew. [According to the Hawaiian State Library she was buried in Molokai.]

FH: They didn't ever find out?

GW: [No one ever] knew where she was or what happened to her. Then he married my grandmother [Martha Alice Parker]. What was her father's name? [Robert Parker.] He was called to Beaver [Beaver County, Utah]. I don't know if he was called there or whether he was a bookkeeper for the church woolen mills. My grandmother [Ann Ruth (Hartley) Parker] and her older brother [Maximillian Parker] walked across the plains with one of the [Mormon] handcart companies. [They] walked all the way. I think she was eight years old and her brother was twelve [years old]. His name was "Max" Parker, the father of [Robert] Leroy Parker: in other words, "Butch Cassidy."

FH: Is that right?

GW: "Butch Cassidy" and my grandfather were cousins. Even though they [knew] he was an outlaw he was one of the most well-thought-of people in that area. I have talked to

a lot of the old ranchers. The only [people] that he took from were the rich people and [he] distributed it out there among the poor ranchers.

[My grandfather, Robert Parker Woodbury, didn't whitewash "Butch." He said to me, "He stole, so he was a thief no matter how generous he was with the loot."

- Added by LaBerta (Woodbury) Altermatt during editing.]

FH: [Did he live] kind of a Robin Hood-type existence?

GW: I will tell you [about] one experience; well, maybe I had better tell you two. He was going through the country and traded horses with a [fellow]. Then he took sick, he may have been sick when he traded [the horse], I don't know. But Anyway, he traded horses with this [fellow] and took sick. He rode that horse unconscious for nobody knows how far. The horse took him back to where he was raised. He got in at night and the dog set up a howl. The man came out to see what the [commotion] was and found "Butch [Cassidy]" unconscious [and] still sitting on his horse. He took him in the house and told his wife. "You had better get busy on him." They [thought] he had pneumonia. When they put the horse in the barn, the dog would not come out of the barn; he stayed in the barn with the horse. The next morning when the man went out to take care of the animals, he found that it was a horse that he had raised. The dog was a pup when the horse was a colt and they had romped and played together. The dog knew the horse.

They nursed "Butch Cassidy" back partially to health. He asked him where he got the horse, and he told him. He said, "That is my horse [and] that [fellow] stole him from me." When "Butch [Cassidy]" was well enough to travel, he rode the horse back to the [fellow's] place and told him, "I want my horse and my money." He said, "You are not going to get it." He said, "I am going to get it. You stole that horse from so and so. I want my horse and my money and I am not going to fool around. I want it now." The fellow took him at his word and got the horse and his money. He ["Butch Cassidy"] took the horse back to the owner.

Another [story]: "Butch [Cassidy]" went to a ranch and the people were feeling [very] bad and he wanted to know what was the matter. They told him there had been a [fellow] out there quite some time before [who] sold them some stock in something. They [didn't] have the money to buy the stock so they gave him a mortgage on their ranch. The fellow was coming to take the ranch [because] they couldn't meet the note. He was coming to take the place. "Butch [Cassidy]" said, "How much do you owe him?" They said \$600.00. He pulled money out of his pocket and gave them \$600.00. He said, "When this [fellow] comes, you get your note, your mortgage, back. Get all your papers back and make sure they are clear before you give him the money." The fellow came [and] they told him they had the money pay him and wanted all their papers back. He gave them all their papers back, took the money and left. He hadn't gone very far [when] "Butch [Cassidy]" stepped out from behind the rocks or trees, took the \$600.00 away from him [and] told him to get out of the country and to never come back. [Laughter]

I knew a couple [very] well that lived out in the Uinta Basin [area who] were well

acquainted with him. They told me a lot of [stories like] this one. They said “Butch [Cassidy]” and his [Wild] Bunch were there eating dinner one day. They saw a big [ball of] dust coming [and] looked out and said, “That is the posse after us.” They hadn’t finished their dinner. So “Butch [Cassidy]” and [the group] got on their horses and went down the road a little ways. They weren’t making any dust [and] pulled up in a [small] side canyon. When the posse came to the house, they wanted to know if they had seen them. This fellows name was Pete Nelson [and] he said, “Yes, they were here just a little while ago and they went on down the [road]. The posse took out down the [road] making big dust. After they had gone by the ravine [where] “Butch [Cassidy]” and [the others] were, they came back to the house, finished their dinner and went the other way. [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter] It sounds like he knew what he was doing.

GW: I didn’t tell you about mother yet. Mother’s parents were William H. [Henry] and Caroline [Emma] (Cottam) Thompson. Her father [William Cottam] had been married once before that. His wife died. He had two girls from his first wife, [Amelia and Matilda], then he married my grandmother. She had Emma, [Squire], mother [Caroline Penelope], Will, Joel, George, Ed and Sam.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

GW: Grandfather had a lot of Scotch blood in him [and was as] serious as they come. Most people were scared of him. It wasn’t anything mean; only he was just strict [and] everybody had to tow the mark. My uncle [Sam] left home on that account. But they were all fine people. One time, grandfather started up the Black Ridge and an old Indian stepped out and wondered where he was going. He told him. [The Indian] said, “You are going back.” Grandfather argued with him for a little bit and kept telling [the Indian], “Git, git.” He had a rifle [and was] holding it on grandfather. Grandfather kept arguing with him until finally the old Indian gazed off somewhere for just a minute and grandfather whipped out his six-shooter and said, “Now you git!” The Indian got and grandfather went on his way. [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter] He didn’t bluff him!

GW: No bluff. That is about all I know about them. I never did know grandmother.

FH: What about your brothers and sisters?

