

Interview with
CLARENCE JACOB ALBRECHT

August 25, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
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CLARENCE JACOB ALBRECHT

Clarence Jacob Albrecht was interviewed on August 25, 1968 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of Voices of Remembrance Foundation. He related his personal history of living in various parts of Utah.

FH: Would you please give your full name?

CA: My name is Clarence Jacob Albrecht.

FH: What is your birth date?

CA: I was born April 7, 1904.

FH: [Where were] you born?

CA: [I was born in] Fremont [Wayne County] Utah.

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

CA: My father's name was Jacob Joseph Albrecht.

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

CA: [Her name] was Ada Matilda (Taylor) [Albrecht].

FH: Please spell your last name.

CA: It is spelled A-L-B-R-E-C-H-T.

FH: What do you remember about your early childhood?

CA: About the first thing I can recall in my life was going from the little log cabin where I was born to my grandfather's home and climbing up on his lap to get coffee. I was fascinated by the activities of the day when they were building a new rock house. My grandfather and two of his sons, [who] were older than my father did the laying of the rock. My father carried the mortar on a hod on his shoulder. Among the things that fascinated me was the sawmill they had on this old farmstead. There were rows of logs that were put there and the pen stock where the water came down. It was a water mill, powered with water. I would sit on those old logs for hours and watch them saw the logs up. My father usually was [inaudible] who carried these slabs and put them in a pile and then the lumber.

We were living right up on the bank of the Fremont River, right at the mouth of the canyon, two miles north of the little town of Fremont. About as early as I can recall, my grandfather, George [Ernest] F. [Fredrick] Albrecht, who [lived] there all the time, made me the first fishing line I had out of a piece of thread that he waxed with his shoe wax. I used a safety pin for a hook. I caught my first fish with this.

My parents tell me that they had a little dog called "Fannie." They were concerned about me getting in the Fremont River. Whenever they couldn't find me, all they had to do was call "Fannie" and they learned of my whereabouts. I recall very young in my life, there was a flood in [the Fremont] River. I was down in the pasture. The cow trail came very close to the river. This flood washed part of the cow trail out. There were only a few inches there for me to walk on. I can still recall how this little dog, "Fannie", got between me and the creek to keep me from going in. [Emotional]

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CA: Playmates were rather distant from our place, but on occasions they would collect there. The men who came [for] lumber at the sawmill always had some children with them. I should mention, I was the oldest one in my father's family. I was happy when I had a couple of sisters born and we had [some] companionship then.

FH: How many were there in your father's family?

CA: There were eight children born to the family. Two of them died [very] young, though. I had one brother, Gerald [Lynn] Albrecht, who died when he was three years old. My youngest sister, Celia [Vee] Albrecht, died on that old farm when she was about four months old. [Other siblings were: Dale Everett, Hulda, Nellie Laprele Albrecht and two unnamed.] I also will never forget when the big rock house was completed and they were able to move into that from this little old log cabin. [The log cabin] became an incubator for young chickens after that. Finally, [it] was converted into the first garage [for] our new 1916 Model-T Ford.

FH: Tell about your [education].

CA: Being [that] we lived two miles out of town, I was not allowed to go to school when I was six years old. They kept me home and I resented this very much. By the time I was seven [years old], I was now a full year behind the other boys and girls of my age. I will never forget the first day I went to school to the first grade. I wore a pair of new Levis my grandfather had purchased for me and a pair of blood-red shoes. They were about two sizes too large and the [children] my age then called me "Dummy Redfoot" because I was in the first grade and they were in the second [grade]. It didn't take me very long to catch up with them, though. I had a very good teacher who took direct interest in me. I believe her name was

Mabel Baker. By Christmastime, she promoted me into the second grade with those [children] of my age. I went on from there. I [did] quite well in school with the exception of reading. I never was a very fast reader. It was after I had [gone] through elementary school that I learned to read a little better. I had a fascinating experience when I graduated from the eighth grade. We had to go down to Bicknell [Wayne County, Utah], which was fifteen miles away, to take our eighth grade examination. This was quite a day for me. My father made arrangements that I would go with a neighbor in his car. How rich I felt when my father gave me \$3.00 to spend that day!

FH: How much more [education] did you [receive] after the eighth grade?

CA: I went on through high school from there. It was in my high school years that I probably learned to study. I will always be grateful to Joseph Hickman who was my uncle. He was the superintendent of schools and also the principal of the high school at that time. I had been to school about a month when he called me in his office. He said, "Clarence, just because you are my folks, don't expect any easy things out of me." Among other things, he counseled me and said, "Anybody with the guts you have has no business just loafing around and wasting your time. This work that you have done is not satisfactory. I want you from this time on to learn to do the things that are hardest for you."

I was very active in athletics. I played basketball three years while I was in high school. I was probably the shortest center that Wayne High [School] ever had! I played center all three years I was in high school. In the summertime, I used to play baseball. I was issued a baseball suit for the Fremont town [team] when I was thirteen years old. I treasured this very highly. I was certain nobody was going to get that suit away from me. I about killed a horse off a time or two riding from out of the mountains to get to town on the Fourth of July for fear they would have my suit on somebody else.

[While] in high school, during the summer months, I learned to play [the] drums by having some drum sticks I had fashioned out of rounds [from] chairs which I made myself. Then I found an old frying pan that I tied on my saddle. As I would get off to just sit in one place to watch the sheep, I would pound on this frying pan. I drummed up enough rhythm that I became a drummer [for] the high school band through this way of learning.

In my junior and senior years, I took the leading part in the high school operas.

FH: Do you remember the names of the operas?

CA: Yes. The one we [presented] in our junior year was *Kit Willow*. In my senior year it was a Chinese play, *Cherry Blossoms*. I was the student body president in my senior year and was chosen valedictorian when I graduated.

FH: You mentioned herding sheep. What are some [other] things you did during your school years?

CA: When I was about thirteen [years old], I [had] my first job herding sheep. I will never forget how big I was because this man suggested I furnish my own horse and saddle. He would give [the horse] all the grain it would eat. I even had a six-shooter strapped on my saddle. When I went out to this sheep herd I was [fairly] cocky! About the first mistake I made, I was going to see that my horse, who hadn't been accustomed to eating much grain, had plenty. I hung a couple of gallons on him and the horse ate more than he should have eaten. He was quieted then and wouldn't eat any grain for ten days afterwards! [Laughter]

I had only been herding sheep about two weeks when a [bad] storm came up. Another herd of 3,000 mixed [in with] ours in one draw. My herder and the other herders from the other outfit just moved my camp down [to] what they called Long Hollow. [The camp was] off under a cedar tree and then they went to town to get help. If I had known anything in the world I would have lost that whole herd of sheep. But I pushed them down. There was a ridge there and a few sheep ran down. The storm [was] right behind them, really [very] heavy. When I [was] down there, my camp was on the ground. Just being a green [boy] I spent all the rest of the day trying to get my tent up. I finally learned that I would have to chop the limbs away and push this back up into this big cedar tree and then anchor the back to where I could hold it long enough to get [the tent] up. It was probably a blessing in disguise, because if I had ever started doing anything with those sheep I would have lost them all. But the fact that they were just turned wild, they went on down and crawled up under the cedar trees and bushes where they could. The next morning there was eighteen inches of snow on my tent. Out of about 6,000 head of sheep, we lost 125 head. So it was kind of fortunate that I didn't know anything.

FH: It was a blessing in disguise!

CA: A blessing in disguise is right. There were some hard days in the future because these sheep were just ready to start lambing. We had 6,000 head in one herd. They had to be separated. There was lots of loss because of this. I went from there to the lambing ground and spent the summer on the top of Boulder Mountain herding sheep. I believe this was the only time in my life where I ever saw it rain every day for thirty-one days. It did [that] year on top of Boulder Mountain. Every afternoon we would get a good rainstorm. It was not easy to herd sheep in those days because you had just a small district. There were other herds all around you. Nearly every day somebody would have to go in the corral to separate [their] sheep from the other fellow's sheep. You really had to tend to business to herd sheep in those days.

