

Interview with
ALVIN CARL HARDY

December 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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ALVIN CARL HARDY

Alvin Carl Hardy was interviewed in December 1968 in Springdale, 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, Della (Humphries) Hardy also participated.

FH: Would you please give your full name?

AH: [My name is] Alvin Carl Hardy.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

AH: [I was] born August 15, 1902.

FH: [What was] the place of your birth?

AH: [I was born in] St. George, Utah.

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

AH: [My father was] George A. William ["Willie"] Hardy.

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

AH: [My mother was] Sarah Ellen (Hunt) [Hardy].

FH: [What] can you remember about your early childhood?

AH: I don't have too much to remember except I [do] remember my mother's death. I was four years old. I remember that [on] the day of her death I was being taken care of by her sister, my aunt Mary A. Gubler. We were playing in the backyard with her son, who was about my age, when suddenly one of the neighbors came riding into the yard on a horse. I remember the horse very well; he was a big, strong, buckskin saddle horse. The man rode into the yard and reached down and grabbed me by the arm and set me up into the saddle with him and raced toward our house. I remember this very exciting ride from her home, about two or three blocks, to our home. We rode up to the door [and he] pushed the door open and set me in the door. You had to climb a flight of stairs to get up into the house. As I turned around, I saw my mother lying on the bed; she was passing away. I stood by her bed and watched her for a few minutes while she passed away. I remember her closing her eyes and the end came. This is the only recollection I have of my mother. I don't ever remember her doing anything for me as a youngster. I don't even remember her dressing me, combing my hair, washing my face, or any of the

little things that mothers usually do. So I have very few recollections of her that impressed me.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: What was the name of this man [who put] you on the horse?

AH: He was one of our neighbors, R. P. [Robert Parker] Woodbury. I think he is still alive [and] living in Hurricane [Washington County, Utah]. He is ninety-five years old [and] a very fine man. He played quite a part in our family in some of the things that we did enjoy in our lives. I remember one time after I had grown — let me insert this right here: my stepmother, who later came into the family after my mother died, used me a great deal as her second girl. My sister older than me was the only girl at the time in the home and I used to help on Saturdays — scrub the floors, cook the dinners, prepare things for Sunday and help with the general housework.

We were working one Saturday when my stepmother came in and said if we would get the things all straightened up and if wanted to, I could make a cake and invite one of my best friends to have dinner with me on Sunday. I enjoyed making cakes, baking bread, and doing [tasks] that the girls did in the home. I became quite efficient in those [tasks]. I remember the next morning as we came out of Sunday school, I couldn't think of a better friend that I had than R. P. Woodbury. I went to him and asked him, "Brother Woodbury, would you and your family come up to our house for Sunday dinner?" I remember the expression on my stepmother's face when I came leading this family of five or six or seven — I don't know how many were in the family — home for Sunday dinner and all I had was a plain cake with frosting on it for them!

FH: [Laughter] I can just imagine what she thought! Are there other [recollections] that you [would like] to talk about from the early part of your life?

AH: There were lots of little incidences that I enjoyed. I enjoyed life. We had lots of fine experiences around the home. My stepmother was a very fine woman and did a lot to make our home life pleasant and to take the place of my own mother. She used to make candies and invite the young people home for parties that we enjoyed very much. That was more or less the type of life we had; we were a family where we all worked together. Everything that we [had] belonged to each other. There was no [situation] where this was mine and that is yours which you find a lot among families now-a-days. If I earned a dollar, it belonged to the family; it was not mine.

I remember when I [was] old enough to go to work I worked at a shearing [inaudible] one year, jamming wool. I became quite an efficient wool jammer, sacking the big sacks of wool. My first pay check was \$150.00. I think [it was] for a two-week period. I thought that was a tremendous amount of money for young

man to earn. We were working on piecework, and I thought I had accomplished quite a feat. But [what] gave me the most joy and pleasure, was when I walked home that night from work and handed the check to my father, \$150.00 to help the family. We were poor; my father had a hard life, many disadvantages in his life, and hardships, but we worked united together. If I ever wanted a dollar to go to a dance or a picture show, I would ask father for it. If he had it, I got it; if not, he would tell me he was sorry, and that the money was all spent, and we just didn't go. So those were the conditions under which I was raised.

FH: What about your [education]?

AH: My [education] was about normal, I suppose. I only went through grade school. I think I was a normal student in those days. We had a one-room schoolhouse where the eight grades were in one room, with one teacher. We used to march to the front of the room and sit around a table for our classes. Our assignments were made and then another class would come up, and so forth. I remember going [to] the old rock schoolhouse in LaVerkin [Washington County, Utah]. I don't remember too much about my earlier years in school. I do remember some of the school teachers which I became very fond of. One of them was Mary Stratton from Hurricane. Another was Miss Olson; I can't remember her first name, [she was] from Leeds [Washington County, Utah]. They were very nice ladies and I enjoyed them very much as teachers. I don't know how many years I was taught by Mr. Emil Graff. [He] is now [a] merchant and great operator in Washington County [in] the turkey and cattle business.

I remember as I [entered] the eighth grade, there were three of us who were promoted to the eighth grade from the seventh [grade]. There were eight [students] in [the class and] the other five were holdovers from the year before. This was a custom in those days; students were not pushed through the grades rapidly as they are now-a-days. He felt it would be better if we were retained and took the eighth grade over the second time. I make quite a joke out of this eighth grade thing now. When people ask me how much education I have, I tell them I had very little or none. In fact, they had to burn the schoolhouse down to get me out of the eighth grade.

Mr. Graff was a very fine teacher and spent a lot of time with us. When he came to LaVerkin — he was a stranger to us — I remember he came in [on] foot. He had evidently caught a ride over to Anderson Junction [Washington County, Utah]. There was no highway through LaVerkin at this time, and he walked in with his clothes in a flour sack thrown over his back on a stick, like [the] *Lil' Abner* [cartoon] in the newspaper. I thought of him as *Lil' Abner* for many years. That [really] impressed me, to see him coming [like that]. He spent several years teaching school, and finally bought the little local grocery store, became the postmaster, and now has [become] quite a prominent and very successful businessman in the area.

FH: Were there some [events] that happened in your early life that you would consider to be adventurous? [Are there] any experiences with your father that you would like to share?

AH: I had a lot of fine relationships with my father in our work together. I can think of a number [of experiences] that are outstanding to me. To show why these [experiences] impressed me, I would like to tell [about an] incident working with father on the threshing machine one time. Father owned and operated a threshing machine; it was powered with [an] old horse-powered machine. I remember we were working out on the Big Plain [Washington County, Utah], threshing grain this [particular] year. Several [events] happened that year that proved to me the quality and the worth of my father in his determination to achieve what he set out to do. I have never known my father to say, "It can't be done" or "I can't do it." There was always a way for [my] father.

Father used to manage the machine [and] this particular [day he] was greasing [it] and I was working on the straw stake behind. We used to have the big conveyer that [moved] the straw back onto the big stacks. I saw father come around the machine with the oiler in his hand and he reached over the big concave pulley to oil the pulleys. I saw him and as I looked back up, I took a swipe of straw away from the carrier and saw father whirling through the air. He landed about fifteen or twenty feet away from the machine, and when he stood up, it didn't hurt him particularly, he was standing stripped to the waist with everything [gone] but his garments. The cuff of his jacket had caught under the pulley of the drive pulley, threw him across and ripped his denim jumper and shirt right off from him, and stripped him down to his temple underwear. But it never touched a shred [of his] underwear. This was quite an outstanding [event] to see [and] a testimony to me.

[That same day], before long, the big fly wheel on the fan that turned the blower broke and flew into a lot of pieces. It looked like it was broken beyond anybody's imagination to ever repair it. All the men began to unhitch their horses and load the [inaudible] grains, their bits and supplies, to go home. Father said to them, "Just a minute, men. Where are you going?" They said, "'Willie,' we are washed up. We will do no more threshing here. We just as well go home; you will have to order a new wheel before you can do any more threshing." He said, "My goodness, fellows. Why give up so easy? We are almost done; we only have one more setting after this. Just hold your horses and let me look this thing over." Father said, "Help me gather up the parts of this wheel."

He gathered all the parts and spread [them out] on a canvas. He laid that wheel on the canvas and it was like a jigsaw puzzle, but he collected every piece of that cast-iron wheel, which was about three-feet across in diameter, and put [the pieces] back in place. With the help of some cedar boughs, and good ol' Mormon buckskin, he began weaving wooden spokes in the wheel with the old broken pieces and tied them to the spokes. Then he put twisters around the little holes in the metal under the wheel, twisted and drew them back until they would sing like

a piano string. He put that wheel together. They laughed and made all manner of fun at my father. They said, "It won't last while you are putting it on." I know from my own experience that they finished the threshing that year. My father ran that machine two years after that and never bought a new wheel. That old cedar wheel was still going when he sold his machine two years later.

FH: Talk about ingenuity!

AH: He had it; he really had it. I have seen him in so many [situations]. Another experience: one time he went up after a load of wood [and] we had to hurry. Normally, it took three days to get a load of wood. He got me up at 4:00 one morning and said, "Son, I want you to go with me after wood. We will get a small load and [come] back tonight." We didn't go around the mountain and on top; we would pull it up a wash under the foothills. [We] took a horse apiece, a singletree and a chain and pulled dry cedars off the side of the mountain. [We] snaked them down the wash to the wagon and loaded our wagon. We [had] a big load of wood and started [home]. We got about half-way out of that wash and he cramped on a turn and broke the king bolt that held the bolster down on the hounds. The bolster dropped down, back of the hounds, onto the drawbars and kept the wagon from turning. He stopped and I looked at it. I [felt] like the men [with] the threshing machine; I was ready to unharness the horses and ride them home. He said, "No son, you tie those horses up there and I will go back up the canyon and see if I can find some timber to get out of this mess. You unload [the] load of wood down to the tie chains," which was about half of [the load].

