

THE LIFE STORY OF
LEONARD FORD HARRIS

audio-tape by Rex Leonard Harris
1980

edited by Martha Marie Harris Martin
July, 1993

4

Editor's Note:

Dear Family,

I thank Rex for audio-taping this history in 1980. I have checked some names of people and places to the best of my ability, but I'm sure errors exist. I would be grateful if those receiving this history might note any flaws. This history is printed and assembled in a spiral binder that will re-open easily, thus allowing additional pages to be added to Dad's life story.

If any family member or friend would like to write a favorite memory that would enhance the story we now have, please send it to me. It could be in a written form or on an audio cassette that I will transcribe. I would love to hear from you. I know of one famous story that is missing--the story about how Dad almost froze to death in Idaho. I believe he was selling dresses at the time. I'm sure there are other wonderful untold tales!

I've felt my personal life enriched as I have transcribed and edited Dad's story. I also want to expressly thank Aunt Afton Felt who has been an inspiration to me in the field of family history and geneology.

I send best wishes to you all.

Love,

Martha Marie Harris Martin

3897 Cove Drive
Provo, Utah 84604

(801) 224-0144

The life and legends of Leonard Ford Harris. Dad said he named me Ford after Henry Ford the first. I was born in Spanish Fork, Utah. I first met my mother on November the 21st, 1912. As I looked up I saw the most beautiful lady in all the world. I still say this after being with her for 67 years. The year, 1912 was not eventful until we moved to Moore, Idaho. That period I do remember because it seemed that all I did was cut potatoes for planting; clean sage brush; stock wheat; tromp hay on the stack, and thin beats. To me this was my elementary education. It is called work. I did, however, have many enjoyable childhood times. I believe I knew my father best during the Moore days. Although it seemed I worked hard (at least from a boys point of view) my Dad always found time to take me to Lost River (on top of his shoulders) fishing. He would also take us for holidays. I mention this because on one such trip we went up Little Antelope Hill. Horses were pulling our wagon with LaVerne, mother, and Mary on mother's lap; along with myself. The team started running through the sage brush. The fast speed bounced Mother and Mary, who was on her lap, out into the sage brush. Mother's legs were damaged severely. She was unable to walk for many, many weeks. Mother washed our clothes using a copper kettle and a scrubbing board. Later Dad bought her a new Vandangeld washer. What you did was boil the water on the old wood stove, dump the water and the clothes into the washer, and then pull the joystick back and forth to agitate the clothes. My job was to agitate the clothes and carry the water from the ditch, which was approximately one half block away. There is no point in telling you about living conditions in those days. I am not going to tell you about going to bed with hot bricks, the out house, walking to school through the high snow, chopping wood, putting up ice for the summer, etc. you can read all about this in your history books during the period 1912-1919. I'm going to tell you about an experience that almost ended up in

tragedy. Dad had just purchased a new Nabrisco touring automobile and it was just before an Easter Sunday. There was going to be a large celebration in Macy, Idaho. It was in celebration of the opening of the new Macy Dam. There were airplanes and carnivals, etc. up there. Dad took us all up to Macy in his new automobile. I don't think he had to drive very far to the Macy Dam celebration. The people that were with us in the automobile were Mother, grandfather Harris; Roy Hayes; Mother's sister, Mary Hayes; Clarience Hayes; LaVerne; my little sister Mary; and myself. We all had our Easter garbs on and after the celebration we were returning home. We headed from Macy back to Moore. As we drove over the Lost River bridge going back to Moore, Dad had to drive up a small hill. As he drove up this hill he evidentially lost control of the car and backed off the Lost River bridge into the river. Mother and Aunt Mary Hayes both were pinned under the automobile. Dad, and Roy, and grandfather lifted up the side of the automobile and got Aunt Mary and Mother out. I remember they'd been in the car for some time. Mary was found downstream floating on the little red chair that we'd placed in the back of the Nabrisco for her to sit during the trip. We spent some time in the hospital getting first aid attention and then returned home. After the incident Dad sold the car, or traded it rather. He got approximately 40 head of heifers, a new surrey, with a team of horses for the car. I guess other items also that I do not remember. We were very fortunate that we weren't all drown, in our accident. The river was at the highest I think that it had every been at that time. Dad had farming water problems at Moore. It seemed like all the time the farmers were fighting over who was going to get their water; what their equal share of water was. Dad and grandfather Harris were discouraged with farming and they decided to change professions. They went into road construction building in Texas. Dad went to Texas first and my Mother followed later. How mother stood

this trip with all the kids I will never know! I believe without LaVerne we would not have succeeded. LaVerne has always been a number one person and was also a second provider for our family. We ended up in ^{Cleburne} Kleber, Texas; then to Alvarado, or perhaps it was just reverse. The school days in Texas were not quite like any other school experience. Because we were Mormons, (at least most of the family were Mormons.) Mother, father and LaVerne were Mormon. I was later baptized in the Brasis River, and the mud is still in my ears. I received my ^{first} swimming lesson from Dad in this river. I guess from the times in Moore, Idaho; to Texas, fishing was always my favorite sport. I would go to the river, throw out a line-fishing and the catch was always good. We would catch large cat fish and many sand turtles which we always cut and released. I spent many happy days along the Brasis River picking pecans and just being a boy. LaVerne and I did spend many days picking cotton too. I clearly remember my first and only pair of roller skates. I picked cotton to pay for them. We spent some time in Alvarado and this is a time I most remember. My best friend in Alvarado was Monroe Johnson. On Saturday's, we would take turns selling papers to earn ten cents to go to the picture shows. The papers I remember were The Saturday Evening Post and the Chicago Ledger. We could not earn enough money for both of us to go into the show at the same time. We would each take turns every other Saturday. We would work until we had made a dime, then the one of us went to the show and the other went ahead selling papers until the next ten cents was earned. Thus we switched going to shows. Another enjoyable experience I had was with a doctor friend. He lived across the street from us. He owned a pair of hound dogs. One was a black-gray hound, the other a large wolf hound. Monroe Johnson and I would take these two hounds out hunting rabbits to keep them exercised. The doctor liked to race them at the track. Racing was a part of the town celebrations. By giving these dogs exercise, we helped Doc