GW: I think grandfather and grandmother on my mother’s side were as fine a people as ever lived. Grandfather was [very] quiet but when he spoke, you knew he meant it. He was [very] quiet and calm [and] grandmother was too. Grandmother was quite a large woman. When I started high school in St. George, I stayed with them for a month or two. I [only] heard grandfather use a cuss word once. They had just got the water system in and they had one tap up by the house that watered the animals and got the water for the house. Grandfather was in his eighties, I don’t know how far, but well up in his eighties, he lived to be ninety-one or ninety-two. He had the milk cow up and when she got a drink she kicked up her heels and jerked the rope away from him and

away she went. That was the only time I heard him say anything, “Damn old cow”. That was all he said! [Laughter]

FH: That was [fairly] mild! [Laughter]

GW: Grandfather [and grandmother, John Stillman and Martha Alice (Parker) Woodbury] had a big family. There was John Stillman, Jr., Frank, Arthur, dad [Robert Parker], Max, Ada, Annie, Nellie, Camilla and Charles.

Frank [Woodbury] was a doctor. Charles [Woodbury] taught at the Branch Agricultural College in Cedar [City, Iron County, Utah]. Arthur [Woodbury] was a farmer. Max [Woodbury] taught in the Deaf and Blind School in Ogden [Weber County, Utah] for years and years. He is still up there and one building has been named for him up there. Charles [Woodbury], the youngest boy, is an attorney in California. He is [fairly] old, [but] alive. Ada [Woodbury] married George Scott [and] lives in Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. Nellie [Woodbury] married [a] Bringhurst from over in “Toquer” [Toquerville, Washington County, Utah]. Annie [Woodbury] married a fellow by the name of Ammondson, [from]

Salt Lake [City]. Camilla [Woodbury] married John Judd, [a] brother to Jim Judd. She has two boys and one girl. The boys are both doctors. One [lives] in Springville [Utah County, Utah] and [the other] one [lives] Spanish Fork [Utah County, Utah].

FH: My, I say your memory is fabulous! You do wonderfully well!

GW: When I was [in high] school [in St. George] I started to work for my board and room and did [that] for quite awhile. The fellow I worked for was a real character and had a lot of history about him. That was Uncle Jim Andrus. You have probably heard of him.

FH: I have heard the name.

GW: He was bishop for a long while and was head man down in this area for a long while. He was a man that most people kind of feared, but as far as I am concerned, he was a fine man. He treated me swell; you couldn’t ask for anything better. But his wife and one daughter were [very] crabby and cranky. Finally, I just couldn’t stand it any longer. But old man Andrus was [very] nice to me. He told me a lot [about] his experiences. I could tell you one or two [stories]. He [went] out when [Robert] McIntyre and [Dr. James M .Whitmore] were killed at Pipe Spring [Arizona in 1866].

FH: I have heard about [that incident].

GW: They were killed by the Navajo Indians. He was in charge of the posse that was after [the Indians]. He told me how they killed all those Indians, he killed them himself. He sent his men after them. They got down into a canyon [but] they didn’t know where they were going. The men knew the country [and] he sent the posse in after them. He went around the rim of the [Grand] Canyon where he knew there was one place that they had to go through; they couldn’t get away [and would] have to go through. He

[killed] every Indian as they went by that place. That was all [the Indians who] were down there. There might have been some that didn't go in with the others, I don't know.

He told another [story]. They were out from the fort in Kanab [Kane County, Utah]. During the day there were two buck Indians tormenting the women in the fort. When they saw the men coming home he said [the Indians] took off up to the red ridge just as you go into Kanab. He said when [the Indians were] way up the side they turned around and spattered their butts. He said, "I pulled down and took a shot. I cut the dust right under their feet. If you ever saw two Indians [move], they didn't stop for any more spats [shots]." [Laughter]

FH: [Can you tell] a little more about you mother, your brothers and sisters?

GW: Mother was a [very] talented woman. She [had] lots of little knick-knacks. Mother had a swell voice, did lots of singing and knew quite a little bit about music. She took part in all the church activities that women could take part in. She was a good cook and took good care of the home and the family.

My oldest brother Lewis [Woodbury] lives in the first town after you get down off the mountain in California: San Bernardino. I don't know what he is doing now but he worked for the railroad for a long time.

FH: He is the oldest of eight [children]?

GW: Yes and I am the second [oldest]. He married a girl by the name Florence Smith from Lynndyl in Millard County [Utah]. That is where he started [working] on the railroad at the same time.

The next youngest is my sister Evelyn [Woodbury]. She married Phillip Barkdull from Meadow [Millard, County, Utah]. He was an artist [and] taught art [classes] in school here and in St George. He taught in Provo [Utah County, Utah] for awhile. Then he went up to Logan [Cache County, Utah] to supervise all the art work in all the high schools [and] probably the grade schools in Cache Valley. He died a short time ago. She is still alive [and] was here for our wedding anniversary.

The next sister is Emma [Woodbury]. She married a fellow by the name John "Johnny" E. Warren. He was from somewhere in Nebraska, I believe. He didn't belong to the church. He wanted her to marry him but she wouldn't marry him until he joined the church. He didn't do a lot after he got in, but he did join the church. He died a number of years ago. He worked for the Utah Parks [Company]. After he died, they gave her the job [as head buyer] and she is still doing it. She prices [items] that they sell around the parks —

FH: Curios?

GW: — curios and she take inventory of [items for sale at] Zion [National Park], Bryce [Canyon National Park], Grand Canyon [National Park] and [for] Cedar Breaks

[National Monument]. She has an office in Cedar City.

The next girl is Alice [Woodbury]. She married Paul Thurston. He was a school teacher. She is a musician [and plays the] piano. They have a nice family.

FH: Where do they live?

GW: They live here. My oldest sister lives in Logan. My oldest brother doesn't have any children. The sister younger than I, had two boys and a girl. She had three boys [but] the oldest [boy] died when he was a baby when he [Phillip Barkdull] was teaching school here.

Emma has a boy and a girl. He is in the [military] service, well up in rank. I think he is in New Mexico. The girl married a fine fellow and they live in San Diego [California].