When he came back, he had a big, long oak pole that he had found — there was an oak grove back there — and he had chopped an oak pole. He came back and chopped some cedar poles and laid [them] across and tried to put this over under the wagon, and propped it up with cedar posts until we could get the front of the wagon out. He took the king bolt, it had a piece long enough — it was broken off about six inches and eight inches or so was left in one piece. He drove a plug in the bottom of the hounds of the axle, let the bolt go into the axle about two inches and pulled it through the reach, down through the hounds, and about two inches into the bolster. Then [he] drove another wedge in the top of the bolster so the sharp pin couldn't jump out nor fall through. Then we wired boards around it to hold it so it couldn't loosen. We put that back under there and loaded [the] wood back up. We got home about midnight that night. My dad never quit; [we] came home with two cords of wood that day.

[There is] another very outstanding experience I would like to relate in relation to my father. When I was eight years old, we used to have to go out to Lund [Iron County] Utah to haul the freight that came into our area. It was, I suppose, approximately a hundred miles from home. I don't know whether I am accurate on that mileage or not. I had never been out with father on a trip to the railroad and I had never seen a train. He used to take us boys in turns until we all [were able] to see the train. We had taken about a week or ten days to make the trip and

we were coming home down over the mountain into Toquerville [Washington County] Utah loaded with about 3,800 [pounds] of freight. That was a wagon box and a pair of bows [with a] wagon cover, because we had flour and sugar, to keep it protected from the rain. We had a bundle of $\frac{3}{4}$ " pipe right along the top of the wagon box, which stuck out the front end over the dashboard. It had worked its way forward [as we were] coming down over the Black Ridge to where it was almost touching one of the horses. She was a very flighty animal. As we came through Toquerville, a number of boys came out and followed the wagon through town. They would hang on these pipes that stuck out behind. As they hung on them, they ran [the pipes] up and hit this animal [and she] lunged. Just as they hit this animal one time, she lunged [as] we were crossing one of the [small] rock ditches. All of this seemed to be timed perfectly; I don't know why the timing was so perfect, but just as they swung on the pipe, the pipes hit the animal [as] we crossed the ditch. Father had told me to ask the boys not to swing on the pipe. I stood up on the dashboard, holding [on] to the bows and stuck my head around to call to the boys, all of these things occurred instantaneously. As the horse lunged, they hit the ditch, it threw the wagon and I was thrown off. I went down between the singletree and the heels of the mare and the front wheel ran across my left hand. I feel it and see it as I think about it [now]. It just ran over me and I turned to pull myself from under the wheel. In doing so, I threw my body in line of the hind wheel. The hind wheel hit me on the right hip and ran up across the front of my body, over my shoulder, turned me over, crossed my back, and came off on the left hip on the back, which crushed the life out of me.

Father saw me fall and threw the lines over the other horse's back, jumped and hollered, "Whoa!" Those horses were better to mind than his children; they stopped immediately. He ran to the back of the wagon and I was under the wheel. He drove the horses off from me, ran back and picked me up in his arms. He said I was as dead as he had ever seen anybody. But [as] he looked into my face, holding me limply in his arms, and [not] knowing what to do, here came a lady out of the house that we were right in front of, Sister Duffins, a very fine old midwife. She ran out and grabbed me out of father's arms and put her mouth over my face and blew like a bellows. I vomited and began to breathe just slightly, [sound of short, sharp breaths] and that was all the breath I could get. She carried me in her home, and dad called Dr. Woodbury from St. George. [He] told him what had happened. [Dr. Woodbury] said, "Brother Hardy, there is no need of me coming, if that wagon went over that boy with that much weight on, he will be dead before I can get there." He told him what to do, how to poultice me. [He] said, "I won't try to come tonight because I will have to come with a horse and buggy, which will take me three or four hours. But, if he is still alive in the morning, you call me and I will come. But you can rest assured, if he is alive in the morning, you are mistaken; the wagon didn't run over him." Father said, "I know it ran over him; I had to drive the horses off from him."

The next morning, he called the doctor and said, "He is alive and I have additional proof to prove the wagon ran over him. I have a wagon track this morning across

that body.” He came and [said] it was a miracle. He said. “I can’t understand how you are alive.” I still couldn’t breathe and I laid there for two weeks. There was not a broken bone in my body, but I had been crushed, and life had been crushed out of me. I couldn’t breathe and I couldn’t get well. I would go into spasms and go out of my mind at times, and then I would be rational. The Priesthood was demonstrated there time and time again. Every time he would call the Elders — my father had lots of faith [that] I would get better. But I would have relapses occur constantly.

We never realized for a long time that one of the neighbors [who] lived across the street the other way was very faithful to come and help this woman [care for] me. We never realized [or] knew that she had had a lot of misfortunes in her life and had practically denied The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints]. Every time she would come I would get these bad spells. Time and time again father said he acts like he is possessed of the Devil. At the end of nearly two weeks, father was becoming very discouraged. They called the Priesthood and called the Patriarch to hold a prayer circle. He had me dedicated to the Lord, and told the Lord to take me. He was afraid that if I was to live that I would be a cripple. If I was to be that way, he would prefer [that] I be dead than to live in that condition. So he dedicated me and prepared for me to die. Father was reconciled to this, [and] never shed a tear over it; he felt perfectly happy. He said, “I will go up and see if I can find some broth or something at the store that maybe he can eat.” I couldn’t retain any food. He started out the gate and up the sidewalk and saw the lady coming across the street [who] had been so devoted to help. As she entered that door, I went into a rage. I screamed and hollered and carried on. Father said he could hear me for two blocks. He ran back and when he [returned], I was standing up in bed. There were four men standing around my bed. The neighbor men had [come] in [and were] trying to put me into bed. I was knocking those men down as fast as they could take hold of me and I was only eight-years-old, and had been so weak I couldn’t raise my head off the pillow. Father said, “Brother Naegli, administer to that boy at once; he is possessed of the Devil.” Brother Naegli said, “We are trying to Brother Hardy, but we can’t anoint him with oil.” Father said, “He has been anointed many times, don’t wait for the oil. I will help you,” and said, “Rebuke the adversary.” Brother Naegli commanded Lucifer to depart and as he did so, in the name of Jesus Christ, he said I wilted like a dishrag and fell in the bed in a heap. He said, “I saw Satan walk out that door.” [Emotional]

[TAPE RECORDED TURNED OFF]

AH: It was only a short time after that until I seemed to fade and [became] weaker. Father felt that probably his petition to the Lord was going to be answered, that I would not live. My mother’s sister was there, Aunt Mary A. Gubler, she was very devoted in helping [with my care]. On this particular night, after they had [the] prayer circle for me, I passed away. Father says I died as natural a death as my Mother had died, and they prepared to lay me out, or they did lay me out, pulled

the sheets over me, and pronounced me dead. My aunt went to the kitchen and drew the water. In those days [it] was the custom to wash the bodies in the home, lay them out, pack ice around the bodies and hold them for burial. She got the cloths and the necessary equipment to wash my body and lay me out. As she applied the wet cloth to my face, a nerve twitched in the corner of my eye, and she stopped suddenly and called my father. She said, ““Willie”, come here quick.” Father was in the kitchen, feeling bad to think I had died, and yet he had not shed a tear up to this point. He came running in. She says, “I don’t know whether this boy is dead, or whether he is just unconscious. He has been out so long, I’m sure he is dead, but I saw a nerve twitch in the corner of his eye. Maybe there is life in that body yet.” Father burst into tears and wept. [Emotional] He said, “If there is life, there is hope. Call Brother Naegli, quick.” Brother Naegli, who was the Patriarch at that time, came over and the two of them administered to me again. [They] pled with the Lord, that if it was possible could I be made whole, and not be a cripple, if it was not against His will, to please let me live. I immediately came to, choking and gasping, and I vomited. A lot of corruption [mucus] came [from] my lungs and down in my stomach. Immediately, my breathing was restored to normal. That night, my younger brother came to visit me. I sat in the bed and he stood by my bed, and we sang [the] song, *Three Little Babes Lost In The Woods*, all the way through. The next day I got out of bed, dressed and went home. [I was] well and strong. I have never felt any ill effects of that accident to this day and I am now sixty-six-years-old.

After I grew to manhood, I wondered all these years, from eight-years to twenty-one years, twenty-years past when I went on my mission, why? Why did the Lord permit, or allow an incident of that kind in my life? What purpose had it served? I grew up and was called on a [LDS] mission, went to the southern states and labored in the state of South Carolina for twenty-seven months. On my return from my mission, we would have many hardships. I was called on a job to work over in Pine Valley [Washington County, Utah]. My wife and I had been married only twenty-eight days before I went on [my] mission. [After] coming home, we had our problems. We were bordering on a depression, work was scarce [and] it was [very] hard. I had a very hard time finding enough for [us] to even exist on. The winter came and here we were, destitute, with no funds, no clothing, and no food, nothing to see the winter [through].

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

AH: We had our problems and finances were very difficult to handle. [During] our problems, I was given an opportunity to go over in Pine Valley to work, as I stated. The man [who] called me over there was my cousin. He was in the cattle and ranching business. He was doing this out of sympathy for me, I’m sure, because he didn’t have to hire the help. He told me that if I was that hard up, that he could certainly find something for me to do for a month or six weeks. I went over there for about six weeks, and stayed with him. I had not drawn any money from him. I [had] decided to leave all the money until I was through to bring it

home. I [received] a check for my total time over there [and was] to come home. I had been very neglectful as a returned missionary [in] my church duties as far as the tithing part of my life was concerned. Because of our financial difficulties, I had not paid any tithing. I became a non-tithe payer as a returned missionary.

[TAPE RECORDER THURNED OFF]

AHL I had not paid my tithing as I should have done. As I set there at nights around this campfire, or this stove, where I was staying, I thought of my situation, the plight that I was in, and the conditions that we had to face. I prayed constantly to the Lord to open the way for me to find work and to become employed. I had many wonderful experiences in the church and I knew it was true. I knew that I should pay tithing, but I felt that my family needed it. In the process of my promising the Lord, I told Him that if He would open the way for me to find employment, that I would pay my tithing. I set around the stove the night before I came home and figured up all the money that I could recollect that I had earned from the time I came off my mission. [I] totaled it up, added the check that I now had, and figured the tithing that I owed on my earnings from the time I had come home from my mission, up until this time. As I struck ten percent off, I came up with a small balance of \$5.35 still belonging to me; the rest of it belonged to the Lord. I took this home and before going to see my wife and my new baby — we now had our first child — I went to the bishop's office and told the bishop I wanted to pay my tithing. I paid all of my back tithing and then I walked home. As my wife saw me —

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

AH: — coming, she said to me — I expected to get a very healthy greeting from her, after being gone six weeks — but she just looked me in the face and said, “Daddy, did you get your check?” I looked at her and wondered if that was what she was mostly interested in, the money. Then I could see from the expression on her face that it wasn't, because she said, “Would you please let me pay the tithing?” I reached in my pocket and handed her the tithing receipt and the \$5.35. I said, “Mother, I beat you to it. This is all [that] is left. Do you think we can spend the winter on that?”

