

Interview with
ALVIN S. BARLOW, SR.

July 11, 2019

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ALVIN S. BARLOW, SR.

Content Warning: Contains words that are inherently offensive, insensitive and harmful.

Alvin S. Barlow, Sr. was interviewed by Stephanie Griswold on July 11, 2019 in Hildale, Utah. He discusses his childhood, and career in Hildale, Utah as part of the Fundamental Latter-day Saints. Kathleen Broeder assisted.

SG: Okay, we're recording. Today is July 11th, 2019. I'm Stephanie Griswold interviewing Alvin S. Barlow, Sr. in Hildale, Utah. Alvin, could you please spell your name?

AB: A-L-V-I-N S Barlow B-A-R-L-O-W. My middle name is Smith, I was named after the Prophet Joseph's oldest brother.

SG: And can you tell us your age and place of birth?

AB: I was born in Short Creek, at that time, Washington County [Utah], according to the birth certificate. It was not a community or registered community. On April 15th, 1938.

SG: And can you tell us a brief genealogy, parents, grandparents, great-grandparents.

AB: Yes. My father is John Y. Barlow. My mother is Martha Jessop Barlow. And my father's father was Israel Barlow the second. And his father was Israel Barlow the first. Father's grandfather, Israel the first, was contemporary with the prophet Joseph Smith. Both Israel Barlow the first and Israel Barlow the second knew President Brigham Young very well. Father was born in Panaca, Nevada on the fourth of March 1874. He was sixty-four years old when I was born. He was a tremendous entrepreneur. He had experience in retail and sales; he had experience in farming; he had some experience in mining. His father was a freighter that helped carry goods with team and wagon on the main road from Salt Lake City [Utah] to San Bernardino [California]. His wagons went primarily in the Utah territory. He knew the wagon road from Cedar City [Utah] west over to Panaca and then south down through Meadow Valley and on to a Mormon settlement in Nevada that was entitled "The Meadows." It's now known as Las Vegas, Nevada.

Father's experiences included a great deal of farming. At one time when he was working on the threshing crew (the rod from a central gearbox the teams would drive by pulling a lone pole stemming from the gearbox and the team would go around, and around, and around, and it would activate that rod which went to a tripod and the little universal joint gear, then to the threshing machine itself); but as a young man, Father, while working, and oiling this universal joint, had his denim jacket caught by a little bolt that was sticking out of the spinning rod. And it cut into his chest. He was eleven miles away from help or a doctor. They were able to cut him free from that situation and lay him in a wagon. He had clamped his hand over his chest prior to his passing out and it stayed clamped. They got him in to the doctor and the doctor was able to care for the wound and

declared that had he not held that tight grip on that wound he would have bled to death. But it took him a while to recover from that accident. He was a very athletic man; he stood six feet tall and was big, he was a big man. But from that time on, he had to be more careful in the heavy physical work.

I had the privilege of knowing him for eleven years and honoring him completely. He was the type of a man that was dedicated to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith and was determined to live the laws of the gospel as revealed by the Prophet Joseph. In his later years, after the laws of the land were changed to make it a crime to live celestial or plural marriage, he was faced more than once with the court issues. But at the time, that one of the great times in my memory of his dedication, Mother was forty-four years old, and she was sick with cancer. Our oldest brother, who was twenty, was drafted into the World War Two. He inquired of Father if it would be the right thing to seek a hardship deferment and Father said, "Whose country is it? Isn't it worth fighting for?" So my brother went away into the Navy. He was stationed at San Diego [California] at the naval base there. And after his basic trainings, he was allowed home on a furlough on March 7th of 1944. Father had mother in Salt Lake City under a doctor's care. But our oldest brother, Louis, was home from San Diego.

And on the morning of March 7th, 1944 our people experienced a federal raid that included relatives in Salt Lake and in Short Creek, Utah. My brother, in uniform, met the officers at the door. They were looking for the man, we lived in the basement of a home and they were looking for the man who lived in the upstairs part of that home. But when the federal officers arrived, they attempted to just walk right in. They knocked and my brother went to the door and they attempted to walk in and they said, "We're federal officers." He said, "That's fine, you can wait outside." They said, "No. We need to review and go through your home." He said, "Do you have a search warrant?" They said, "Well, no." He said, "Then you can wait outside." He had had a very wonderful class in civics and history in High School in Cedar City, when we had lived out at a ranch west of Cedar City. He stood his ground. Eventually one of the officers was allowed to come in, which they did not want to do to have just a single officer go in, but I think they could tell that it was not putting themselves in harm's way. But for me, it was an interesting realization of the sacredness of the home, and my brother knew that and he stood in the gap for us, his little brothers and sisters.

But Father, in Salt Lake, was arrested along with many others in the '44 raid. They were grouped together at the city and county building and marched together under guard, to the federal building, to the courthouse, which was west of there. A man that was hand-cuffed with Father said they went to put the handcuffs on Father's wrist, but his wrist was too big for their cuff. Father said, "That's okay. You just close the cuff and I'll hang onto it." The other man was cuffed, they were in a linked together and Father just hung onto the handcuffs so that the media and all that were making the record of these 'bad guys' goin' to jail, they would get their effect. The court cases were processed. He'd been let out on bail. And a year later the court convened and according to the new laws in the State of Utah, which had been implemented in the late 1930s, making living plural marriage a felony instead of a misdemeanor. And under these new laws, then, they were committed

to the state prison, which was in fact the old territorial prison in Sugarhouse, and it was while Father and his brethren were incarcerated in that prison that the new prison out at the Point of the Mountain in Bluffdale was completed. And they were transferred out there so they were among the first prisoners in the new prison. Now I understand they have a new prison out west of Salt Lake, near the airport, in that area. But it's interesting to reflect on. Father was later allowed to come out on probation after having served seven months toward a two-year sentence. The parole board required them to sign an agreement that they would not preach the practice of polygamy. Father said, "That I can do." That would allow him to be among his people, see his children, appreciate his family.

There were other men that felt like it was akin to signing a manifesto similar to one signed by President Woodruff in the 1890s. They chose not to sign it. They went a full two years to fill that prison sentence. Father said, "I never have preached the practice of polygamy. We don't practice, we don't live polygamy. We live, according to the laws of God, Celestial and plural marriage. And that was his stand.

My older brother that had returned back to his base following the '44 raid, was still down in San Diego in October of 1944, at which time Mother passed away with cancer. He was given a very short leave to come home. He came and was with us to help with Mother's funeral and burial. I mention this because by that time, Father was out on parole. But he invested in us, as young boys, his sons enough that though I was but six years old, I had a brother that was seven years old and a brother that was eight years old and one that had turned ten two days before Mother died. And we four little boys were her pallbearers. So, our cousin made the casket and grave box. Our grandfather was with us. Father was with us. Father went into the prison after Mother died. He was sentenced in March 1945. She died in '44. The men weren't actually out on parole at the time she died. They had not as yet had the court case until March of '45. It was May 1945 when he went into prison.

Within the next few months our next oldest brother was inducted into the Army Air Corp in World War Two. As he finished his basic training, stopped back at home, and went to Salt Lake and visited with Father; he was in his military uniform; our brother Joe was in his military uniform when he went to the old prison in Sugarhouse to visit with Father before he went to Okinawa [Japan].

Well, those are some precious memories. I personally experienced the '44 raid. Nine years later, I was the youngest one that Arizona, of our people that is, that Arizona left standing in the street when they carried our brothers and sisters and our other mother away in the raid of 1953.

In 1953, the court case hinged on a judgement rendered by J. W. Faulkner, a Superior Court Judge in Mohave County, who declared the parents to be unfit parents and remanded the children into the hands of the State welfare. That raid was under the order of Governor [John] Howard Pyle. He had sent a military unit primarily made up of the Arizona Highway patrol and backed up by a detachment of the Arizona National Guard. They joined with Mohave County Sheriff and his deputies to stage that much-publicized raid of 1953.

I had an uncle and a cousin that had just returned from Korea. They'd been on the front lines in Korea. And they were just returning. My uncle had just arrived the night before the raid. So he and my cousin were still in uniform, they hadn't been discharged from their military duties, they were just furloughed. So they weren't taken to jail like the other men and boys were. There were twenty-seven men, and I think there was seven or eight women that were taken to the Kingman jail. In order to get there, they had to go from Short Creek to Fredonia across Navajo Bridge into Flagstaff and then back on old Highway 66; then across through Ash Fork and Seligman and onto Kingman [Arizona]. So those men and boys, or men, were in the county jail. I had a brother who was nineteen years old and he was taken and imprisoned during that week. Of course I had other brothers involved, but that's the youngest of the prisoners of the men. But, now, as of today there are only three left that went to prison in '53. One is a World War Two veteran that's 97 years old. One is my older brother that's 87 years old. And then my other older brother, that is now 84.

The women and children were carried away under orders, under a court order from Mohave Superior Court. Many of the families had had no hearing or no defense at all. So when they arrived in Phoenix [Arizona], the intent was to distribute the children out and adopt them out. And the governor had declared on a well-publicized radio broadcast the morning of the raid, July 26th of 1953, that it was his intent to imprison the men, put the women in detention homes, and adopt out the children, and within two years, destroy the records, so that they would never be able to return again to their homes here.

Well, this matter was brought before the Superior Court in the city of Phoenix, in Maricopa County. And Judge Stephens said there has been violation of Constitutional Rights. "Return these children to their parents and let them go back home." At that time, there was no appeals court in the state of Arizona. But here the welfare department now had two conflicting directives from courts of equal jurisdiction. So they appealed the case to the State Supreme Court. That process took two full years. In the meantime the families were scattered, with the mothers with the children, and children weren't taken from the mothers. But the men were required to pay to the state welfare department a certain amount each month to allow the mothers to stay with the children. But after two years, the State Supreme Court did rule, and they said, "Maricopa Superior Court did not err. Send those children back."