keep them in shape. Doc always insisted that we carry a sponge and a canteen of water with us. After the dogs chased the rabbits; We would wash out the dog's mouth with a sponge and rub the dogs down to cool them. We made sure no damage or harm would come to the hounds. I loved and respected these dogs. Then, we would return them. We brought our rabbit kills back through Alverado hanging on our sides. The Negroe people in town would say, "Oh man, do I like those rabbits." We would always give the rabbits to the Negro people as we went through town. The town was a little odd town. It was like a city block, but had four entries into the center of town. On Saturday's and holidays, people would bring their merchandise into the town to sell or trade. LaVerne and I did not pick cotton while in Alverado. We began picking cotton when we moved to Nimo. Dad set up a tent in this small town because there were no living accommodations available. I remember the family all living in a tent with a wooden floor. We had sides built of wood up about four feet with the tent as a roof on top. I should tell you a little about Cleburne, Texas; because that was my first venture in being in business for myself. The Fryer family lived next door to us. We had stayed at the Fryer home one time while Mother and Dad went to Mexico. The Fryers had purchased a new player piano and they were discarding the piano crate. I asked if I might have this wooden crate. This piano crate was a wooden sort of a crate and very large. I found that by taking the front of the piano crate and opening it, it made a nice counter. By making a nice counter, I was able to make a little soda-water stand. I sold soda-water on the side walks in front of my home. Mother thought this was a very good idea, but she was always afraid that I would drink up all the profit. Well, I managed to accumulate some ice and Dad or mother financed me a couple of cases of soda-water. This venture became quite successful. I did make a few dimes. From this time and also when we lived in Nimo, I opened up

stands. I sold soda-water to the construction people and ended up making pretty good pocket dimes in this manner. At this time I was approximately nine years of age. It seems that from Moore, Idaho to Texas, I was always fighting with someone--because I was left handed, a Mormon, and spoke with a Northern accent. It seems everyone wanted to pick a fight with me. Larger kids would have me fight with other kids just to see if a left handed kid could actually fight and win. Dad always taught me never to fight unless I absolutely had to. But, he also said, "Son, never back away and make certain when you fight that you always strike the first blow! That is ninety percent of the fight!" I always remembered these words. I cannot say that I was never beaten up, but I can honestly say that no kid ever licked me regardless of their size-- thanks to Dad! It seems to me like fighting was a way of entertainment in those days from Texas to Idaho because we had no television. Every time I went to a different school (regardless of where it was). I always had to prove myself right off the bat. Being left handed was an automatic problem, even in school. The teachers many of the times tried to discourage me from writing with my left hand. This situation, in my life, resulted in my becoming a nervous writer. It made school feel more depressing, and it seemed that teachers and I never communicated. I was many times accused of doing things I did not do. I possessed an inferiority complex for many years. At home Dad always found plenty for me to do. He bought a cow and I named the cow Daisy. I would come to milk the cow. I would call her^{and} she would come running. I milked Daisy every evening and morning. That was my stand-by job. Dad also bought a saddle horse, named "Knock-Em-Crazy" and this horse was "corral bocky." That means that he would not ever leave the corral unless you walked him a block or two away. Then you could get on him and ride him. But, if you tried to get on the horse while he was in the corral, he would rise up on his front feet,

walk around in circles on his hind legs, and then down again, and then would not move at all! Mother was very frightened that the horse was going to injure someone. But I managed "Knock-Em-Crazy" and the way to train the horse was to walk him out of the corral. I used to haul water to the construction gang that was a few miles up the road to Nimo. The horse seemed to be smarter than any one else because right at the five o'clock time when everybody was supposed to quit, the horse would head for the barn as fast as he could go. He was an army horse. You could tell by the army brand on him and he was fast. If I hadn't been able to ride before we had received this horse, I'm sure he'd have throw me off many times. I had had a lot of horsemanship experience while I was in Moore, Idaho. As a very small child, I was able to ride. LaVerne was older than I and she was an excellent rider. She could handle "Knock-Em-Crazy" better than I! There were times when I was looking for a dime (as usual). I would get "five cent kids" together and raise a nickel by getting "Knock-Em-Crazy" to walk on his hind legs around and around in circles. For this entertainment, the kids paid five cents. I would like to relate a little incident that happened. I believe this was in Alverado. Dad was a bishop in ^{Lost River} ~~Lostaria~~. We were told by my parents that religions were good; none of them would do you any harm. So, it appeared when we were living in a Baptist community that we went to the Baptised church. If it was a Methodist community we went to the Methodist church. If Pre , we attended the Pre church. In fact, one evening, I believe in Cleborne; Dad and I went into a large tent. This happened to be a Holy Roller congregation. We took a seat along the side of the isle on the boxes that served as chairs with the rest of the people. We began looking around. It was a full Negro house. As the preacher started to talk he looked down at the isle and happened to point out Dad and myself to one of the large attendants. And said, "We can not have the devil in this

house. We cannot begin this meeting! We will ask them to leave." A large Negro man came down and I will never forget looking up at that big man. Dad and I got up and walked out of the huge tent. We waited outside and we listened and we watched. This was an experience that I will never forget. It was really a Holy Roller meeting! Another interesting experience I had while in Texas was attending a Klu Klux Klan parade. I don't recall ever going to one before. I was very, very nervous and I know mother and LaVerne were too. As the parade started, Dad said, "Watch you'll see all these men before long disappear." As we waited for the parade to start, sure enough as I looked around the only man I saw on the streets was my Dad. The parade started, and all the horses were covered with white sheets. The Klan members were covered with white sheets too, and they all carried torches that were lighted. This was about as long a parade as I have ever seen. It really was an experience and I don't particularly ever want to see another one. It didn't make me feel very good inside. While in Cleborn, Dad and Mother took a trip to Mexico because there were some friends there. They were going^{with} the Robinson's hunting party. They left us children with the Fryers family. LaVerne stayed with someone else during this period. Later on, because of this acquaintance with the Robinson's, we went into Mexico also. I will relate this experience. It seemed that all the times we were in Texas, LaVerne and I and mother complained about wanting to go back to Moore, Idaho. It was the home of our childhood days and our childhood memories. We would never be satisfied until we went back to our old hometown in Moore, Idaho. So dad gave into our desires, and left the construction business. But he really left Texas primarily because the banks were not insured. One of the bank representatives that Dad worked with stole all the cash in the bank. This theivery left Dad holding the bag for all of his construction equipment and all the money due for all the bills we owed. I understand