FH: Were all the sheep branded?

CA: Yes, the sheep were all branded and marked. When I talk about separating, they went through a chute. As they came through, you would have a dodge-gate that would dodge the one fellow's [sheep] in one corral and the other one in the other corral. You would have them all separated and, perhaps, the next day you would have to go back in the corral and separate from another herd. The herders [who] just didn't take care of business knew that they would have to go in the corral and get their sheep in a day or two. This was not good for the owners because you had the ewes weaned away from their lambs and quite a lot of doby [orphaned] lambs in those herds because of this. One old man used to say to us, "It is always necessary to pay attention, but the sheep will stay separated if the herders will. You will get the herders mixed first and then the sheep get mixed."

FH: Did you have any problems with wild animals [and] your sheep?

CA: Yes. There were lots of coyotes in those days. I recall one time we had forty-three sheep killed one night. You really had to watch [for] coyotes every day. We always had a herder and what they called a camp-jack, a fellow [who] moved the camp. This was all done by mules. I learned when I was thirteen [years old] to tie the diamond-hitch and fasten these packs on. The next year I began moving camp myself. I went down on the winter range and had to pack up these four mules in the morning, catch the herd on the trail, then throw it off, get their lunch for them and then put it back on. Towards night, when he knew about where we were going to [be], I would go up and shore the camp up and get the supper ready for the herder.

FH: Sounds like that was about as much of an education as your schooling!

CA: It was. There were lots of experiences there. You learned to do a lot of things. Like in every walk of life, you did a lot of things incorrectly. One of the things that was a must was to take care of the animals and the packs. I received one wonderful expression. I went up on top of Boulder [Mountain] to herd for this man and he was with me. When he rode up to this camp there were pack saddles, blankets, hobbles and everything strewn all over the ground out in front of the camp. I observed that this owner of the camp just looked around. I thought I detected some disgust in his actions. We had lunch and then he went over to his other herd. He left me there as the camp-jack. The next day, when he came back, I had hung all these pack saddles and hobbles up and had pieces of bed tarps wrapped around these so they were kept out of the sun and storms. I received the finest compliment in the world. He took me off to one side and he said, "I am so happy that you observed what I observed. I appreciate your taking care of these things." This was a big boost in my life and something I have always tried to teach as I [grew] older and had sheep of my own. I always told the fellow that I wanted him to take care of things. This man said to me that day, "You can have anything you want to eat in this camp. Just order it, but I want you to take care of it. We can buy anything if you take care of these sheep."

FH: What did you do in the years coming up through The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints]?

CA: As a young boy, I always attended Sunday school because my father was the superintendent. Having a distance of two miles to go, we went in a team and buggy, and then we stayed in town. We nearly always went to my grandmother's [Maria Wilhelmine Elisabeth (Frederick) Haker Albrecht] place for dinner and then we went to Sacrament Meeting in the afternoon. That was about all I ever had in the way of church teaching. I didn't have any Primary. I went a few times, but mostly as a visitor. I didn't go to MIA [Mutual Improvement Association] until I was a senior in high school. I did [participate in some] MIA work in the wintertime, but very little.

FH: Were you called on a [LDS] mission?

CA: Yes. I believe we ought to go back in [my] education a little bit more. After I graduated from high school, Superintendent Hickman said he would give me a certificate to teach school the next year if I would take twelve weeks[of] the subjects he prescribed at the University of Utah [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. He took four of us: Tilda Sorenson, who is now Tilda Taylor, Fontella Pectol, who is now Fontella Webster, and James Elliott. He hauled us to Salt Lake [City] and prescribed the subjects we were to take. I took this summer school. The next fall, as green as I was, I was sent to Hanksville [Wayne County] Utah as a teacher.

When I arrived in that town, Mr. Reber who was the school board representative in that district, an old German [fellow], said, "Now Clarence, this is not going to be an easy job. They ran my daughter, Martha [Reber], out last year. They ran the teacher out the year before. Some of these boys are seventeen years old and still in the sixth and seventh grades. They will all be there the first day to see what you look like. They will just string [you] on. There will be one [student] short every day or two until you lose all of them. All you will have left are the girls and the [young] boys. [When] it starts getting cold, they all come back for a month or two. As soon as it starts warming up next spring, they will leave you just like old ewes in a herd of sheep. One [student] will drag [drop] out each day. It is your challenge to get these people [to stay] in school. Many of these boys cannot read at all."

Mr. Reber went to school with me the first morning and introduced me. He told the boys and girls, "Mr. Albrecht will be a good teacher. He will play with you and will be one with you. He is going to run [rule] the roost here. We are not going to have a repetition of any trouble that happened last year and the year before in this school. I want you boys and girls to know that I am [in] back of Mr. Albrecht on whatever he does." Mr. Reber went home.

I started to get lined up. One of the boys in about the fifth grade, Darris Ekker, had a pea-flipper, a little three-cornered rock, that he pulled out and flipped a little second grade girl, Elora Maxwell, right in the cheek. It cut a big gash in her cheek. It just bled profusely. I said to Darris, "You put that flipper up." He said, "You go to hell." I made for him and he made for the door. I caught him just as he [was at] the door and, although he was a big strapping [boy], I picked him up by the seat of the pants and the nap of the neck and carried him right up [to] the front of the room and took him over to his desk to sit him down. He wouldn't sit. He would just straighten out and carry on a tantrum. About the third time I went to put him down, I slapped him beside the head. He really doubled up then. He jumped right back up and I sat him back down again. He was going to go home. I told him he wasn't going home. Anyway, we had a [fairly] quiet school [day]. At recess time, he was going to go home and I told him he wasn't. I took him in and sent word for his mother to come, which she did. I never had a minute's trouble after that in that school. That is the only child I ever had to touch. But I had my challenge!

They had boys and girls down there [who] were kind of rough. There were lots of cowboys and shepherders in the country [area]. They had an old roan bull that they practiced on until he was just an outlaw, but he was tame. The older boys decided they would have their teacher ride this bull. That would be a way of getting rid of him. Every morning we had a bull session. Even the girls took part in this. They would say, "Mr. Albrecht, when are you going to ride Old Roanie?" He was a big 1,700 pound roan-lineback-bull. I used to answer them by saying, "I am going to wait until some day when the big boys are not here so they won't see me fall off."

I [went] back home and one of my good friends, Frank Reber, kept telling me, and he was right with me on this, and he was [inaudible], but he was also answering the boys on this. I put them off until Christmas. I kept these boys in school through baseball activity. I thought I was a [fairly] good ball player. In fact, I caught the first night game that was ever played in Utah. I used to think I was [fairly] good. I had one boy who was as big as I was [who] had the best control I have ever seen. I used him as a pitcher. It goes without saying we had a lot of long afternoon recesses. I didn't lose these boys and kept them in school. I had to go tear up some of the easy readers and tie them together with carpet warp so they wouldn't know what they were reading [in order] to get them to read. Before Christmastime, I had half of those boys coming to me wanting to know if I would help them after school or if they could come to my place at night. I feel like maybe I did a wonderful job with those boys because they learned to read and learned to study some. The four little ones I had by Christmastime could just read like little streaks. They did a nice job.

