

**Interview with**  
**DAVID ORIN WOODBURY**

---

**April 19, 1968**

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION  
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## DAVID ORIN WOODBURY

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David Orin Woodbury was interviewed on April 19, 1968 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voices of Remembrance Foundation. He related his personal history of living in various parts of Utah. His wife, Laura (Snow) Woodbury, also participated.

FH: Would you please give your full name?

DW: [My name is] David Orin Woodbury.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

DW: [I was born] April 30, 1895.

FH: [What is] your place of birth?

DW: [I was born in] Salt Lake City [Salt Lake County] Utah.

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

DW: My father's name was John Taylor Woodbury, [Sr.].

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

DW: [Her name was] Mary Elizabeth (Evans) [Woodbury].

FH: Can you recall some recollections from your early childhood?

DW: When I was one year old, my father moved to St. George. He had a team of mares that had been given to him by uncle Angus Cannon. He had an old wagon and harness. He loaded all of the family belongings in this wagon and drove to St. George. I think it took around three weeks.

Later, he bought a home at 293 West Tabernacle. This is the place [where] I was raised and that I remember most as a child. Much of my time was spent at this home. Later, after I was a little older, he bought a farm in Washington Fields [Washington County, Utah] that is now owned by my nephew, Evan Woodbury. I lived on the farm with my brother, John Taylor Woodbury, Jr. and his wife [Nimzar (Gagosian) Woodbury], when Evan was a baby. I spent a good deal of time there. Some of my earliest memories were playing with my sister Annie in the shade of the trees around the house at 297 West Tabernacle. I have pleasant memories of the celebrations held at the old Dodge Springs place, which was a place of beauty and one of fine recreation.

FH: Where was that located?

DW: That was located north of town, about one-half mile north of the Jones' gravel and cement plant [on Highway 18]. He made it a beautiful place. It was covered with flowers and had a swimming pool, a floor for roller skating [and] boating on this pond. It was well kept [by Charles Dodge, the owner]. The people used to go there on special holidays like May Day, Fourth of July, and Twenty Fourth of July for town celebrations. I remember those [events] very well and the picnics that we had there.

As a boy, I used to drive the cows to the pasture each morning. The pasture was about two miles below St. George, down by the creek. I would take them down there in the morning before school and then go get them after school at night. I would ride one of the horses that father had at the time.

My neighbors on the south corner of the block had two boys, Earl and Alfred Bleak, that I used to play with a great deal. Across the road below was a family [who] had two more boys, Clinton and Newell Larson, who were somewhere near my age. Clinton Larson later became a world's champion high jumper. He was a student in high school with me. I remember hearing Mrs. Canfield and Pratt Miles and several others harmonize when they were at the Cannon home one-half block north of our home. [This was] at the present site of the West Elementary School [Third West and Tabernacle Streets].

FH: Start with your early [education] and tell us how much [education] you had, and certificates or diplomas that you obtained.

DW: I was in the first grade when they [opened] the Woodward School in 1901. Our teacher was Annie Isom. I went through this school up until the eighth grade. As I finished the eighth grade, they started the Dixie [Stake] Academy. I started my first year of high school [when] it started. I was one of the 1915 graduating class. That was the first class to go through four years of school at Dixie High School. [When] I graduated, they added one year of college so I attended that in 1916. After I finished that [year], they added the second year of college, so I attended in 1917. In 1918, I volunteered, but before I go into [my United States] Army service, I will go back and tell a little more about school.

When I was in my second year of college, I was a debate manager for the school. We had a big program that year. [Along with Noel Pymm], I represented Dixie [Normal] College at the University of Southern California and the University of Nevada [Reno, Nevada]. They limited my [inaudible] to the first two years of college. [Inaudible] [Laughter] I guess we were a little too confident! We went to debate at California. They picked the judges. We did not know anybody there. [Inaudible] the neighbors; I know there is a dentist down that way [who] was the timekeeper. There was President Robinson as the marshal, and I think there were

[LDS] missionaries there before the debate. It turned out that we [had] two judges in our favor, and one [in their favor]. We felt [fairly] good about it.

We went to Nevada and it was reversed. We [had] one judge in our favor and two against us, so we lost that debate. Two of our representatives, Robert Miles and LaVern Watson, represented Dixie [Normal College] at the University of Utah [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah] and BYU [Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah County, Utah]. They were successful in their contests there. Nelson Ross and Rick Snow represented us at the Cedar City school [Southern Utah State College] and they were also successful. We had a [very] successful debating program that year.

FH: Do [schools] do much debating any more?

DW: I do not think so. I think they do have some contests, but [debating] was quite an [event] in those days. Hugh M. Woodward was president of [Dixie Normal] College and he was also our debating coach. He was interested in that field so we did a lot of [debating].

FH: Do you want to talk about some of your special teachers that you feel were outstanding?