That tells the story of my tithing. I immediately became employed. Within the week I had been offered a job. I have never been out of employment from that day to this, which is forty some-odd years. I have never missed a payday. I have never missed a day [of] work, except [for] sickness or vacation, and I have never missed showing my tithing on the church records as [a] full tithe-payer. I believe that the Lord blesses us and uses us in many instances to promote His work and to test our mettle, to see what we will do under stress and strain.

Another little incident related to this: I must tell [this] to climax the story of my accident. As I worked over there, I attended church. The man I was working for,

my cousin, Mr. Royal Hunt, was a counselor in the bishopric. We went to church one Sunday afternoon and he asked the bishop, who was conducting the meeting, if I could bear my testimony. He said, "I want to hear him speak." They decided to prolong the meeting long enough to let me speak, which gave them a little extra length in meeting. I got up and bore my testimony and told [about] some of my experiences in the mission field. As I sat down from that talk, in the back of the room, a woman jumped to her feet and shouted, "Just a minute bishop, just a minute. May I speak?" Everyone turned [around], and lo and behold, this was the woman who had been so devoted to my sickness in Toquerville, [the one] who had lost her testimony to the church [and] was very critical of the Lord and the things that she had to put up with. She said the Lord had been unjust to her and her family. She pointed to me as she stood on her feet and said, "I saw that man dead." Then she related the story, which I told, of my passing away and of my father asking the Patriarch to rebuke the adversary. [Emotional] She said, "I too, saw Satan walk out that door." And from that day, until her death, she was a devoted Latter-day Saint and answered my query in my mind, why? Why does the Lord do things sometimes, or permit things to happen to us to bring about His purposes? I couldn't help but think of the poet, "Know this, that every soul is free, to choose his life and what he will be. Call, persuade, direct aright, in endless ways be good and kind, but never force the human mind." But He does use us and He permits conditions to come into our lives to bring about the results which are desired from the members of the church. This, to me, is a very outstanding testimony as to why I was permitted to go through [the accident] and yet, I suffered no injury.

FH: In these early years of your life, were you active in the church? [Did] you [go] through the different organizations?

AH: Yes, I came up in the Aaronic Priesthood, as all boys do. I was ordained a deacon at the proper age, which was twelve [years of age]. I'm sure we all understand that. I don't think I was ever ordained a teacher. It seems to me there was not the close contact or the concern of the boys by the bishopric in those days [like] there is at the present time. Boys were all good boys and they ordained them when they had a job for them. I was ordained a priest and when I arrived at the age proper to be called on a mission, I was called on a mission. I served that mission in the southern states. I spent twenty-seven months down there and had some wonderful experiences as a missionary. I saw some faith-promoting incidents there.

I had a wonderful wife to leave behind. We were married twenty-eight days before [I left on] my mission. We hadn't planned to get married, but we were in love. She said she would wait for me, but our folks felt that we were mated for each other and that it was proper that we be married. [During] the last days we planned our marriage, went to the temple and were married. We spent two days at the temple. We were married one morning, stayed the rest of the day and went through the temple again, spent the night in St. George, went through the temple twice the second day, giving us four sessions before I left for my mission. We

[have] had some wonderful times together. My wife has been a wonderful companion and has stood by me in all the hardships that we have been through. [She] has been very devoted in our life as a companion. [Emotional]

[Alvin Carl and Della (Humphries) Hardy were married May 15, 1923 in the St. George Temple, St. George, Washington County, Utah.]

FH: How did you happen to meet her? Tell about your courtship.

AH: Maybe she'd like to tell that. It was quite an unusual [event] in [a] way, and yet very simple. I knew her sister very well. There was a crowd of [young people] in LaVerkin. [Della] lived across the [Virgin] River, about two miles, over in Hurricane. Her sister, who was two years older than her, came over to LaVerkin many times with a group of girls from Hurricane who used to come over to smile at us LaVerkin boys. I [was] well acquainted with her sister, but I never had met my wife [Della] until some time later. I don't know if it was [in a] Sunday school class or —

DH: It was [a] Mutual [Improvement Association meeting].

AH: A Mutual class [put on] a play [in] Virgin [Washington County, Utah].

DH: [It was in] Rockville [Washington County, Utah].

AH: The young people stayed at our place a lot and we had lots of parties. They decided to rest awhile. A [group] of the girls were going to stay there awhile and then walk home. She came with this group of girls. She was a very beautiful girl [with] beautiful brown eyes and beautiful auburn hair. She was a larger girl in stature than her sister and showed more development than her sister [so] I assumed she was older. My stepmother, being the very fine hostess that she was, prepared lunch for all of the [young people] and invited them in to eat. But [Della] wouldn't go; she said, "I'm not hungry." She was the bashful type, modest, [and] she didn't want to go in and eat. I said to her, "If you're not going in, I won't [either]." [We] sat there alone on the front lawn while the rest of them [ate] dinner. I had bought a new Stetson hat, which was a very fine [item] to me in those days. It was prized very highly. She reached over and took my hat and put it on. I thought: my, she looks beautiful under that big broad-brimmed hat. I sat there and kidded her awhile. I said, "Man alive! They tell me that a man has a right to kiss anything under his own hat. How about it?" Of course, [laughter] she pulled the hat off immediately. She wouldn't stand for anything like that. I kidded her quite awhile, but I immediately fell for her.

Before the day was over, I made a date to see her on Friday night. This began our two-year courtship. In the meantime, I found [out] she was younger than the sister [who] I thought was the youngest, and was a little young to get married. But

before I left on my mission we decided she was old enough and we [were] married and have been very happy ever since. We have a wonderful family.

FH: Before you tell about [your] family, I [want] you [to] talk a little more about your father.

AH: My father had his problems. He was a member of a large family. His father was called to the Dixie Mission. My grandfather, Warren G. Hardy, was called by Brigham Young to come to the Dixie Mission in the early days of [settling] St. George. He, of course, was one of the men who had more than one wife. [He] was living in polygamy. [During] the process of events, he was arrested and sent to the [Utah] State Penitentiary because of his many wives. It left my father with a family of thirteen at home. He [was] the oldest one [and was] left to support [the] family.

They had a built a mill out [in] the east side of St. George. It was powered with a water wheel. It used to grind all the flour, grains and the feeds [the] farmers used in [the] area. He also made barrels and banisters, did lots of lathe work, wood work, and was a very capable mechanic. This is how he supported his family. I've heard him tell [about] many, many incidents in his life, of how he was tested and tried to his faith many times. In relation to tithing, he was paying his tithing, and yet cheating the Lord just a little bit. When he went to settle his tithing one fall, the bishop said to him, "'Willie,' is that an honest tithing?" "Yes, bishop that is an honest tithing." But somehow the bishop knew that my father was not giving him 100 %. So, he very carefully began to question him about [it]. "Now, you did a job for brother so-and-so, and so-and-so." We knew people [fairly] well in those days. Finally, father said, "Bishop, that is all the money I have and that is all I can pay, but it isn't all I owe." The bishop said, "I wanted you to just be honest with the Lord. If you can't pay it, we will have to put you down as a part tithe-payer. But if you can —." Father said, "I went home and I did something to earn that money. I scraped until I had gathered enough to make 100% tithing [and] I went back to the bishop." My father has never been a non-tithe payer or part-tithe payer in his life.

Another outstanding thing about my father: he was never a man to [use] profane talk. He said when his father died, he called him to his bedside and said, "Son, you are the oldest one here." It was when he asked him if he would take over [the] family. He said, "What kind of a boy have you been while I've been gone? Do you swear and [talk] profane? Do you smoke? Or do you drink? Are you tampering with tobacco?" He said, "I could look my father in the eye and say, 'No, father. I never have, and I hope I never will.'" [Emotional] He said his father looked at him and said, "Son, I believe you. And I'm going to be able to ask you that question when we meet on the other side." He said, "I pledged to my father that I would be able to answer it in the negative; that I have not smoked, I have not drunk or [talked] profane." That was one thing that I know irritated my father worse than anything, was to hear a man [talk] profane in the name of Deity. He

told me before he died, “Son, I can meet my father and still say it. I hope you can when you come.” [Emotional]

These are many things that I remember [about] him. He was very devoted to his church. He had a hard time, a struggle. My mother died when I was four years old. I had a brother who was dragged to death [by] a horse two years after that. I was by his side when the horse ran away with him, kicked his brains out and killed him. I saw this [happen]. [Emotional] I know that the Lord has certainly tried my family. We are grateful that we still know that the gospel is true and that Jesus is the Christ.

FH: Tell about your family, your brothers and sisters and the stepmother and [those children who] came [later].

AH: [When] my mother died, my father had to go away to work and left us, five little children. My mother died at childbirth and the baby only lived two-weeks and died. He had to have somebody care for this family so he set out to find a good girl. He found a good girl who was in her twenties; she had not married. She was a very fine woman, but she had not found a companion yet. He [had] her come [to our] home and keep house for us while he was gone over the weeks. That woman turned out to be one of the finest mothers that you could have asked for. Father would come home at intervals. [He would] bring his money and pay her for her work. By the time he would come back [from] the next trip, he would find us, many times, clothed in new overalls and new shirts. Our night clothes were new and we had plenty to keep us warm and take care of us. He would ask her where she got [these items]. [Did] she run a bill at the store? “Oh no, I paid for [them].” He said, “How much did it cost; I want to reimburse you.” “Oh no,” she said, “I just enjoy doing this. I’m spending my own money for this.”