at that time that he had an outstanding debt, which was part of his money. This debt was over 75 thousand dollars. In that day, it was a small fortune. By liquidating equipment, Dad decided to go to Mexico to see the Robinson's. Mr. Robinson wanted Dad to come there and build a reservoir in the community of Clonito Blan. A reservoir was needed in order for them to irrigate and raise cotton. About the only possessions we had at that time were a couple of mattresses, the old tone Model-T Ford truck, our bedding and perhaps only what we were wearing. We headed to Mexico by way of El Paso, Texas. As we stopped in El Paso, Texas; Dad got us permits to go into Mexico. The boarders were different in those days. We were stopped just outside of the boarder by a group of Joshua trees to camp for the night. We were going to cross the boarder the next day into Mexico. This experience to me was quite eventful and I would like to relate it to the best of my ability. I recall Dad taking the tires off the Model-T Ford. There were large tires on each side of the truck. Just on top of the fenders, there were fender wells for the tires to sit in. Dad dismounted the tires, took the tubes out of the tires and put all the ammunition inside the innertubes. He put in the shotgun shells, the 22 shells, and the riffle shells. Dad placed patches back on the tubes and pumped the tires back up. He then put them back onto the truck. Mother and Dad took the guns all apart, put them underneath the mattresses. They carefully hid them. I said, "Dad what are you doing this for?" He said, "Son, you are not allowed to take guns into Mexico without a special permit and you can not get a special permit." This was the period after the second conquest of Pancho Villa, and out-law bandits were running through the hills. I found out on our first hunting trip or expedition into Mexico that if bandits knew you were not prepared to fight, they wouldn't disturb you. They would watch people from distances, but they wouldn't disturb them if they appeared un-armed. So, hiding all weapons was

the safest way to go. This we did. The following day, Uncle Dan and AunteE Vanna, who were with us on the trip, stopped at the boarder. Dad and AunteE Vanna were driving a pretty Model-T Ford ~~bug~~. The Mexicans had armor that I had never seen before around their shoulders and around their waists. Their six guns were frightening to me. They wanted Dan's car and it didn't appear that they were going to let us go into Mexico unless Dan sold them that red ~~bug~~ ^{car}. I can recall Dad and Uncle Dan setting out a large sheet on the ground. Dad was fearful that we were going to be searched. He quickly told mother to get out the jam and the jelly that we carried with us. She spread some jam and some jelly on homemade bread. We gave the Mexicans the jam and the jelly. They thoroughly enjoyed it, but they still insisted on the car. AunteE Vanna will remember this, because I know that they paid Uncle Dan 75 dollars for his car. This was a lot of money. They got out their money bags and began counting. At that time a peso was worth 50 cents. So, for the 75 dollars they gave Uncle Dan 150 pesos. That was the most money that I had ever seen at one time in my whole life. We loaded our belongings and headed into Mexico to Cony Du Blan through Sanora and some other towns. In Mexico, late at night, we were camped in a small wash. We were just bedding down for the night when a Mexican came running into camp, like he was frightened. We didn't know what had happened. He was speaking to Dad and Dad could understand a little Spanish. He had a truck that had broken down in a swamp and he couldn't get it out. I was told later, that he was smuggling matches into Mexico. He was scared because if he was caught smuggling matches he would have been put up against a wall and shot without any ado. He was very grateful we towed his truck into his little village. We stayed in the village over night and the next morning his wife prepared breakfast for us. What a breakfast! It will live in my memory all my life! She baked us tortillas over hot coals. Her dirty brown hands appeared awful to me!

Plus, the goats milk made it so I could not stomach breakfast! I went without my breakfast that morning. But, Dad, had the constitution, or a stomach of steel, and he seemed to enjoy every bite. Mother and the rest of us waited and we ate later. Dad did tell me once when he had had a Sunday dinner in Cleborn, Texas. We went out to dinner and the people serving us had possum. Dad happened to throw one of the pieces of possum meat down and watched one of the dogs come over and sniff it. The dog would have nothing to do with it. Dad said, "Son, if a dog won't eat something, I won't eat it." But he did eat the tortillas. How many days it took us to get into Conia du Blan or Sanora I don't remember. We stayed where the Robinson's were. We spent a week or so there. I walked out with Mr. Robinson, through the cotton fields and the apple orchards. Dad and he discussed the project and Dad developed the construction plan of this reservoir. Dad and mother and the family later went back to Idaho. Dad was going to dispose of his property in Idaho and then return to Mexico in order to build this dam. We left some of our belongings in Mexico. But we never did return to Mexico. I found out later that Mr. Robinson, was a polygamist. This was his reason he stayed in Mexico at this time. He offered Dad two of his daughters as "extra wives". Mother would have no part of this and this I believe was the main reason we never did return to Mexico. On our way back to Idaho we picked up a hitchhiker. A man who eventually went into business with dad (I think). Dad always liked to befriend people and this man came out of Mexico with us. I think we lost him somewhere around El Paso or further north, I do not recall. But I do remember coming back from Mexico, and crossing the continental divide. How we would all have to get out, and push the car because it had more power in reverse than it did in low. We would back the car up and push the car up each hill. We all got out-mother, me, LaVerne, and even little sister Mary. (Lola was a baby)

Afton was with us at this time also. We had our whole family with us, except Robert, who was born later. Our entire family pushed this car up hills in reverse. While Dad ventured out through the desert country he had a habit of measuring the height of the cactus plants as we would cross. He also measured the height of the cotton, the height of the corn, the height of the wheat. He seemed to have a desire to perform this task. My dad grew up in Eureka, Utah and he worked in the mines. He later was trained by a German gentleman to become a carpenter and master builder. But Dad always loved the wide open spaces. Dad never was a successful farmer. His vocation was construction. He was a builder, his grandfather was a builder and his grandfather before him was a builder. So it has been in the Harris blood to be contract carpenters by trade. I do remember another frightful experience on our way back from Texas. Along the route Dad was always hunting food for us with a shot gun. One particular evening he went out hunting quail. As a covey of quail flew up, Dad, being an excellent shot; went to fire the gun. The gun breached, opened up, and back fired. Dad's eyes were powdered burned.