DW: John Stanley Close was an outstanding teacher [who] taught here and went [on] to BYU. Bill Darling, who was later the Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction [for Utah], was the shop work teacher. I studied mechanical arts under him, and [some] agricultural courses.

After I came back from [military] service and after I was married, I went to the University of Utah. I continued my work in mechanical arts — my major. I was in the school of education, but learning to teach in that particular field. I was supposed to have my hours transferred from Dixie [Normal] College; I had 120 hours [of] credit. A lot of universities do not want to accept more than about ninety hours. Elbert D. Thomas, who later was a United States senator, was a teacher there and he evaluated your credits, so I went to him when I first arrived. He said, “Let us wait until you have been here about a quarter or so and see what kind of work you do.” After he finally evaluated my credits, he allowed 109 hours [of credit] instead of ninety.

I finished a Bachelor of Science degree in one year, including summer school. After that, I took a job as a teacher in mechanical arts at the Bear River High School. I taught there for one year and then I had an opportunity to come to Dixie High School and College where I taught for two years, in the same field, mechanical arts.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: In 1918, after I received two years college at Dixie [Normal] College, I volunteered to [serve in] the [United States] Army. My father told me there was a call for 250 Utahns to go to the University of Colorado at Boulder to receive special training in electricity and safety work. Frank Harmon and I volunteered to go and take this training. We had two months training and were learning Morse Code [a high-speed international communication] and how to operate the radios that we had at that time. They were very inadequate [compared to] today's standards. We didn't send a voice [transmission]; all we could send was a telegraph signal. We had to learn to send our messages that way.

After two months, we were sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa where the Eighty-Eighth Division was ready to go across the sea. The way it was set up, they put fifteen men in each regiment; I was placed in Headquarters Company with three or four infantry in the same platoon. [Early in] August, we landed in France and were sent to [inaudible]. We continued training for about a month. From there, we started towards the central Alsace front [in France]. While we were in France, I was taken ill with the influenza that was sweeping the world at that time.

After about a month, we continued on and we finally landed in Hicken, a small village in central Alsace. In order to get there, we had to walk and carry our packs of approximately sixty pounds. I was so weak from the flu that I could hardly walk. At one of the villages [where] we stopped along the way, my buddy, Herman Winstead, and I went out around the town and found where we could buy a few eggs. We took them to the cook and offered to share them if he would cook [them]. It seemed like it was a terrible recuperation there.

We went on from there to the front. I was stationed in the company headquarters as a radio operator. There were three men [who] were stationed there: Corporal [inaudible], George Forshee, and I handled the station. We each took four-hour shifts. My shift started at 12:00 noon and went until 4:00 p. m. and [from] 12:00 midnight until 4:00 a. m. The other men took the other shifts. Our equipment was a storage battery, a coil, a wire around a wood core, a wire attached to a gleaming crystal, and a telegraph key. Messages were sent by using the Morse Code of dots and dashes.

One day while I was off duty, I went with a runner to the front lines, which were on top of a small hill ahead of our station. When I arrived, the sergeant was going out to check the outposts so I went with him. We were going along the middle of the trenches and a German airplane come flying over. We heard a burst of machine gun fire from the airplane. When we arrived at the outpost, the soldier said that the bullets had kicked up dirt into his lunch, but had missed him.

The first night in Hicken, we were billeted inside old buildings. We always kept our gas masks close at hand. When I went to bed on the floor, I put the mask by the side of my bed. In the morning it was gone. I found it at the end of a rat hole, with the sling pulled into the hole, and chewed up a bit.

At the rear of the house where the radio station was, we found a garden that was ready for harvest, with vegetables, potatoes, carrots, etc. We got a fry pan and some lard from the cook and had French fried potatoes and other [items]. In a small village nearby, we found someone in town with cabbage all shredded and ready to make sauerkraut. The people evidently had been driven off before they had time to finish.

One day, two other men and I were sent to regimental headquarters to take a telephone for repairs. We had to walk the distance of fifteen to twenty kilometers. On our way back, a car came up behind us on the way toward the front. We hailed it down and asked for a ride. It stopped very quickly. The [men] did not say a word, but they let us get in and ride. They were in French uniforms and we assumed that they were French soldiers. We got to the town, Hicken, in the front. We passed them through the guard and sent them on their way.

Afterwards, I got to thinking that probably those were German spies who were trying to get back across the front. The intelligence they took back was one of the things that stopped the war. It was not too long after that, that the war ended.

Later, we were moved to the Western Front [in France]. We passed through the town of Nancy and Toules, and on to a small town called Merville. Here, we [received] our own battle packs which consisted of reserve rations, ammunition, and very little else. We waited for three days to receive orders to move up. The orders never came, [but] at 11:00 a.m. on November 11, 1918, the Armistice was signed. We got the word out; we worked the balloons in the wood [inaudible]. We were listening to the continuing artillery bombardments, but at 11:00 a.m. it started to taper off until it stopped.