At Christmastime, I was so engaged there that I didn't even go home for Christmas. I stayed right [in] Hanksville and this was the day I rode the old roan bull. Two of the big boys led him out on this big old manure pile. I had the whole

town watching [along with] all the students. One [young] girl stuck her head around the corner of her house crying, “Mama, they are going to kill my teacher.” [She was] a second grade girl, Linda Lance, I think it was. Anyway, I knew what I was doing because Frank Reber counseled me what to do. He had the [inaudible] in my spurs wired. I had a good bull rake. So I scooted down tight on this old roan bull and the [children] said, “Are you ready?” I said, “Yes,” and they dropped the halter and, of course, being young and active, I jumped on. I grabbed this bull just as far as I could reach. He made about three twists on top of that manure pile and then he just took out into space. When his old legs hit that ground out there, after jumping like he did, it just felt like they came up through me. I happened to be lucky enough to stick the old bull. In the afternoon, after they had a whole community lunch, we played the town [baseball team] with our school team and beat them.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

CA: After that, I was “Mr. Albrecht” in Hanksville, so much so that, later on, when I came back from my [LDS] mission, Frank Reber said, “We will give him more money than any man in the district to come back to Hanksville and teach school.” I have been quite happy with that. Just a couple of years ago, these [students] from down there who are now the parents — one of them heard me say in a barber shop that I thought maybe I might teach school now [that] they have raised the wages so high. So they [had] a petition and had all the people down there sign it and sent it to the superintendent asking me to come back to teach school. It has been quite an experience.

I did go back and teach one year after I came back from my mission. I did teach back in Hanksville after I was married [for] one year. After teaching down there that year, I herded sheep the next summer. Then I went to Brigham Young University [Provo, Utah County, Utah] that winter. The following year, I taught the fifth and sixth grades in Bicknell, Utah. When school was out that spring, I was called on a mission to the California Mission. I spent two years in the California Mission.

I started out in San Fernando [California and spent] four months there. One evening President Joseph W. McMurrin called me and said, “Elder Albrecht, be ready to leave in the morning at six o’clock. We are moving you.” I didn’t know where, but I was ready to go. They took me to Santa Barbara [California]. They dissolved the branch which had been organized and President McMurrin left me there as the presiding elder. For fourteen months I stayed there. One of the fellows who had been a deacon in Logan [Cache County] Utah we found who had never been active at all, was a highway patrolman who helped us secure [a] right-of-way to hold street meetings up in the middle of Santa Barbara and down at the beach. He was put in as the district president and I was transferred to [the] Long Beach [California] District where I spent the rest of my mission in Santa Ana [California] as the district president.

FH: Did you enjoy your missionary work?

CA: Oh, it was extremely wonderful! Of course, I had had this teaching experience which was probably worth more to me than I would have [received] in school. In fact, I think perhaps I have made this expression many times: I learned more the first year I taught school than I had ever learned in all the years I had been in school before, because I had quite a challenge. One of the boys, [who] graduated the year before from the eighth grade, and I had a lot of problems. I had a very successful year and kept all these boys and girls in school which was the main purpose. Mr. Reber was so thrilled with that.

FH: When were you released from your mission?

CA: President McMurrin released all the missionaries in the California Mission who were near their time to get home for the centennial of the church in 1930. I purchased a little old Model-T Ford. Three other missionaries came home with me in this Model-T. We about froze to death out in the desert west of Las Vegas [Nevada]. We hit a blizzard in that area and this [car] didn't have any curtains. It was open air. So we [opened] the trunk I had and [took] some blankets and tied them on the side to keep from freezing to death.

The [Great] Depression was starting when I [came] back. [Life] was kind of tough. You couldn't [make] any money and jobs were scarce. I had this Model-T car which gave me transportation. They wanted me to go ride up in Seven Mile [Sevier County, Utah] which was a cattle association, but my mother thought I shouldn't do this because it would be jumping right from Santa Ana to 10,000-foot elevation. She thought maybe I shouldn't do it. So I [started] selling Wearever cooking utensils. I started out in Wayne County and went over to Antimony [Garfield County, Utah] where I met my wife.

The first time I saw her, she was standing straddle over a ditch scooping up water to do her washing. I went from there down to Marysvale [Piute County, Utah] and up to Monroe [Sevier County, Utah] selling these cooking utensils and finally [came] back. Then, in the forepart of August, I moved to Kanab [Kane County, Utah]. My wife, Delilah Day, and I decided we would get married in the St. George Temple. She came with my sister and myself to Kanab and then we were going to [go] to St. George to be married. When we [came] down there, we learned the St. George Temple was closed. So we were married in Kanab by a [Kane] County clerk on August 16, 1930.

FH: Tell about your courtship.

CA: I wasn't doing a lot of selling. I used to go to the dances. I would arrange it so I could go up to Antimony so I [could] take my wife back to Wayne County and up to Fish Lake [Piute County, Utah] to the dances and down to Purple Haze [outside of Kingston Canyon]. I did put a lot more effort into this than I did selling, but I

did [fairly well] as a salesman, too. I was able to sell [some] cooking utensils there.

FH: You said you first saw her scooping water out of a ditch. How long did it take you to know she was the right one?

CA: That was [on] about [a] Friday, and Sunday I had been asked by Bishop Allen to talk down at the Kingston Ward.[in Piute County, Utah]. We were playing baseball up in Antimony that Sunday afternoon. I batted a home run and my wife saw this. She kind of made up her mind she was going to get with me, I guess. My friend, Merrill King, made a date with my wife for me. She said she couldn't go because she had a date with another boy that night. She thought, [at] first, she was going to go with Merrill. When she learned she was going to go with me and we were going to go to Sacrament Meeting, she knew this would satisfy her father. She decided to go, with the understanding that, if we met her boyfriend coming back up the canyon we would stop and give her to him. But he didn't come along and so I took her down to Kingston where I talked in Sacrament Meeting. That was the first date I ever had with my wife. The other fellow she had been going with never had a chance anymore after that.

FH: What is her name?

CA: [Her name is Elizabeth] Delilah (Day) Albrecht now.

FH: How long was it between that first meeting and when you finally married?

CA: It was from April 20, 1930 until August 16, 1930 — about four months.

FH: When you married where did you settle?

CA: We were in Kanab. My sister [had been] there doing the cooking for me. My wife was helping and my sister stayed with us about a week; then we took her back to Wayne County. My wife and I came back to Kanab and stayed there for a couple of weeks. Then we moved to Tremonton [Box Elder County] Utah, in the northern part of the state. We spent from then until 1932 selling cooking utensils around Tremonton, Garland and Brigham City [Box Elder County, Utah and] some in Ogden [Weber County, Utah]. We went out as far west as Snowville and Thatcher [in Box Elder County, Utah] and all that country through there.

Our first child was born in the Tremonton Hospital. It was a rather bad occasion when this happened because this child was born right at the hour when I was supposed to be playing baseball. I didn't like that very much! My wife, I think, was not very grateful for some of my comments about having this baby right when I should be playing ball. [We named her] Coy [Albrecht].

FH: How do you spell that?

CA: [It is spelled] C-O-Y.

FH: Tell a little bit about her life.

CA: Coy was quite a beautiful, active baby. In 1932, we came back to Wayne County to hunt deer. I had always been quite a hunter and there was good hunting down there. When we [went] down there that fall, Coy [became] sick. She was sick for a little while. We stayed there and I helped my father do some of his work. He had threshing to do and I helped him do this and other [chores]. Then it [was] nearly Christmastime. I was rather reluctant to go back because, [at] Christmastime, we didn't have very much success selling cooking utensils. So I stayed home until after Christmas. One of the teachers in [the] Wayne School District was moving, so they gave me a job teaching school. I went back to Fruita [Wayne County] Utah and taught school there the rest of the [school] year from January on. Then, the next June after this, our second daughter was born. She was born in Fremont at my father's place.

FH: What is her name?

CA: Her name is Reah, R-E-A-H [Albrecht]. That fall, old man Reber wanted me back to Hanksville so badly. I took my wife and two children and went to Hanksville to teach school. This was a wonderful experience for me because, in Hanksville, all they had was a presiding elder. It was not a ward. Now I had the experience [and] I was a returned missionary. The night we [arrived in] Hanksville, the father of two of the girls [who] I had taught before I went on my mission passed away that night. They were Catholic girls. They insisted that I take part in the services. It was kind of a peculiar Catholic service. The presiding elder took charge and I sang a duet with one of the ladies in the ward, *O My Father*. I gave the opening prayer and the presiding elder made a few remarks, very short. When they turned the time over to me, I gave a sermon and then I sang with a trio the closing [song]. I dedicated the grave. [It was] old man Mike Steele. I had taught two of his girls the first year I was in Hanksville and, this year, I had two of his boys in my [classes].