My sister Alice, gosh, I don't know how many [children] they have. [They have eight children.] They have quite a family. The oldest boy, I don't know if you would call him a draftsman or not, but he is in the automobile business back in Michigan. He has been there ever since he got out of college. He drew [plans for] a motor before he graduated from college. It received a lot of recognition so they gave him a good responsible job.

FH: [Is he] a mechanical engineer?

GW: Probably. The others are musicians. They have one boy left at home, one girl is getting married. Maybe two, I don't know, maybe it is two that are getting married.

My next sister Grace [Woodbury], she married a fellow by the name of Orville Hibbard. They didn't have any children [so] they adopted a girl. She [the adopted girl] married [Oral] Covington [who] was raised here. [He is the] son of Lorin and Annie Covington. They live in Las Vegas [Nevada] and have quite a family, but I don't know them.

Orville [was] killed. He [was] caught in a gravel slide [while working] in a gravel pit in California. Then she [Grace] married Richard Bradshaw. [He was] raised here [and] they went to school together.

My youngest sister [June Woodbury] married [Clayton] a brother to Orville. They have one daughter and live in California. Their daughter married [and] they spent three or four years in Korea [where] he was head of the [LDS] mission.

My youngest brother, Donald [Woodbury] married a girl that he met when he was in [military] service and she was on a [LDS] mission. She is a Salt Lake [City] girl, Doris Johnson, and they had one girl. [The girl] is married and has one little baby.

[Grant and Bertha (Wheeler) Woodbury were married June 20, 1918 in St. George, Washington County, Utah.]

In our family, LaBerta [Woodbury] is [our] oldest [child]. She married J. L. Bowler, Joseph LeGrand Bowler, and they live in Mesquite [Nevada]. They have five children, two boys and three girls. She married a fine fellow and [has] a fine family. She is [very] talented in a lot of ways. She is a home economics teacher now. After she had four children, she went back and finished her [education]. Part of it [was] from correspondence [courses]. Then she went to BYU [Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah County, Utah] and [received] her degree and went back to teaching. She taught [three] years and another little boy came along. (Laughter)

BW: [Inaudible]

GW: She is [very] talented. One of the happiest times in my life was when she was just a little tiny girl; at that time, I was driving teams. She saw me coming, came out to the sidewalk and said, "Hi daddy, hi daddy."

FH: This was a choice time.

GW: [Events] like that you can't forget [and] don't want to forget. I have had lots of experiences with her. I put her on a big horse one day and she was going along [with] no worries, just sitting up there. [We] had those old hames that they used to have with the balls on the top. She just had her hands on top of that. [Hame is a curved piece lying upon the collar in the harness of an animal to which the traces are fastened.] The old horse was slouching a little bit so I hit him with the line and he jumped. She rolled right over backwards on [the] old horse's back. [She] didn't fall off, just went over backwards and gathered herself up to the hames and said, "Do it again, daddy, do it again." [Laughter]

[Speaking to his wife] Did you tell them about the runaway? [Inaudible] When we were first married, we lived in one room of dad's house for awhile. Then we moved to another little house on the west side of town and lived there for a while. [Later we] moved back to dad's for awhile. Then we built a house of our own. I mean we built it! I don't mean we had it built, we built it. It was on the northwest part of town out on the hill, right beside where Scholtzen's Products Company is [now]. [It was a] little house up on top of the hill. There is a lot of stone work in front of the house. We didn't put the stones in but we built the house. We built it from the ground up.

We moved in one room and had a ceiling made of burlap sacks that my wife ripped up, sewed together and tacked them up there and a dirt floor. We didn't have a floor in it when we moved in. We were tickled to death to get in there. We were just like my parents were, the [children] were taught to work and they thought they were badly done by sometimes. Anyway, one day the wife and I were up in the top of the lot, it was a rocky old place, we were putting in a head gate in the ditch up there. Mom had told LaBerta to do the housework. How old was she, mom? Eleven [or] twelve [years old]?

BW: What?

GW: How old was LaBerta, eleven or twelve [years old]?

BW: Maybe.

GW: [About] that, anyway. She did the housework all up, [and] then she began to collect a few clothes and [items] together. Our second girl [Ilean Woodbury] wanted to know where she was going. She told her she was going to run away. The second girl said, "I am going with you." "No, you can't go with me." "You better let me go or else I will tell on you." The only way she could get away without us knowing it [as] we were up [at] the top of the lot, she had to take her sister with her.

So away they went. [By] noon they hadn't come back and we began to get worried. We hunted all around the neighborhood and nobody had seen them for a long while. Finally, one girl said she saw them quite a long while before. [They told her that] were running away. Along the way they had picked up another girl, Georgia Isom. We began to reach out to find out where they had gone. One lady over [in] "Toquer" told us she had picked them up and hauled them into "Toquer." We [went] over there [but] couldn't see them anywhere. [She] didn't know just where they had gone but [she] knew they had left town. We started up the road north of "Toquer" and, along the way, we saw somebody in a bunch of willows down along the ditch bank below the road. I turned around and went back to town [because I] wasn't sure if it was [the girls]. We went back to town and got an old hat, old coat and a shovel. You came on home. didn't you?

BW: The twins were small and I came home with the twins.

GW: I took [the] shovel and had this old slouch hat and coat on and went over across the creek to make sure it was [the girls]. I [thought that] if they were going to run away I would give them all they wanted. I went over and hid in the ditch, down below where they were, and walked up along the ditch right, close to them, like I was going to take the water. I saw that it was [the girls] so I went up a little ways, turned around and came back by. When I come back by, they were [fairly] nervous. They gathered up their [belongings] and took out of [the] willows and [went] back to town. I stuck close behind so they wouldn't know who I was but that they would know I was there. I followed those [girls] back to town. They started down the street and went up this way and back across. I just kept following them [to] let them know I was there. [We went] clear through town.