In a short time, we were moved to a small town called Treveray [France]. We waited here for six months for a chance to come home. In May 1919, we sailed for the United States in a small vessel called the Henry R Lowery. On our trip home, we became very seasick after a short distance out. It took eleven days to cross the North Atlantic [ocean] and to be back on our own soil. We were sent to Camp Hamilton, Long Island [New York]. While here, we [received] passes and went into Atlantic City [New Jersey]. At the YMCA [Young Men's Christian Association], we met Clinton Larson [high jumper from BYU] and Creed Haymond on their way to Europe to participate in the Olympic games. We were mustered out at Fort [David A.] Russell, Wyoming on June 13, 1919. [This was] just thirteen months from the day I enlisted.

FH: Tell about your early church work and activities.

DW: My early activities in The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] were about normal for a [young] boy. I was ordained a deacon and subsequently a teacher, each time by John E. Pace, who was a counselor in the bishopric of the

West Ward of St. George. When I wanted marry, [I was] ordained an elder by Andrew Roger.

I [hadn't] known my wife [during] early childhood [very much until] I got into high school. We became acquainted and associated through schoolwork and with the group of friends that we had [during] high school and college. Our early courtship probably started out when [my cousin] Vernon Worthen and I were out riding in the buggy one Sunday afternoon. We saw my wife [Laura Snow] and some of the other girls on the corner. We stopped to pick them up and took them for a ride. That started things off. [It was intermittent.] I kept company with her for awhile, and then we would split for awhile and try somebody else. We went back and forth like this for [several] years. It was five years before we finally decided that was it. [Laughter] It was about a year after I came home from the [United States] Army [when] we were finally married.

FH: Where were you married?

DW: We were married in the St. George Temple on September 24, 1920 by David H. Cannon, who was my granduncle, and also president of the temple at that time. As witnesses, we had my wife's father, Edward H. [Hunter] Snow, who was a stake president at the time, and my father, and my father's cousin, David Henry Cannon, Jr. They were the three witnesses to our marriage. We were blessed with our first child about two years later.

After we were married, I continued to work around here and finally I took a job with a contractor, Chester A. Kemp. [Inaudible] for the schoolhouse at Enterprise [Washington County, Utah]. I went out there and continued as a foreman on this job until the building was [fairly] well up.

In the fall, about the time school was to start, I decided to go on to school. We went to the University of Utah and I continued my [education] there. Our first child was born while I was at the University. My wife had been there with me during the fall, but at Christmastime I brought her home.

We came home in a Model-T Ford that belonged to George F. Whitehead. He wanted [the car] brought to St. George. It took us three days to get here. The roads were not like they are today. The first day we drove to Nephi [Juab County, Utah] where we stayed overnight. The next day we drove on to Beaver [Beaver County, Utah] but we broke a spring [in] the Wildcat Canyon [Beaver County, Utah]. I had to spend some time getting the spring repaired; then we drove on to St. George. It was late in the afternoon when we left Beaver and it was way after dark when we arrived. The road down the Black Ridge [into St. George] was on the east side of the canyon instead of the present [road] on the west. There was snow on the ground. The road was narrow with room for [only] one car to go along. I remember that I got out of the car, walked ahead to see what the road was like. These cars at that time were not closed in with glass [windows] like we have

today, but had isinglass curtains that were buttoned on, [but] did not keep out all the drafts. We had to use quilts to keep warm as much as possible. We finally made it by the dim headlights of the Model-T around this narrow dugway until we got into St. George way late that night.

FH: Was it was a good-looking place about that time?

DW: [Laughter] It sure was! I went back to school by stage after the holidays and left my wife here. The stage [took us] to Lund [Iron County, Utah] above Cedar [City] to catch the train. [It] took three days to get out there. The roads were terrible at the time.

Over by Washington [City] the ruts were so deep that [a] car could barely get along by spinning the wheels so the chains would hit enough to move it slowly along. By Harrisburg [Washington County, Utah] it was the same way. We finally got up to around Pintura [Washington County, Utah] and there was a wash there called Perry Leap. It had already flooded, so we were unable to go on past that. We came back and got lodging [in] Pintura [Washington County, Utah] at Anderson's Ranch. There were a number of people on the stage, so it took both places to take care of us. The next day, the flooding had gone down and we went as far as Kanarraville [Iron County, Utah]. There, we took lodgings again and the third day we made it on up to Lund, where [I] took the train to Salt Lake [City] to resume my studies at the University [of Utah].

FH: How many years were you at the University of Utah?

DW: [I was there] one full year, including the summer.

FH: What degree did you [receive]?

DW: [I received] a Bachelor of Science degree.

FH: Was this the conclusion of your formal education?