The experiences I had gave me quite an advantage there because I had a chance to teach in all the organizations. They didn't have anything but broken chairs and so I organized a group of the town people. We put on a play and it turned out [very] well. I took [the group] up to Loa [Wayne County, Utah], Fremont and Bicknell and put [the play] on up there. We made enough money on that trip to pay our expenses and [had] enough to buy Oregon pine lumber that was piled up there in Hanksville. Some old man had [the lumber] piled up there to build a boat. We purchased this lumber and had a field day and built benches. In the spring of 1934, we built benches in Hanksville and they are still in [the] Hanksville Chapel today. I went to summer school the next summer and then taught school in Loa.

FH: Where did you go to summer school?

CA: [I went to] Brigham Young University. I taught school in Loa, and the next winter and the spring of 1936, I believe it was, I bought my first farm. [It was] the Mark Behunin farm in the town of West Fremont. I didn't have much to buy [it] with. I had bought a \$200.00 automobile and one [young] black mare that I owned. My father gave me a milk cow. In the house he had, you could almost throw a cat through the walls; [it had] a big pot bellied stove. You could look right out through the cracks and see the people going along the road. I had my first experience [of] plastering a house there. I lived there and farmed part of that summer, besides going to school and helping my father who [had] helped me quite a bit. I taught school in Fremont. I remained a teacher there [and attended] summer school and taught in the wintertime until 1949 when I quit teaching. I had twelve years [of] teaching experience.

In 1936, our only son [Kelvin Craig Albrecht] was born. He was born in the little old house there in Fremont, the Mark Behanan house. Then I went in with my father and we bought some sheep. [So], besides teaching school, I had 300 or 400 head of sheep to take care of and lamb every spring. I couldn't have done this if it hadn't been for my wife. I would get up at four o'clock in the morning, tend the sheep [and] feed them. When I would go to school, she would get out there and feed and water the sheep. [We had to] carry watering buckets to the ewes I had in pens when [it] was lambing [time]. I just about worked myself to death to get rid of these sheep and get my crops in so I could go to summer school, because I just had to keep building up to keep my certificate in good order.

FH: It sounds like you had a wonderful helpmate.

CA: I did; I had a [very] wonderful helpmate. There is no question about that. In 1938, our fourth daughter [Elva Albrecht] was born. I was still going to school and running [the] farm.

CA: I went on [with] just about the same routine, herding sheep, jumping here, jumping there, and teaching school until the spring of 1943. Three or four fellows there, including myself, decided to go to Idaho to live. We took our wives, went up and looked around at places. One fellow did buy a place and I put some money down on a place in Boise, Idaho. When I [came] back home, I [received] a letter from the old man [to whom] I had [given] the money. He said his son wasn't going to let him sell his part, so they sent the money back to me.

Robert Taylor, who lived in Fremont, said to me, "Why don't you buy my place? If you want it, I will sell it to you on your own terms." So I wrote my own terms [for] that place, presented it to him and he signed it in five minutes. I bought his place.

FH: How big a place was it?

CA: It was a 160-acre farm in Fremont [with very] good meadows and pastures. By this time, I had transferred from sheep to cattle and had quite a nice bunch of cattle. When I took claim on this place, I got some more cattle for milk from him so I had quite a nice bunch of cattle now. Instead of chasing sheep, I was now chasing cows! In the spring of every year there, I would put my cattle on the east meadow desert. About twice during the week after school was out, I would load my horse in the truck and drive up to the top of the mountain and go down to this desert and put the cattle down away from the forest bench because there was no water up there. Lots of times I would get back at twelve o'clock at night. Every Friday night I had to go to the desert to tend these cattle. Other nights when I was there, I would have to do some work on the farm.

FH: Were [the cattle] out on the range?

CA: Yes, out on the range.

FH: What do you remember about your father?

CA: I had a [very] wonderful father. My father was a [very] hard worker. I remember as a young boy he used to go in the canyon and get logs for the sawmill, practically every day. He would come back usually [at] four or five o'clock and undo his horses, feed them and have something to eat. Then he would go down along the river. There used to be lots of willows down there and he would have terrific fires down there. He would grab these willows and put them in piles and he would burn them at night. I used to go down there and I would carry sticks and all that. It was quite fascinating. Many times, he would burn willows down there until midnight [to] clear off this area. He cleared off an area that became a [very] nice meadow. He had a [very] nice meadow there.

My father got along wonderfully well with people. He was a [very] good mixer. Everybody liked him [very] well. One of his characteristics that is outstanding [is that] he was a big man. He weighed about 240 pounds, but he was one of the smoothest dancers you ever saw in your life. He used to [travel] fifteen miles with a team and buggy to the dances.

When I was a young boy, he used to play for us all the time. He played a harp harmonica. He played for [children's] dances. We always used to have lots of [children's] dances and he would play for these. I remember one time he called me up on the stage in this little church house and said, "Now son, that little red curly [haired] girl right down there has not had a chance to dance yet. You go get her and dance with her." I resented this very much, but I knew better than to say anything back to him. So I reluctantly went and danced with this little girl and she was quite a nice dancer. After I danced with her, I am not sure that my father didn't talk to some of the other boys, but she [had] a chance to dance. My father always saw to it that everybody had a chance to dance. He would get out there on

the floor with his harp in one hand and would take these [young] girls and teach them how to waltz and do [the] two-step.

I followed this same line when I taught school in Fremont the last three or four years. I used to take the boys and girls up to the church house. I played the harmonica too, and I would play and they would dance. The boys and girls made a ruling that those [who] didn't participate in the way that I thought they should, they had to go back to the schoolhouse and write spelling words. Only one or two had to write spelling words about one [time], but they always danced after that. Later on, when these boys and girls went to high school, the principal of the high school told me that you could pick the boys and girls I taught because, every time, just the minute the music started, these boys and girls were out on the floor dancing. They were beautiful dancers, and they are today.

I think this is something we could do in this day, to work along these lines. We could develop sociability much better [by] doing it. I used to take these boys and girls and I saw to it that they took turns. The little old girl [who] just didn't know how to dance [had] a chance to learn how to dance. After these boys had danced with these backward girls a few times, they [came] to the point where they didn't think these little girls were such bad girls after all.

I remember I said to them about the time that they started this dancing with one partner all night. They asked me to come and give a talk to the student body at the high school. I suggested this to them. One girl came up to me and said, "It is none of your business if I want to dance with my boyfriend all night." But these things can be developed and we need to work along this line. I am sure there is a wonderful field here to work in if we just wake up to the fact that we have some opportunities. We could solve a lot of our problems here, too. We could iron out a lot of this snobbishness that children get. They get to picking on a person and a teacher; if they are awake, [they] can come to realize this is time to save it.

FH: What do you remember about your mother?

CA: My mother lived in the other end of town from where my father lived. My mother was the oldest daughter of Joseph E. [Ephraim and Annie Sophia (Brian)] Taylor. The Taylor family had been quite a prominent family in Wayne County. I think my mother's father had twelve brothers and sisters who lived there. My mother was much better educated than my father. My father didn't have much education. My mother had a [fairly] good education for those days. She never did get any further than [the] eighth grade, but she knew how to do things [fairly] well.

One of the things I have always been grateful for is she used to care for my grandmother. They lived out on the ranch. My grandmother [Maria Wilhelmine Elisabeth (Frederick) Haker] Albrecht was right there and my mother used to care for her every day. How she used to wait on her! Grandmother Albrecht was Relief Society president. [When] she [would] go around, she used to take me to open the

gates [for] her one-horse buggy that had shaves [struts]. My mother always [would] get the horse hooked up for my grandmother. [She would] wait on her and see [if] she had things for her [to do]. She did a terrific job for her, that is all.