At that time, is when I went to Phoenix to be with my other mother and my little brothers and sisters. There were a few families that still remained in the Phoenix area. That's when I went down to go to High School. So there's a three-year gap between grade eight and nine. But as years went by, that proved to be [a] very valuable experience to me. Later, after I moved from Phoenix to central Utah and I attended Spanish Fork High School and graduated there. I entered the University of Utah on an entrance grant and a scholarship. I became acquainted with the A. J. Bayles grocery store and worked for them when I was in Phoenix. And when I went to the University of Utah, I worked for the Independent Grocers Association, or Alliance. Yeah, Independent Grocers Alliance, known as IGA stores. So I had experience as a bag boy, and later as a cashier, and later as

a produce man, and later as assistant manager, and then manager of the grocery store. I worked at the Bayles store in Phoenix. I had worked for the IGA store that was located on State Street, just north of Bagle Gate. That store was sold to make preparations for the new church office building, the big high rise building there. That's where our little store was. Right there at the end of Canyon Road. But the grocery business was my occupation to see me through my University. And I got my Bachelor of Arts degree, which was awarded at the University of Utah when A. Ray Olpin was president of the University. It was at that time when the first artificial heart surgery was done. That heart functioned for just a few weeks, but it was the beginning. And when A. Ray Olpin retired from the University, the doctor that had played a part in that medical wonderment, he later became president of the University of Utah.

Through these experiences, it's put me in a position, as I later came back to teach in Arizona and became very familiar with the leaders in education in Arizona, and though I was a head teacher in a rural school, it was my privilege to associate with some of the leading superintendents in Arizona. These included the Mesa School District, Tucson School District, Phoenix Union High School District, and Phoenix Elementary. They were all, their superintendents were all good friends of mine. And I had a personal acquaintance with probably six or eight or more State superintendents during my tenure in the school system. That is State superintendents. Also, I became familiar and acquainted with many of the Governors during that period of time. My University graduate dean was Dr. Sterling McMurrin and he was selected by John F. Kennedy to be U.S. Commissioner of Education. After he left that Office and did many nationwide speaking tours, he would stop at our little school and visit with me. There were other very notable people that I became acquainted with. My History Professor was C. Gregory Crampton, Charles Gregory Crampton, who had the contract to do the Archaeological History of the Area that's now under Lake Powell. And he was, oh he was a good friend. And there were many, many others at a State and Federal level that I was acquainted with.

I did my graduate work, much of it at the Northern Arizona University and that's where I got my Master's degree, and came to where I had about five more weeks to complete an Ed Specialist, which is quite a step forward toward a Doctorate degree. I was urged by some of the professors to be one of the first ten Doctoral students at N.A.U., which I did not apply for. At that time I had an opportunity, through the Summer months to coordinate a Boys Crew here in our community. I did that for thirty years. And through that effort, many of the young people who were brought in to skills and working together maintaining fire protection, clean up, everything we could do just to beautify the community.

Well those are scattered thoughts, I know that, but speaking of my mother and her condition, I can't help but appreciate those that attended her and blessed her. My wife's mother was a registered nurse who had taken her training and had worked at the hospital in Idaho Falls [Idaho]. And she was very close to our family. She became even more dear when I married her daughter later on. But she was top of the mark in regard to what is required of an RN. And she attended my mother at her passing. We didn't have hospital

care here at that time, but we did have ladies that were very skilled and trained. Father's first wife died in 1901. He remarried in 1902. I know her as an older lady. She was as old as he was at that time. And he had lost his first wife and also the little boy that she had delivered. They put the little babe in the same casket as his first wife. He had to send it by freight from Price, Utah to Salt Lake. And then he came on a passenger train with his two little girls, my two oldest sisters. My oldest sister was married to Daniel Bateman, who, as a young man, was a bodyguard to President John Taylor when he was in hiding. So it brings many of these experiences relating to church history and to the requirements that have been placed upon us, it brings them close to home. My father was born three years before Brigham Young died. My maternal grandfather was born the year Heber C. Kimball died. And that was just four years after the end of the Civil War. So these things bring us close.

But speaking of health care in the community, there were pioneer ladies that knew a great deal in regard to herbs and care. A young lady that took training from them was named Lydia Jessop. And at a time when my new mother, after Mother died, she delivered a little boy. And three of the ladies that were registered midwives, they were all ill at that time. And this young lady taking her training from them, was going from one to the other, caring for them as well as helping attend to the newborn. As time went on, this young lady became extremely experienced in just about every medical need. On one occasion many years later, she diagnosed a little babe as having a disconnected esophagus. And they went to Salt Lake, to the University and she went with the mother and they went and they were in a medical group there, trying to figure out what was wrong for the little babe, and she said that it had a disconnected esophagus. And the medical doctors looked at her like, "How'd you ever know that?" And some of 'em kinda looked down on her. But they did their tests and discovered that her diagnosis was right on. And one of the doctors made the statement, "It's fortunate that we have discovered this in time." And one of the presiding physicians there said, "Hold on. I want to tell you who discovered this and knew about it. And it's that little gracious midwife sitting out there in that room waiting. She became known all over Southern Utah as Aunt Lydia. And she was well acquainted with the physicians in Cedar City and St. George and Kanab. And she was literally a walking encyclopedia. She could suture and she could take care of a cut and she could do whatever needed to be done.

I had the experience of having a candidate for County Superintendent, schools, come to tour the community and campaign. And while they were there they'd left the window open on the plane that had landed out here at the little airport, and after they were through, they got in the plane to head back and a yellowjacket had gotten in the cabin. And that wasp stung this lady and they brought her back in post haste, and took her to Aunt Lydia because the lady had an allergy to bee stings. And Aunt Lydia says, "I'm not licensed to give the medication you have to have. And there's not time to drive into St. George or Kanab." But they told her this lady cannot last that long. She said, "Well, I realize it's putting me very much in a position of responsibility on this." But she went ahead and in a very short time when the lady was feeling good enough, they went back to their plane and flew back to Kingman. But there were hundreds of times when she would meet emergencies. Day and night, she was available.

I went with her and her husband, Mr. Fred Jessop, to Kanab to meet with some State officials in regard to developing a program in the State of Utah to establish rural clinics. And as we sat there and went through the requirements and what the anticipations were, they concluded that Aunt Lydia's clinic was already demonstrating the pattern they were visualizing. So it became a pattern and a model to help put together rural clinics in the State of Utah.

SG: Before we get too, too much further, there's a couple of questions that I'd like, maybe if you could possibly elaborate. First, who was leading "The Work" when you were born?

AB: My father, he was the one that we looked to. There were many who charged that he was trying to set up another church. However, both he and Brother Johnson that followed him, declared most emphatically, "We're not here to set up another church. The Prophet Joseph established the church and we are here to maintain this order of the Priesthood. It was often referred to as "The Work." So, many would say, "Well, how are you members of 'The Work?'" But both Father and Brother Johnson continually said, "The Church is organized. It has its duties. The order of the Priesthood has its responsibilities. Not all the revelations that were given, were given to the church as church doctrine. Because the church had to approve what was doctrine and what wasn't. This is why the Prophet Joseph entered into the celestial law many years before it became a doctrine of the church. And it wasn't until they were in the valleys of the mountains that President Young had Orson Pratt deliver a sermon relating to the responsibilities that are outlined in Section 132. And at that time, by vote of the church, it became a doctrine of the church.

Many years later, during the crusades of the 1880s, tremendous pressure was brought by the government on the church and on church officials, many men who were imprisoned, some two or three times. But eventually, by 1890, after John Taylor had passed away, President Woodruff did sign what is termed as The Manifesto. And at that time it was sustained by the church and became no longer a doctrine of the church. But many of the church leaders continued to live that law as a requirement of Priesthood order. And this is in the foresight of President Taylor, anticipating the pressures that were coming upon them, he was presented a document to sign and he declared, "Sign that document, never. I'd suffer my right hand to be cut from my body before I'd sign it. Sanction it, never. I'd suffer my tongue to be torn from its roots in my mouth before I'd sanction it." And at that time, in 1886, he appointed some very select brethren to carry on in this order of the Priesthood. But in my experiences, I have always been taught to love the church and appreciate "The Work" that is being done.

When I was in the grocery business, in Salt Lake, our little store's right there, less than a block away from Beehive House and the Lion House, and from the Hotel Utah and from the temple. And I became well acquainted with many very wonderful and gracious church leaders. And some that were not so prominent, but their integrity was impeccable. Just as an interest, when I was in Phoenix going to school, even though it was against the rules of the big school that I was going to, which was one of the largest high schools in

the nation, having fifty-six hundred students, but I left campus, which was against the school rule. But I went about three blocks north from where the school was and in an older home, the Seventies Quorum in the church there had a bookstore. And that's where, as a high school boy, I bought my first volumes of church history compiled by B. H. Roberts. It's where I bought my first two or three items, published by the author Preston Nibley. *Pioneer Stories*, synopsis of *The Presidents of the Church*, and some of those books.

Later when I came to Salt Lake, I was working in the store and one early Sunday morning, as we opened the store, shorter hours on Sunday, and a lady that I knew quite well, through her heritage tied back into the Steed family that I was well acquainted with. But she was a Clark. And my Father's missionary companion was Nathan Clark when he was in the church and before he was excommunicated. But anyway, this good lady just come in the store and a man came in, and she greeted him, said, "How are you this morning Brother Nibley?" And I looked up from the check stand and studied him, realized that's the picture in the book covers of these books I had bought. So when he came through the check stand I said, "Good morning Brother Nibley. How are you?" He just looked at me, I was just about twenty-three years old or so. He said, "Do I know you?" I said, "No. But I feel like I know you. I have this book, and this book, and this book." "Is that so?" And he set down, there's a dropdown where you used to set the old grocery bags and load 'em. And he used it for a chair and he took the grocery bags and set 'em up on the check stand. He sat there and visited. And quite often whenever he'd come into the store, he'd come along, regardless of whether I was checking someone out or not, he'd take the bag and set it up and sit down and visit with me. He's the man that wrote *Exodus to Greatness*, a very beautiful account of the people leaving Nauvoo [Illinois] and coming to Utah. And he also wrote, *Brigham Young: The Man and His Work*, a very excellent biography. I've collected more of his books, *The Story of the Three Witnesses*, and others.