DW: [Yes], except for two summer schools that I [attended] later. I never did get a doctor's degree or a master's degree. I went to Utah State University at Logan [Cache County, Utah] and took special work in mechanic arts in metal work to continue teaching in this field. While I was teaching, I taught mechanical drawing, auto mechanics, woodwork, and Smith Hughes shop work.

Our first child was born while I was at the University of Utah. Her name is Virginia [Woodbury]. We were disappointed in a way [as] she was born with a visual handicap. She had congenital cataracts and had to have an operation at the age of three years old to remove those. At the present time, [doctors] sometimes [perform] that [operation when the child is a little younger].

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

DW: Dr. Henderson, who did the [operation] for her went to a medical convention at San Francisco [California]. He said later that he believed the earlier they could [do] this operation, the better the cure in vision would be received. I think they have proven that to be a fact, but at that time, they would not consider an operation before [a child was] three years old. He operated on her doing one eye at different times. She was a very plucky little gal. Her vision was made quite good. Her only handicap is in distance vision. She can see to read and write and has made quite a name for herself. She has been teaching in a school for the blind for a long time, which she does at the present time.

She was married, after she had taught a few years at the school, to a man who was visually handicapped, by the name of James D. Osmond. He was [inaudible] in an accident in a chemistry laboratory and had lost his central vision. He still had peripheral vision that he could see [objects], not directly, but from the edge. He could see the edges and tell a little bit about what was going on. They had two children, Kathleen Osmond and Marilyn Osmond. Marilyn inherited her mother's handicap, which was a heartbreak to us. She also had all the medical help that was possible and has received almost as good vision as her mother. A few years later, they [Virginia and James] were divorced and she went on teaching school for a few years. Finally, she met another man, Conrad D. Salvesen from Downey, Idaho, who is a very fine man. He is totally blind. They later had one child, a very beautiful child named Sharon Elizabeth Salvesen. They are still living in their home at 475 Harrop in Ogden [Weber County] Utah.

Our second child was born after I had come back to teach school at Dixie [Normal College]. She was born and we christened her Erma [Woodbury]. She was born on April 27, 1927. She was a loving child and grew to be a very fine young woman. She had a lot of talent and a lot of ability. In the Days of '47, she was chosen to represent Washington County as queen and [participated] in the state contest for the queen of 1947. She was chosen as one of twelve finalists, but was not chosen as the queen.

She later married Gerald H. Stott from Kanosh [Millard County, Utah] who had been attending school here at Dixie [College]. After they married, he completed his schooling at Dixie College, went to the University of Utah for one year, then to Logan to Utah State University until he received his master's degree. Then, he went to the University of Wisconsin and received a doctor's degree in dairy physiology.

During this time, they had five children born. The first one was born in St. George, named David Lon Stott. He is, at present, serving as a [LDS] missionary [learning] the German languages [at the language training center]. Later, he will go on a German mission. Their second [child, a] daughter was born in Logan and they named her Laurel Stott. She is, at present, attending BYU [for] her first year

of college. The third child was Merry Stott, born in Logan. She is, at present, attending the Amphi [Amphitheater] High School in Tucson, Arizona where they live. The fourth [child] was Kevin Stott, who was born in Madison, Wisconsin. What was the date?

LW: [He was born on] October 8, [1956].

FH: How old is he now?

DW: He is about thirteen years old now. His mother was ill after [he was born] so we made a trip out there and brought her, the baby [and the older children] back to Utah. While the father continued school, we took care of them. We came across the United States with the little chap with his dark hair and we carried him in an egg basket or egg carton. [Laughter] It was big enough to hold him. We had pillows in there, and [laid] him in that. It had handles on, so it was an improvised basket to carry him in. When we would go into a café to eat, we would set him on the table. The waitresses would have a great time playing with him while we would eat. [Inaudible] [Laughter] We came to St. George and he stayed here. Rochelle Stott was also born in Madison, Wisconsin, about [a] year later.

After he [Gerald] graduated from University of Wisconsin, he took a job in the dairy department at the University of Georgia as a teacher for one year. They bought a home there. Later, he received an opportunity to go to the University of Arizona in Tucson to work in research [and teaching] in the dairy department. Gerald has done some very wonderful research in the dairy department there. He has learned a lot about how to control milk fever in cows and learned a lot about the causes of it that had not been known before. After he was called to the University of Arizona, he worked under Verle Smith, who had been his major professor at the University of Wisconsin. Verle was the head of the department at Arizona, and he took the job if Gerald would come and work under him there. He worked there for several years, until Verle decided to take a job at Utah State University at Logan and head the larger department there. Gerald was asked to take hold of the department until they found another man to head it up, so he [had control of the department] for three or four months. Finally, he was called to the dean's office [and was told] they had decided he was the man to head [the department].

They had one more child after they landed in Tucson, and named him Dale Stott. He was born in Tucson, December 4, [1958].

FH: It was about nine years ago.