Mother did a lot of hard work. She had to carry the water from down at the river, which was 100 yards away, to do [the] washing on the scrubbing board. I can remember carrying up this [inaudible] in this old sawmill while she had plenty of things to do. My father, being [very] friendly like he was, always invited anybody [who] ever came, any time of day, to eat. This always put an extra burden on my mother, but she was always good about it. It seemed like she always had things to do with. She always had meat and potatoes and fruit and [other food].

My mother was a real genius [at] making cheese. I guess we had ten or twelve cows. They used to milk these cows and pour [the milk] into kind of a vat. They had it sitting in the water. The next morning they would milk the cows again and she would make cheese. She did a terrific job! She used to market her cheese all over the country [area]. I remember one time a salesman came down from Provo. After he tasted her cheese, he bought [some] from her and had it shipped to Sutton's Market in Provo. [He did this] for quite a long while. The forest rangers and people like this used to always stay at my father's place. Being two miles out of town, it was quite a place. The sheep fellows used to leave their supplies there in a shed my father had. Whenever they came, they always came in the house like one of the family and this always put an extra burden on my mother.

FH: How many children were there in your family?

CA: Eight [children] were born. Six of us lived. One [or two] died.

[On July 12,] 1944 my father passed away almost without any notice at all. He was only sixty-one years old, but he was only sick about twelve hours [before he] passed away. This left my mother living on [the] old ranch. She kind of insisted she stay there, which she did. She didn't have a car, no [mode of] transportation. I [had] a chance to move her to town [and] she lived there about a year in a house. When their [the owners] sons married, they wanted [the] house so my mother was going to have to go back to [the] ranch. She was kind of reluctant about this. So I bought her a [small] home in Fremont, half-way between my place and my only living brother's place.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

CA: She could look out of her big window, see my farm and see down to his place. So she could check up on us. She enjoyed this so much. My children, especially, used to stay with her at first. Then, as my older girls married, my brother's children stayed with her. She always had somebody there every night. She was sickly for years. My mother had a gallstone and had three or four serious operations. She

should have died a long while ago. It was a long while before she did, [but] she really was near death so many times.

After she [my mother] had helped my grandmother so much, she became the secretary to my grandmother when she was president of the Relief Society. After my grandmother gave up the job, my father's sister became the president of the Relief Society and my mother was still the secretary. When she [was released], my mother became the president of the Relief Society. She had quite a lot of Relief Society work. I had quite a lot of experience with Relief Society, going to Relief Society with my grandmother and my mother and especially gathering up [the] grain. I used to go to all these places, the ranch houses, and get a peck of wheat to take down to the tithing office. I remember that little town had probably 500 bushels of wheat in their tithing office when President [Thomas Woodrow] Wilson called for wheat at the time he did in World War I. A lot of [the wheat] my grandmother gathered up a bucketful at a time from various places in [her] little old buggy.

FH: Are there any faith-promoting incidents in your life or their lives?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CA: When I was about seven years old, I had a little gray horse that my father purchased for me to [ride] to school. He became quite child-broken because of my inability to teach him anything. He [became] quite stubborn and a little bit sulky and he [became] quite breechy. I recall one day he was right across from our house, over across the river, in a beautiful patch of wheat. My mother sent me after him. I went over there and took some oats [with me]. There he was standing eating wheat, but he stuck his head in this nose bag I had to eat oats. I put the reins up over his head and took the nose bag off. I was going to put the bridle bit in his mouth, and, as I took the nose bag off, the old gray horse whirled. As he whirled, he caught the headstall of the bridle on [a] tin-digger spur I had and away he went. The reins were just long enough that he went kicking and as hard as he could run. He went right straight through [the] wheat patch. There I was dragging with my feet first. When he [was] right up at the head of the irrigation ditch, there was a old rocky knoll right there that had rocks three feet in diameter sticking up, just thousands of them right there. He went right up through that and, as he [came] to the edge, my head was right in the ditch. My feet maybe hit a rock, I don't know. Anyway, it broke a rivet out in the headstall and turned me loose.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

CA: When we [came] to the head of [the] patch where the head ditch was and this rocky hill, this rivet broke in the bridle reins and turned me loose. If I had been dragged another twenty feet I would have knocked my brains out on those rocks.

I had another close call when I was about sixteen years old. I was herding sheep up where they call the slopes for Alfred Jeffrey. He brought up a big good-looking horse that had been half broken. He [became] a little mean so they quit riding him. Mr. Jeffrey thought this sheep herd would be a good place for this horse to be ridden. He wanted to know if I would ride him if he brought him up. I said, "Yes I would." I had ridden this horse quite a bit. I had him far enough so I had taken the hackamore off of him and used him now with a bridle.

One day we were just coming back up [from] the water. You had to go down quite a steep trail to get to this water. We came out and around this slope and an old black ewe started going back hunting her lamb. I knew her lamb was a spotted lamb. I knew it was there. I went to head her and she kind of dodged me. As she did, I took my rope down and was going to rope her. As I threw [the] rope, the twirl of the rope [hit him in] the shoulder and down went his head. He made a couple of [fairly] hard jumps. I [took] hold of the reins and pulled up. I broke the bridle bit right in the middle. He was about a mile and a half down a [very] steep rocky hill, down where the camp was. Mr. Jeffrey had gone on down there to fix dinner. This horse I was on threw up his head and whirled and went right straight down that hill just as hard as he could run. He came to a couple of places where the ledge was about ten feet high and he just jumped out in space. He was really running! He was a well-bred horse. He would just go out in space. If there was any a place for me to have gotten off I would have jumped off, but I couldn't get off. Every time he would come to these rough places, I would take my feet out of the stirrups so I wouldn't be caught if he fell.

I didn't think we could ever make it. He ran the full length which was a good mile down [the] steep hill and it was so rocky. Mr. Jeffrey heard me coming and turned around in a flat just before he [came] to camp. When the horse ran up to him, he ducked right around the front of his horse. I spilled off on the ground. Old man Jeffrey said, "Clarence, you will never be whiter than that when you are dead." It was a [very] frightening experience! I would much rather have been thrown any place than to have had a ride like that.

FH: Your guardian angel was with you both of those times.

CA: I think so.

FH: What did you do when you were growing up just to have a good time?

CA: [Because] I had to herd sheep a lot in the summertime, I didn't have much chance to have [any] activity except out [with] the sheep herd. I used to always have some cayuse horse [Indian pony] that I was breaking. I have been thrown [fairly] hard a few times out with the sheep herd. Those loud horses used to come in to the lake to water. Some of them were five and six years old and never had a brand on them, never had a rope on before. We used to draw cuts to see who would ride one. I have been thrown a few times out there [fairly] hard off of those [horses].

We would use a rope and would put a rope around them, not tied, and then turn them loose. You had to hang on good to stay on.

I always did break a few horses there. In the wintertime, though, most of my activities for fun were in games. I always used to play ball, any kind of ball, baseball or basketball. I had more interest in that than I ever did girls until about the time I graduated. I didn't date girls much until I [was] out of high school. It was about athletics.

We used to have a few parties around in homes, but not so many. There were lots of dances. They used to have lots of dances and I used to go to lots of dances. I liked to dance quite well, but not nearly as well as my father did. My father used to take all us [children] to the dances. When my father died, one of his friends said that he thought my father had set an example that every man ought to observe — that would be to take his children to these activities. My father was always there and saw to it [we went]

In my last couple of years in high school, I played drums in [the] orchestra. A lot of my time was occupied there. One time I went two miles down to Mutual on this horse. After Mutual, the [boys] decided to have a chicken roast. They were going to steal chickens. My father and mother had told me never to get into a chicken-stealing scrape; that they always had chickens out to the ranch and I was welcome to them. It was quite a blizzard. I rode this horse on a lope two miles out to my dad's ranch, went in his [chicken] coop and [caught] a couple of chickens. [I] went clear back to town to roast those chickens after Mutual. Crazy [fellows]! Like I say, I never stole a chicken in my life. It seemed like back in those days that that was one of the exciting things [to do], steal chickens.

FH: What do you like to read?