His face and his skin were burned, I was afraid that he was never going to be able to see again! "Boy," I thought "Oh, what are we going to do? What are we going to do? Mother can't drive, how are we ever going to get home?" By putting bandages over Dad's face, mother nursed him along and for several days. He was in terrific pain. While I'm speaking of Dad it was always said that Dad had great foresight. At his funeral (the largest that I have ever attended.) I heard it quoted that he was a very exceptional man and could have been governor or been a great politician because of his honesty and his love for his fellow man. His honesty was never questioned. Even to this day, people who remembered my Dad say, "Are you the son of Mr. John E. Harris the former warden and chief of police of Provo, Utah?" I am proud to say that I am. I have to speak of Dad as I

remember him. I keep bringing mother and dad into my life because they were my life and still are. At this time I was between 10 and 11 years of age. We lived and ate out of a one tone Model-T Ford truck for approximately one month or longer. We did this from Mexico to Idaho. I will never know how my mother coped. Imagine taking care of our clothes, washing us and feeding us under these conditions. I think this experience was similar to crossing the plains. I still can't figure out? How did we manage food and gasoline and spare parts for the truck? This brings me now to St. George, Utah. I remember St. George because Dad and I walked up to where workers were just pouring the footings for the new L.D.S. temple there. Dad wanted to get back to Moore, Idaho so we could put in some fall grain and put some spring potatoes. We would need food on the table for the coming summer. I guess we had been starving for fruit because I always craved bananas. All my life my mother would say that she would do anything in the world if she could give Leonard all the bananas he wanted just one time! Bananas throughout that period were not available because of the price. They was so high we were not able to afford them. But we were able to use the old copper kettle that mother used to boil the clothes for something. Dad and mother filled up the boiler with pomegranates. I can recall going from St. George to Idaho; LaVerne, myself and Mary sitting in the back of the Model-T Ford truck. We ate pomegranates out of the copper boiler all the way to Moore. Mother brought the kettle with us (I guess that's how she cleaned the clothes with the scrubbing brush and the copper kettle on the trip home). Boiling water out the rivers and ditches, is how she always kept us clean. Although our clothes were torn and we had holes in the seat of our pants, we were clean. She said there is one thing we can always have and that is clean clothes. Back to Moore... well this is where we all wanted to be. But upon returning, it was not as wonderful as we had expected. We were like strangers in

must have
seen
the
building
St. George
Temple
was
built
in 1877.

a new country. Mary, LaVerne, and I all had southern accents. I was still left handed and it still seemed like all the kids wanted to do to was knock me off ice skates or fight in some way. It was always the larger boys that would say I had called somebody some name in order to set up a good fight. Like I said, again-no televisions! Just fist fights! Dad managed to plant the grain and put in a good crop the following spring. He had one thing in mind and that was that he was supposed to go back to Texas. He needed to get rid of what equipment he had left. Then, he would return to Idaho. But, it seems, that on his way back to Texas he stopped in Salt Lake City to visit some cousins of his named Stirl and Al Harris. They owned the Harris Brother's Dairy in Salt Lake City. They convinced Dad that he should open up a branch of the Harris Brother's Dairy in Provo. Dad came back to Provo and started this branch. It was called the Dairy Products Company. It was located where the Provo Civic Center is at this time. That is the block and the street where the Dairy Products Company was located.

Dad got into the dairy business. Stirl and Al furnished the milk and after he had this business established he sent for mother and the family to move to Provo. We came from Lost River down through Idaho, and stopped at Aunt Mary Hayes' home in Rigby, Idaho for several days. This was just before Christmas time. It had been snowing and Clarene^e and I had hitched a ride on a bobsled over to another town. We had to walk home and we didn't get home till way late that night. The next morning we had to catch the train headed to Provo, Utah. We got off the train at Provo. Dad had us stay at Uncle Frank and Aunt Jose Harris' along with Carl and Richard and Mary, who was Aunt Mary Haffen at this time.

We stayed there until a home was available for us. This was my Dad and mother's home on third west and ^{second} third south, in Provo. It was a large two story red brick home and we spent our first Christmas in this home. I remember that it was very cold and we had very little for Christmas that

winter. Richard Harris gave me a hickory bowl that he had made and I became attached to it. Also, a used ^{sleigh}slay became most of my Christmas presents. I felt bad about receiving a used ^{sleigh}slay, but after I found out that it could outrace any kid on the hill, this ^{sleigh}slay became the favorite! All the other kids in the neighborhood envied my slay! Christmases were very eventful for us, but I don't know how mother and dad felt about them. I can't believe they were enthusiastic about Christmas when Christmas trees were not available. In Texas, we would go many many miles with the handcart and dad would

bring home a Christmas tree. Having a tree for Christmas in Idaho was also a tradition. Christmas was not Christmas without a Christmas tree. Although we had popcorn on the trees and perhaps smaller items, Christmas was primarily apples, potatoes, oranges, and certain little snacks that could be picked out of the grocery store. I could tell how tight money was. Back to Idaho for a moment. Mother always sent me to the store. I had to walk quite a distance. I was often going for a gallon of coal oil for our lamps. On the top of the coal oil, mother always put a potato to keep the coal oil from splashing out as I walked along. But just before I'd get to the store, I'd take the potato off and ditch it underneath a bush. Then, I'd walk into the store, to get the coal oil. The clerk would always say, "Where's the cap for your coal oil son?" I'd say "I don't have one." So the clerk would take a big black gum drop and put it over the top of the coal oil as a cap to keep the coal oil from spilling. After I got out of the store and down the road away, I would take the gumdrop off, put the potato cap back on. I would eat the gum drop and go home! So, I'd always look forward to going after the coal oil because I always knew there'd be a gumdrop in it for me! There is no point of me going into much detail about how we lived. We went to bed with hot bricks put into the oven. We also had to go outside to the outhouse. We read by the coal oil lantern. (This was even before the gas lantern was perfected.)