So I had those wonderful associations. Later, when I became a teacher and head teacher in the school, a man in his nineties pulled up to the school and he came to my office. And it was none other than Nels Lundwall. He's a compiler, N. B. Lundwall, that compiled the *Lectures on Faith* in a little blue book, and he compiled *The Fate of the Persecutors of the Prophet Joseph*, the book called *The Vision* which focuses on the degrees of glory, and one other whose name just slipped me. But anyway, I bought copies of his books and he autographed 'em and I have those. And he was in his nineties. A real sweet contact. He stopped several times to visit. Oh, it's *The Masterful Discourses [and Writings] of Orson Pratt*. And he told me that he'd been sealed to Orson Pratt in the temple, which made it even more valuable to me. I always value the Sunday school songbook, as well as the newer Hymn book. Why, here's an interesting reference that's on still the same page numbers here. I might have to go to an earlier publication. This is published with a 1948 copyright. But this is a little later one, well, this is still 1948, maybe I'm looking at a separate edition. There are songs Mother taught us at her bedside.

KB: Do you want the most recent edition?

AB: No. This is it, I'm a hundred off on the page numbering here probably. I was looking in the 160s and I think it's in the 260s.

KB: Which song are you looking for?

AB: Yeah. Right here. 170, page 170.

KB: *Dearest Children, God is Near You.*

AB: You know that one? Look who wrote the words.

KB: J. M MacFarlane or C. L. Walker?

AB: C. L. Walker and Brother MacFarlane was one of the men that went into Mexico. His family had to move out of the United States in order to live their religion. But C. L. Walker, this is Charles L. Walker. He was sealed as a son to Brigham Young. [He wrote the dedicatory music at the dedication of the St. George Temple.] And in 1877, he was in St. George as they began receiving the notices on the telegraph of President Young's illness. And in his journal, he tells about that and the tenderness of it. Well, Charles Walker was the grandfather of a young lady named Ruth Walker. And Ruth Walker married one of the pioneers from Short Creek, James Warren Black. Their daughter is my sister-in-law.

This is, so you go through these books and you see some of these composers and authors. The grandson of Brother MacFarlane here, is the man that was driving the FedEx truck up by Escalante [Utah] that turned over and he lost his life there. We knew him, this grandson, but he was the grandson of J. M. MacFarlane. Now, brother MacFarlane went on a mission over to Israel and, let's see, no, it would be in the old Sunday school hymnbook, the brown Sunday school song book, but he wrote a song about Galilee. As you go through here, why you see names that are close to us, names that tie in. This Emmeline B. Wells, "Our Mountain Home So Dear." Brother Newell Steed led the music in our community for years; his mother knew Emmeline Wells at the Brigham Young University. And Wells was a representative from Utah that helped bring about Women's suffrage nationwide. A very tremendous soul.

Evan Stephens that wrote the music there, he's a pioneer, he's a convert that was converted after the martyrdom. When the man [Dan Jones] that was in the jail with Joseph and Hyrum and Willard and John Taylor, the night before Joseph asked him, "Are you afraid to die?" and he said, "Is that time come, think you?" And he said, "Not for you. You will fulfill your mission in Wales." And the next day they made everybody, moved 'em out of the jail except those four men that were there at the time of the martyrdom. But later he [Dan Jones] went to Wales and brought three hundred converts back with him. Among them was the Evans family, beautiful singers and one of those young men gathered the young men that he knew and they organized a singing group. His name was Evan Stephens. Evan wasn't the last name. It was Evan Stephens, Stephens was his last name. And later he wrote anthems and songs; both the words and the music

to this song called “True to the Faith” — [quoting “True to the Faith”] [True to the faith] that our parents have cherished, / True to the Faith for which martyrs have perished, / To God’s command, / Soul, heart, and hand, / Faithful and true we will ever stand.

Well, my Father knew these men. He was personally acquainted. Then Aunt Suzy, his wife that he married in 1902, she was very familiar with John Taylor’s sons and John W. Taylor’s family, many of the others. Well, I just say this in regard to the church. The corporate church that’s headquarters in Salt Lake, I have a great respect and appreciation for the tremendous coverage that’s being done. This is, we are not a [corporate] church, this is an order of the Priesthood that is obligated to live the principles of the gospel as declared by the Prophet Joseph. We’ve had situations where men that were close to Father, who we had great confidence in, but some whose sons were like unto the sons of Eli in the Bible. Eli was this great man who, for forty years, worked in the temple, but his sons were renegades. We had a lot of confidence in them, that is in the father, and really transferred our dedication and loyalty to certain ones of the sons that played an important part in the administration of their father. But as time went on, we came to realize that there were changes being made. Alma the first identified, he being one of the priests of Noah in the Book of Mormon, he identified that the people had been ensnared and he said, “I, myself, was ensnared.” And had to lay the matter before the Lord and labored to overcome and repent of that. And he says, “But the Lord has preserved us and has granted us our liberties. Now abide in the truth and continue to abide in the liberties the Lord has given us.”

And on the strength of that I tell my children that will listen to me, many of them have been, they’re still ensnared. I’ll put it that way. When I was sent away by order of the presiding brethren, I went through dedication and loyalty, and then my family was literally dissipated and turned against me. Even taught that if they said my name, it would jeopardize their exaltation. Many of those that are yet so near and dear are trying to abide in what we were so dedicated to. But President Joseph F. Smith issued a solemn warning. You’ll find it near the first of his books on gospel doctrine. And he sent a letter to a Mrs. Tingy. It caught my mind because Dr. Tingy was my father’s doctor. Father died in 1949. And Mrs. Tingy, I don’t know whether she was his wife or tied in, but it caught my mind because Dr. Tingy was close and helped greatly the people. But she was head of the Young Women’s Mutual Improvement Association. And she had written to President Joseph F. Smith, who was a son of Hyrum Smith who was killed at Carthage. And she had a question in regard to a matter. And he said in his letter back to her, “Don’t mistake dogmatic assertions to be revelations.” And that really struck me. And I concluded that never again would I refer to the document that was read to me, sending me away, that I would never again refer to that as a revelation. In my studies I came across a document that President John Taylor wrote as a text in his day for the school of the prophets. And near the end of that treatise he said “Apostasy is always present. And it comes from giving heed to diabolical revelations.” And I concluded that here I am at this time. I have put a plaque on my wall that says, “We may not know what tomorrow holds but we can trust the one who holds tomorrow.” It just strengthened my feelings that I needed to come back home and begin the rebuilding. It’s been a tender, tender job.

Everything that's in this room is used furniture. The home was empty when I came back. I had the responsibility of a family of forty when I left. And I'm basically here alone now. I've had many people say, "How do you survive? You're always helping somebody. You're always building the community. Cleaning the streets or marking the parking for events such as the Fourth of July. You're always there among the people." And I said, "Well, the end is not yet. Our Heavenly Father allows us to have our experiences to see if we will in fact put our trust in Him." And I just hope that my grandfather's prayers will be answered. My Grandfather Jessop, this man right here [referring to a portrait]. He often ended his prayers with a plea that, "May we, through righteous living, finally in the end, be saved and exalted in Thy presence." And there's no mileage in criticism, and rebellion is not on the program. Truth is truth. It's things as they were, as they are, and as they will be.

When the brethren were taken to prison in 1953, there were veterans there from World War Two that represented every, nearly every theater of war that our country was involved in. Whether it was the South Pacific, whether it was the Aleutian Islands, whether it was Tokyo [Japan]. I mean, my cousin was a frogman, the forerunner of the Navy Seals. He had the responsibility of going into Tokyo Bay and dismantling the mines. And another good friend was in Italy. Interesting how the Lord works. He was in his foxhole on those mountainous country slopes and they're just being bombarded and he dropped his helmet. It went rolling down the hill. And what you'd say a stupid thing to do, and expose yourself, he jumped out of his foxhole and ran down the hill chasing his helmet, caught it up and put it under his arm like a football, and as he turned around the grenade went off in his foxhole. He saw explosions. The other man was killed. One of Brother Johnson's sons, his oldest son, and he [Brother Johnson] was as a father to me after Father died, he was down in the Solomon Islands and they gave the signal, submarines. The ship started in the wig wag. And he [Orval] said, "I stood on the side of the ship and watched that torpedo go right down the side of the ship." The ship had just turned enough that the torpedo went right past them. Our veterans have hundreds of stories like that.

Well, a tender one. My brother Joe, even though he wasn't on the front lines in Okinawa, he had organizational skills and clerical skills, and was assigned as a postal clerk. He was a tremendous man. He later became president of Utah Nursing Home Association and worked with a young attorney that was the attorney for the Utah State Association. This young upcoming attorney was named Orrin Hatch. He knew him personally. In the nursing home that he had, Mr. Leavitt of Leavitt Insurance, you've probably seen the name, it was the insurance company for the nursing home. And they [Dixie Leavitt] had a young boy growing up through his teenage years; his name was Mike. He later became Governor of Utah and was selected by Ronald Reagan to be the commissioner of H.E.W. when Reagan broke up Health, Education, and Welfare. And Doctor Ted Bell, who was Utah's Commissioner for higher education, was appointed U.S. Commissioner of Education under H.E.W. And he [President Reagan] had Ted Bell make a secretarial shift and organize the cabinet position of the secretary of education. He was the first secretary. But now health and welfare are lumped together to be a Secretary position also with Mike Leavitt. Joe knew him personally. I mean he's worked with his father and all his boys

growin' up. And he [Mike Leavitt] became the first Secretary of Health and Human Resources.