CA: Since I quit teaching school, I haven't done a lot of reading except [for] religious books. When I taught school, I did a lot of reading. I always started my day off by reading a chapter or so out of a book to the boys and girls. I had a lot of experiences there that were quite fascinating. Most of my later [reading] has all been in church religious books. We have so many articles that a person would like to read that they would never be able to [read all of them]. But I still think that perhaps we need to get back to the thinking, or to the theory, that our church works. The four books of the church are the foundation of our religion. Here is our true guide for life.

FH: Tell about your children and what has happened to them.

CA: My oldest daughter [Coy] was [very] active, as I said before, until she was about nine years old. Then she developed Perthes [disease] in her right hip, which is a softening of the femur ball [and socket]. We took her to Salt Lake [City] to a specialist and [were] told she would have to be put in a cast. [She was] in a cast

from her waist down to her knees for six months. After that, they let her go for quite awhile. Then she had to go back and [be] operated on. [She] had to [have] a cup in her right hip. After she had grown a little more, they had to go back in and change [the] cup again in that hip. They decided that [her] leg was about grown [and] it was about a couple of inches shorter than the other leg. They went in the femur bone of her left leg and took two inches out of [it] to even [her legs] up. She has had several major operations. We had quite a time with her, but she finally [came] to the point where she was ready to graduate from high school. She only lacked one hour of high school work. I told her I was going to send her to Ephraim [Sanpete County, Utah] to Snow College. She didn't want to go because she had fallen in love. She stayed home and married at Christmastime [of] that year. They have lived there in Wayne County.

FH: Who did she marry?

CA: She married William Torgerson from Lyman [Wayne County], Utah and they have six children now. She is crippled up quite badly and will never be anything but a cripple.

My next daughter, Reah, married Stanley Baker. He was from Teasdale [Wayne County], Utah. Their first son was born in our home in Fremont when [her husband] was in the [United States] Army in Germany. He has followed in the footsteps of his grandfather. He is a baseball player. He keeps promising me when he gets in the big leagues he will take me back to New York to a big league game. They have five children, three girls and two boys. They live in Murray [Salt Lake County], Utah. She has been made the Relief Society president [in] her ward.

My only son, [Kelvin] Craig, did a [very] outstanding job as a young fellow. I think he made all of his awards until he [was] out of high school. He was quite a studious boy in school. He was quite athletically inclined, but he didn't get to play much on [the] basketball teams [as] he was a little short. After he graduated from high school he went to Snow College and, while he was there, he fell in love and married Beverly Jorgeson, from Ephraim. They moved to Salt Lake [City]. [Later], they moved over to Blanding [San Juan County, Utah] and he ran a service station down [there]. They came back to Salt Lake [City] and stayed [there] awhile. He worked for Sears, Roebuck [and Co.] there. Then [they] moved to Las Vegas [and] live [there] now. They have four children, three boys and one girl.

My third daughter, Elva, married Revon Ellet from Bicknell, Utah. They lived in Wayne County for quite some time. Then they moved to Salt Lake [City] and then to [Las] Vegas where he ran a service station for several years. They are now here in St. George [and] are running the Red Bluff Motel. They have four children, two boys and two girls.

My next daughter, Marva, was a [very] active girl and very studious, but she had quite a lot of sickness. It seemed like [the doctors] kept trying to find out what was the matter with her. They thought she had rheumatic fever [and] had given her enough pills to sink a battleship. Later on, [they] discovered that she had never had rheumatic fever. They sent her down here and one doctor doctored her for arthritis. He said it was some type of arthritis and he gave her some very potent pills. About twelve hours later, she was paralyzed from the chin down. She lay that way for about a week in the hospital. Then I went and packed her out. I could have easily carried her out as a corpse. We took her home.

FH: How old was she?

CA: She was about twelve years old when this happened. We took her home and we had the stake president, President Willis Oldroyd, come and give her a blessing. He gave her a wonderful blessing. He suggested in his prayer that the doctors would be able to correct her condition. About the next day she turned worse and we called the doctor. He looked at her [and] said, "I have to go back home." He went back to Loa which was five miles away. He came back with some different medicine and gave [it to] her. She perked right out of it. He did a nice job.

For about six months she [was very] good; then she couldn't hold her blood up. It would build up and then it would all go at once. Finally, they decided they would have to take her spleen out. So they did. Then she perked out of it quite well. But she had missed all [the] winter before when they took her spleen out. She missed all of her school year that year, but had [skipped] a grade when she was about in the second or third [grade] so she passed [the] other [children] her age. By missing this [time] she was right back [where she belonged]. I think she was quite happy. She acted like it. After she had her spleen out, she got along nicely in school and hadn't missed a day from the time school started until October 26 [1967]. That morning, [as] I went [to] hunt deer, she said, "Daddy, I am not going to school today. I don't feel too good." When I came back that night about six o'clock, the doctor was there. He said you have to get her over to the hospital. She hardly knew me then. I jumped into my other clothes and took her to Richfield [Sevier County, Utah]. On the way over, she said, "I am dying. I am dying." At twelve o'clock that night [October 27, 1957] she was dead.

FH: Did they find out what [caused her death]?

CA: They figured it was quick meningitis, [because] after she had her spleen out, she had spasms where she had [very] bad chills and fever all the time. They just couldn't do anything about it. So she probably had some deep infection. We had had her back to the doctors. They just couldn't find it, couldn't pinpoint it. Anyway, she passed away.

Our baby, Patsy Albrecht, was born in the Salina Hospital [Sevier County, Utah]. She was born in rather a precarious time, too. It was right during the deer hunt. I

had been out hunting deer that day. When I came home, my wife said, "We have to go to the hospital." I said, "I will take my gun with me." She said, "No, you won't!" We started out. We were going down through Kings Meadow Canyon [Sevier County, Utah] down toward Salina. There was a big four-point buck standing right in the road. If I had had my gun I would surely have [shot] him. This baby was born about fifteen minutes after we [arrived] at the hospital. The doctor said: if you had had your gun, you would have had a baby up there in the canyon. [Laughter]

I will never forget her, such a scrawny little [baby]. She had little fingers just like bird's claws, but she soon grew up. She and the girl we lost were very close together and did a lot of palling [around]. They became quite the musicians [and] both played the violin. The girl we lost [Marva] was just a natural leader. She [performed] music in Mutual. There was a chorus in Mutual and she was a natural. She had a lot of ability, if [only] she had lived.

Patsy had had two years [at] Wayne High School when we moved to Salt Lake City. She always did have an inferiority complex. We were so concerned [as to] how she would adjust to moving from [a] little school of 225 [students] to Salt Lake [City] and going to a school that had 2,300 [students]. But she did a terrific job at Olympus High School and graduated there with honors. [She received] a scholarship and went back to Snow College. [She] graduated with honors again and [received] a scholarship to the University of Utah. The year she was at the University of Utah she met her husband. He [had] graduated [from] the University of Utah and so they [were] married. His name is Quentin Wells.

[Something] happened with her [that] we are thrilled about. The first year we were in Salt Lake [City], the Mutual president asked the girls in the Beehive class, I think, to write a letter to the missionaries in their ward. They assigned my daughter to write to President [Thomas S.] Monson who was president of the Canadian Mission. When he came home from his mission, we went to listen to him. When he stood up, and you know how wonderful he is, he said, "I received a letter from some girl from this ward, Miss Patsy Albrecht. Is she here? I would like to have her stand up. I don't know her." She had never seen him before. She stood up and was right between her mother and myself. He said, "Are those your parents you are with?" She said, "Yes." He said, "I would like to have you stand up, too." After we stood up, he told about getting this lovely letter. He said, "I want to see you folks after this meeting before you go home." [The Monsoons] lived right close to us and we became very close to President Monson and his wife [Frances Beverly (Johnson) Monson] and their family. Naturally, when Patsy and Clinton [were] married in the Salt Lake Temple, they had to have President Monson perform the marriage. It was quite a thrill [for] us [and] our family.

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FH: How many grandchildren do you have?