This was the type of courtship that took place between my father and my stepmother. [She was] taking care of his children while he earned the money to support them. When he saw what kind of a woman she was, he proposed to her. He said, “Eunice, if you are that kind of a woman, I think you are good enough to be the mother of my children. How about you and I getting married?” She accepted him and never left. She stayed until she died. [Emotional] She died after having four children by him.

[From my father’s] first marriage, there were six of us. There was my brother George, my sister Misha, my brother Barney who was killed by the horse, and then myself, and my brother Isaac, and the baby who died at mother’s [death], Ellen. We all grew up together with [our] stepmother and the new children [who] came along [later]. She had four children: a brother Ashby, and a sister Geneva, another brother Chester, and then another sister Josephine. Josephine died with the measles while she was a baby, or a young girl. We grew up and you never knew the difference which child belonged to which woman. We were brothers and sisters 100 % and this was the way we were raised. We all had equal

opportunities; we all worked as a unit, as a family. None of us were educated to any degree except the children of the [second] marriage. Finances became a little better and we were able to give my oldest half-brother [Ashby Hardy] a good college education and he became a very proficient school teacher. My brother [Isaac Hardy] just younger than me by my mother [received] a high school education, as did the other half brothers and sisters. But the rest of us had no other education outside of grade school.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: There is a special thing that your father had as a gift. I think you should tell about [it]. Perhaps [from] this you can tell a little bit about each of your brothers and sisters. But there is a gift he had that seems to be so prevalent. [What were] some of the [events] that happened?

AH: I'm sure father was gifted with being able to foresee the future, or conditions, that would be related to his life and his family. I know in the case of my brother [Barney Hardy] who was killed by the horse, he had a dream one night. He had left home and my stepmother was ill at the time. He left to go on a freighting trip. He had to go and hesitated because she was not well. He wondered if he should go. But he left and drove the first day with a team to their camp that night. They pulled off the highway to a campground that laid 150 or 200 yards off the highway and camped. That night he had this dream: he dreamed about some of the horses getting away and running loose. He and the other fellows tried [to] get them but they ran down the hill toward the river. I'll be brief on this; there is a lot of detail that he tells — but to show how he was prompted. They ran down the hill toward the river and the boy, they assumed it was my brother, was on this horse. The horse ran into the stream which was at flooding stage. [There] had [been] a rainstorm and the river was flooding. He dreamed about this flood water and the boy, running into the river on the horse, was lost in the river. The horse made it out, I think on the other side of the stream, but the boy was lost in the stream. He ran down the stream, trying to catch him. He could see him come up and down in the muddy water. Finally, [the boy was] so far away [that he] disappeared out of sight and he never saw him again.

My father always said, that if he dreamed of muddy water, it meant death. If he dreamed of water, clear water, it was trouble. But if it was muddy, it meant death. And this water was terribly muddy. He questioned whether or not these [events] were right, if he was interpreting them right many times. But never, in all these premonitions which he had concerning the problems of his family, did they ever turn out different than what he interpreted. He had many such occasions. He was warned many times about sicknesses and he would dream of water. Usually it was clear water and they would get over it and get well. If it was extremely muddy, it meant death.

In this particular case, he worried for fear this boy would be lost. He was very, very careful about what he would let him do. He wouldn't let him ride the horse for a month; he just wouldn't let him on the horse. But one day, we had one of our usual thunder storms and the river was muddy. It had taken the dam out of the river for the canal and the water was out. We had no culinary water system at that time; all our water was dipped up from the canal and cleared in barrels. Our horses had to be driven to the ditch to drink. When the water was out, we even had to lead them down to the river, which was about a mile away. This particular evening, he sent us, my brother and me, out to water the horses. He told us not to ride the horses; I remember specifically we were to walk and lead the horses. The sun went down as we were going down the lane and my brother said, "Let's take our hats off and hang them on the fence here until we come back." My brother was two years older than I; he was eight and I was six. He climbed the fence to put his hat on the post, and I tried to get up but I couldn't climb the fence. He was in a hurry, and he said, "Let me do it." He took my hat, but in the process, he wrapped the rope around his waist and just slipped the knot onto the — made one knot. He grabbed ahold of the post and flipped my hat up over the post. This frightened the horse and the horse jerked and reared back. The rope was just long enough to let the boy back to the horse's heels. [This] frightened the horse [and] as he jerked and the boy came [to] get him, the horse turned and started to run.

I remember him going down the lane to the next street and turning north. As he crossed the ditch and [the horse] kicked [Barney] and his body went up in the air, hit the horse on the back, bounced back to the ground and [the horse] ran. I just prayed and screamed and hollered to my father [to] come. I just had so much confidence in father; if dad was there, he could stop it. But father was too far away. The horse ran for about a mile and a half and crossed town over to another man's corral. We bought the horse from another man and [the horse] ran to this corral before he stopped running [with] the body was still tied to the rope. But [his] head was split wide open and the body was badly mutilated.

This proved [the] dream he had of [a] boy going into the water and he lost him. This was always the case in many of these [situations]. He had numerous experiences when conditions would go wrong for the family. He had a tremendous lot of faith. Father had hard times, as you can note from the things I have said of sicknesses, the deaths, and the troubles we had. But father never gave up the faith. I remember when they came and asked me to go on my mission. [When] the bishop came; I remember father and I were working down in the field together. He came and called father to one side. I didn't know what they were talking about at first, but I heard father say, "Yes, bishop, he can go. I don't know how we will ever pay for it, but he can go." Then he came and told me what the bishop wanted.

Father was in debt. I don't know how many thousands of dollars father was in debt. When I left for my mission, we had no money, but they had a farewell party for me [and] raised enough money to get me into the mission field. Father said he

never in his life ever experienced a time in his whole life when everything he did turned to money, [he was] so successful. I spent, in the twenty-seven months I was in the mission field, I spent \$1,100.00. That is what my mission cost me. Father paid off all the debts; the mortgages on the home and the farm were paid and lifted while I was gone in twenty-seven months. When I came home, he didn't owe a dime and he never [was] in debt again. He never owed anybody more than just little current bills, from that time until the day of his death. He lived to be eighty-four years old. These are some of the [events] that demonstrated to me the courage, the faith and the determination of a man who only went to the third grade. Many people say he was not educated, but I said he was educated in one of the finest colleges or universities the world has ever produced — the University of Experience. [Emotional]

FH: Were there other [situations] that you wanted to mention that indicated this premonition that he had?

AH: There are others, they are quite similar but the cases —

DH: You are not going to have time for your own history if you spend too much time [talking about] your dad, are you? [Laughter]

FH: Tell about what happened to your brothers and sisters [and] half-brothers and sisters.

AH: None of us ever set the world on fire. We have been average citizens, I assume. My oldest brother [George Hardy] never [went] any further [in] school than I did. [He] never had much in the way of education [but] he raised a family and was a good man. [He was] very civic minded and took a great deal of interest in his community and in his church. He never moved away from LaVerkin; he lived and died in LaVerkin.

FH: His name was?

AH: My oldest brother's name was George and he died at the age of seventy-one. The story is about the same with our oldest sister, [Misha Hardy]. She had married a poor man; [and] they had a hard time raising a family together. [They] did have a big family and she was nothing but just a good mother, a good housekeeper, a good housewife. But she never made any marks in the world as far as a career was concerned. She was a good woman and has also died.

FH: Who did she marry?

AH: She married Otto Jennings. [She was] Misha [(Hardy)] Jennings from Rockville. The other brother [Barney Hardy] was killed by the horse, and then me. I have told quite a bit about myself, my mission and [other events]. I owe all that I have been able to accomplish to the church. I [didn't have any] education. I came home

[from] my mission. I related earlier, in my tithing experience, how the Lord has blessed me.

I went to work for Mr. Graff in the store, who was my school teacher, in November 1926, after I had been [working at the] ranch. I went down to the store looking for work and there were twenty-five men there looking for work. I walked into the group and he was there. He passed this group back and forth. Back in those days, [folks] used to hang around the big pot-bellied stove in the winter. This was in November and it was cold. He came by the group once, stopped and hesitated, went on, came back, stopped again. [The] third time he came by, he stopped and he had a string in his mouth. He was having a chew on a string, see-sawing it back in his teeth and chewing on it. He stopped and looked at me for about a minute. He said, "Alvin, come here a minute." [He] picked me out of the crowd of twenty-five.

I followed him back into his office He didn't say anything until we got clear back in there. He looked at me [and] then he said, "I don't know what I called you in here for but, I had a prompting that I ought to talk to you, and I don't know what about. You've been gone, haven't you?" I said, "Yes, I've been away working." "Well, what are you going to do this winter?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "Are you getting along alright? Are you financially fixed for the winter?" I said, "I sure am not. I need a job bad; I would like to know where I can find one." "Well, maybe that is what I called you for; I don't know. You come down Monday morning and I'll see if I can find something for you to do." I said, "You know how well qualified I am to work in a store — eighth grade education." "Well," he said, "we will find something, stock boy or janitor, or something for you. We will see what we can do. Because I can't pay you very much, but if you have nothing else to do, we will at least take care of you until you find something better. I will pay you \$60.00 a month."

I went to work for Mr. Graff in November of 1926. Thirteen months later, he sent me to Springdale [Washington County, Utah] to manage a store [there] that he had opened. [It was] a sort of commissary and a service station to take care of the construction companies that were building the Zion-Mt Carmel tunnel and the highway through Zion's Canyon [at Zion National Park]. I came up here and operated that business. He said we [would] only be there [for] about six months. He rented the store with a [service] station for six months. At the end of six months, he renewed the rent and we stayed another year. We kept renewing the lease on that store —

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

AH: — for eleven years. At the end of eleven years the [owner] said, "Emil, you have either got to buy me out or move out." [Emil] said, "I guess we'll move out." He said, "Alvin, business is good up there. I hate to leave it. Can you find a piece of ground up there and build us a new store?" I set about looking for a location and I

found the property where the Hardy's Market now sets across from the LDS church in Springdale. We built a little twenty-feet by forty-feet building [and] moved into it in 1938.