And that's just that way. It isn't like we're an unknown. I'm a month, just a month, two months older than Bruce Babbitt, who was [Arizona's] governor for twelve years. We were personal friends. Later he became Secretary of Interior. We hosted him at our school when he came for a hearing on the Grand Staircase [-Escalante National Monument, Utah] when it was such a hot issue. And he came to the Mayor's office, the Mayor's my brother Dan, and we went there and visited and he said, "Let's just walk up to the school." And the Secret Service man standing behind him went to his radio, he said, "He wants to walk to the school." I was back there walking with them. And his commander says, "Oh. I wish he wouldn't do that. Well, stay alert." Bruce Babbitt walkin' alongside Mayor Dan, he said, "If we can't walk a block and a half in Colorado City [Arizona], God save this nation." I mean it's just, I mean what. We walked up to the school where they held the meetings. We've had a lot of personal exchange. I hosted at our school one time and had a judge give a class for our eighth-grade students in their Arizona History, in civics, a man that later became the Chief Justice of the Arizona State Supreme Court. I went with the school board to a meeting down in Phoenix and the president of the Arizona Senate was the guest speaker. That was an attorney from eastern Arizona at the time. Her name was Sandra Day O'Connor [laughter]. You just, and yet you read the news articles and we're just a hidden up, backwards little place, just makin' a good story for the news right here, I guess.

SG: So, during what years were you having these guest lectures at the schoolhouse?

AB: Well, that would, see I started teaching in 1963 and four, and I was forty-two years in the school. So a lot of the actual years that they were there, it somewhat runs together now. But I could tell you nearly all the names from my first eighth grade graduating class. [Laughter]

SG: Let's back up again a little bit, to the '44 raid. You were six.

AB: It was in March and I turned six in April.

SG: So what do you remember personally at home having to deal with your father's arrest, with the fear—

AB: Father was in Salt Lake and Mother was in Salt Lake and my brother's wife was caring for us, plus my older sister.

SG: Caring for you, where?

AB: Right at the basement home where we lived here in Short Creek. I can visualize it plain as day, the number of cars we saw parked up around Uncle Virg's place and saw them coming and going and so on. And when the Washington County Sheriff came to the home, to the Stubbs home above us, why it was a special time. We had begun to hold the

little home evenings and had learned some songs. One of them was “Did You Think to Pray.” My older brother Alma, who was nine years old, he said, “You stay downstairs here, go back in the back bedroom and you can pray and sing, and I’ll go upstairs and I’ll meet the Sheriff comin’ in.” Well the family upstairs had a girl that was just younger than he, she would’a been about eight years old by that time. But they were there at the door when the Sheriff came. And he asked for the father that lived upstairs and Alma said, “I don’t know.” “Well, do you live here?” “I don’t know.” “Does he live here?” “I don’t know.” “Is he here?” “I don’t know.” And the Sheriff said, “Boy, is there anything you do know?” And he said, “It all depends on who I’m talkin’ to.” [Laughter]

SG: [Laughter]

KB: [Laughter]

AB: It was kind of interesting. The thing that puts it of interest because about four months ago I was invited to go out to a little luncheon at one of the bed and breakfasts out here. It was at Art Blackmore’s place. Several of the folks had made an arrangement and two of the grandsons of that Sheriff were visiting. They were coming as guests. And they wanted me to be there and visit and they thoroughly enjoyed hearing that report. They gave a little insight to me that was quite different than I had visualized as a child. As a child, I visualized this man of being a threat, and they said after he had passed away they were reviewing his personal records. And his records were brief and very down to earth, down home type of thing. I did have a sense of appreciation just because two of our men were down in prison when my brother Louis had to get back to his Navy base at the time of the raid. My cousin, Edson Jessop and my uncle, Fred Jessop, were down in the county jail, when it was the little jailhouse by the fire station in the back there next, you probably know where it is.

SG: I have an idea.

AB: But the Big Hand Cafe was right on the corner there. Later it became a surplus for the hospital thrift store. And now I think it’s something else. But, anyway, Antone Prince, the County Sheriff, brought Uncle Fred and Edson out of jail with him and they walked down to the Big Hand Cafe and met my brother Louis in his Navy uniform, having to catch the bus to get back to San Diego. And as they had breakfast, they delayed and the bus pulled out. Now, it’s war time and when it’s time that ship’s ready to leave and you’re not on it, it’s a serious matter to go AWOL during war time, was really—. And plus Louis’ dedication and his patriotism has just been outstanding all his life. I have his radio talk on tape that he gave back to the 1953 raid with Bob Hayburn and KSUB and author Jonreed Lauritzen. They went to Cedar City. It’s interesting to hear, but you have to have a reel-to-reel recorder to hear it. But at any rate, they were down there taking breakfast at Big Hand Cafe, and the bus pulled away. The Sheriff took Uncle Fred and Edson to head back to the jailhouse. This was the same Antone Prince that my brother said, “Depends on who I’m talkin to.”

And Louis was standing on the corner there in his Navy uniform and a guy pulled up in a brand new, latest model Buick Roadster. The old highway, Highway 91 went through Santa Clara [Utah] and up over Utah hill, down through Bunkerville [Nevada] and back up to the old, if you've ever driven between here and Vegas you see off to the south where the old road used to go up the hillside. That was throughout. But this guy pulls up and he says, "Can I give you a lift?" And he said, "You sure can." Got in that brand-new Roadster and he says, "Where you headin'?" He said "I've got to get back to my base in San Diego." And he said, "That's interesting. That's right where I'm headin'. I'm goin' to San Diego."

And so here Louis missed his bus and realizing the next bus couldn't make it there in time to get him to his ship and it was pretty heart-rending too, but he actually got there many hours ahead of the Greyhound or the Trailways, I don't know which one it was. Anyway, but those are not coincidences, and we recognized those kind of blessings as a gracious Father who knows the schedule better than we do. Just like me havin' to go through the experience of being left standing in the street while my little brothers and sisters and my then mother was hauled off on those busses. Going through three years between eighth grade and ninth grade. And then goin' down to finish high school. I completed high school in three years, but I went back when I was seventeen years old. I never graduated from high school up in Utah until I was married. My wife had finished with high honors at East High and had gone to Henager's Business College and had been a secretary at First Security there on Fourth South and Main Street. And she knew Mr. Eccles himself, when he came past the desk he'd call her by name.

KB: Mayor Eccles?

AB: The Eccles, the head of First Security.

KB: He was.

AB: But she was a tremendous support and secretary. She worked in Real Estate. She worked in big time Real Estate for the Kelpie Firm. She also was a secretary for an attorney. And then later she was the secretary for the local store and she took over as business teacher at the Colorado City Academy. Anyway, we'd been in education and on the front end of public relations. She left her position at the store to become secretary for Mayor [David] Zitting at Hildale town. And as that, she became the city clerk and she was also the court clerk for the local justice of the peace.

SG: And when was that?

AB: That was during the '80s. Late '70s and '80s.

SG: You mentioned your father's excommunication from—

AB: The church.

SG: The church. When was that and how did it affect your family as far as a relationship with the LDS church?

AB: Well, it was a dividing line. Many of Mother's relatives, particularly a couple of her sisters, were very uptight toward her. And when she took her request to come into his family, she came in as a plural wife. Her brother was a bishop in McCammon, Idaho. Because he wouldn't condemn her for that, he was relieved of his bishopric and excommunicated. Her brother was superintendent of Sunday School in Franklin, Idaho. Because he wouldn't condemn her, he was relieved of his position of superintendent of Sunday School.

SG: So none of the children were ever baptized into the LDS church?

AB: Yes, we all were.

SG: Oh, okay.

AB: When I was baptized at age eight, I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and the Kingdom of God. And it was in a water tank, Uncle Isaac's water tank by a windmill. And I've hosted missionaries, many times the missionary groups would come here. And when I was away, in Flagstaff, I had the LDS missionaries come announce themselves and I said, "Sure, come on in." And when we visited a while, quite often they'd say, "This has been a very insightful evening. I know more about the Book of Mormon now than I ever knew before." [Laughter]

SG: [Laughter]

AB: And this type of thing never, never would I turn away a missionary coming to encourage us to do right. But, they wanted me to receive a baptism. Y'know they'd make a presentation, a very structured presentation. Usually I, well to put it in one way, a good man I knew where his brother said, "You have got to set this aside and get back into the church when you've got a chance." He said, "I've swum in deep waters too long to go back to shallows." And that wasn't condemning, the church has a tremendous work of inviting people to come and join with them in living the Articles of Faith. If they'd live up to those and the Ten Commandments, what a wonderful world this would be. But, there is a responsibility, there is a Priesthood responsibility that must be attended to. And the Lord says, "In none am I displeased," this is in Section 59, "except in those who fail to recognize my hand in all things and keep not my commands."

When my brother called me after he had been sent away, I had been sent away, our families were scattered. He called me and I said, "Yes, we're goin' through a mill for sure. But there's another thing that we'd better not miss. And we'd better not fail to recognize the hands of the Lord in our lives. We know the greatness of our father. We know the integrity of our dear mother. We know the integrity of the mothers that raised us, and the quality of their intent, and so on. And we'd better be recognizing the hands of the Lord in our lives and give him the credit. Now we have no time to dwell in

condemning others, the Lord is the Judge and the end is not yet.” Anyway, you can bring in the choir. [Laughter]

SG: A few more follow-ups for some of the earlier conversation. Do you remember, in the ‘53 raid, anybody being misidentified, the police, you know, saying, “Oh, you’re so-and-so” and it not being them and still suffering from the removal?

AB: That wasn’t so much then as it was in the ‘35 raid. There was a raid in ‘35. There was a raid where Uncle Fred and Uncle Rich were arrested in ‘39. Then there was the ‘44 raid, which was a Federal Government raid. And then the ‘53 raid, which was a State of Arizona. And then following the ‘53 raid, was Utah after it saw the effects of the ‘53 raid and the thing turned, well, Governor Pyle lost the election, he was a one term Governor. But he was a good friend of Eisenhower, Dwight Eisenhower and he was also a brother to the famous cartoonist and writer, Ernie Pyle, World War Two.

He had a golden voice and every Easter morning, gave the Easter broadcast from the rim of the Grand Canyon. He had radio connections, along with his friend, Barry Goldwater, interestingly enough. Goldwater’s next to last stop on his campaign tour when he was running for president was right here. Then he went from here to Fredonia. And that’s just his last two stops.