Also, how we had to put up ice in the winter time, so we'd have ice for fruit and vegetables to stay cool in the summertime. We chopped wood for winter and pitched hay in the summer. We did the things we had to do in order to survive. I'm sure that you can read in your history books the things that happened from 1912-1919. Now, back to the dairy business in Provo, Utah. It seems like I was always being given a job to do. One of the first things that I did after we got back to Provo^{was} work ~~at~~ a job washing bottles at nights. I got out of washing bottles, for some time that winter because we were all quarantined. We had one of the heaviest winters I can remember. We all had the mumps, then we had the measles, then the chicken pox. Why, I think we had every disease that you can imagine. We'd already had small pox and the flu while at Lost River. So, eventually we were more or less immune to many diseases. During the dairy times in Provo I had a very good friend named Victor Bullock. He and I would solicit customers. Dad would pay us a percentage for every new customer that we received. We'd always take an extra quart of milk along to sell with. We would add a little extra cream to the quart to show the people the cream line on our milk in order to sell it. It was a little cheating on our part, and Dad never knew about this or if he would have never allowed it. The pay that I received was never an allotment, or even a salary, Dad just handed me a dime here and there. He had a way of getting me a dime here and a dime there (without being too conspicuous). A lot of times people would leave the money in the bottom of the milk bottle that they owed. When I'd pick up the milk bottles I'd have cash in the milk bottle. It seemed like it was safe in those days to leave cash in the milk bottle. I used to sell suckers (worms) for extra money. We'd go the Provo river and take a gunny sack. We'd snag these suckers in the Provo River and then we'd go down to the ice house and pick up the ice that was left along the tracks from the packers who would pack the fruit in the ice cars. We'd

deliver suckers to the neighbors for 25 cents a dozen-all cleaned, scaled, skinned. I think this was my best venture. I also started an apple cider business. We would buy cider from Mr. Poluson at 20 cents a gallon, then I would pedal the cider for 30 cents a gallon. I had a neighbor named Mr. Shirts. He was from Escalante and he said, "Kid, if you'll take this cider and buy it by the 50 gallon drum, you can take it in the garage and add a little sugar and a little yeast, I think you'd be able to sell it for 50 cents a gallon." He said, "I'll be a very good customer to you." Mr. Poulson arranged for me to get a 50 gallon drum. I bought the cider and I put the 50 gallon drum of cider in the garage. I added a little of the artesian water that we had inside the garage along with some sugar like he said. After I prepared it the way he had suggested, he was my first customer. He bought five gallons of my cider at 50 cents a gallon and you know what?-I could not keep in cider.

It sold so fast! I would come home every Saturday with my pockets just lined with silver. I do not remember how much money I made selling cider, but I do know that it was a fairly good venture! (Especially around Thanksgiving time.) We used to sell walnuts also. Finally I got a job with my Uncle Roy Harris, delivering milk. He was staying at my Uncle Walter Startup's house down in the basement. I'd walk from third west clear over to Uncle Walter's house. I'd wake up Uncle Roy every morning around two o'clock. I could never get him out of bed! Then we'd go hitch up the team, load the wagons and deliver the milk. But I did find out one thing-that horses are really smart. You could take a quart of milk to one neighbor and carry a carton of milk through the block and by the time you got around the block the horses would be waiting for you at the next station. Once the horses knew the route, you never had to worry. They knew the route better than you did and if you'd miss a customer they'd stay there until you delivered that other quart of milk before they'd go on. In fact, while I'm

talking about the milk wagon, I remember that, the milk wagon provided the first date that I had. It was a friend of Mary's who was my first date. She would come over to see Mary all the time. Her name was Fader ~~Dyesdale~~. It took a lot of courage to ask her for a date for this one Sunday. After Sunday school, I went down and hooked up the team of horses and got the milk wagon and drove around to pick her up and we went for a ride in the milk wagon. That was my first bonified date. While we were in the dairy business I think I had 80 or 90 rabbits as pets. While we were in Texas, I don't believe I ever ate a rabbit. They were a great enjoyment for me and I spent many hours with them. So, when we came back to Provo from Idaho I managed to buy a registered doe and a registered buck. These were what we called New Zealand Reds, if I recall. I did receive a first prize for these rabbits in the County Fair and they grew and multiplied to the point that I had over 50 rabbits. I don't know why, but I loved animals and I guess I always will. A young friend of mine that lived down the street came from Norway. He could speak very little English. He was approximately my age, about 12 or 13 years of age. So, he wanted to trad~~e~~ me a door lock, one of these large Norweigin locks, for one of my new born bunnies, that had just been weaned. It was a lock like a door lock for barn door, or something like that-like a slay maker lock. I took this lock, but I didn't know what I was going to do with it. I had nothing to lock, but I gave him this bunny and he took it home. I didn't sleep that night at all. I was afraid that he'd starve the bunny, or sleep on the bunny or he'd suffocate the bunny, or he wouldn't feed it. So, first thing in the morning as soon as it was bright, I got out of bed I picked up the lock. I took the lock back to his house and gave him the lock and picked up my rabbit. I took it back to the barn. I already had 75 or 80 rabbits. I did not want to see this rabbit damaged so therefore I gave him back the lock for the rabbit. During this Provo period,