In about July 1941, or a little before, Mr. Graff said, "Alvin, are you going to work all your life for me?" I had been with him since 1926. I said, "I don't know, Emil. You are the boss. I don't know anything else." He said, "I would like to see you get in for yourself." I said, "Do you want to sell this place?" "No. I don't want to sell it. But I will let you have it if you want it. Nobody else can buy it, but I want to help you get going." I said, "I haven't got a dime." You know, a man couldn't save any money on \$60.00 a month. By the way, he had increased my wages from \$60.00 to \$75.00 [a month] after he moved me to Springdale. He put me on a commission one time after I was [at] \$75.00 [a month]. He said, "I'll pay you \$75.00 and the first \$750.00 of your business will go to pay your salary. Ten percent of your business will pay your salary. Then, I will give you five percent on all the business you do over and above \$750.00."

Again, my wife came into the picture and we worked. We did everything to build that business. She would work with me and we would stay open late at night. We would take care of people in the night [when] they came for gasoline and [other items]. My business jumped to better than \$3,500.00 a month [in] volume. He said, "I can't stand that." So he raised my salary to \$90.00 [a month] and took away my five percent bonus. [Laughter] This is the way we [operated] until 1941. He wanted to know if I was going to stay there. I said, "I don't know. If you will let me figure out a way to buy this, I would like to have it." He said, "You see if you can get the money and I will make you a deal [so] that you can handle it." I set about looking for money to borrow to buy that business.

In the meantime, I had built my home here. [We] had a home burn down. There is a story in that of how a man burned me out because I wouldn't buy fire insurance. Anyway, I borrowed the money and went to settle up with [Mr. Graff]. I asked what it would take. He said, "We can adjust that on the stock, any way you want. You keep what stock you can pay for; you get what you can pay for." He sent a man up to help me take the inventory. I went down to settle up with him and he figured it out. When he got through, he just took it right down the middle. He says, "Alvin, I have not treated you fair. I have known that all these years. You have worked cheap [and] you have done a job for me. I have never worried a minute." He would go thirty days and never stick himself inside the place to see what was going on; he trusted me. He gave me full rein. I had a checking account on his name [and] wrote checks for everything that [was] needed. He just wrote it down the middle, and it was cut in half. He gave me half interest in [the] business. I borrowed enough money and paid the rest off. So that's how I got in business.

In 1931 the bishop moved away from Springdale. Lo and behold, I found myself as the new bishop of the Springdale Ward. We [have] had some wonderful experiences there. I couldn't begin to go into detail and tell of all the things that

we have done together. I have had some of the most satisfying [and] enjoyable experiences working with the saints. There were no mortuaries. In the case of death, we washed the bodies. I have laid out many a body [and] helped to embalm [them]. We built the caskets [and] made the clothing. We have done the whole service for people in those days. I served fifteen-and-one-half-years in one stretch [and] was released in May 1947 from that position.

In August of the same year, I was sustained as a member of the stake high council [and] served [for] ten years. [Emotional] [I] was released from there [and] was made the high priest group leader of the ward. From there [I was] put in the stake mission presidency [and] served a short period of time. [I] was released and sustained again for a second term in 1963 as the bishop of the Springdale Ward. [I] served [for] an additional five-and-one-half years. Today, I'm just plain ol' Alvin Hardy, free, white, twenty-one, retired and have no responsibilities except to do my daily duty as a member of the church. [I] enjoy my retirement with my wife, my children, and all of the things that we are able to do together.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

AH: There are a few little fringe benefits, as I call them, I still keep myself involved in the church. [When] I was released from bishop this last time, (it was rather a sudden way of being accomplished), I had been through the ropes before and I knew some of the signs. I could read the signs along the way as to what might be developing. The stake presidency had never come and inquired of me if I was ready to be released, or if they were going to release me. I just read the road signs and knew it was coming. Our ward conference was scheduled to be held on July 14, 1968. The stake presidency said, "We will be in your office at 7:30 to hold our meeting with the bishopric. Will you be available?" I said, "I'll be there at 7:00."

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AH: At 7:15, the stake president walked into my office, looked around, and said, "Are your counselors here yet?" I says, "No, I'm alone." "Good," he said. Before setting down, he said, "I just want to tell you now, we are going to release you today." I said, "Just like that?" "Just like that," he said. Then he turned to me and said, "We have one question to ask you. Will you accept the responsibility in the new bishopric as the finance clerk?" What? I said, "A boy they had burn the schoolhouse down to get him out of the eighth grade, becoming a finance clerk?" "Well, can you do it?" I said, "I think so." "Will you do it?" "Yes, sir." So here I am the finance clerk. I am a home teacher and have some responsibilities with the church [still], which I am enjoying very much. [I am] having some very fine experiences with my families in home teaching and with the brethren in the Melchizedek Priesthood.

FH: There is one peculiar thing about your experience that is unusual, and that is where you were baptized. Will you tell about that?

AH: Yes, I would be delighted to. I think it is an opportunity and very essential that this be kept [for] the family to know. When I became eight years of age, I remember going with my father; he used to take me with him to [see] the bishop occasionally, especially on settling [the] tithing. I remember going to settle tithing with father. He used to pay all the tithing in the family name. We all contributed our own funds to the family fund. He would take us to settle [the] tithing and he would give us each fifty-cents and say, "Here, pay your tithing so [that] your names will be on the records because the Lord says the tithe payer won't be burned." He saw to it that we boys always got our fifty-cent tithing credit, so we were not non-tithe payers. To me this showed his interest in us and [was his attempt] to impress on us the value of tithing. He was very strict with his tithing and keeping accounts to know when he had paid a full tithe. I remember some of his business trips (peddling and freighting trips) he would come home and immediately begin to reconcile his accounts, pay off the bills [and] his obligations. If he bought fruit for other growers and so on. He would pile this money on the table, get his notebook and scratch paper out and begin to figure up his expenses and earnings. Immediately, when he could strike a balance and know where he stood, he would set aside the tithing that he owed. It would go into a bank which he kept in a closet. Once a month, that bank was opened and taken to the bishop. At the end of the year, we went with him to get our credits. This developed within us a testimony of his devotion for tithing and the necessity of [having] that training.

He was just as concerned about seeing that we received our priesthood and the other [experiences] of the church. When we were eight years of age, we were baptized. I remember going with him to get my temple recommendation because I had the rare privilege to be able to go into the temple for my baptism. When I went up to the bishop I remember very distinctly some of the pranks that my father played on me as we grew up. He thought a lot of the professor who was president of Brigham Young University [Provo, Utah County, Utah]. When it was first organized, [there] was Professor Karl G. Maeser. My name was Alvin Carl Hardy [but my father] always called me Alvin Carl G. Maeser. When we went [there], the bishop started to write the recommendation out. He said, "Give me your full name." I looked and hesitated a minute. I had heard Alvin Carl G. Maeser so much [that] I decided that was my name. I told the bishop, "Alvin Carl G. Maeser, I think." I thought the bishop would blow the roof off laughing at me! I finally got it straightened out and [received] my recommendation.

I had a very wonderful experience of going to the temple and seeing [the] great font and the oxen that hold [the] font up. What an impression it has made on my life all these years, to be able to go into the waters there and be baptized by one of the wonderful men of the church who performed those ordinances there. My father confirmed me a member of the church, there in the temple. This was a great experience for me and something that very few children have the opportunity of getting now-a-days.

FH: I should say! What did you do as you were growing up through the years, just for fun?

AH: There [were] many things. Most of us were quite the pranksters. We had to make our own fun. We had lots of fine times, having parties and chicken suppers [and] playing games in the evenings. Around the campfire, we used to play Stink Bass, Steal Sticks, Run-Sheep-Run and a lot of games that we could play out in the open by a big campfire. As I got a little older, I remember something that was very amusing to me, and yet it was quite an experience too. My group of young fellows that I ran with — we were about sixteen [or] seventeen years old, I guess; I'm not sure. We used to go out in the evenings [and] make a fire, sit around and tell stories about the things we would like to do and [what] we had done. One of the boys that was with us [one particular] night rode his horse down the street and was the only one on horseback. The others were afoot. We were walking along the side of the horse at about midnight. Just before midnight, we passed our neighbor going up the street a-horseback. The boy on the horse said to me, "Let's have some fun. There goes Jim. We are giving up the water at 12:00 tonight. He has to come up by our field and put the head gate in and turn the water around the canal." This ditch ran right adjacent to the cemetery. In fact, the south boundaries of the cemetery run right against the canal line. This man's father had died a few years before and was buried —

FH: What was this man's name?

AH: [His name was] James Siegler. He was buried right near the canal on the inside of the lot inside from the canal. He said, "Let's go up there, dress up in sheets, and scare this fellow and have some fun with him." Oh gosh, we questioned ourselves whether that would be right or not. "Oh," he said, "it won't hurt nothing." What finalized it was who could get the sheets! None of the boys would go [ask] — "I wouldn't dare ask my folks for any." I said, "My stepmother is game for that kind of stuff. I ain't afraid to go ask her; let me have your horse." I jumped on that horse and I rode home.

I burst into the house; mother and dad were in bed. They rared up, "What is going on? What are you doing?" I told them what we wanted to do. I always was open and aboveboard with them [and] told them what I wanted. My stepmother says, "That would be a lot of fun. I wish I could go with you." Dad says, "Oh, you had better not do that. That is going a little too far." Mother says, "Oh, it won't hurt a thing. Let him go. Wait just a minute. I'll get up and get you the sheets and the safety pins and the things you will need to pin [the sheets] on, and help you dress." We got the [sheets] and I ran back and caught up with the boys who were already walking towards the cemetery. One of the boys got on back of me on the horse and away we went to the cemetery. We got out to the east fence and tied the horse up, got off, walked around the north side and around to the west where he would have to come up to turn the water. He wasn't there yet, so we decided that my partner would put the sheet on. He wanted me to put it on and I said, "No, I

don't want to wear the sheet." "What are you afraid of?" I said, "I'm afraid of Jim's dog. He has a vicious dog." "Oh," he said, "I ain't afraid of that dog. I'll kick his teeth down his throat." I said, "Then you put it on." "I don't want to wear the sheet." I said, "What are you scared of?" He says, "I'm afraid of the sheet. I am a-scared of ghosts." I said, "You big coward. A ghost won't hurt you." "I don't know about that." Finally I convinced him and I got him dressed up. I made a [fairly] good ghost out of him. Then we lay [down] by the fence.