[Do] you know where the big rock house is on the south side of "Toquer"? There was only one house below there then and the road went right around by it. They [were] around there and were getting worried by that time. When they got down by this last house they decided they were going in. This old boy was following them and they were scared! When they started to open the gate, I was [fairly] close to them. I said, "Where are you [girls] going?" They whirled around, "Daddy, daddy!" [Laughter] I brought the [girls] home. When [we] got home mom had a big pot of beans all cooked up and hot for them. They really enjoyed their supper that night! [Laughter]

FH: I bet they weren't running away any more!

GW: No, she had enough! The second girl [Ilean Woodbury], finished high school here. All

five of [our children] finished high school [and] all had some college work. She got a scholarship [and] LaBerta did too. LaBerta [received a] scholarship to the AC [Branch Agricultural College] in Cedar [City]. She went there [one] winter [and] then she went to Dixie [College] the next winter. She won the honor of being “D” Queen down there. That was quite an honor down there.

The second girl got a scholarship to the [Utah State] Agriculture College in Logan [Cache County, Utah]. She went up there and met a fellow by the name of Aaron Amacher and they were married. Both his father and mother came from Switzerland. They were both single when they came over [and] met after they came over here. They had three children, one boy and two girls. [Very] fine people. [Ilean and Aaron] married and have five children. All are [very] talented. She has a lovely voice and she has organized a youth choir that sang — What was that choir that Ilean organized?

BW: It was a youth choir.

GW: Where [did] they sing?

BW: They sang at the World Fair in New York. She also belongs to the Singing Mothers in the Washington D. C. Stake and they sang there.

GW: Aaron was in the ROTC [Reserve Officers Training Corps] when they were married and he has made it a career. He is a chemist [from his] education, but he made the [United States] Army a career. He has been in the branch of the Secret Service and he is a — what is the next rank above a major?

FH: Colonel?

GW: Lieutenant Colonel. He is a Colonel now. He will soon be ready for retirement. He went on a [LD] mission back to his parent’s country. They have five children, all talented. Their youngest [child] is nine, maybe not quite that old. I will tell you one [story] on [Ilean]; [maybe] I will tell you two [stories]! [Laughter]

One day, an insurance salesman came out to our place out there on the hill. The wife and I were out in the front of the house. There was a road that ran right up next to the west fence. We were talking to this fellow and he wanted to sell us a family policy. We thought we would take it and we told him the names [of our children] and how old they were. We were still talking -

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

GW: - [when] Ilean came home. As quick as she came up, he said, “Hello, Ilean.” She looked up at him [and] couldn’t understand why he knew her name. He kept talking, like a lot of insurance salesmen, lots of gab, and finally she looked up at him and said, “Say, mister, is that a true lie or a damn lie?” [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

GW: That let all the wind out of his sails! He didn’t know how to answer. [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

BW: Tell him about her being stuck in the ditch that time.

GW: I don't remember just how that [story] went. But another [time Ilean] came home from school. She said, "Daddy, that old bull down in the field chased me." I said, "No, it wasn't a bull." She said, "Oh, yes it is." I said, "No, it isn't." "Daddy, you had better look again." [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

BW: She sure was witty!

GW: I didn't know this until a year or two ago [when] she wrote us a letter and told us. [Emotional] When she [was] ready to leave for college, she waited around for quite a while. "I thought you would want to give me a lecture." [But] I didn't give it to her. Before she [was] ready to leave, she couldn't wait any longer, she said, "Daddy, don't you want to give me a talking to before I go?? I said, "No, Ilean, you have been taught what is right and wrong. You know what is right and wrong. Now you are on your own." [In] the letter she wrote, she said: right then, I decided I would never do anything to hurt you and she never has. [Emotional]

FH: That was probably the best lecture you could have given her.

GW: I don't know what else I can [say about] her. The next two [children were] twins, Verna and Vernon. Verna was the first to [be born]. It was like my wife told a fellow down here. He [asked] who was the oldest of the [twins]. She said, "This one." He said, "By how much?" She said, "[By] fifteen minutes." He said, "Oh my hell!" [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

GW: They are all different types [and] they all [have] different but good personalities. Verna [Woodbury] is a good scholar but her talents run in a little different line from the other two girls. She has a [fairly] good voice but not like Ilean's. Ilean has the best voice of the three girls. LaBerta has a good voice. Verna has [also], but she has not used it as much as the others. She didn't get a scholarship. She worked [very] hard for it [but] they gave it to another girl [who] was one of these apple polishers. It hurt her badly because she had worked so hard for it, but she still went to Logan to school [at Utah State Agricultural College]. Did she graduate from the college?

BW: She lacked three months [of finishing].

GW: She married a fellow by the name of Donald R. Holt. Maybe I had better go back just a little bit. She went to work at the telephone company in Salt Lake [City and] worked there for quite awhile. Then she and another girl went to Long Beach, California. Ilean's husband had to go to Los Angeles [California] and he asked me if I wanted to

go with him. I said I would go with [him]. We went to see Verna and we stayed there until quite late [in the evening] with just her and her girlfriend from Salt Lake [City].

We [were] back [in] the hotel and [soon] the telephone rang. [Verna] said, "Daddy, can we go home with you?" I said, "I will ask Aaron. He is right here [and] you talk to him. It is his outfit." [Aaron] took the telephone and she asked him. He said, "Yes, we have plenty of room. You can go [with us]." He said, "How long will it take you to get ready?" She said, "It will take us until around ten o'clock [in the morning]. We have to check out of where we are working and get our money but we both want to go [back with you]." So they did.

I don't know if it was the night we got home or not, but our boy, Vernon, was here. He and this Donald Holt were palling around together. He was a newcomer but already had his call for his [LDS] mission. He asked Verna and Ruth if they would like to go to St George to a show. They said, "Sure." It wasn't over a month until Verna and Don were married before he went on his mission.

FH: [They married] before he went?

GW: Before he went. [Inaudible]

BW: [Inaudible] [Laughter]

GW: The other girl met another fellow here and it wasn't very long until they were married. When "Don" went on his mission, Verna went back to Salt Lake [City] to the telephone company. She worked her way up [and was in] charge of making [up] the telephone directories. She kept him on his mission, put him through college and through dental school. Not through dental school, [it was] through pharmacist school, in Salt Lake [City]. While she was putting him through school they bought a little home and paid for it.