DW: Our third child was a boy. He was born while we were living in St. George and we named him David Merrill Woodbury. He was born while I was still teaching at [Dixie] High School. He grew up as a very fine youth. I think he was probably one of the influences that got us to be a little more active in the church than we

had been. When he was old enough to become a deacon, he was very conscientious and would never think of missing a meeting, until we got so we were the same way. [Laughter]

After he [had] gone to college for one year and one quarter, he was called on a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was sent to the Spanish-American Mission. He went first to Gallup, New Mexico, then Albuquerque [New Mexico], Houston, Texas [and] Brownsville, Texas. He was released from Brownsville, Texas. We went down and brought him home in order to see the country and enjoy the visit with him.

We took a little detour and went over into Mexico about 150 miles to the city of Monterrey, which was a large city. We spent one day over there and came back through late at night. When we went through customs, they asked us how far we had been and we told them 150 miles. They said, "Have you got your certificates of vaccination?" We said, "No." They said, "Go down to the little office and roll up your sleeve." [Laughter] We went down and were vaccinated for small pox. They said: if you go over fifty miles, you have to either have had a vaccination recently or have one now.

We brought him home and soon afterward he was sent to [military] service. He went to Fort Ord [California] for his preliminary training. He had a short vacation in between, before he was sent over to France. In that time, he married Jillyn Winch of Tropic [Garfield County, Utah]. She stayed here until after he had been gone for some time, and then she went over and joined him in France. He was stationed at Verdun, France, as a dental assistant.

While they were there, their first child [was] born and they named him David Lynn [Woodbury]. He is the third David Woodbury! [Laughter] They came back home and he [David Merrill] decided that he wanted to study dentistry. He went to the University of California and studied there until he received his doctor's degree in dental surgery. Just before he went [to California], their second child was born, Wayne McKay [Woodbury]. He was born in Provo [Utah County, Utah] at the Utah Valley Hospital. Their third child, Garth Merrill [Woodbury] was born at the University of California Hospital in San Francisco.

[David Merrill] came back to St. George and set up practice here in the Prince Memorial Medical Clinic. [He] practiced here while we were in England on our [LDS] building mission. While we were gone, their fourth child, a little girl named Heidi [Woodbury], was born. He practiced here until about a year ago [1967].

A few years ago, his wife contracted a very serious disease, one that they did not know how to handle. She died in July of 1966. He has been father and mother to his children since that time. He has done a very good job with all of that. He went to join [military] service at Sheridan, Wisconsin as a member of the staff at the

Veteran's Hospital there. He is there at the present. He expects to be transferred in the near future to [the] Veteran's Hospital in Phoenix [Arizona]. He likes his work very much, but he does not like the cold climate in Sheridan.

FH: Phoenix will be better! [Laughter]

DW: [Laughter] It will be like getting out of the deep freeze into the frying pan to go from Sheridan to Phoenix.

After I quit teaching school, I went into the building business for myself. I took in as a partner, one of my students [who] I had taught in high school, Evan Cottam, from Veyo [Washington County, Utah]. He had been a promising student and a very skilled boy who developed into a good partner. We first built the home for President Harold [B.] Snow, without contracting it. He [Evan] worked with me there. Then we decided to go into partners and took a contract on the B. Glenn Smith home. Previous to this, while I was teaching school, I had built my own home at 145 East 100 North, where the new Coral Hills Motel is going in now. I had built a small rental on Third East and 147 North, and another house that I later sold to Paul Seegmiller during summers [while] I was teaching school. We built several houses here in St. George.

In 1938, we took the contract to build the McQuarrie Memorial Building just north of the old [Washington County] Courthouse. The architect was from New York City [New York] and he specified materials [be used] from Wheeling, West Virginia and marble from Georgia. When the bids were out, [the total] ran into more money than they had expected. Hortense McQuarrie, a St. George girl [who] later married [Floyd] Odum in New York [City], was donating \$17,000.00 for this purpose. Our bid ran about \$24,000.00. She had [an] architect fly out here to see how we built out in the west to cut down on the cost. We showed him some of our buildings and how we did it [so] that [we] did away with Georgia marble and brick from Wheeling, West Virginia. We cut the costs down to within the limits of the money. We built that as a partnership.

During that time, I went to the Veteran's Hospital [in Salt Lake City] and had an operation for a double hernia. I had received this hernia while I was working on what was called the South Ward chapel. I was a foreman for Chester Kemp on that job. He had that contract and I worked in the summers for him as a foreman on that. I had tried to move the stones that went around the front arch by myself and, in doing so, I had ruptured myself. Later, I had this repaired.

We built a good many homes here in St. George and some business buildings. I built the Municipal Power plant building in about 1940. We took a contract to build the West Ward Chapel for about \$34,500.00. We thought that was adequate at that time. This was before [World] War [II] broke out, so [building] was delayed during the war and I finished it up afterward. Expenses had risen so much, that even though they paid me \$46,000.00 in the long run, I lost at least

\$3,000.00 in savings and the time that I had spent for several years, yet I am not listed as having donated a [penny] on it.