But I was in charge of the Elementary school and I had all the school come out and stand in front of the school. And one of the men in their nice car picked the pilot and Goldwater up at the airport and stopped, and he got out and greeted the children. His father was the president of the Arizona’s Constitutional — When they made up the Constitutional, of Arizona, of the committee, the congress, their Constitutional Convention.

But this that you’re speaking of, in 1935, one of the complaining, about the time Father moved into the Short Creek valley and a certain cattleman or old pioneer out here on the flats, he was the one who signed the allegations and accusations against him. But, when it came to before the judge, why he was called to the stand and asked to identify and he didn’t, his description never met Dad at all. It was somebody else the guy was thinking of. So he didn’t even know my father, he just heard about him and decided to complain against him.

Another interesting little story. Prior to the 1953 raid, down in Mesa, Arizona they arrested the Dutson family. They were living in Mesa. And the father was Merlin Dutson. And they were having a, I don’t know if it was Christmas or Thanksgiving, but the family was all together when the officers’ cars pulled up. And one of his ladies was a very large lady. And they just went to the attic access and said, “Step on there.” He put one foot in her hand and she just lifted him and he went through the attic access and just lay quietly in the attic. And they came and searched the whole house and couldn’t find him. But they arrested the five mothers. And the next day, from the firm in Phoenix, one of the attorneys said, “I think I’ll go down to the courthouse, see what’s happenin’ today.” They had just brought these mothers out to arraign them, and when they called on the first one, she said, “I don’t think it’s right for me to say anything until we have an attorney.” And

this man stepped up and says, “Ma’am, I’m an attorney, may I help you?” She said, “You sure can.” And they conferred, with that he guided them in their arraignment. Well, the ladies were arraigned, but they were still looking for Brother Dutson. So, they set a court date.

Come time for the court and the media was there and lots of press, lots of coverage. And a friend from Salt Lake that knew Brother Dutson for many years, and Brother Johnson who knew him, they were at that hearing at that court case. Well, Merlin Dutson, when the accuser was on the witness stand and they had interviewed him, the opposition, the prosecutors, and now it was the defence for the ladies and their attorney said to this man, “Do you know this man [Mr. Dutson]?” He said, “I do. I’ve seen him many times. I know him very well.” He said, “Could you describe him?” And he gave a description and it perfectly described this friend from Salt Lake. [Coughing] Little bit stocky built, bald-headed, somewhat pleasant demeanor. And the attorney led that man into this description, “You could identify him for sure?” “Absolutely.” And just electrifying the court, he turned and [pointed to the friend from Salt Lake,] he says, “Is that him?” And it just jarred the courtroom. The Judge sat up, the media all come alert and the officers at the door all come to life and here’s the man he had just described with all the characteristics, but it was his friend from Salt Lake. And he says, “I don’t know.” The judge just shook his head. Here he was, the chief accuser, but he didn’t even know who he had accused. And the judge just rapped his gavel and said, “This case is dismissed.” [That was the case against the mothers.]

But it was those contacts with the Dutson family that led it, after they gathered the men on the 26th of July, 1953 and hauled them to Kingman. Brother Johnson called this attorney from Kingman, Kingman Jail and asked him to take the case. Which he did, and it put that attorney firm on the map worldwide. But before the judge dismissed [the Dutson case], why they came questions, they had officers right there ready to arrest him, and they said, “Are you Mr. Dutson?” [The] friend from Salt Lake said, “Well, some say I am, others say I’m not. Y’know, I’m a little confused myself.” And it just blew that whole thing, he didn’t answer them directly. [Laughter] Anyway, lots of tender and good experiences.

The thing that happened is, after the people were gone for two years and then they returned, that’s when I went down to go to High School. And I was two years at Phoenix Union High School and knew of the school systems of Arizona. After that I went to Utah and graduated in the Utah School system. I went to the University of Utah and finally got my degree and my credentials and came back to teach in Arizona. And in two years I was the head teacher. I went on to get my degree and my credentials to become the first certified Elementary Principal. And then I helped organize a High School District and got my Master’s degree, also. And then went on to my superintendency. So I became, was certified to teach in elementary, certified to teach secondary, certified as an elementary principal, certified as a high school principal, and went on to receive a district superintendent certification. I was one of the members of the Steering Committee when 26 Districts challenged the Constitutionality of the Arizona State School Finance System and took it to the State Supreme Court and won. So, I was very much involved. Many of

the state rules and regulations and the guidelines, even some of the court decisions on the final decision were items that I had verbalized or submitted in the committees, that was approved by committee, went on to the defence and so on, and later drawn upon in the judge's ruling.

SG: So one more question from the '53 raid. Your Father passed away in '49—

AB: Right.

SG: Then why was your, then mother, your other mother and the children taken if—

AB: There were still, there were three families that were still in the Phoenix area. And there was still follow-up with the judges, and with the courts and so on, and it was very close to our families. And so they were still there until that was ironed out. But that left me, I went down as a seventeen-year-old, started into ninth grade. And finished up at Spanish Fork High School. My old guidance counselor was going for his doctorate degree at Arizona State University. And after I moved away, finished up, got credentialed, later became head teacher. Went to a national school board convention in San Francisco. And went down for breakfast and there was the Arizona sign on the table. Sitting around the table was a group of men, and there's my old guidance counselor. And I went over and I said, "Mr. Waters, you won't remember me, but I sure remember you." And he stood up and took me in his arms. And he said, "Alvin Barlow, I'll never forget you. You're the one that put me over the top on my doctoral oral presentation." His thesis was use of modern technology in student counseling. And the modern technology he used was a little Wollensak reel-to-reel tape recorder. He was now Superintendent of the Tempe Union High School District. He was sittin' with Tucson, Phoenix, Phoenix Elementary, Phoenix Union. It was the leaders of education in the State of Arizona. And he said, "Whenever we come to these meetings, we want you right here at this table with us." Here I'm just a blokie from the sticks, y'know?

But tremendous training, which after some of this court case that went through, and I was on the steering committee for that case. I had a man come to me who was a professor from Arizona State University and he said, "You have as fine a grasp of Arizona school law and the rules and regulation of Arizona school finance, which is very complicated," he said, "of any school administrator I've dealt with." And the man's name was Forbes Jordan. He wrote the textbook for the school superintendents at the college, at the University. I say that simply because the Lord knew these steps that were taken. We don't know the end from the beginning, but he does.

How did the people in the days of the Prophet Joseph and Brother Brigham, they were all the way out on the western edge of Missouri, and they were driven out 300 miles in the wintertime, across the Mississippi again into Illinois, while the prophet sat in prison. They could go and communicate with him, but he couldn't be there. And that was a training ground for Brigham, and Heber and Parley P. Pratt, and many of the others to help move those people. How to organize them. And later, when Brigham Young headed out across the plains, he was, he wasn't a novice, he had had immigration 101 already

[laughter]. But that training, absolutely vital to the preservation of the people when they were driven out of Nauvoo. So, I don't know what's ahead, but it's like the little plaque, I said, "We may not know what tomorrow holds, but we can trust the one who holds tomorrow."

SG: So continuing on, just with a few follow-up questions for other things that you spoke about. What years did you get your Bachelor's and your Master's?

AB: I graduated in August of 1963 from the University of Utah with a Bachelor of Arts Degree and Utah certification. And with a reciprocal agreement between the states, I used that certification to apply for temporary certification in Arizona, which allowed me to go to work as a fifth and sixth teacher. For two years I taught fifth and sixth grades. And then the school board wanted the man that was teaching seventh and eighth, his father was ill in California and he was going to leave, and they wanted me to be head teacher and take seventh and eighth grade. It was all combined classes and all subjects. And so, in order for me to do that, I had to have a Master's degree to get, because eighth grade is now in secondary, so junior high, senior high needed secondary certification. You teach one through six in an elementary. So I went to Northern Arizona University and secured my Master's degree to become certified to teach seventh and eighth.

KB: How long did it take you to do your Master's program?

AB: Two.

KB: Two years?

AB: Two summers. I wrapped it up in a couple of summers there. And then I was head teacher with a secondary certification. As time went on, they were doin' a private high school and public elementary. So, in studying over things after eighth grade graduation, nearly fifty percent of the students were not goin' on to additional schooling. They were goin' directly into the workforce. So with the school board's approval, met before the State board of education and according to the Arizona State statutes, an elementary district could teach ninth grade or high school subjects, secondary subjects in an elementary school with permission from the state board. So I went before the State Board, presented the case, and they approved us taking on ninth grade. And the next year I went back before them again and asked to take on tenth grade. And the state superintendent said, "Mr. Barlow, why do you not just organize a high school? A high school district? You're part of Mohave Union High. But a local high school district would bring your board together, as it was, to become part of Mohave Union and have them hire and so on and operate it." It would be like, in order to, as I explained to them, to go to a school board meeting if you're in Kingman and the meeting was going to be held in Tucson, there's not much of a chance. Or let's say if you're in Flagstaff and your board's gonna meet in Albuquerque [New Mexico]. Because that's the mileage between here and Kingman.

And so the State board authorized going on to tenth grade and she says, "Why don't you organize a high school?" I said, "Because the state laws prohibit it. We do not have the

assessed value required to organize a high school district.” She said, “Well, there can be session laws.” So we went to work on it so that statute said, “Regardless of this regulation, if the district has these qualifications...” and we made it absolutely describing our district so no other district met ‘em. But if they have that, they can organize a high school district. And that had to go through the committees, the senate, and the house and past the whole legislature and work its way through.