from 12 and up I went to Junior High School and Provo High School. While we were in Provo, LaVerne was one of our main providers along with our sister Mary. Both were very attractive and beautiful girls and they worked at the movie theatres. Later, LaVerne became an employee of the Provo Herald. And this was the making of my downfall! It seemed that I had developed a habit for work and that she wasn't going to let me down, or let me play either! Every year, the day before school got out, there'd always be a classified ad that came out in the paper. At her expense, she'd print: "Boy want's work," she would include my telephone number. Naturally she kept me busy through the summer. I'd pick apples, pick cherries, peaches, raspberries, pull weeds, thin beats, you name it; I did it. ^{max Grey} Maskerin (a friend) and I saved up, by collecting classified ad work, because of LaVerne. I would get 10 cents or 30 cents collected on classified jobs. So, after I had collected enough from the ads I decided to do something. With the first five dollars I made from classified adds business, I bought a Model-T Ford pickup truck. I put a flat bed on it. Then I went around hauling trash. My friend ^{MAX GREY} Maskerin would help. We would gather up the trash and haul the trash down to the dump for people for 50 cents a load. In those days people had stockers and ~~k~~linckers and firewood and ashes and that was about approximately 90 percent of what we hauled. Trash from their yards was another part of our business. We'd also clean out people's basements. We worked diligently at this hauling, this trash, and cleaning business. Well, this became a little too much! The following summer we decided to go into the fruit business. From capitol we had saved, we went to the civic fruits center and bought some fruit. We bought oranges, lemons, and a few watermelons, we'd set up shopkeeping with a fruitstand between Provo and Spanish Fork. We choose a different place every Saturday. After school and at night, we could, we'd sell fruit. This is how I started in the

fruit business. I will tell you about this more later also. LaVerne was always coming to our families aid. If we needed shoes, clothing or anything like this, even extra groceries, LaVerne was always on hand to help. I did manage later on, to help too. Dad went to work for Startup's Candy Factory. By the way, going back to the Dairy Business. The Harris Brothers came to Dad and from what I understand they wanted to form a dairy corp. At this time they forced Dad out of the dairy business because he wouldn't join a corp. They cut off his milk supply and because his milk supply was cut off, he had to quit the dairy business. This corp. was later the downfall of Steril and Al Harris, both the dairy business. I understand that Steril and All sold out for a good sum of money during the depression. Steril took his part of the money and invested in apartment houses in Salt Lake. Al Harris, I believe, still stayed in the Dairy business, but opened up these dairy product stores /fast food stores/ around the country. He was one of the first people to open up a Dairy Queen in the state of Utah. They were very energetic people. I'd like to mention also that during this period in Provo mother always found ways to help make ends meet. Because Startup Candy was not a very good provider, and my Dad's route was out through ^{Paggett} Dagot county; through Lone Tree, Wyoming; he was away from home almost 30 days at a time. His pay days were not certain. He had no income, only as he would sell and the merchants would pay Startup's. Only then did dad receive his commission. During the meantime, mother had cousins that had come to Utah from England. I recall some of them: the Bendalls, the Bigs, the Grifices, all boarding at mother's while they got jobs. They were able to get work in a hurry. They were outstanding people and good workers. Mother with her family of six took in boarders to help subsidize our income. I can also recall going to the dairy when skim milk was free to help the food needs of the family. Later the dairy charged two cents a gallon, to pay for the pumping of the milk into

your container. At ~~two~~^{5¢} cents a gallon, we lived on skim milk primarily and five cents for hamburger meat. During this period of time we had mother's half brother, Harold Wilson, live with us also. I later got Harold to come to Idaho with me. Hal Cole and Harold would take me up to Clear Field, in Carbon County. We would haul coal. We would pick up the coal at a dollar and a half a ton and deliver it into the basements for three dollars a ton. But, by paying our gasoline and oil and all there was not a lot of profit in this. But, it was a way of making an extra 10 cents. Harry became a very, very dear friend of mine along with mother's brother who was later killed in an automobile accident. His name was Uncle Dan Pitman. We were very close. I have a lot of friends that I have associated with over the years. They have been a great inspiration in my life. I graduated from Provo High School in 1933 and during my high school years I excelled in athletics. I seemed to enjoy running and jumping. I also played basketball for Provo High School and later went into MN basketball. I was an end on the Provo High School football team. We took second in the state and I was told later by several coaches on the university level that if I weighed another hundred pounds I would have made a great college athlete. But being only 129-132 pounds in those days was very light. As an end I could run fast. I could deceive people and I guess that's the only reason I made the football team in the first place. After graduating from High School, I went to work for the Provo Fire Machine Company. I'd waited until now to tell you about the Provo Machine Company because this is a new experience. During my period of picking cotton and also picking water melons, (picking almost anything you want to imagine) I had made a decision. After seeing season after season of picking strawberries, under the hot sun- I had had it! Picking was out of my line from now on! I went and put my application in at the Provo cannery. But, before the cannery opened, I

would walk there two or three times a week and meet the manager. I'd ask him for a job 'cause I wanted to be one of the first ones hired. After about four weeks of going down there, three times a week. He finally said "We're not going to open up for another three or four days, but I'm so tired of seeing you come down here all the time that I want you to come down here and start cleaning up! You can also start a little greasing of the machines and things like that." So, when we did start up in the next three or four days I was ready to go. So, he said, " You report to me for work at eight o'clock in the morning." I said, "OK". The next day Mother put me up a lunch in a brown paper bag and I headed on down toward the cannery. I was passing the old Provo Firing Machine Gun Company where Albertson's is currently located, on fifth west and center street in Provo. Andy Drisdale, the father of a girl I mentioned I had taken on my first buggy ride date, was sitting out on the steps. He was smoking a cigarette and said "Where are you going Leonard?" I said "Well, I brought my lunch, I decided maybe I was going to come and work for you at the Foundry." "Well," he said, "your not kidding?" And I says "No, I have my lunch. I'm ready to go to work." And he says "Well, why don't you go in and see a man in the shop. He's just walking in, he has on brown cover-alls. Ask for Arval." I did not know it at this time, but Arval was his son-he had twins named Arval and Sheldon. mr. Andy Drisdale was one of the finest mechanics I have ever know. I asked for Mr. Sheldon as I was told to. He said, "I'm Mr. Sheldon, what do you want." I said, "Mr. Drisdale outside said that you have a job for me and that you'd put me to work if I'd talk to you. I have my lunch and I'm ready to go to work." "OK, kid, grab a broom and start sweeping." I did not ask how much they paid, I did not care. I never did get back to the cannery, and this has bothered me all these years. I wonder what that man is thinking? "That kid wanted a job until he got one and then after he got a job didn't show up. Lazy kid."