In 1938, we went to Mesquite [Nevada] to work as a foreman for my uncle [Elijah] "Lij" Thompson on a schoolhouse there. I was foreman for a gymnasium [building] at Mesquite. Evan was foreman on [a building in] Overton [Nevada] that was under his contract. We worked there for that year and then later we came back to St. George. We took the contract to build the JC Penney Building. I built that while he went on to Tremonton [Box Elder County, Utah] and was foreman on the chapel [being built] there for my uncle "Lij."

About when the war broke out, Evan and I took a contract at Boulder City, Nevada to lay the concrete floors for 100 small houses. [They were to be] emergency housing for the war [inaudible]. We subcontracted [the job] from a general contractor. They furnished the gravel to us by [Lake Mead]; we hauled it up to the site. They furnished us the cement; we mixed it, poured it, and finished it. They set the forms and got the plumbing all set [for us]. We finished four houses a day that way, until we finished the job.

After we had completed those [houses], we took a job as carpenters for the general contractor. I set most of the cabinetwork and Evan hung most of the doors. Later, we went on a job for 161 housing units in Las Vegas, as foreman under the E. A Kaiser Associates Contractors. I ran the shop and Evan ran the erection [of the buildings] in the field. I would cut the pieces of material all exactly to length, load them on the truck and send them off to the building and he would put them together with his crew. I had a man or two in the shop with me. I remember it was about 116° in the shade down there that summer!

When the job was finished, Evan went to southern California and I came back to St. George and resumed my contracting [work]. I bought out his interest in the business and in the lumberyard that we had started. Some of the structures that I built were as follows: Pioneer Investment building on Main Street, Cox Building across the road, Ford Garage at 156 East 200 North, a home for Joseph Olson across the road from the [St. George] Temple, the Adams building and Sampson buildings just west of Pickett Lumber [and the] Anthony Atkin's home.

In 1951, I took a contract to build five dwellings in Zion Canyon, and later two restroom buildings for them. In 1952, I built an addition on James Andrus' home, to the [Theodore] Peterson's home, Shell Oil Company bulk plant, Judd Garage addition, and an apartment of my own at 445 South 800 East, Conoco Service Station at 200 East 100 North. In 1953, I built Ernest Judd's home, Wayne Sims home [and the] head house for the town of Enterprise. [It held] 250,000 gallons.

In 1954, [I] remodeled the St. George Temple: the second floor and the dressing rooms, and an area for keeping children while waiting to be sealed. We cut through the stone all the way to the tower to make a doorway. It was four feet

thick. We also had to cut through some of the big timbers which were 12"x 24"x 40' long in order to make the doorway safe. In 1955, we built the junior Sunday school addition. I was the superintendent of construction at \$2.00 an hour [when building] the First and Third Ward chapel.

While there, I had a heart attack that slowed me down for awhile. In 1956, Leon Jennings and I took a cost-plus contract to build the annex on the St. George Temple. I was the superintendent of construction and Leon handled the paperwork and the payroll. When we excavated for the basement, we struck water as they had done under the original structure. We proceeded to pound rocks into the ground in the footings as they had done for the main building. We also ran a perforated pipe drain covered with gravel under the floor. We found a drain around the temple that had been [installed] when the temple was built that was just right to turn our drain into.

When this job was finished, I was appointed by the church building committee to be the area supervisor over eighteen stakes in southern Utah, northwestern New Mexico, and southwestern Colorado. The next year, we relandscaped the whole temple block under my supervision. We imported forty-two windmill palm trees from Los Angeles and planted them around the grounds. Clifford Olson was the landscape architect for the church. We plowed the whole block up, regraded it, and replanted it all to lawn except an area for flowers.

I think it was 1958 that we repainted, recarpeted and installed new chairs in the main part of the St. George Temple. Paul Forrester painted the Garden Room at this time. We had a large roll of carpet to pull up the stairs at the east entrance of the temple. We needed quite a bit of help so I asked Paul if he would like a rest from painting. He came and helped us pull it up, but he strained the muscles in his right arm and could not paint for several days. [Laughter] We changed the veil and increased it from twelve openings to twenty. The large curtain that covers the veil was installed at this time. One day while we were working on the celestial room (we had left the east door open for a little while) we looked up and there was a tourist down there with a big cigar! [Inaudible] [Laughter]

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

DW: Quite a few years after I was ordained an elder, I was ordained a Seventy by George F. Richards, who came to our home to do it because I was ill at the time. In 1954 I was put in the bishopric of the Third Ward, as a second counselor. I was ordained a High Priest by Gordon Clark, who was president of the Quorum of High Priests at that time.