And so there’s a lot of experience of giving testimony in the committees and walking it through. And then when it finally, all it did was allowed us to go for a vote, and that vote then had to be carried on through the whole entire Mohave Union High, because we were breaking free of them in order to establish this one. And the election director would not allow us to put it on the ballot at the primaries. And the county carried most of the election costs. They charged us a thousand dollars to have them put it on the ballot and so on. And we had some opposition on it and adverse advertisement, so on. And there were ten other propositions to be voted on on the ballot then. So after they voted for their candidates, these propositions and so on. And ours was just at the bottom of the list. Down it went. And yet, the special legislation had a timeframe on it, it only existed until a certain time. And our board said, “What do we do now?” I said, “We have time, if we will act now, to have a special election with only one thing on the election. And that is the formation of the high school district. Permission to form.” But you have to get it with the election director, they have to handle it county wide. You have to open every poll, just like it was a regular election. Cost us ten thousand dollars, but we went at it. And this time, when it was just us, just that one item, it passed with ninety-six percent approval.

KB: When was that?

AB: In 1985 or six. I think the high school district went into effect in 1986, same year that the city became incorporated, too.

SG: And that’s the year Uncle Roy died, as well

AB: And he died in November of ‘86.

But there’s lots to do. You had to get every federal number and every state number and now you’re operating two school boards. Because your high school district couldn’t, it had to act as a separate district, you had, all your public notices had to be posted for both districts. Special notices for executive sessions or anything like that, or else you’re in violation of Arizona’s meeting law, and it’s the strictest in the nation. You violate the open meeting law in Arizona, and every member of the board can be dismissed from their position and charged a \$1,000 fine. And not be allowed to hold a public office for five years. So there’s some real technicalities to walk it through. But we did, and we got the district in place and operated those two districts. And then the boards of each put it on the agenda and they both approved unifying. It passed both boards. And now we had to go back, get all new numbers for a unified instead of a high school or an elementary district. But we kept the Colorado City name. So now it became Colorado City Unified School District. And now it goes from grades one through twelve.

SG: How was, oh, I'm sorry.

AB: I was just going to say also, the man that assisted, very graciously, was the Superintendent of Mohave Union High School District. His name was Dick Dawson [Keith West¹]. And he assisted us and support. He could see the time and distance factor. Prior to that time, the Moccasin School District had joined with Fredonia. The Cane Beds School District had been annexed to Moccasin [School District]. And now, they had joined with Fredonia in the first bi-county school district by legislation. That made it where we could organize a high school district without separating Mohave Union at all. And it made it possible.

One of the things that would be very interesting, I see you have on your list here is community events.

SG: Well, before we move on to that, I just had a school-related question.

AB: Okay.

SG: How were the public school districts that served Hildale and Colorado City impacted by the council split?

AB: I don't know that they necessarily were, but in 1969 the Hildale school was part of Washington County and they had a little Elementary school. And the State board sent their Superintendent and some evaluators down, along with the Washington County School Board Superintendent and some of their board members came out and evaluated the Hildale school. And it was without really facility, adequate facility. And they ask if we would enter a tuition agreement. If we would take the Hildale students into the Colorado City school. We expanded our program on a tuition basis of Washington County, and we did. So at one time, before we had our high school district, we had fifteen hundred students under the elementary guidance. And then later, as time went on, Washington County built a facility called the Phelps Elementary. And now the elementary children went to this other, along with some of our fine staff members; they paid [better].

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

[Laughter]

AB: It was a fun thing the other day at the Fourth of July. One of our teachers that had been under my guidance for many years as a second-grade teacher, really a quality teacher, she went to the Hildale school and Washington County. But I saw her walking, from the activities at the park, walking to her home the other day. And I pulled alongside her with

¹ Keith West was Mohave Union High School Superintendent. Dick Dawson was Kingman Elementary District Superintendent.

my pickup, I was marking parking lines, and checkin' and things. Pulled up alongside her and I said, "You looking for a ride?" She turned and she goes, "Oh! Mr. Barlow. So good to see you again." She said, "I have often told those, my family and those are, I never enjoyed any job more than when I was working under your administration, really it just couldn't match it." And I said, "Well, tell you what. Let me take your purse and your bag right there, and I'll set it in here. Now when's the last time you rode on the running board of a pickup?" Here she is, in her eighties now. [Laughter]. And she says, "Aw! Do you really mean that?" And I says, "Here's a handle to hang onto, and here's another, hang onto the mirror right there. And hang on to the door, step up on the running board." So I put my arm and held her there so she wouldn't fall off and then just drove real slow, took her to her home. She just laughed, enjoyed it. I said, "Now you can tell your grandkids you know what it's like to ride on the running board of a truck." But anyway, sweet contact and wonderful feedback.

SG: So in the eighties you didn't see any effect on say, the amount of students or faculty—

AB: Oh yes. Oh, you're speaking about the time when there was a call made for homeschools and private schools.

SG: Right, yeah— Especially with the Hammon Timpson's split from Uncle Roy.

AB: Well, there was always, when we organized the high school there were many that were attending the Colorado City Academy. And some felt like it was a thrust, that it had set aside what they were loyal to. And so they organized another school. The Academy, it was [a] twenty-five-year corporation, from 1960 to 1985, and it was not going to renew the corporation. And that's just as we came on as a public school. But there was a lot of tender feelings during that time, even among families and people. But the Academy had a quality program. It never was quite as close to us following that as it was prior to that time. It was like I was at the elementary school teaching and was the elementary principal at a time when my wife was the business teacher at the Academy. The children remember both of us as they came up through the ranks, there was a lot of bonding there. It was after that that she became secretary at the store and then went to that to be Hildale Mayor's secretary. But yes, there was some tender times but never at any time was it appropriate to be unprofessional.

And then later, and it impacted the public schools both in Hildale and Colorado City, was when the call came to establish homeschools. I had organized a homeschool clear back in 1982 under Utah State law because I was living in Utah. And so even though I was superintendent of schools in Arizona, my children couldn't go to the school where I was working. And so some of our older students, they went to the Phelps Elementary. And then when they got to the high school level, we went to homeschool. But when I organized that institution, its mission statement was to assist home education, the homeschools. And one of the biggest classes we ever had was about forty in the homeschool. And we were working with a man that wanted to get a sewing machine into the hands of our young folks, our young ladies, and let them learn how to sew. Well my daughter was a home economics teacher in the high school. And so, non-related to that

assignment, she took an assignment with the homeschool, unpaid, willing to give guidance to anybody that wanted to take this class. And the tuition for this class was exactly enough to buy a sewing machine. And if the young ladies that wanted to take it, that put the machine in their own home, they met somewhat at different times with her and she gave 'em guidelines in sewing and so on, and she would visit.

But one of the men in the community said, "I have 25,000 dollars I'll loan to help you get machines." So we then borrowed another 25,000 and that's what it took to buy all those real nice, I can't remember if it was a Pfaff or a Bernina, but I think they were Pfaffs. We worked through Singletons in Salt Lake. This put these dozens of sewing machines and their training with my daughter who would help each one according to their needs, work through them. They registered as a class through my homeschool. When the Homeschool movement came, I told our staff members, "Let there be no animosity between any family that wants to teach their children. Let it be where we can bless them as much as we can, but stay proper."

And we had already established a home-centered kindergarten in the community prior to Arizona's kindergarten law. And we had the reading director and one of the other early education directors come and visit and reviewed our program. They said, "It's the finest kindergarten program as we've seen so far." And we would meet monthly with the parents that wanted to bring their children and we'd have activities for the children while the parents met. And our first, second, and third grade teachers talked teaching procedures and ideas and so on. And we had forty years of old textbooks up in our attic. I got permission from the school board to just clean them out. They're nothing there except what would've gone to Big Brothers Big Sisters and have 'em go to Mexico. So with that, we made those available and people maybe they have two or three of the fourth-grade math books. Math didn't change that much, except it did some, there was a period of time when this new math came on that was sure an exasperation. And New English, they started into, you probably don't even remember that. Well, it was a great push by the textbook companies, wanted to introduce New English.

SG: Whatever that means.

AB: Well, you all remember, you know you'd memorize nouns, the pronouns, the adjectives, the adverbs, and all this. Like an adjective under New English, was not something that described a noun anymore. An adverb wasn't a description of a verb anymore. Like an adverb, the definition of an adverb was, any word related to a verb that came with strongest stress at the end of a sentence. That's the definition of an adverb.

KB: Well that got worse.

AB: Isn't that something? And in that, the whole thing is a complicated mess.

SG: Sounds like it. Can you tell us about Barlow University?

AB: The Barlow University was a private University. My brother Louis helped organize it, put it together. And I taught a class or two, not related to any of the public schools, as usually classes were usually held in the evening. One class that I taught that I really enjoyed was actually held in Cedar City. We had a lot of the students going to the Southern Utah State University, now it's just Southern Utah University. But we had scheduled maybe two nights a month and the students that were going to the college would meet at the, there was a motel there that was owned by my brother and he made a room available for my facilities. But I taught the life of John Taylor by B. H. Roberts, as a class through the Barlow University there. So it was really fun for me. And it put that book in that many hands.

SG: And earlier you mentioned the Boys Crew, could you talk a little bit more about that?

AB: Yes. Let's see, what year? Well, the last Crew we had I think we had was in, oh, 2004. So it was thirty years, so '74, 1974. The Boys Crew was organized and they would, they'd meet at the South Auditorium at the old school each day during the summer. And there we would take the older boys as crew captains and sometimes men available, and assign enough to get a particular job done. And a local store provided us with tools. And Uncle Fred provided us with lunch, first at the Early Bird Cafeteria and later when they finished the meeting house they had a big dining room there. And so we'd go and have a sandwich and a glass of milk, and so on for months. But we'd meet at the school and then take a crew captain and assign a number of students with him, and they, maybe we'd say, "Here's Utah Avenue," and between Utah Avenue and Arizona Avenue, west side of the road, that crew went there and they'd weed. Or here's a crew with five or six members, and say, "We noticed that over in back of the store, there's a propane tank that's all surrounded with lots of tumbleweeds and June grass," so they'd go and pull and rake all around. Oh, we'd just send 'em all over town. It was interesting doin'. Then they'd reassemble at noon and then have a bite to eat and be dismissed to go home. Thirty years of it.

SG: And did the Boys Crew participate in the community events that you were going to start talking about?