FH: [Very] nice.

GW: I'll tell you it was nice. Not many girls would have done what she has done for him. After his studies, they moved to Las Vegas and he worked as a pharmacist there in the T & T Drug Store for two years. Then he decided he wanted to go to dental school. They went to Portland, Oregon and she worked [to] put him through [school] there. He is a dentist in Las Vegas now. They have three [children]. [Our] girls have all worked in the church, but she has been on the television down there quite a lot. She is an artist with a sewing machine and also writes stories. She has a play coming up that Walt Disney is thinking of [producing] now.

FH: Wow!

GW: She can do anything. The program on television was [about] making hats. What do they call that?

BW: Milliner.

GW: She taught millinery classes down there and was on television a number of times explaining it [to] others. She has been drama director [inaudible]. She is [very] talented in those things as well as being a [very] good wife. [Our] girls are all good wives, good cooks and they really keep house and take care of [inaudible]. Verna, especially, has been willing to help her husband. The others haven't had too. They probably would have done just as well if they would have had too. She has three [children], two girls and a boy, and they are all talented nice [children].

Vernon [Woodbury] is a [very] happy [fellow], always singing, always happy and pleasant. A [very] good worker; always ready to get up in the morning and do what you ask [of] him. He worked [very] close with me all through life until just before he married. We worked together on the farm. I bought a dry farm and we worked together on it. I would cut a [small] piece of grain out and tell him, "This is yours when we harvest it. Whatever we get off of here is yours." That was all the pay he ever got. Once in awhile I would give him [money] for this and that but, as far as wages are concerned, I didn't pay anything, but I gave him a piece of grain that he would sell and that was his.

One fall we had a [very] good crop. I cut off quite a nice little piece of grain and told him, "Now that is yours." When we sold, I don't remember how much money he had. I had a chance to buy [the] lot right below us down here. I was satisfied that if he didn't put [his money] into something it would get away from him like it does most people. He didn't have enough [money] to buy the whole lot so I told him, "Vernon, if you want to buy half of that lot I will buy the other half." [Inaudible] So he said he would buy it and took the south half of [the lot]. He had it for two or three years [and] then he was called on a [LDS] mission. He sold [the] lot to a fellow down here and he made monthly payments [to Vernon]. He nearly kept himself on [the] mission. We didn't have to send him very much. [Inaudible]

We worked together until wages started [to] rise for labor. We had some [very] dry years and we weren't making anything. I told him I would take care of the place here if he wanted to go out and get a job and get some of that money. So he got him a job and I ran the farm. After he married, we separated and I gave him part of the farm and he sold it about a year ago. He has been working driving truck most of the time. He decided to go back to school. He wanted to be a veterinarian. He really loves animals and is [very] good with them, knows how to handle them and gets along well with them. He went back to school and sold that farm about a year ago. [He thought] if he sold [it] he would have enough money so he wouldn't have to be in debt when he got out [of school]. They lowered the age for veterinarians below his age so he couldn't finish. But this spring he will graduate with a bachelor of science [degree] and already has offers back there to do county agent work. He has a good background for it.

He has [children] [inaudible]. He has been on a [LDS] mission and [served] in the bishopric two or three times [while] he has moved around. [He has] never been the bishop, but he has been in the bishopric several times.

When he did his stint in the [military] service, he was [very] lucky. He has always been a fellow who has lived the gospel. When the [other] young fellows haven't, he

has. He was drafted and they sent him into the [United States] Marines, he didn't volunteer. They sent him down to San Diego [California]. Just before they were shipped out, he and either five or seven other [fellows], were sent off to trade school. He was sent to textile school where [he was] taught how to make shoes and clothes, [how] take care of them [and] mend them. He can make a pair of shoes from scratch. They pulled these fellows out [and] the [rest of the] group went across the pond [Pacific Ocean] to Okinawa. There were only six of them that came back.

FH: Someone was looking after him.

GW: They sent him to the Hawaiian Islands and he came home from there. I had to be operated on for a double hernia. The doctor told me I shouldn't work for six months to a year because I was getting along in years. We [asked the Marines] to let him come home [to] run the farm while I was getting better. They were set to fly back and land in San Francisco [California]. They started [to take] off and their load was too heavy. The plane couldn't get up and they had to turn around and come back. If [the airplane] hadn't turned around and come back they would have landed on the beach when they had that big tidal wave.

FH: Somebody is really watching out.

GW: Yes, he lived for it.

BW: [Inaudible]

GW: [Vernon] didn't marry until he was twenty-eight years old, I believe it was. He married a girl [Bernice Malaka] [who] had just joined the church from Texas. He [was] married in Los Angeles. She had been there for four years. She passed by these LDS chapels and didn't know what [they] were. Finally, she went in to one and not long after she was baptized. She hadn't been in the church a year and they waited until she got her recommendation before they were married. They have four [very] nice [children], two boys and two girls. She is a wonderful person, a [very] good cook and a woman [who] can do anything and [is] not afraid to try anything. She is [very] careful about taking care of their means. She comes from a group of people [who] came from Czechoslovakia [and] settled in Texas, just outside of College Station a little ways. [A very] careful, conservative [and] a [very] nice girl.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

GW: Vernon's patriarchal blessing promised him many things: that the spirit of the Lord would be around him, preserve him [and] protect him if he would live for it. He has lived for it and has been protected, he surely has been watched over. [Inaudible]

Our youngest son [Grant Reede Woodbury] came eleven years after the birth of the twins. He is a [very] bright fellow, what you call sharp. All through his school years, he didn't have to study, not enough. He probably would have been better off if he had to work a little harder. He worked [fairly well] around the [farm] but he wasn't as attentive as Vernon. He is talented in a lot of ways. He is a [very] good drummer [and]

an athlete. Vernon was quite an athlete too. Not [as] outstanding as some others, but after he [was] in the [military] service he played baseball. [He was a] catcher for the Marine team that he was on.