CA: We have twenty-one grandchildren at the present time.

FH: It doesn't take very many to start a real posterity. Is there anything we have missed along the way?

CA: Yes. I haven't told you anything about my activities in the church. I haven't told you anything about my experiences in a civil way. I better [speak] first to my activities in the church. After I was married and had taught school several years, I purchased my first farm in Fremont and we settled there as our home. I was called to be the superintendent of the Fremont Ward Sunday school which I held for three years, I think. I was released from that [position] and went into the stake Sunday school. It wasn't a couple of years until I was called back to [the] Fremont Ward as the president of the Young Men Mutual Improvement [Association] work.

In 1942, I was called into the stake president's office and they asked me to become a high councilman. I was ordained a high priest in the spring of 1942 and was put on the high council. [When] I held this [position], I had as my responsibility working with the senior Aaronic Priesthood. I will never forget one experience I had. Harold B. Lee [was] coming down to visit our stake for stake conference. I sent out letters to all the senior Aaronic men of our stake and asked them to put [forth] a special effort to [come] to this Priesthood meeting. Several of them did for this special Priesthood meeting. One of the men became very active after that. He was a [very] good man, but he hadn't ever done anything in the church. He didn't want to become interested in the church before this. I tried to use him in the superintendency of the Fremont Sunday school. He said, "I will be in there with you, but I don't expect to do anything." I called him in this time and he was so impressed with what took place that he started working just a little bit. The first thing we knew, [he was] ordained an elder and [was] working with the stake clerk. He went from there to a counselor in the bishopric. He just now [has] filled a thrilling experience [of] being bishop. I think it was nothing more than just getting him to this certain Priesthood meeting. Probably Brother Lee happened to say the right things.

Another man was in the same category, I had never seen him in church before. I was there to meet these men as they came in. When this man came in, he said, "I don't know what I am doing here, but I thought if you thought I ought to come, Brother Albrecht, I would come." That man did quite a job after that. He never did get too active. He was killed about three or four years after that, but he was always very friendly. He did a much better job of taking care of his family after this than he ever did before. He took more interest in life. So I think that some of these things are rather fascinating.

I remained in the High Council until 1946. The stake president called us together three or four times to determine who was going to be the bishop of the Fremont

Ward. We considered three or four people in the [earlier] meetings. Then he called a special meeting.

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

CA: [The] night he called us he said, “We have to make a decision tonight because Bishop Jackson, who has been the bishop for sixteen years, has had an accident.” He was in [fairly] bad shape [with] both legs broken. He said, “We have Brother Tanner who is a member of the Fremont Ward in the High Council and we have Brother Albrecht who is a member of the High Council and the Fremont Ward. Among the other brethren we have discussed and talked about we have these two here.” So one of the high councilmen [arose] and gave a sales talk for me. Boy, that was about the hottest seat I ever sat on! Soon, President Oldroyd said, “Brother Albrecht, why don’t you go outside. It isn’t so hot out there as it is here.” They could see me sweating! I walked outside a few minutes and they called me back. I had a real experience being ordained a bishop.

Thomas E. McKay came down to Wayne County and spent about a week. I still don’t know what he came for exactly, but he was there going around to various wards. He came to my ward and Thomas E. McKay released the other bishop and ordained me that night. That was quite an experience.

I was bishop a little better than three years and then [I was] in the [Utah State] Legislature. I was elected to the 1949 session of the legislature and saw where one of my counselors wanted to get out. Someone had said when I first went in they hoped they didn’t have to petition me to get me out. They felt like maybe the previous bishop had been in there a little too long. They thought they would make this statement about me. When the counselor wanted to get out I thought: here is a good time. I was going to be gone quite a lot of the time, anyway. They released me as bishop.

This has been quite an experience being bishop. I performed twenty-three marriages in the three years I was [the] bishop. I had a lot of wonderful experiences there [that] you can’t ever get any other way. [There was] one thing I would like to have had. I was bishop right during the time when we were not allowed to call missionaries. I was not privileged to call one missionary. I had several I would have liked to have called. They were terrific men. They would have been wonderful missionaries. But the ruling was we couldn’t send them so I never did call a missionary when I was bishop.

I will never forget when I asked to be released. I don’t think our ward was ever [staffed] better than it was then. The Primary president came and said, “Bishop, I can’t see [why] you want to get out. Everything is working so smoothly at the present time.” I said, “This is the time for me to get out — when it is working this smoothly.” They put Brother Matt Behunin who had been my close neighbor. [He] had worked for me a lot as the bishop of that ward.

I went into the [Utah State] Legislature in the 1949 session. I was green as grass! This was kind of wished on to me because I didn't know anything about politics. The fellows came up to my place and said, "We are going to run you." I said, "I am not a Democrat and my folks were not Democrats before me. I can't be a Democrat." They said, "You can. We are going to run you anyway." I didn't take any part and the first thing I knew, here came a paper stating that I was on the Democratic ticket for State Representative from Wayne County. I knew I would be defeated because the person who had been the representative was our stake president and he was a good man. But I didn't do anything. I went to two or three meetings. I never did get out and talk or stump or [campaign]. I don't know what happened, but I was elected. When I [was] there I had some experiences.

I got through that session [fairly] well. The Fifty-First Session came along and I ran again. I didn't have any opposition. Nobody ran against me. When I was elected in 1951 we had thirty Democrats and thirty Republicans. We sat up there for four days and nights and we couldn't organize. Every time we would vote it would be a tie. We were getting national recognition [for this]. The Utah House of Representatives can't organize. The senate that was organized was waiting and Governor J. [Joseph Bracken] Lee was hollering his head off at us. On the morning of the fifth day, I stepped to the mike. This was definitely an answer to prayer. I didn't even realize until it was half over what I had done. I had prayed that something would happen and we would get going, because I thought it was a waste of time and money. In my proposition, I proposed that the Republicans should have their choicest people [by] electing [Clifton] "Cliff" [G. M.] Kerr from Tremonton as speaker of the house [and] that the Democrats should have their choice of four major committees. I had lots of mean things said about me and a lot of good things said about me. The good [inaudible] came to me with Alonzo [F.] Hopkins, the old veteran senator [for] our state from up in Rich County, who came and put his arms around me and said, "Clarence, this had to happen and it had to come from one of the boys out in the sticks." This built me up quite a bit because he was a [very] good friend of mine. Two or three times after I was chewed out, one of the big men of our stake said, "Representative Albrecht, you act just like Alonzo Hopkins." Of course, I grew about an inch when he said that because he was that kind of man!

[Later], I was given a chance to be on the legislative council for the next two years. I didn't run in 1953 and 1955. I thought I had had enough. About the first of September of 1956 I was down in my meadow irrigating. Here came about ten men down to the water one Sunday morning. They said, "We are going to run you on the Independent ticket." I was too late to be a Democrat. They had two people on the Republican ticket. They were fearful that they would be crossed up here. One of them was a woman, so they wanted me to run. I said, "I don't want that. I have had enough anyway." They said, "We are going to run you." So my name showed up as [the] Independent prospect [candidate] from Wayne County again. This was quite a thrill. The Republican man happened to win out over the woman. That was what they were rooting for. They [thought] that she would come back

and [run] on the Independent ticket and then beat him in the general election. He won out and, of course, I was our Independent [candidate] so there we had it. Of course, they [thought] I would be beaten quite easily by this Republican man. This time, I was able to beat him quite badly. I beat him and was elected in 1957 as [an] Independent. I declared myself, mainly because I had been there two terms before, as a Democrat. So I went along with them.

In 1959 I was elected again. I didn't have any opposition. This was the highlight of my experience in the [Utah State] Legislature because we had [the] right-to-work bill and [the] civil rights bill. Some of these things were [very] tough at that time. I was the chairman of the Agricultural Irrigation Committee. It brought me a lot of joy and happiness to be there because I made a lot of friends.