AB: Oh, yeah, there's always the set up. Always the cleanup and doin' setup. Whether it's up at Maxwell Park or wherever it's gonna be. It was right at that time that the city just barely secured the land that is now Cottonwood Park. That was actually a piece of the state land. And there was a way to purchase or to do land trade, you couldn't exactly pay, the state couldn't just say, "Yeah, we see this need," any more than they could out where the new high school is that we built. That was state land. It had to be evaluated. We had to pay for every cactus plant, and it had to be, the city had already evaluated it for archaeological sites, arrowheads, flints, pottery, or whatever, when they did the industrial part. And so they had did the whole mile square. And the school was out there, still within that mile. So when we wanted to build a school there, they wanted to do an archaeological study. And we went to the state land director and convinced him that since the city had already done that study and there hadn't been any Anasazi villages moved in,

couldn't we forgo that? And he laughed, he says, "I get your point." Saved us \$9,000. [Laughter.] Oh, there's so many little things.

But the events, the community events, are always so well attended. And as Uncle Fred, Bishop, and others would bring in dry ice in the big cases and then it was quite a treat to have an ice cream sandwich or an ice cream cone and so on those days. A cold soda pop was a pretty rare treat. But those are the days where you'd have the crews would go out and clean the street, the old Pioneer Street. Rake and clean, have it all ready and then they'd mark it all out for races, foot races and gunny sack races and whatever kind you'd wanna have. But there'd always be a program at the start of the day. Then go to the activities and the luncheons and it was all prepaid, so the children'll get as many sandwiches as they can have.

SG: And what kind of annual events did you —

AB: Well there was always Uncle Roy's birthday was one that we liked to celebrate. Then there's the Fourth of July. And then there was the spring, or the fall harvest fest always was great because there'd be like a county fair, y'know where you'd have all these displays of fruits and vegetables grown in the valley. And there'd be usually a winter festival that'd usually be a dance or a music festival. And we had the operettas, Otis M. Carrington operettas, like *Windmills of Holland* and *Springtime*. And there was *Polished Pebbles* and some of the others that they had written. For just hometown entertainment, Otis M. Carrington was as famous as Rodgers and Hammerstein. But there was always the fall cleanup and the spring cleanup. When it came to be wintertime, quite often it seemed like we had more snow in those days than we do now. But I remember as a boy, in the winter of '48 and '49 all through there, why the wind blowing and the snow blowing and it'd make dunes wherever there was a fence line. Get tumbleweeds in the fence line and they'd just build up. I remember actually walking over the tops and the top wire. But, just, hometown USA for activities.

SG: And how did that—

AB: The dances, the monthly dances, were always a lot of fun. Square dancing and waltzes and two steps primarily. I have a tape of the dance music that the ladies'd play, it used to be a duet playing. So Aunt Marriett is the daughter of Isaac Carling, they were one of the original settlers. And she could play the dance tunes and watch here and there. She could just play away anyway. She had rhythm in her music that y'could just 'bout read it. And Verna Black, Grandma Verna was a piano player and those two, Verna Black was such a classic of just being grandma to everybody. You'd appreciate this. She said one time, "I have more grandchildren than anybody in town except Uncle Leonard." [Laughter.] But she worked for the school in her older years. I hired her at the school to teach piano lessons. And so with parent consent a child could be brought from class once a week and we made a little piano studio for her. And we worked with a company back east called Lono play, y'learn, y'know, and y'play. And then at the end of the year we'd have a piano recital and it'd take two full hours of "Fur Elise." [Laughter.]

SG: [Laughter]

KB: [Laughter]

AB: I mean, over and over and over, depending on the level of expertise. And it went usually from Happy Birthday to Malaguena. But she had had the students, instead of having them come home from school and try to go to a piano teacher which would cut in on their homework time or their time with family. We included that in the school, made her a studio, and the students with parent authorization could come at fifteen-minute interview with, and she'd give them their lessons then they had to practice at home. But hundreds of children went away knowing how to play the piano.

SG: And how did the festivities change over time?

AB: Well, in recent years it has gone from a pleasant hometown USA attitude to a great deal of very boisterous bombardment. I mean, where before you might have a choir doing a number or someone playing an instrument or a local, one of the private schools doing a, say, a musical number or a song. Families would do numbers and things like this. As compared to this Fourth of July, I don't wanna say too much 'cause it's so easy to hurt people's feelings, but they come and they set up all this electronic music and then they get on there and do the hard rock and the Elvis on steroids type of thing y'know. [Laughter.] It's just not as pleasant as it was once. You 'bout have to let people do what they will.

It's really sad, I don't have a lot of information on it. I heard that over the Fourth of July weekend some of the young folks broke into the big meeting house and went in there with their dirt bikes and just raised havoc. Enough so that a medical conference and a medical fair that was advertised, has been cancelled. That's where it was gonna be held. But they're having to bring a professional team to get the black marks off the floor, and they ride their bikes up the steps onto the stage and across and just, it's just nonsense, that's all. It's sad to see. Hopefully they'll grow out of it. I know we never did stuff like that when we were teenagers. [Laughter] Whatever we did was—

SG: Maybe not quite like that.

AB: Yeah. But I hope they get it cleaned up again. Get over some of this vandalism.

SG: Where're we at?

KB: We have got two hours and forty-three minutes.

SG: So, we're gettin' up on three hours. We can do this however you'd like. If you wanna do a few more things on the list or you wanna talk about, y'know, any part of your life specifically that we haven't touched on yet.

AB: Well, I would say this in regard to patriotism, military, and government that you have noted here. It's just been a part of us, all the way through. And even in the '53 raid, many

of those officers that came were misinformed when they declared. And after the raid and the women and children were taken to Phoenix, with the intent, originally, to disperse them to foster care, but they were unable to do it. But they did disperse the families all over the state of Arizona. Clear from St. David to St. John to Show Low to Winslow to Kingman to Glendale, Phoenix, Queen Creek, Mesa, all over the state were the families. And little by little, they learned of each other and came back together until the Supreme Court ruling which allowed them to come home. But the men that were hauled away and were down at the jailhouse. Twenty-seven men in facilities for eight prisoners. They had unlocked all the cell doors and let them circulate through the whole floor in a little cement building, no air conditioning or anything like that, end of July until the first of August. So it was very stifling. Grandpa Jessop took ill there.

When they arrived, the school yard, made their way down the street, shined their lights through the picket fence and the officers bounded out of their cars with their rifles at ready and spotlights and all. It was early, y'know, four in the morning, four-thirty, and the moon had gone into a full eclipse so it was a dark night at that time. But other officers had been assigned their homes. Every home was given a number, they went to that home, posted a number, and basically took charge of whoever was in the house. But after the people were into Phoenix, many of the highway patrolmen and their wives footed the bill to reserve in Encanto Park, which is a very popular park down in Phoenix, and reserved it for a day for the Short Creek people. And they shuttled them to the park and shuttled them back to where they were assigned to be. And stood by with them, wept with them, many of 'em, as mothers from a family would see other mothers, would come and take each other in their arms, and boys and girls see brothers and sisters come together again. So it was a sweet thing to do.

But as far as patriotism, we had men from every type of service and the military parade was always up front on the parades and the activities. And there wasn't just four or five men representing the service. It was like twenty men, twenty or thirty men that had been in the service. And it was fun to see 'em in their dress clothes that didn't fit and things like that. [Laughter.] But it meant a lot to all. And then the flag raising. And even on the morning of the raid when we gathered 'round we had a men's chorus that had been practicing. And we gathered around and sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee." I went in the school building and got the flag. My brother was the principal of the school at the time and I knew the combination on the padlock. Somebody said, "We need the flag." I said, "I can get it." So they got out there as the officers surrounded us, they brought that flag and somebody said, "Should we fly it at half-mast?" And there was a chorus of veterans that said, "No sir, you run it to the top." Then we sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee." One man had a beautiful tenor voice, stepped out of the group and began to sing [quoting the song "Stout Hearted Men" by Sigmund Romberg] You / Who have dreams / If you act / They will come true. A stout-hearted men's song.

And then when we finished that, why, Brother Johnson, who had stepped out as the cars were driving up and approaching the school. He stepped out and called, "Halt!" And they all turned and turned toward the schoolyard. Put the light on us all. And it was time to pay attention, no two ways about it. After we'd sung a couple of songs, as the officers

were watching, my Brother Johnson called for a song that used to be entitled “Zion,” it’s now entitled in the hymn book “O Ye Mountains High.” Father knew the author very well, Charles W. Penrose. He was in the First Presidency with Heber J. Grant.

[Quoting “O Ye Mountains High”]

*O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow and the clear
streamlets flow,
How I’ve longed to your bosom to flee!
O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,
Now our [my] own mountain home, unto thee I have come;
All my fond hopes are centered in thee.*

Now there’s been some changes in the words from the original song. I’ll read it as we sang it that morning.

[Continues to recite song from verse two]

*Tho the great and the wise all thy beauties despise,
To the humble and pure thou art dear;
Tho the haughty may smile and the wicked revile,
Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
Tho thou wert forced to fly to thy chambers on high,
Yet we’ll share joy and sorrow with thee.*

*In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen thy feet;
On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread;
And there silver and gold, as the prophets have told,
Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
Soon thy towers shall shine with a splendor divine,
And eternal thy glories shall be. Here our voices will raise, and we’ll sing to thy praise,
Sacred home of the prophets of God.
Thy deliverance is nigh; thy oppressors shall die;
And the gentiles shall bow ‘neath thy rod.*

So there’s two places they’ve changed. Where it said, “On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread,” it reads now, “Without fear of thy foes thou shalt tread.” And this last, where it says, “And the gentiles shall bow ‘neath thy rod,” it says,

*And thy land shall be freedom’s abode.
O Zion! dear Zion! land of the free,
In thy temples we’ll bend; all thy rights we’ll defend;*

And our home shall be ever with thee.

The original version of that was sung solo, at the time the Johnson's army came into Utah. And the new Governor was led to say, "Such strange people, they sing their challenge."

It's not in the books anymore, but another song that was in the old hymnbook was one the people enjoyed singing and they sang it together at a midnight meeting prior to the raid, where the people were informed about what was about to take place. And it goes something like this.