That's what I imagine he said. But I began sweeping floors at the Foundary and that was a period where I really earned my money. I swept floors for nine hours a day and my first pay check showed that I was making 20 cents an hour. Well this was good. I did it after school, at nights, and on Saturdays. In the summer time I was able to work all during the summer session. I also went back and forth to work for Startup's Candy Factory for 70 cents an hour. This was just prior to the depression, before 1929. The depression hit us in Utah about 1929. From about 1929 until the year I graduated, in 1933, things were real rough. To pay for my tuition and books, I had to wash all the windows in the Parker School. That was one way of earning an extra dollar. It seemed like you just had to go out and hunt and hunt for something to do. I know many times mother would have to send me down to Startup's Candy Factory for help. It appeared to me I was begging for five dollars, because she would always say, "Ask Mr.Startup for five dollars. We need milk and we need things for us to eat." So I would go down to Startup's Candy factory and ask for five dollars, hoping that they would give me ten or more. But, I don't believe that I ever received over five dollars at any one time. During this period, from 1929 on to 1933 the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company had work off and on-off and on again all the time. After graduation I borrowed some money on an insurance policy that I had. Mother and I had been making premiums payment for several years. I had 60 dollars in interest accumulated on my insurance policy. Mother's half-brothers, Earl and Harold Wilson, were living in Magna at this time. I hitchhiked a ride up to Magna. I asked if they had a car. I knew that they had two or three old klunkers around. Earl had a touring car that he said I could borrow. So, I took the touring car and I came to Provo. I took the 60 dollars from the insurance and headed up to Salt Lake. I went to the Salt Lake fruit market and bought a little fruit, like I had been doing in the past. I

knew my way around a little bit. I purchased a load of fruit, filled the back of the car, and took oranges and what else I could buy with 60 dollars. There was just room in the front seat for me. I headed to Idaho. After over a day on the road, at 10 o'clock at night I pulled into a service station, north of Idaho Falls. It was called the Fairway Service Station. Ross Johnson was the owner. I said I would like to get some gas. He said, "What are you selling kid?" I said, "I'm selling fruit." "What are you going with it?" "Well," I said, "I have an Aunt up in Rigby and maybe I'm going to head up that way until I can find a place. I'll stay and sell my produce." "Well," he said, "kid why don't you park right over here? There are trucks that come here all the time from California. They stop here over night and in two or three days when they've sold their whole load, they go again. I said, "Well, how much will it cost to stay over here?" He told me, "Until someone charges you something it won't cost you anything will it?" And I said that. I appreciated that very much. It was getting almost midnight. I unloaded enough fruit from the front seat in order to lie down and sleep until morning. I woke up with the sun and set my fruit out on the side of my truck. I was open for business. During the day Ross said to me, "Why don't you build a fruit stand here and sell your fruit? You might work up a fairly good business." I said, "Mr. Johnson, how can I build a fruit stand. I barely have enough money left to pay you for the gas I bought." He said, "Well, you make a list of what you need and, take it down to this lumber yard. Ask them if they'll take it on account for 30 or 60 or 90 days." Then, I said "You think they will do that?" And he told me, "Well you'll never know unless you try." So, I thought, I have six years of shop work, between Provo High School, and Junior High School. (Mr. Asil Fisher was my High School teacher.) I knew I could build a fruit stand. I'll get back to the fruit stand in a minute. By the way, Mr. Fisher said that I was had an

outstanding mechanical ability and I should major in wood work and become a shop teacher. Well, from this experience I was going to become a shop teacher. I went to BYU to register. I stood in line and I went into the shop. I talked to the instructor and they were teaching what I had already received. Loosening tenant joints, how to make a block of wood square, how to build a piece of furniture. I looked the situation over and maybe my downfall of was not having a dime in my pocket. My father had to sign a loan with the president of the University who was a Mr. Harris at this time, (a relative I presume.) A note to get me into college, (I knew that my Dad did not have the money) and he couldn't have paid it back in the next ten years under the conditions that we were living. So, when I got up next to the window to register with my loan, I decided against it and walked away. So, that is as close as I got to going through the University. Back to the fruit stand. I made a list of about what size of a fruit stand I would want. I knew how to figure board feet. I gave the lumber man the amount of lumber I needed in two by fours and also the nails, etc.. I went to the lumber yard and presented my proposition. I explained what I was doing and what I intended to do for the next year. Low and behold, at two o'clock the next afternoon a truck came out with all the lumber I had ordered, plus two gallon cans of white paint. I found out later that the man who had given me the lumber was Ross Johnson, the man who owned the service station. It was his brother who owned the lumber yard. I knew he had evidently called his brother. Ross Johnson ran a light over to me, so I had lights in the evening. I opened up the fruit stand and put my produce out on the street where people could see it. Later on, Harry Wilson came up and I returned the touring car to Earl. Harry and I bought a used truck in Salt Lake City. We stayed in the fruit business, Harry and myself, until the fall came and it started to snow. We closed up the fruit shop and by then the Provo