Grant Reede was a football player. The coach said when he wanted something done he would send Grant [Reede] in to do it. He was a good basketball player. He played on the high school squad for two years. He was a different type of fellow, more of a hunter, liked guns, liked to hunt. If he wanted to go out after meat, very seldom did he ever come back without [some].

When he was a young fellow he liked to doctor sores [that] anybody had. We thought at the time that he was going to want to be a doctor. I don't know if it was his preference or not, but anyway he liked the military. He joined the [Utah] National Guard when he was sixteen and has been in ever since. After [he was] out of college (he didn't go through college but he went to college some) he decided to go to Officers Training School. He went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma and took an officers training course. He has been in the service [ever] since and now he is a major and he is only thirty-two [years old]. Right now he is in Amarillo, Texas over the recruiting stations. He has a big area [to supervise]. He comes as far west as Albuquerque [New Mexico] and into Colorado.

He married Linda Naegle, daughter of Lynn and Ruth Naegle from Toquerville. A [very] fine girl and they have two little, [very] bright youngsters. They seem to be getting along fine. They are just a [very] nice couple.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

GW: Grant [Reede] was quite a [fellow] for working outdoors on his own. He bought a chain saw and would go to the saw mill and saw anything. When he was up at the saw mill one summer he contracted to build a fence for a [fellow]. In the fall he still didn't have it done [as] he was working alone. He was afraid he wouldn't get it done and get his money. He come home one day [and] said. "Dad, why don't you help me finish that fence so I can get my money for it this fall?" I said, "Okay." I though I was a [fairly] good worker. When I [was] working with him that little bugger could work circles around me! He would do in five minutes [what] I would do it in fifteen [minutes]! [Laughter]

FH: How old was he then?

GW: [He was] about eighteen or nineteen [years old]. [Inaudible] say that about the other girls, especially Verna. Verna is one that makes every move count, just goes through work. They are all good, but she's exceptional and Grant [Reede] is the same way. They look alike too. They look more alike than the twins [do].

FH: That is unusual, isn't it?

GW: [Inaudible] He isn't quite as religious as the other boy. But he knows religion [and] he took seminary [classes]. He graduated from seminary. The last year that he was there

he took seminary from one teacher. The next fall, when he got his school work laid out, he told me, "I don't believe I will take seminary this year". I said, "I think you ought to. It is your last year and, in reality, you will get more out of it through your life than you will any other [subject] that you take."

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

GW: He didn't like the teacher [who] was, there before too well. But [a] new teacher came in and he was a [fellow who] would test you. You had to prove to him that you were really getting it [inaudible]. This [fellow] came to school one day and Grant [Reede] had a cigar. The teacher just took the cigar away from him and said, "If you want this after you leave class, you can have it, it is yours, but you are not going to be fooling with it in my class." Just two or three little things like that and the teacher had him where he wanted him. [Grant Reede] thought the world of that [teacher]. He graduated from seminary and said that was the best teacher [he] ever had. Because he made him do as he was supposed to.

FH: Tell a little about your activities during these years. You have had a lot of different church jobs and have done different kinds of work to make a living, let's hear a little bit about some of these [events].

GW: I worked at home until I was married. I never worked away from home a month in my life until after I was married. When we were married I had \$40.00 and that was all we had. Two other boys and I took a contract [and] we weren't making any money. The other boys decided in the spring that they were going to leave so I stayed and finished the job. Before we got through, I talked to the engineer in charge of [the project]. I told him [that] I didn't know what to do [because] the boys left to go on a job where they could make a better living and I [wasn't] making any money here. He said, "If you finish the job, the rest of them are not entitled to anything unless you want to give it to them. They have forfeited their rights by leaving." I said, "In that case, I will finish the job and will figure myself an average wage, a wage that they were paying." When I settled up with these [fellows], they were mad because I took that much. But I didn't think it was right for them to go off and leave me to finish [the] job [because] they weren't making any money on [it and wanted] to get big money.

I bought a good team. [It was] a team that nobody could rely on any better than [those] horses. [I] had a sorrel flax [flaxen mane and tail] mare and a bay horse. That mare was the most intelligent, the best animal I believe I have ever owned, and I have owned a lot of them. [Inaudible] I worked in the Kaibab [National] Forest one year. [Inaudible] After we had been there a little while, they laid the other three [fellows] off. I stayed all summer. The next spring when it was time to go out there, I telephoned or wrote him, but anyway, another [fellow] wanted to go and he had a good team. I called the [fellow] at the forest and [asked] him if I could come out again this summer and bring somebody with me. He said, "Grant, I have all the teams I can use out here, but if you have the same team or one as good, come but don't bring anybody with you." So I went out and spent another summer out there. Do you know [about] horses?

FH: Quite a bit, yes.

GW: You know when you get a team that 'will stay in the collar so tight and so steady that you can ride the double trees on the end of a ten-foot chain, you have a team of horses that are [very] good. I could do that. The mare got water founder [suffered from laminitis] and died. I was about as sick as I ever was over anything when she died. And I had her sold. Then I tried sheep shearing a little bit and didn't like that.

While I had this big team I went to Millard County one fall to haul beets. There were a lot of good teams there, but the fellow with me came home one day. He said, "Grant, there is a [fellow] down there on the same dump that we are going to [who] says he has a team that will out pull anything on the dump." I said, "You go back and tell that [fellow] that I have \$50.00 that says he can't." [Inaudible] with an iron side wagon pulling 10,000 pounds of beets. I knew the other teams on the dump [inaudible] I didn't think there was another team that would. The [fellow who] was with me had a [very] good team but he couldn't drag the loads out that I could.