In 1951 my wife and I were set apart as stake missionaries. Our district was in the southeast part of the city. In the two years of our mission, we had five baptisms. Some years earlier, I was ward MIA [Mutual Improvement Association] superintendent for a period of time in the St. George East Ward. I was [appointed]

stake Sunday school superintendent later with Phil Foremaster and William H. Bennett as counselors. Albert Merrill Reynolds was bishop and Robert Gardner was first counselor when I was second counselor in the Third Ward, St. George. In 1957 we were released from the bishopric.

In 1961 when they divided the St. George Stake, I was set apart as a high counselor and assigned to the Gunlock Ward [Washington County, Utah] as a representative. Also, I was assigned as the teacher's quorum representative on the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee. My main responsibility was with the buildings of the stake. They had to be inspected once a year and any repairs necessary were scheduled.

In July I was contacted and asked if my wife and I would accept a building mission to England. We accepted and left in September [1961]. I was released from the High Council at this time. We flew to New York [City, New York] and on to England and were assigned to build a chapel in Lowestoft, Suffolk County, East England. This is the furthest east point of England, right out into the North Sea. After breaking ground on September 23, 1961, we were told not to start until the plans were approved by the town council and engineer. It took them three months and four days to finally give approval.

During the meantime, I was called to come down to Epsom [Surrey, England to] do some work on the West European Mission Home where President [Nathan Eldon] Tanner lived. I worked and changed the garage into an apartment for the lady missionaries. After two years of hard work, we finally completed the beautiful chapel at Lowestoft. After the chapel was finished, we toured Scotland and England. We were going to start a tour of Europe, but Laura, my wife, [became] ill and had to be flown back to London. We booked passage on a French liner named *The France* and landed in New York [City] four-and-a-half days later. We got home early in September [of] 1963. We [were] called [to] the stake president's office and I was asked to go back to the High Council again. I served in this capacity until [the] December conference [in] 1967 when I was released on account of my health. Since then, I have tried to remain [inaudible].

FH: Is there anything special that you remember about your parents?

DW: Yes, I do. I think I had some of the best parents that anybody could have. My father was as honest as a man could possibly be. I remember telling him of an incident that happened while I was off on a survey crew in 1915. One of the men there was telling me how he had been superintendent of the sidewalks in Waco, Texas, and how he had received bribes by the contractors to let him get by. My father's reaction was, "Why, the scoundrel!" [Laughter] It told me that he did not approve of anything like that. He was a very conscientious man and a very industrious man. He was ambitious to own a farm. He bought ground as soon as he came from Salt Lake [City]. [He] started buying some old parcels and building up until finally he had the farm that now most of it is owned by Evan Woodbury

of Washington Fields. After his death, his farm was sold to Evan for a very small sum compared to what it would be worth now, \$10,000.00.

My mother was a very industrious woman. She did a lot of work, making our clothes and taking care of us. She was a quiet sort of person, never too boisterous. She was always someone you could go to when you needed advice. She was one [who] I loved very much. She lived to the ripe old age of ninety-three years old. She still had her faculties about her right up to the end. My father died rather prematurely at the age of seventy-three when he contracted pneumonia. It was a sad thing to me that we did not get a [medical] doctor quicker than we did. He had been treated by a chiropractor until he was so bad that he could not be saved. He had ambitions to build [small] hotel units so he contracted to an [inaudible] to himself to buy houses all across the road here between Second West and Third West and south of Tabernacle Street. He died during the course of construction of them. We finished them up, but they were never used as tourist cabins, but as small rental units.

My father was a schoolteacher most of his life. He taught school in some of the towns around the county [area] here, [in] Pine Valley when he was a young man. He taught at Farmington [Davis County, Utah] as a principal for a few years. He taught at the University of Deseret which later became the University of Utah. He taught there during the depression of 1893 when there was very little money to pay teacher's salaries. They had to get along on a very small remuneration.

He came back and taught school here at the Woodward School and at the St. George Stake Academy, which was previous to the Dixie Academy. It was [held] in the basement of the tabernacle. He later became the [Washington] County [Utah] clerk, then later the [Washington] County treasurer, [and] later the [Washington] County attorney. He practiced abstracting the latter part of his years and did a lot of that work for people in this area. He was all for his children getting an education and most of them did get a [fairly] good education. I had three brothers and five sisters. [William Evans, Angus Munn, John Taylor, Jr., Mary, Annie, Louise "Louie", Matilda "Mattie" and Rose Lucile Woodbury]. One sister [Rose Lucile] died at the age of three years old, but the other four are still living. My three brothers all deceased prior to this time. I had a great respect for my father. He was a very religious person and was always conscientious in his religious duties.

FH: Is there some particular part of your life that was most enjoyable? You have worked hard all of your life, but what have you done that was fun?