{Soon} up rides Jim a-horseback and jumps off, ties the horse to the fence, comes over [and] starts putting the boards in the head gate. He [had] about two of them in and Moroni, who was wearing the sheet, rose up in the fence and walked around the corner towards Jim. There was a little gate on the west end, just about a couple of rods from where Jim was putting in the head gates. He opened the gate and kept mumbling something. He wasn't talking plain, but making noises. Jim's dog kicked up a big ruckus and started after him. Jim began to holler, "Come here, come here, come here. "Flo", get away from there. Come on back here." Moroni proceeded over toward Jim's father's grave inside the cemetery and walked over and sat down on the headstone. Then he proceeded to mumble and carry on a conversation: "My dear boy, I'm sure ashamed of you. I'm so sorry that you have not been able to get along with mother. Bless her old heart. I don't know why you and her couldn't get along." By the way, they weren't able to get along. He had married and his wife and his mother didn't agree very well. He had ordered her out of her own home and made her go live with her older daughter. Moroni proceeded to capitalize on this event and to tell him how discouraged he was. He said, "I am ashamed of you, if you can't do right by your mother, I don't know why you should be taking care of your farm like this, [when you are] neglecting her. You go on home now and think about this and take care of your mother. I'll take care of your water." He got up at that point and started out the gate towards Jim.

About that time, old Jim [was] really convinced. He threw [the] shovel and ran just as hard as he could run and mounted [his] horse. He about kicked the wind out of [the horse], kicking it down the street, ran home and he never did go back and turn that water. The water — about half the ditch was turned — went around and broke through a neighbor's fence and washed his wheat field up quite badly. I will relate [that story] a little bit later on. He went home and told his wife that night, that his father had appeared to him, and that things had to change around there. The next morning he hitched up the team to the buckboard and took a trip over to Hurricane to his sister's place, and moved his mother back home. She lived with them until she died. They got along very well from then on.

A few years went by and Jim was never [consulted] about what happened. The neighbor got on his neck because he had washed his wheat up and they were having difficulties. We were cleaning the canal a year or so later and Jim was in the group, so was his neighbor. He kept razzing Jim about washing his field up. He says, "I'm going to sue you if it happens this year." We ran out of drinking

water and one of [the] boys was assigned to go get some more water. We talked the boss into sending Jim. [When] we got him out of the way we told Kyle Stratton (who [had been] getting after Jim for washing his grain up) about [the incident]. I thought that man would split his pants laughing at what we had done! He said, "My golly fellows, if you ever do a thing like that again, come and get me. I wouldn't care if you washed up ten acres of grain."

Kyle couldn't let [well] enough alone. It went on for awhile and he kept twitting Jim about seeing ghosts and one thing and another. Finally, Jim tumbled that something must be wrong. He kept working until he found out that we boys had pulled this prank on him. Then he was furious at us. He went out and bought a six-shooter. He said, "I'm going to pack a gun at night from now on. If I see anymore ghosts, I'm going to start shooting." We didn't want to let Jim down, so we decided that we would try a different prank to play on him. We built the form of a man out of some heavy wire [and] shaped it up with a head. We didn't actually carry this out, but we had plans and had started. We thought if we could have succeeded in this, it certainly would have put Jim a-flight. We planned to tie a wire from the trees across the lane where he had to go to his field, then get way in the background with a lot of string on each side [and] have him up just high enough off the ground [so the] wire frame dressed with sheets [would be] another ghost appearing to Jim. Then we would pull it across there with string. We thought that if we could get Jim to put a few shots in that sheet, and it still kept walking, that we might convince him that there were some ghosts after all! [Laughter]

FH: What was Moroni's last name?

AH: Moroni Sanders, one of my buddies [and] a very good friend of mine.

FH: Apparently you had a lot of fun growing up!

AH: We made our own fun. We didn't have automobiles to go joyriding in too much. We got cars while we were young boys [when] our families began to buy automobiles. [This was] before I was married.

FH: Did you go dancing?

AH: I was not much for dancing. My older brother was a great [inaudible] for dancing, loved dancing. I didn't like to dance too much, but I did do a little. I liked to go to a picture show occasionally but I was not much on that type of sport. I liked to go out in the open air, go camping, have cookout dinners and [do] things of that sort [like] wiener roasts. We did that quite a bit. We made our fun [and life] was very interesting.

FH: Tell about your family.

AH: I have a wonderful family. My first two children were boys. A. Wesley Hardy was named for me, Alvin Wesley Hardy. He was born in 1926 in Hurricane. He was a very small tot when we moved to Springdale. [We] came up here in December of 1927, about thirteen months after we went to work for [Emil] Graff. He was a very fine and very responsible [youngster]. I liked his abilities and he developed early in life. I remember a little incident when he was about two years old, or a little past two. He used to come to the store [because] I was in the store a lot. In those days, we didn't have packaged merchandise like we do now. Sugar came in 100-pound bags [and] we bagged it up in five and ten-pound paper sacks. Beans came in 100-pounds, rice in 100-pounds. All these commodities were not packaged yet. I used to put [the] beans in big boxes or cardboards, like a milk case, and set them under the counter. The store had a cement floor. I remember this little fellow come there and was so observant of what [was going] on.

A lady next door was [thinking of] buying a pair of blankets. [We] sold sheet blankets for winter. She was a widow woman and was having a hard time getting enough money together. She would come in every two or three days and see if the blankets were still there. She would ask me about every time, "How much did you say those were?" I remember very distinctly, they were \$1.90. I had told her several times. This [particular] day she came in with the money to finally get a pair of them. She walked up to me and said, "Bishop, how much did you say those blankets were?" That little [youngster] shouted out, "\$1.90" before I could answer her! [Laughter]

He played around the store a lot and [was] fascinated with the dried beans. I had a scoop, and he would hold up the scoop and pour them out slowly and let them dance on the cement floor. I was constantly cleaning up the beans. I kept telling him, "Now son, you mustn't do that. If you continue to do that, daddy is going to have to spank you." He looked at me [and] questioned me [with] his eyes. He didn't do it anymore that day, but the next day he was back [at] the store again. He gathered up a scoopful of beans and poured them on the floor. I picked him up and turned him over my knee and paddled him. "Now," I said, "you sit down and pick up those beans." He started to cry and said, "Daddy, I can't pick them up." I said, "Yes, you can. You are going to pick them up. You can't go home, you can't have any candy, you can't do anything until you pick up the beans." It took him all afternoon; he went to sleep in the process. I rolled him under the counter and he slept. When he woke up, the beans were still on the floor. I had bunched them up a little bit. I says, "Pick them up." I kept him there until he picked up all those beans. Then he sighed, "Now, daddy, they are all done and I won't spill them anymore." He never did spill those beans again. This taught him something that he never forgot.

He became the first newspaper carrier in Springdale at the age of eight years old. *The Deseret News* people came in looking to open new carrier routes here. There were no boys [who] wanted to bother with it. It was new, and this boy wanted to. He was a very ambitious [youngster]. [The newspaper man] said, "They are supposed to be twelve years old, but I will sign you up and you can have the boy

do the work. You are the carrier as far as our records are concerned and we will permit him to do the work.” I trained that boy to be a newsboy and he became a very efficient carrier. He would collect the money. I would make out the statements, write a receipt in a receipt book, and have it all filled out except showing whether they paid the bill or not. I showed him where to put a checkmark with a pencil if it was paid. I taught that [youngster at] nine years old when we started doing this with him —

DH: He started when he was eight [years old].

AH: He started packing papers when he was eight, yes, but I started letting him collect within a year. [He] would come home and account for his collections by the receipt book. “Daddy, this one paid and that one paid.” He checked out [and] was always right on the money. I never allowed him to spend the money that he collected from his papers until the end of the month. We would have a settlement and he would pay the paper company off. I would tell him, “Here is the statement from the paper company. You owe them for the papers. You pay your tithing [and] what is left is yours. I don’t want you to buy candy with all of it. You can have so much to spend for whatever you want to [and] the rest of it you go put in a little savings account. You buy your shoes, your overalls and your clothes.”

DH: You gave him \$6.00 a month.

AH: I [did] give him so much allowance for spending money. That [youngster] became one of the finest managers that I ever saw around. I always taught my boys to work around the home. They never [could] go play every Saturday. They had so much work to do. He used to think I was hard on him, when he was a boy. When he married, he still thought I was kind of hard on him. Today, when I go to visit him, [he] never misses giving me a big hug and [says], “Thank you, dad. I’m sure thankful you taught me to work.” [Emotional] He is very successful. He has been a wonderful provider. He can buy me out ten times. He has been very devoted to the church. Today he is serving as a bishop in his ward in Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. He filled a [LDS] mission for the church as a building supervisor [in] Canada and Idaho, building chapels for the church. He married a very lovely girl from Toquerville.

DH: Give her name.

AH: [Her name is] Ruth Bringhurst. Her father had died and she was living alone with her mother. [She is a] very capable woman [who has] learned how to work [and] how to manage. They have a wonderful family life together. They had some very sad, touching experiences in Canada. When he [received the] call to go on a mission, he was called to go to Australia. Or, he was asked if he would go to Australia, he didn’t get a call to Australia. They wanted him to talk it over [and] they talked and prayed about it. In the process of praying about this mission, both he and his wife — now this was something that I never heard of before happening

in their prayers — they knelt down together and prayed. It was made known to them that they would go, that they should accept the mission, but before they got home off this mission, they would lose [the] second boy, their third child. They didn't tell us anything about it, but before long, they were called back to the church office. They had cancelled their Australian [call] and said they wanted them to go to the southern states. Well, that soon was changed, and [they were] sent to Canada. My wife and I had been in an auto accident in 1964. [The accident] about killed [my wife] and cut her all up. We had to be rushed to Salt Lake [City]. He was within about a month of his mission when [we] had this accident.