There was a strike on the railroad. I went to Lynndyl, Utah and [found] a job there. They put me in the stationary engine room. I didn't know anything about it but they put me [with] another [fellow] for a week or two [and] then they turned it over to me. I stayed there for six months but I wasn't cut out to be bossed. I got along fine with the superintendents and the workmen there, but I couldn't stand the inspectors that they sent along the road. They [would] come in and say: you do it this way. They seemed like they all came on my shift. I had to see them in the afternoon and at eleven at night. One would come one day and say this is wrong, you do it this way. I would just get it changed and the next one would come in and say this is wrong, you do it this way. I got [very] fed up. I don't know how [inaudible] stood it. He was [very] hot tempered anyhow.

One night, a fellow blew up one of the boilers and they had to put an engine on the house line and put another man down there to run it. He was [about] 100 yards away. They would always take that engine out on my shift, put the fire out and re-coal it and bring it back in. I had a real job with the thing I had to do. I finished up all the water, made all the lights, made all the air. If I shut down, the whole business shut down.

One night they took [the engine] out and didn't put any coal back in it, brought it back in and put it on the turn table. The pipe fitter [inaudible]. I was just dragging lower and lower all the time. Finally, come eleven o'clock the gaffer [foreman] who was taking the other shift didn't show up. When the pipe fitter came in, he climbed up on top of the dead engine and opened the valve [and] my steam went out just like that, that big old rusty boiler down there. I knew what the matter was [so] I ran down through the machine shop just to make sure. Sure enough, there it was. I climbed up and closed the valve down and put some coal in the fire box, went up and shut mine off and put us all in the dark. Everybody was off work. Nobody was working only me. [Inaudible] I worked on it until midnight chasing back and forth through the machine shop with a coal oil, not kerosene, coal oil torch, that was all I had.

A little after midnight, the foreman came in; he saw [that] everything [is] dark. Of

course, the first thing he does is to hunt the stationary engineer up. When he found me I was up on top of the boiler about thirty, thirty-five feet in the air just opening the [inaudible]. I got the steam back up and the water back in the boiler to where it was safe. He started to cuss and I started to cuss too, I was just as mad as he was. But he was a [very] nice fellow and when he saw that I was mad he waited until I got down. When he saw me, he knew I shouldn't be there. He asked me where the gaffer was and I told him I didn't know, I [had] never seen him. He wanted to know what the trouble was and I told him. I went down and opened up the other locomotive in the line and got things [moving]. He got a hold of the coal boy and he got the gaffer right quick. After the gaffer got there, he sent the coal boy down to the stationary engine room and told me that the superintendent wanted to see me.

I went up and he said, "Have you had your supper?" I said, "No." He said. "Go up to the cook shack and get something to eat and then come back." So I went [and] got something to eat and came back. When I went in the office he said, "I would like you to stay all night, but you don't have to, but I would like you to. [Inaudible] watch those two [fellows] and see if they keep this thing a-rolling." After that, I could get anything I wanted from those [fellows]. [Laughter] But I couldn't stand the inspectors [who] came along the road, so I quit.

I came home and bought me a little truck, a 1917 Model-T [Ford]. [I] made a truck out of it [inaudible] and I spent twenty years trucking on the road. I couldn't say I really liked that. Once in a while you would have a trip that was enjoyable, but most of them weren't. I did it because I had a family to feed and I had to [work]. Then the Depression came along [and] we didn't have anything. We had just traded the home that we built for another one and I couldn't find any [work]. I had lost my truck and couldn't find a thing to do. I tried to get on with the WPA [Work Projects Administration]. They took my name alright and they came to tell me to go to work. [But] just the day before, I [was lifting] a couple of bales of hay to feed the cows that we were milking. The bale of hay broke [open] and I landed across the top of the board fence on my ribs and broke a couple of them. The job that they had [for me] was [using] a pick and shovel job in the rocks. I told them I couldn't go.

After awhile, I got a chance at a job in the [Hurricane] High School. It was the first year of the brand new high school. Believe it or not, [it paid] \$30.00 a month. The WPA offered \$42.00 [a month]. The wife and I talked it over and decided to take it, in preference to the \$42.00. We [thought] there was a chance of something better there and there wasn't on the other job]. I worked one winter there and the next spring the superintendent came to me, a fellow I was well acquainted with, had been for years. He said. "Grant, would you like that other elementary school?" I said. "I sure would." So they gave me \$80.00 [a month]. I worked there [about] nine years. [Inaudible] A few years after I left the school, the fellow [who] had the high school got sick. They were looking for somebody and my oldest boy thought maybe he would like it. I went to the superintendent and said, "I understand you are looking for a janitor for the high school?" "Sure am. Will you take it?" I said, "I will take it for my boy if you would like to try him. He can't come now, but I will take care of it until that time." I stayed there until spring. I had other things I had to do. One day I asked the principal, Mr. Nuttle, "Do you think I am spending too much time away from here?" He said, "Grant, I don't

figure things by time. Everything is fine as far as I am concerned. I don't care how much time you spend away [from the job] as long as you keep ahead of your work and things are taken care of, that is all I ask."

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

After we were married quite a little while, I wasn't what you call very active in church work. I was lacking in some things, especially in tithing. One winter at the end of the year I hadn't paid my tithing. It went on for several days and I didn't pay much attention to it. Finally, Bishop Ira H. Bradshaw came to me. [He was the] finest man you ever met. I met him on the street close to my home. He said, "Grant, I would like to talk to you." I said, "Okay." He said, "By my records you haven't paid any tithing this year. I don't feel like sending my reports in without you doing something. I think you ought to — it is an obligation that you should take." He was [very] nice about it. I said, "Okay." I couldn't pay very much so I paid what I could. I appreciated that man for [understanding].

I was in the Elder's Quorum presidency for awhile. I don't remember just how long. I was secretary of the Elder's Quorum for some time. I was asked to [be a] counselor in the MIA [Mutual Improvement Association] and was in [that position] for I don't know how long. The other fellow asked to be released and they asked if I would take [the position]. After a little while, they asked if I would take the counsellorship in the stake and I had that [position] for some time. [I was] asked if I would be a stake missionary and [they] made me a [member of the] Seventy. I was in that two or three months [when] the bishopric asked me to be a counselor. I was in the bishopric for eight years.