DW: I guess it was before we were married we went on an Easter picnic on the hills south of the Santa Clara Creek [River, Washington County, Utah]. A group of us went; Gerald and Verda [Seegmiller] were already married. A few others were with us. We went down there for this Easter outing. We went up on the hill and came running down. I was running quite rapidly and turned my ankle and

sprained it. [Laughter] That was not exactly fun! [Inaudible] When we got to St. George, I had to walk home from where they left me off at my future wife's place. It was hard to get home on that ankle. It was several weeks, almost a month, before I could get back to walking normally. I used a crutch for awhile.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: [Inaudible] techniques and [inaudible] in their family did a lot of traveling in their life. When we had all of our family [at home] we took a tour down to California. We went through some of the interesting parts of the Los Angeles area, Beverly Hills and around through there. We went north to San Francisco, took our family on an extended tour which we enjoyed very much.

FH: How long ago was this?

DW: It was long before any of them were married. It was awhile ago. My wife and I have traveled to a lot of the areas around the country. She had a sister in Bellevue, Washington, near Seattle. We went up there to visit her and went on up to Vancouver Island, British Columbia in Canada. We also went to Spokane [Washington] when she lived there. We went to Portland [Oregon] when she lived there. We have been to Georgia and Florida when our daughter lived in Georgia. We made many trips to Tucson and we have been up to Sheridan, Wisconsin where our son is at present. We went to Madison, Wisconsin several times while they [lived] up there.

We have done quite a bit of traveling. My wife and I took a tour in the late 1940s. We took a tour [with] Vida Fox Clawson Tours that [went] to [the] New England states and on around the church historical area. As we were leaving for that tour, Hubert L. Anderson, the church architect, asked me how I would like to go out and build chapels for the church. I said, "I think I would like it, but we are going on a tour." He said, "When you come back, come and see me again."

Leonard Larson was a convert to the church that I had employed for quite some time as a carpenter. He was along with me and it was the first time he had been to conference. He said, "What about Brother Larson here?" He had seen some of his work on this West Ward chapel. I said, "He is his own boss; he can do what he wants. He is a good carpenter." He started building chapels for the church and has done that ever since then.

When we [came] back from the tour, there was a bid ready to be let on the Port of Entry for St. George. I put in the bid and I was the successful bidder, so I came back and started building that. It is, at present, used as the City [of St. George] offices. It was built by the state at a time when they were retrenching their expenditures and the governor did not appropriate any money to operate it on. It was built with the understanding that, if the state did not use it for that purpose, it would revert to the city, so the city now has the offices.

We have done a lot of other travels. These are the things we seem to enjoy as much as anything.

FH: What about music? Has music played a part in your life?

DW: Only a little. When I was in high school, I took one year of violin lessons. I never became very proficient, but I did love to pick up a violin and saw off one or two tunes. [Laughter] I never did do very much. During high school, I [began] singing in the chorus and enjoyed it very much. I took part in the chorus and operas — *Billy Taylor*, *Robin Hood*, [inaudible], a few of those. Later, the MIA put on a small opera called *Piccolo* 's. I took the part of the sheriff and seemed to get along well with taking the part. I have not done too much else, although I love to sing and I play a little bit of piano, a few songs that I can sing once in awhile. I enjoy doing that very much.

FH: What about reading? Do you like to read?

DW: I have been so busy most of my life, I have not had time to do a lot of reading. Since I was hit with this cancer problem, I have taken [more] time to read. Since Christmas, I read the book on the *Cannon Genealogy* that was put out at Christmastime. I enjoyed it very much. It told about my ancestors on the Isle of Man [and] from there on down. I have read the book *Fantastic Victory*, written by Cleon Skousen on Israel's victory there last June. Then I read [a book] on George Romney, *The Romney Way* [given to me by the High Council when I was released]. Those are the only books that I have read recently.

FH: After all this lifetime of experience that you have had, is there something you would like to say to those who come after you in the way of counsel?

DW: Yes. My advice would be to be honest in all that you do to yourself and everybody else, to be thoughtful of your families and of each other, to learn to work and to play. I think I had an overemphasis on the work end, and I did not learn to play as much as I should. I think everybody should do both. Be active in the church and you will be happy in your activity. I think I can testify to you, [that] you will never regret activity in the church, that you will have happiness in it. The Lord will bless you for this activity.

I remember [when] I was in England, reading a little pamphlet that was trying to show that Joseph Smith could not have been a fraud because no one man, twenty-three years old, could have possibly written *The Book of Mormon* and had it as comprehensive as it is and in such a short time, without having it inspired to him. I believe that to be the truth, that it is impossible for anybody to be a fraud and do a thing like that.

I know the Lord loves us all and that He will bless us. We should work for these blessings. I know that this is the true church of Jesus Christ and that we will one

day be reunited in the hereafter. I was greatly impressed with a blessing that I received in the hospital by T. Bowing Woodbury, who was a distant relative of ours, and whom we have learned to love and know while we were in England. He was very impressive and I felt like [inaudible] and the blessing was heard for my good. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

[END OF RECORDING THREE. END OF INTERVIEW.]