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

AH: I was at his home with him when he was closing out his business. He became a very successful masonry specialty contractor. [He was] very successful [and] built some wonderful buildings around Salt Lake [City]. He was in the office and I was helping him check out his [records] when the [fellow who] bought most of his equipment came in. He was a young man who had worked for Wesley. He told me how much he was selling [to] him and inventoried it. After they had drawn up the contract, the boy made him out a check to pay the down payment on the equipment. It was so small, I said to [Wesley], "How much are you getting out of that equipment?" He said, "About \$6,800.00." It [was worth] about \$16,000.00 or \$17,000.00. I said, "My goodness, [why] in the world are you giving [it] away like that?" He said, "Dad, it is only money. Anyhow, I didn't have a dime when I moved to Salt Lake [City]. Every dime I have, the Lord has blessed me with. He can have it all if he wants it. This poor boy has had a struggle. He is a good boy, a hard worker, and he has worked for me. I want to help him. He is trying to get into the construction business. I won't hurt; I have a [fairly] good little nest egg. Anyway Dad, you taught me that the church comes first, and I still believe it. That is a minor sacrifice to what we are going to be called on to do." I said, "What do you mean?" Then he told me the story about him and his wife praying about the mission and that they were going to lose this boy. I said, "My goodness son, I don't think the Lord expects us to make those kinds of sacrifices. I wouldn't go to Canada. Get them to send you somewhere else." He said, "Dad, it doesn't matter where I go; the Lord wants that boy and He is going to take him. I want to be in a position where I can be in tune with the Lord and accept that challenge when it comes."

This was in May [and] he moved to Canada in June. In August, they went on a little weekend trip, took their [children] out fishing with some friends. The oldest boy and the two younger [ones] were driving a little Volkswagen in front of the parents. Another fellow driving in front of them crossed the line in front of them. They ran into them, crushed that little Volkswagen and threw one of them out through the windshield and [left] her on the blacktop and killed the little girl. The boy broke his neck right in the car. Both of them were killed right on the spot. I have never in my life experienced a condition of death and a disaster like that,

where people who lost children looked at it like they did. I've never seen anything like this.

He had gone to Canada, into a total strange place. He was a proud builder, a professional brick layer. They took him up there and showed him what he was to build. They had built a big stake center there. The saints had built it and the men [who] worked there were just average workmen [but] he didn't approve of the brickwork in that building. He said, "We want a better job than that. This is shoddy masonry work. [Don't] you have any professional bricklayers up here?" "Not in the church. There are some down in the city that belong to the union." He said, "Can't they afford to hire the bricklayers? Let's build a monument here that we will be proud of." He got the stake presidency and the bishoprics together and they decided to go to the labor unions and hire professional bricklayers. The bricklayers came out and he had five labor missionaries sent up from the states to work with him. He was to teach them the gospel. [At] 7:00 every morning they had a missionary class [and at] 8:00 they went to work. They invited these masonry union men to come and join them in their missionary class. They laughed and sneered at them. They were mostly all Catholic. They said, "We ain't interested in your religion. All we want is your money." They made light of him, but he didn't let that bother him. He went right on. They were good bricklayers.

We decided to go to Canada after the doctor let [my wife] out of the hospital. The [children who] had been killed [were] brought back to Salt Lake [City for] burial. [They] shipped them home and we went up to the funeral. What I wanted to tell about the Canadian people — he made such good friends with that masonry union. He treated them right and they became very close to him. When his children died, that labor union took up a collection and sent a condolence letter. They didn't have them all sign it, but they had a committee [who] signed [for the] group. "Ten thousand Calgarians send our condolences and sympathy." [Emotional] They sent flowers. You never saw so many flowers [at] a funeral. In my life, I never have. It was \$1,500.00 worth of flowers at that funeral. It was a tremendous ordeal, and [the] family stood in line (the mother and dad) and consoled the mourners, the families [who] were mourning for them. I've never seen anything like this. From 7:00 in the evening until 10:30 at night, they stood in that line [while] 5,000 people passed those caskets. They couldn't get them all through that night. They closed [and] opened the chapel up the next morning from 11:00 until 2:00, when the services were [held]. I've never seen anything like this.

The little boy [who] was killed was eleven years old and his buddy was eleven years old and they were both named Curt. That little eleven-year-old boy spoke [at his] buddy's funeral. You never heard anything so touching in your life. We have his sermon here. Today he is one of the top salesmen for the Manufacturer's National Life, with the home office in Canada. He has won top [honors] in the Western Division and [has] not been with them two years. He is one of their top men in the field. He is talented [and] gifted. I have only covered a few of the highlights in [Wesley's] life. All my children are that type of [an] individual.

My second boy, William Mack Hardy, is a different type. He is a quiet, reserved type, but he was a wonderful boy [and] clean as a pin. I sent him on a [LDS] mission to the states down here. He had a wonderful career. He went into the [United States] Army. He was in [for] three years and was released ahead of schedule when they were overstaffed. He was one of 35,000 men that were let out after three years service. Then he joined the [United States] Air Force [and they] sent him to training school. [He] met the girl he married in Louisiana. He was going to [Louisiana] State University at Natchez, Louisiana [and] met this LDS girl there. She was part of the Mutual [Improvement Association]. Her name was Patricia Eason and they [fell] in love and were married. They traveled all the way from Louisiana [to] Utah to be married in the temple. Her father was not a Mormon, her mother was, and she is a very fine girl.

He set up residency in Louisiana while in the process of his training in the Air Force. They were married while he was in the Air Force. He finally went down to New Orleans [Louisiana] to dental college [and] became a very good dentist. Now he is a dental surgeon. He became very deeply involved in his church [and] filled a [LDS] mission in the south. [He] was a member of the first bishopric when they organized the New Orleans Stake and was in that for a year or two. [He] was released when they changed bishoprics and was put in the stake clerk's [position]. He was given the stake clerk's [position], the stake high priests quorum secretary, and the ward group quorum secretary, all at once. He had to work his way through school. His stake presidency traveled 1,200 miles every month to visit the wards and branches. He worked in the afternoon when he [was] out of school. He would go right down to the city-county building and work for the city doing bookwork in the water department until 11:00, 12:00, or 2:00 a.m.; as long as it took him to get the statements out. That boy became an 'A' student [and was] one of the outstanding students in his [class].

It was a Catholic school, there were fifty-three students in his dental class, and he was the only Mormon. They made all manner of fun of him because he was a Mormon. The instructor was a priest in the Catholic church. His name is William Mack and they dubbed him "Bill". He goes by "Bill" today. Everybody calls him "Bill." He said that he felt so harassed and worn out over [what] the school did to him [and] that he felt like he couldn't take it [and maybe] he would retaliate. But he said, "My better judgment didn't let it carry me away. The first year, they about killed me." The next fall when school started, he had the same instructor [and] took his same seat. When he sat down, the old priest tapped on the desk, "Bill, I have a special seat for you up here this morning." He said, "I wilted. Oh gosh, what is coming next? I got up and sat down. He never said a thing to me until the class was all together". He called the roll [and saw that] everybody was there. He chuckled the paper in the waste basket. He said, "We don't use this, only at the beginning of the school year. Now, if you don't come [to class] from now on, that is your hard luck. Stand up, "Bill."" He put his arms around him, patted him on the shoulder. He said, "Students, I want you to behold a man. I'm giving

an ultimatum today that nobody is going to harass this boy this year. Oh, I'm guilty with you last year. We dealt him all the hell he needs here on earth. I wish to God, if I could have a son, I could have one like "Bill." [Emotional] They elected him their class president that year. He became an outstanding student [and] that whole college respected him. He finished four years of school and graduated with honors. We went down to his graduation.

DH: [Inaudible]

AH: They have a ruling in these Catholic schools that one of the cardinals comes to pass out the diplomas to the graduating students. When ["Bill"] received the folder [about] the program, [it] showed what they were to do. All the graduating students had to march past the cardinal, kneel down on their knees, take his hand, and kiss his signet ring. "Bill" said to his instructor, this old priest that loved him, "Do I have to do that?" "I think so. That is the policy of the school. It is a tradition [and] it has never been changed." ["Bill"] said, "I've worked hard for this day and for my graduation but I will not do it. I want you to know, we have a prophet of God at the head of our church. He doesn't expect us to bow and scrape to him. He is a human being, like the rest of us. We respect him as a prophet and we honor him, but we don't have to do that. If it means sacrificing my diploma, I'll go without it." The old priest thought enough of him [to] say, "Well, this is an unusual situation. I will take it up with the committee and see if we can do something about it." He changed the policy in that school. A new sheet was entered in [the] folder. "All Catholics must do this; [for] Protestants [it] is optional". He never kissed that ring. He was the only one that marched through [the] line, took [the] old cardinal by the hand, shook his hand, took his diploma and [said] "Thank you, sir," and went on through the line. He [was listed in] *Who's Who in the Universities and Colleges of the United States* that year and received a recognition pin from the *Who's Who* committee.

He has been very outstanding and a very successful dentist now living in Salt Lake City. [He] moved back to the west, established his home there, [has] a fine business, and is also a bishop in his ward. I have two bishops in my family. My third child is a daughter, the only girl we have and bless her heart, we love her. She is a wonderful girl, has a wonderful family [of] four children.

FH: [What is] her name?

AH: Nellie Joy Hardy. She did not marry in the temple. I'm sorry [for] that [but] we have hopes. Her husband was a member, he is a good boy, but he just hasn't prepared himself for temple work. She is very talented. She has a very excellent voice. We gave her a little training in vocal work and she is [a] wonderful singer. She is a wonderful mother. She has been a good student and so devoted to her family and to her home. She has a good education. She has not done anything of any great renown as far as her work is concerned. She worked on the staff of *The Salt Lake Tribune* for a number of years before she married. She [also] worked in

[some] stores. She worked for me and became a postal clerk for me in the [United States] Post Office. [She is a] very efficient and all-around good girl. We are very proud of our children and what they're doing.

We lost our fourth child at birth. We [had] just named him and he passed away. His name was Bruce [Hardy]. We are looking forward to having an opportunity to be with him and raise him somewhere, sometime.