[There] was one outstanding [event] that happened in [the] 1959 session. I had worked on this in the 1957 session, but it never did materialize. But it did materialize in the 1959 session. I was able to arrange for a special temple session of all the members of the House of Representatives and the Senate. I had to work on this for a month to get them [to] get their recommendations and [for] all the workers [to] get recommendations. They didn't have them like they have now. President ElRay [LaVar] Christiansen was the president of the [Salt Lake] Temple. He had me come down and I met all these people at the door. This happened on the very day that we had [voted on] our civil rights bill. By the way, I had to vote first all the years I was in the house. I was the lead off man on all the bills.

When my name was read to vote on the civil rights bill, I asked for the privilege of explaining my vote. It is on the record up there, "I don't think we have a civil rights problem in our state. Furthermore, I don't think this is a thing we can legislate." The third thing was I felt that the colored people were gaining faster than they were able to assimilate. For that reason, I had to [vote] no. The house was filled with big burly Negroes [who] would have lynched me if they could have gotten a hold of me. They just booed something awful. The speaker, Sheldon Brewster, said, "I will have to clear this chamber if we have any more outbreaks like this." That was the night we had the privilege of going to the temple. Here we had seventy-two members go through the temple and of all the thrills it was to me for this to happen on this night. We had had such a hectic day and then [to] have the culminating activity in the temple. The speaker the next morning said, "That is the most enjoyable night's rest I have had since this session started."

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CA: When this session was out, Sheldon Brewster was speaker again. He called me in and said, "Representative Albrecht, what do you think about putting this lady on the legislative council?" He counseled with me on two or three things like this. I said, "That would be fine. I think she would do a wonderful job." I never had a surprise in my life like I had when, a few days later, I read in the newspaper that I

had been elected on the legislative council again for my second term by Sheldon. Then I was given quite a bit of council work to do during that year. So I moved to Salt Lake [City] and started selling real estate.

I sold real estate for about a year and then a good friend of mine, Milton Twitchell, who was the chief of right-of-way for the [Utah] Highway Department persuaded me to join them and do appraisals. I [did] appraisals for about two and a half years for the state highway [department]. I took on farms and ranches and outlying areas. I have [done] appraisals in about every county in the state. This gave me a wonderful opportunity. I didn't like that too well, sitting in the office and seeing fellows comb their hair, go for coffee breaks and waste their time. I [thought] it was a waste of money and time. I [became] fed up on [it] so I decided to spend all my time selling real estate. I spent about the next two years in the real estate field. I did some [fairly] big appraisals.

I started this [inaudible] Summerville thing. I had a listing on this down in San Juan and Grand Counties. I appraised that [at] \$2, 225,000.00. I had a chance to talk to the Indians down there. They had the money, but they said I was crazy. They hired Marcellus Palmer who was one of the better appraisers [in] that country [area]. They paid him \$3,000.00 to do the work I had done. When he [finished], he [had] appraised it for \$2,600,000.00. I could have followed through on that if I hadn't moved back to St. George in this motel. I would probably have made some money on that. When I moved down here I lost contact there. It was finally sold on my appraisal. Charley Redd, my old friend, Charley, that I approached and advised said, "What would I want that land for? I have more land now than Carter has pills!" Yet he finally bought it. He didn't want the Indians to have it so he bought it.

That put me down here to St. George in this motel. Here is probably where I have had the highlight of my whole [life] so far as the church is concerned. My wife and I never let our daily work interfere with our church too much. We would go and close the motel and go to Sacrament Meeting and, of course, [inaudible]. I had only been here about a month when I was chosen high priest group leader of the First Ward. I had some wonderful counselors who carried for us when I was not able to help too much. Having [the] charge of getting people to the temple, I kind of had to set an example.

Last year, 1967, besides tending the motel and my high priest duties and chasing like I did, I did ninety names in the temple. Besides this, I spent about two hours each week in the visitors' center. [That] was one of the most fascinating experiences of my life. I would probably say that the greatest year I have had in my life, so far as the church is concerned, was 1967. I think I accomplished more. I enjoyed it more. I think a culminating activity of this would be if I could give counsel to anybody about the church.

I think we are living now in a day and age when our prophecies are being fulfilled [very] fast. The statement that President John Taylor made when he said, "the

time would come when people come from all parts of the country to Utah, not because of the church, but this will be the only place they could have a sense of security and freedom,” is being realized today. We have this [happening] a lot. One day, down at the visitors’ center, a trucker came in. He said he [drove his] truck in the north, south, east and west. I always made [a] statement after showing the film down there. I told the people, all of them, “I can now call you brothers and sisters after [you] have seen this film.” This truck driver said to me after I was through, “Brother Albrecht, you have something here that we don’t have any place else. Our country is in a hell of a mess. It is a thrill to come to any little town in Utah. You can feel the difference in the atmosphere, as soon as you enter in one of these small towns, in any direction.”

One time I had twenty-nine people who went through the visitors’ center with me. Afterwards, this one big burly Texan said, “I know you have a gold bible. I know you don’t smoke. Other than that, I don’t know what kind of crackpots you are. We are just curious. We heard you will tell us about it.” I told him about the Joseph Smith story. Naturally, he attracted most of my attention as I went through [the center]. When I showed the film, he didn’t want to go [in the room]. I just looked him square in the eye and said, “The next fifteen minutes could be the best time you have ever seen in your life.” He went in with that statement.

When the film [was over], I said to him, “Now I call you brothers and sisters.” He said, “Brother Albrecht,” (I know he had never called a man brother before) “could we see that [film] once more? Would these other folks like to see it?” They all indicated they would. I showed it to them again. Then this man said to me, “Brother Albrecht, the statement you made outside, when you said that the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdrey were studying *The Book of Mormon* [and] they came across this scripture that told about infant baptism being a mockery in the sight of God. This really hit me because I paid quite a sum of money to have my young son prayed out of purgatory. This wasn’t enough. A little later on, another minister came who was our father [and] who was more powerful; they charged me another sum to have him prayed out the second time.”

By this time I had a [very] warm audience. They were asking questions and I explained to them that the reason that the Prophet Joseph Smith was criticized so severely was because he had changed their whole thinking. Then I made the statement that there is only one thing that all the churches were unified on in his time and that was: that God is so large He fills the whole universe and yet so small He can dwell in one spot. Here the Prophet Joseph comes forth with a statement that God has a body of parts and passions like man. This was frustrating the whole conception of religion at that time. One Ohio woman asked me the question, “Why did they criticize *The Book of Mormon* so severely?” I said because, [inaudible] and this was done by the ministers. *The Book of Mormon* said when these people came here from Jerusalem they found horses and saber-tooth tigers and elephants. The ministers’ reasoned to their flock: we know the Spanish [people] brought the horses. It says further in *The Book of Mormon* that they

became very efficient in the use of metals and cement. When I emphasized this a little bit, a man in the back held up his hand and said, “Brother Albrecht, I am not a member of your church. I am an archaeologist. I would have you know that there are many things we have found [that] we wouldn’t have known if it hadn’t been for *The Book of Mormon*. The Ohio woman asked him, “How do you [think] this young man could have known it, the Prophet Joseph?” This archaeologist answered her by saying: the only way he could have possibly known this was by revelation.

FH: That is a wonderful place. I am having some experiences there now, too.

CA: I am going to go [inaudible].

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FH: After this lifetime of experience, [give] counsel to your descendants and those who come after you, and perhaps bear your testimony.

CA: My counsel would be that you go about your daily tasks in such a way that, when night falls, you can look upon your activities with satisfaction because in this troubled world, at the present time, it is only by being satisfied with your accomplishments that you can face the future with calmness. I would like to say to those who might be interested, the gospel is true. There is no question about that. If the Prophet Joseph Smith did not see God, the Eternal Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, then this world is certainly a waste of time for lives that have been placed on it. I would say this: keep close to the church. Learn the gospel. Live the gospel and then be of service. At this particular time, I feel so many are trying to find excuses to keep from doing things in the church which is only the beginning of apostasy, if we are not careful.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR. END OF INTERVIEW.]