I have been [a] ward chorister [and] ward clerk. In fact, I [held] both [positions] at the same time and if you don't think that was a job, the two [positions] together. That was before I was in the bishopric [and] was when the wards were first divided under Bishop [Frank] Johnson. He didn't live here; he lived out at Canaan Ranch [on the Arizona Strip]. As ward chorister, I had all the responsibility of [preparing] the music for all the funerals. He told me that was my job [and] when [funerals] came along I had to do that. When I was ward clerk, I was janitor of the elementary school where the one ward had their church services and our ward had classes in part of the building. If you don't think I was a busy man, why you would have to guess again! Since I was in the bishopric I was group leader for the High Priest [group]. I have sung in the choir ever since this ward was organized, besides being choir leader for a while. I didn't have much background for it. I never had a music lesson in my life.

FH: It must have come to you naturally.

GW: No, not very natural.

FH: [Laughter]

GW: I had a poor start [in the beginning]. When I went to St. George to high school I took [a] chorus [class] there. The music teacher (after I had been in [the class] for awhile)

said, "You and you and you," picked out about half a dozen or more of us, "you just as well forget this class. You can't sing." I didn't sing for a long time. Finally, a fellow from Cedar City came here to run the Grist Mill [flour mill in Washington City, Washington County, Utah was] a [very] talented [fellow].

He asked me if I wouldn't help him sing in a quartet. I told him, "Gosh, I can't do it. I don't know anything about music and [have] never sung." He said, "You can and if you come I will help you out all I can." I started out with him and we sang in the quartet, my older brother and this fellow. His name was Gordon Mathis, not the Gordon Mathis of St. George. He, my brother and Jesse Jepson, one of my best neighbors for years and years, sang [at a] lot of [events] as long as he was here. I sang in church and in quartets a lot. Professor William H. Manning from Cedar [City] [inaudible]. I still don't know anything about music, only what I picked up. But I have done a lot of singing and really enjoyed it.

FH: [Inaudible]

GW: When I was dry farming, sometimes it was hard to sell grain, so I decided to get into the hog business. I got a few sows and started raising hogs and had some good pigs. A fellow asked me, "Do you like hogs?" I said, "No, I don't." "[Why] do you raise them?" I said, "When I get rid of the hogs, I am going to have me a bunch of cattle. With the hogs I can get enough money to [buy] some cows." About that time, they started a fat-stock show [in] Cedar City. They came to me and asked if I had some [animals] I could take up there to show. I said, "I have some [very] nice pigs that aren't dressed up for show." "Bring anything that you have and it will be alright." I said, "Okay, I will bring a boar, a shoat and one single." "That is fine." I went out to the ranch [where] I had them in the hills about fifteen miles out [of town]. I took two 200 - 225 pound shoats and my boar to Cedar City and showed three pigs. I got three blue ribbons! I bought me a few cows and went out of the hog business. I am still in the cow business a little and [have some] horses.

I bought and sold quite a few horses and made a little extra money. I have had some [very] good horses. In fact, I still have three colts down here. Only one of them is broke. He is [very] nice and the others are going to be nice. I just sold a horse that I had for about eight years. [He] was hurt last fire [season]. [He] wrecked his shoulder and I thought maybe he would get better. I kept him until now, but lately he seemed to be getting worse. I decided I had better sell him while I could get something out of him. I figured he wasn't going to be any good to me again. Fine horse and anybody [who] didn't believe it ought to have been here when we went to load him up.

FH: I saw your wife weeping afterwards.

GW: Yes, and the grandchildren. But when he got hurt, they pulled a low trailer into the arena and we loaded the horse. With that leg, we didn't know if it was broken [until] we got him off [the trailer]. One fellow from California [who] was helping out there, seemed to know quite a lot about horses [and] after we got him fixed up the best we could he said, "That is one of the nicest horses I have ever had anything to do with. That [horse] seems to know we are trying to help him." [Emotional] [Inaudible] almost

like human. [Emotional] That is the type of horses I have had nearly all the time. He was one of the best. I have had others that adjusted [well]. That is what I am doing now and I am really enjoying it.

The wife [Bertha (Wheeler) Woodbury] and I and the family have really enjoyed ourselves and each other.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR.]

GW: [Inaudible] We have always felt good towards one another, loved each other, and I don't think there is anybody [who], very few [inaudible]. We have a very talented family, a good family and my wife is [very] talented too. She says she wouldn't mind living [life] over again. I don't know of any regrets that I have. I [can't] think of anything that I would change very much.

FH: [It] is good to be able to say that.

GW: The longer I live, the more I am sure that I don't see how anybody else can see otherwise [when] they claim God that is dead. I [don't] understand [why] people think that. They certainly don't believe their own eyes. You don't have to look at all if you see the sun and moon rise and set. There has to be a hand over it. It is not there by accident. It is like the fellow said about the monkeys. [Someone] thought they could teach them to learn to read and write. One fellow said, "If you give them a typewriter for a time they might be able to spell a word, and maybe, get so they can make sentences." The other fellow said, "Yes, but where are you going to get the typewriters."

I [don't] see how people can believe such trash as that and I am sure that my family doesn't. I have talked to them. I know they feel much the same as I do. I am sure, I hope, anyway, that they will stay that way until the end. I am sure they will. I appreciate them all. I have talked to them enough that I am positive that they will stand for what they know to be right. I wish them the best of everything. If there is anything that I can do to help them, I will be glad to do it. I hope I can live a good many years yet, enjoying myself and them. I am told now, "Why don't you quite riding in rodeos." I said, "As long as I can do it and enjoy it, I am going to do it."

[END OF RECORDING FIVE. END OF INTERVIEW.]