Our last child was another boy, Carl Devon Hardy. Again, we feel that we have someone to be proud of [because he is a] very capable boy. He filled a [LDS] mission for the church down in the Central Atlantic States. He is a very brilliant boy. He had a good education. We have given all our children [an education]. He has been active in the church [and] became one of the youngest members of the Stake High Council. [He] succeeded me in the High Council here in this stake, a year or two after I was released. [He] served there until he moved away. He became very interested in following the footsteps of his older brother. In fact, I failed to mention that every one of my children, including the daughter, became the succeeding newspaper carrier in the ward here. Our first boy, my second boy, my daughter took [the route] over [and] carried newspapers, and then this fourth boy. He became a wizard at it. He was the most outstanding newspaper carrier. He became very talented and effective in journalism [and] studied it in school. [He] wanted to be a journalist.

And [the] movie business, he just ate it up! He bought a theater while he was a [young person] over in Monroe [Sevier County, Utah] and about killed himself working so hard. He could make beautiful [ideas] on paper [about] how much money he was going to make, but it didn't always work out that way. He involved himself over there until he [had to make] \$400.00 a month before he could eat. Sometimes [the] movie didn't turn back that much money, and he was really up in arms. He was making his grades, he was going along doing fine, but he said, "Dad, I can see I can't cut it. It is going to wreck my nerves and my [physical] condition." [The National] Park Service offered him a job and tried to get him to get out. He asked his sellers to come and take the movie back. He says, "I'll give you everything I've paid [for] and walk out without anything." They had a mortgage on his home here. He had bought a home down here in the process, and he rented it. He said, "All I ask is [that] you release the mortgage on the home and you can have it." He had paid \$5,000.00 on [the] place. They took it back from him on those terms and he went to work for the [National] Park Service on a temporary basis, but he couldn't get a permanent appointment. So, he quit them [and] just walked away from it. He said, "I can't afford to piddle my time away here the way this thing is a-going." So he walked away from it. He had a nervous breakdown; he was [so] worried about it.

While he was sick he hunted [for] some more work. He went to Salt Lake [City] to see if he could find something he could do. Somebody recommended that he go down and talk to the church brethren [to] see if they could help him locate [some

work]. They interviewed him, and said, “You are just what we are looking for if you’ll accept it. We need a work-missionary in California to go down and take over the office in Mountain View and help the president there with [the] office work.” He was busted [and] in debt some, so he called me long distance. “What do you think about it, Dad?” I said, “Son, it might be a good thing for you to recuperate and get back on your feet.” He said, “I can’t go without paying my bills off.” I said, “I will pay them off for you. I will loan [you] the money.” Now, I don’t believe in giving [and] handing it out on a platter to my [children]. I like them to know where it comes from. I have helped them all. I said, “I will pay these bills off and if and when you get so you can, [you can] repay me. We may need it when we get old. You can pay me back.” “That is good, dad.” He signed up and went to California.

During the period of his [LDS] mission, the church changed and closed down the work-mission program. Brother Mendenhall was over this program. They had a lot of difficulties [with] some of the building programs and they closed it down. They were laying off [the] work-missionaries right and left. He didn’t know what to do [and] was beside himself. They transferred him back to the main office in Salt Lake [City] before he got off the mission. It was while he was in Salt Lake [City] that he was just beside himself [not] knowing what to do. He had three [children] by now. He went to his boss in Salt Lake [City] and asked him what to do. [Carl] said, “I see an opening down in the post office for civil service examinations for the federal government. I took that once and I couldn’t pass it. I would like to try it again.” [His boss] said, “We will give you an honorable release if you pass [the] exam and want to go back into federal service.” He went down and in two hours he had passed [the] examination with an overbumping percentage. He sent feelers out to three or four different parks and within three weeks Death Valley [National Park] picked him up. [They] said, “We have an opening, come down.” [They took him back in on a grade-5, which was about forty-some-odd-hundred-dollars a year starting salary. He said, “I can’t live on it.” They lived there for eight months in Death Valley [when] they raised him to a [grade]-7 and transferred him to the [National Park Service Western Regional] Office [in] San Francisco [California]. He became their wage-board classification specialist for the federal government. Within a year, they raised him to a [grade]-9 and the next year he [went to a grade]-11. This year he [received] a call to come back to Washington, [D. C.] to work in the federal office. They went back and he did a little special work there. [They] gave him an appointment back there. He is on his way to Washington [D. C.] tonight. He should arrive [there] tonight or in the morning. [He is] a grade-12 [now] and been in the [park] service for four years. They tell him that within two or three years he will [move up] two more grades. [Then], if he keeps up his activities, [they] will make him a [grade]-15, which will be about \$16,500.00 a year.

This is the type of material that my [children] are made of. We shouldn’t be tooting our own horns maybe like this, but I am proud of my family. I think that we have [a] wonderful bunch of children, and they have wonderful children. [The]

oldest boy [who] lost the two [children]; his oldest son was [also] in the wreck with those children. They thought they would lose him. He was scalped. [The injuries] took the top of his head off, but they sewed it back on. He has taken a little while to get over it, but he came out of it and just returned in August from his [LDS] mission for the church.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: After such a wonderful lifetime of experience I think you are well-qualified to give counsel and advice to those who shall come after you. Perhaps you would like to tell them how you feel about them, and how you feel about life.

AH: I don't feel that I am any superior individual. I feel very humble and I have always felt that my children were superior to me. I believe in the adage that we ought to improve with age and I think that we do to a certain extent. I also think each generation should improve and I think that this has been the case in my family. They improved immensely over what their mother and I are. My wife is much better educated scholastically than I am —

DH: I am not either.

AH: — and I love her for what she has helped me do. I couldn't have accomplished anything without her. I can only say that this is the secret of any man's success, whether it's my boys or my daughter, is for their companions to be loyal and congenial with one another and to work together. This is one piece of advice that I would like to give to the grandchildren as they select their mates. As they grow up and mature, that they look back over the generations past and recognize some of the values and virtues of not being too hasty in making a choice. To analyze the background a little bit of their companion and their people. I think this is an important thing, that [the] families before us. What have they been? What have they done? Have they contributed anything to life or to the world, the community in which they live?

I think I can look with pride to my parents and grandparents that they were among the people who helped to build the bridges, kill the snakes, dig the ditches, and built the roads and pioneer some of the areas. This [area] that we live in is one of the hardest [areas] to make a living in. But there is no richer [area] in the world in heritage and circumstances that give you opportunities to grow and develop. It isn't always how much money you come out of this world with, it is what you have within your heart and how you have used your life. I believe that this is an opportunity that comes to us in these little rural areas where we have had the privilege of being born and reared up. You do develop something here that you don't get in a larger center many times. However, there are opportunities there too.

I hope that my children will recognize that the gospel has meant more to us as parents and grandchildren than any one thing that we can put our fingers on. Abraham Lincoln, I think it was, said that all he was or ever hoped to be, he owed to his angel mother. I believe that is true to a certain extent, we owe to our parents, our progenitors, except in my case particularly, what I am, I owe primarily to the church and to my wife and family. I believe the church holds number one position in my mind as to what has given me the chance for growth and development. I wouldn't trade the experiences I have had in the church for all the rest of the experiences in the whole world that I know about put together.

I have seen some wonderful things. I have seen the dead raised. I have had the opportunity in my mission to be called [from] 200 miles to go lay hands on an Indian woman who was doomed to death by all the doctors, conditions and circumstances that were surrounding her. She had seven paralytic strokes and she was in a terrible state of affairs when we arrived. I have never witnessed the two powers: the power of the lack of faith and the power of faith demonstrated as I did in that case. I went into her room on a Friday afternoon. To me, she was dead, she was gone. It was just like throwing dishwater on me; I was just chilled. I quivered; I had no hopes, nothing. It was the coldest, clammiest, empty feeling as we proceeded to anoint that woman and administer to her. I had no sensation of anything ever going to happen. We went away from there; we had to go five miles up the river to the chief's home to stay that night.

In the night, her son came for us in an automobile, screaming for us to rush to her bedside that she was dying. We drove five miles putting our clothes on as we went. We went into that room and again, that woman was as dead as I had ever seen anything go. Her husband was weeping and saying, "You are too late. She is gone." There was fifty or more Indian people gathered in that room. My companion went over and felt her pulse. He was the senior companion, Elder Wesley A. Sorenson. I named my boy for him, because I loved him so much. He felt her pulse and turned to her husband [and] said, "Brother Brown, I'm afraid she is gone." But he turned to the group and he said, "We believe the woman is dead, but if it is not the will of the Lord that she has to go, and her husband needs her, the Lord knows that. He has power to raise her from the dead. If any of you don't have that kind of faith, please leave the room."

He talked on the power of healing for five minutes [and] bore a strong testimony. We turned and anointed that woman and he sealed that anointing. I have never experienced an administration in my life like that. I could feel the power of electricity surging and shaking our beings. She was so paralyzed and had been for two weeks that she had never hardly batted an eye or moved a limb, except she could drag [her] right arm just slowly. [She] hadn't spoken a word [and] hadn't eaten. They would force a little fluid into her and that was all they could get. She opened her eyes in fifteen minutes and smiled. Then, just a few seconds later, she reached [her] little arm over and took her husband's and pulled on it. He leaned down and she whispered, "I'm alright." We stayed there the rest of the night.

She went to sleep after we administered to her [and] woke up at 5:00 [a.m.]. She rose up in bed; her husband had fallen asleep across the foot of the bed. She reached up and got a-hold of his shoulder and shook him. She called out, “John! John, wake up. We will never get a thing done today.” We were sleeping in the buggy right out the kitchen door. We jumped out and ran in. She said, “Hand me my dress; I want to get up.” She got dressed and walked across [the] room and got herself a drink of water at 5:00 in the morning. We stayed there [the] whole week and went to church Sunday. I never heard a stronger testimony from anybody than she bore in church that Sunday.

These are some of the things, and I’ve seen which —

[END OF RECORDING FOUR.]

AH: — tells me what value the church is and I’d like my children to know what the power of the priesthood can mean. I believe they do know. I believe they have that kind of faith. But, they need to have some experiences to clinch that faith and testimony. There are many things like this that can help them. I would like to thank my children for their wonderful loyalty and their support to their father and mother. They love us, I know. We love them and we want them to know it. We hope that they will have the same success with their families. May the Lord bless them, I pray.

[END OF RECORDING FIVE. END OF INTERVIEW.]