[Quoting unidentified song]

*Give me a home in the heart of the mountains, out in the vale of the glorious west
Nursed in the arms of thy crystalline fountains, playfully hurrying down to their rest
Hurrying down, hurrying down, playfully hurrying down to their rest
Give me the purity blowin' their breezes
Give me the freedom, their rolls and their rills
Give me the blush and the bloom of the roses
Give me the strength of the heaven-kissed hills
Give me the strength, give me the strength,
Give me the strength of the heaven-kissed hills*

*Give me a people that malice has driven
Making a picture no mortal could paint
Though I'd be hated and plundered and riven
Give me the hand and the heart of the Saint
Give me the hand, give me the hand
Give me the hand and the heart of the Saint.*

That was the feelings of the people.

When I entertained, or I was asked to greet the busload of teachers coming from Flagstaff one time. My brother, who was a Deputy Sheriff, asked if I would ride with 'em and to give 'em a tour. And we went up at the cemetery area where you could see out across the valley. You'd see from the Pine Valley mountains over to the Canaan Gap and even see way out beyond some of the mountains that John Wesley Powell named when he came through to Mount Trumbull and so on. But the questions they had was pertaining to the raid. And I told them the story. One of the teachers said, "Mr. Barlow, are the people bitter?" I said, "Mellow." She said, "I think I would have been bitter." I said, "No. I don't think you would've if you had been here." I said, "I'll ask you a question. What country, do you know of, where through misinformation or ignorance or even malice, a chief executive can come in and raid a home or the homes of a community? What country can you think of that might happen to?" She said, "Well, any country, following WWII, y'know? Any country." I said, "Yes, even the grand old, US of A. Now the other

question is, what country do you know of that has constitutional recourse to address the issues rather than to go and spill the blood of whoever perpetrated it?”

Y’see, those men in Kingman jail got word that they were taking away the children and mothers. And they wanted to come home by way of Flagstaff and meet the busses. Mr. Johnson said, “No Sir. This is a constitutional issue. And we’ll address it in that manner. We’re going home by way of Las Vegas.” When they were released from the jail, and they weren’t released until after the busses were underway. So they arrived home in the middle of the night to empty homes. Those men had been through the war and they knew already, many things. But, down at the Kingman jail, I wasn’t there, but it was reported that Brother Johnson who we all affectionately and endearingly called Uncle Roy, he said, “If you men ever want to see your families again, if you want to have your wives and children back, then you will have to get rid of the spirit of retaliation. Lay it aside. Against the judge, against the Sheriff, against the reporters, against any officers, against the governor, or anyone involved, now lay aside the spirit of retaliation. The Lord’s hand is in it.” Well, they came home and began this court case and walked it through and it became a famous case worldwide. So this is why I could say to this lady, “What country do you know of that has constitutional recourse for such an action by the State?” She said, “Well, ours does.” I said, “That’s right. And if anyone has a love for the constitution of the United States and knows the blessing of this country, we do.”

Well, when my brother was called into the Navy, Mother on her sickbed, gathered us four little boys around her and prepared us with a song to sing at his farewell before he went into the Navy. And we sang:

[quoting “Flag of the Free, Fairest to See” by Wagner]

*Flag of the free, fairest to see,
Borne through the strife and the thunder of war,
Banner so bright, [with] starry light
Floats ever proudly from mountain to shore.
Emblem of freedom, hope for the slave,
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save.
While ring through the sky, loud rings the cry,
Union and Liberty won evermore.*

There’s another verse too, but also at her bedside she taught us the song:

[quoting song “Our Angels. (Song for Zion’s Little Ones.)”]

*Little ones come! we will worship together;
Offer thanksgiving in prayer and in song;
Love warms and cheers us in winter’s cold weather
But through the summer heat, faith makes us strong.
Softly, sing softly!
Our angels are around us,*

*Joyfully bearing our praise to the Lord;
If meek and loving, and true they have found us,
Great is God's promise to us of reward.*

There's two more verses, very beautiful, we learned that song on my Mother's sick bed and we sang it at her funeral.

So another song that she taught us at her sickbed was the song that was written by Charles Walker and the music by Brother MacFarlane "Dearest Children," she knew, we didn't, she knew her days were numbered.

[Quoting "Dearest Children"]

*Dearest children, God is near you,
Watching o'er you day and night,
And delights to own and bless you,
If you strive to do what's right.
He will bless you, He will bless you,
If you put your trust in him.
Dearest children, holy angels,
Watch your actions night and day,
And they keep a faithful record
Of the good and bad you say.
Cherish virtue! Cherish virtue!
God will bless the pure in heart.
Children, God delights to teach you
By his holy Spirit's voice.
Quickly heed his holy promptings.
Day by day you'll then rejoice.
Oh, prove faithful, Oh, prove faithful
To your God and Zion's cause.*

Pretty precious. We sure want to live up to the heritage that we have. This is, it's a great state to live in, both Utah and Arizona. And it's a great country to live in. I've had the opportunity of traveling it. In 1977 I went as a historian, to a tour that went cross country. We went to Mesa Verde, cut across northern Arizona and over to Mesa Verde, Colorado, down around, cut down into New Mexico. Went to Albuquerque, went to the Alamo [San Antonio, Texas] later. Went across the desert, went down to Carlsbad Caverns [New Mexico], cut across, we went to the Alamo, and I had history books and reference materials with me. And we went down to Galveston [Texas], talked about the great Galveston flood, the destroying of the great city at that time. We crossed over the big highway up on, high above the swamplands, across Louisiana, stopped at Lafayette, stayed overnight at a motel, had reservations in a big motel.

It was a Sunday morning, and I got up early and wandered down the street and looked around, everything quiet. Came back to the motel lobby and there was a beautiful little

brochure on Evangeline State Park [Longfellow-Evangeline State Historic Site, St. Martinville, Louisiana]. And I seen that it was just a few miles out. So I talked the tour manager to let's go down to Evangeline State Park. And there we went down, there with the big cypress trees and the various green, everything green, and there was only one area. We unloaded and I had a literature book with me. And we read the first few episodes of "Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie," written by Longfellow. Here all the people were out, stretched out, or sitting on the lawn, leaning against a tree, or wherever. And read the story of how the English came in on Acadia [New Brunswick, Canada]. Put the people in the church house and locked them in, took the men, and marched 'em, prisoners. Then took the people, loaded 'em on the boats and set their town on fire. Then they displaced the men to the Louisiana area. But the story of the grand old patriarch Benedict Bellefontaine, the father of Evangeline, and her beau, how they separated and all those experiences within that very well-written piece by Longfellow. But we read where Benedict Bellefontaine, when he realized they were going to be taken away, how he died on the sands.

Well our grandfathers had stepped out to meet the officers that morning in Short Creek and he said, "If it's blood you want, take mine, I'm ready." And they put him for a week in that old jailhouse down there and he suffered, suffered severely. And he came home, I was there with a few boys to greet them. They brought him home by plane to Fredonia and a car that brought them in with less than two hours after the busses had passed through Fredonia. And we told them what had taken place and his grand old heart just broke. And he continued to deteriorate; died one month later. So, as I read this, about this old patriarch, the people in that tour group literally had their handkerchiefs out. And as it went on with the story, why it said, and then there was a lightning strike and a roll of thunder. And just as we got to that point, it was like somebody had already programmed the program and had charge of the sound control. And there we were in Lafayette [Evangeline] State Park and reading that, and right at that point in my reading, there was a lightning strike out in the park and a big heavy roll of thunder. And it just about right broke everybody up. And then it said, "And the rain began to come." And the first big drops of rain started to hit, and we all piled, everybody got up their papers, whatever they had and got back on the bus. And by the time the last was on the bus, why, they were soppin' wet. It was a beautiful scene. And we happened to be there just right to match the Lord's sound effects, I guess.

Well, there's much to do. And we have to realize the freedoms that are bequeathed to us must be purchased with every generation. We must pay the bill if we're going to hand to our children the freedoms that we enjoy. I say that knowing that we don't know what's ahead of us. I think that that's probably a good note to stop on isn't it?

KB: Sounds good.

AB: Sounds good.

SG: Well, thank you so much.

AB: And you too. I so appreciate the spirit of your effort that's being made and I want to be totally appropriate and right. I have such regard for our people and even though things aren't always as they should be. We ought to be as the Lord expects us to be, and see to it that we don't jeopardize our opportunities. We can be looked upon with the same gratitude that every generation of patriots that have preserved for us the golden liberties that we enjoy. That our appreciation for them can be handed to our children and our children's children. And it doesn't come easy. Like Thomas Paine said, he said that "Liberty, the price of liberty is pretty great." As he wrote *The Crisis* and *Common Sense*, or rather *Common Sense* and then *The Crisis*. Washington had enough respect for that pamphlet that he had it reprinted and distributed to all the troops. "For these are the times that try men's souls and the summer soldier gotta be ready to pay the price." He says, "Things that are purchased too lightly are not given the value of those things that are, that we pay most dearly for."

I bless you in your work. Thank you.

KB: Thank you so much.

AB: Who's the president of your college now?

KB: His name is Biff Williams.

AB: Oh, I heard,—

KB: Biff.

AB: Oh! Biff. And who was just before that.

KB: Nadauld? I'm not entirely sure, I should know that.

AB: It was two times back, Mr. Rose, Rose was one for a while. But prior to that, Huddleston.

KB: Huddleston—

AB: President Huddleston, I knew him and met in conferences at the state level when he was President of Maricopa Community College. It's the largest community college system in America.

KB: I believe it.

AB: And he left that position to come and be President of Dixie College. But I had a chance to meet him and we weren't as close as we later were and he wasn't as close to me here as he was to my brother Dan. They were both on the board that established this Arizona Strip scenic highway. I was on the Arizona Strip, the advisory board, the advisory council for nine years so I got to know a lot of good people there. Well there ya are. I kept stoppin' ya.

KB: I'm gonna stop recording this time.

[END OF RECORDING TWO. END OF INTERVIEW.]