Firing Machine Gun Company had opened up again. I went back to work for the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company. At this time they'd given me a raise from 20 cents an hour to 35 cents an hour. I worked the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company again for a short time and I was again laid off. My Dad said, "Son, you're going to have to learn a skill. You're going to have to be able to do something in this life because if you don't you'll never be able to make a living." He said that since he was Chief of Police in Provo, he knew a Mr. Woudnt at the bureau of identification and investigation in Salt Lake City. He said he might give you a job. It might be an opportunity of learning how to become associated with police enforcement work. You might be able to work into the bureau of identification and investigation for the government. Dad said that, "They would not pay any money, but I could learn. I've made arrangements for you to go up there, providing, we can find a place for you to board. I had a relative, on the Smith side, an Aunt Emma Smith. She was a member from the old Mormon polygamist group. She related many many stories about her father and how he used to bury his beard underneath his coat, to hide that he was a Mormon. They were more or less being persecuted because of the polygamy. So, I stayed with Aunt Emma Smith and the board was five dollars a week. This entitled me to two meals-a breakfast and an evening meal, but no lunch. I worked at the Bureau of Identification and Investigation, under Mr. Woudnt in Salt Lake. I was taught finger printing, show up, classification, etc. in preparation of becoming an FBI agent. Well, a Mr. Foxly at the sheriffs office in downtown Salt Lake City needed a vacation. Having no other person that was qualified to take care of his job, he asked me to fill in. I did this free. I would leave the Bureau of Identification, walk down to the City and County Building, do the show up work, the photography work, etc., and then go back up to the capitol. Back home in the evening to Aunt Emma Smith's house. In

Salt Lake City the Greyhound Bus depot is now where her home was located. For nine months, I was there and I was educated in this work. I recall the only lunch during this time was when I would go to the city and county building to take care of Mr. Foxly's work. Then, I would have a meal along with what they served the prisoners. It was not too bad. It was good soup and I could receive my lunch. I worked in Salt Lake City for nine months and I never knew what it was like to ride in an automobile. I walked up to the capitol, back to the City and County Building, back to the capitol, and finally to Aunt Emma Smith's home. There would be times when mother would be late in sending the five dollars for my board and room. When the five dollars didn't show up on time, I went to bed without any dinner that night. It was very hard for me to sit on the lawn and watch other people while they were having their lunch. I was walking around Salt Lake City with out even a dime for a cup of coffee. It got to the point that I couldn't live like this any longer. I was used to having a dime in my pocket, and being independent. I decided to leave and was made an offer of pay at 90 dollars a month to work at the Bureau of Identification. But my machinist experience and background entered into the picture. The year was 1927. I did know how to run drill presses and to run lay, and to do other kinds of machinist work. Machinists were getting 75 cents an hour. I said 90 dollars a month is not for me, when I can pick up my machinist tools and go to work for 75 cents an hour. Therefore, I left the Bureau of Identification, and went back to the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company. My Dad was still Chief of Police. I set up the police files for fingerprinting and show up. This gave me an in on doing photography work also. Later, a friend of mine, Marine Davis, helped me create my own dark room. I got some photography equipment and developed pictures way into the morning. At night, I taught Marine the little I knew about developing film and he told me later on, when he came back

from the service, (the second world war) that he made a lot of money from developing film while he was overseas. So, this was beneficial to him as well as myself. Things, during the depression never seemed to get any better. In fact, they were becoming worse. Bob Olson (my sister Mary's husband) at that time, had been in Vernal. He had tried various financial ventures. He and Mary were married at the time. I was getting up there in age-I would say, I was now in my 20 year period, 24 to be exact. Without any steady work, there was no point looking for someone to marry, or even get associated with-let alone falling in love. There was no means of support. I always felt like it would be foolish for any person to get married until they could support a wife and a family. So, that's the reason I stayed single. Bob Olson, and several other people were forming a group to sell dresses. The dress venture looked fairly good to me. It was something that I could get out on the road to do. At this particular time dad had just gotten a job as assistant warden at the penitentiary in Salt Lake City. So, with Bob's influence, I got indoctrinated in the selling business. Well, I bought a 1929 Plymouth Coupe. I borrowed the money for my dresses and hit the road. I pointed out earlier in my story as a result of being left handed I had a little inferiority complex. It was very difficult for me to approach young ladies and try to sell them dresses. But a vacuum cleaner salesman in Boise, Idaho, gave me a low down on selling. He gave me a pretty good lecture that I will not repeat. He made me believe that I could sell, if I put my mind to it. Within three months, I was the third highest salesman for Intermountain Knitting Mills. "The gift of gab" I guess has stayed with me. I came back to Provo and headed out on the road once again. I went to see my Uncle Earl who was working out at the Salt Lake Sodium Plant. Just before I got to Salt Air, my car broke down, My pistons went through the block and burned up the engine. This happened to be just before the MIA day at the Salt Air

Resort. I walked over to Salt Air Resort; several miles away. The car was broken down just outside of Magna. I walked in the gate and asked a person who the manager was. A man pointed to the manager. A young kid was close by with a broom and I said, "Hey kid, let me borrow your broom." So, taking this broom in hand, I walked over toward the manager, and I got close to him. I started sweeping the floor around him. I said, "How about a job, sir, I need a job. I have no place to go and I need a job." He looked at me and said "It looks like you've already got a job." I said, "Thank you very much". I started sweeping. That night he got in contact with me and told me he had a lot of balloons to blow up. He had to set balloons out all over tables. I blew up the balloons, red, green, pink, purple, orange, you name it. Young girls came around to see the balloons and to set them on the tables. I would say what color of gas do you want. Do you want red gas or blue gas? Then, I would fill up the balloon telling them that this was the red gas in the red balloon and the orange gas in the orange balloon. Anyway the manager must have heard what I was saying, because he said, "I've got a better job for you.

I want you to run a concession." So, he gave me a job, running concession and I stayed running concessions all that summer until the resort closed down. At the end of the summer I went with Earl Wilson and went to work at the Salt Lake Sodium Plant. I got the job, because I had experience in Manilla, Utah for my Dad. I had done construction prospecting, blasting, and powder work. I had experience with powder and, doing construction assessment work. I got the job as chief powder monkey on the Bonneville Salt Flats. It was 100 degrees plus out there! Drilling holes, setting the dynamite caps, blowing up the sodium were my jobs. My salary then was 75 cents an hour; 10 hours a day, 6 days a week. I was making more money than I had ever made in my life. I worked there throughout that winter. During that time I would make trips down to Provo. I bought a new 1937

convertible car and became acquainted with Beth Kay, (my future wife). I met Beth at a dance in Spanish Fork. After meeting Beth, I made several trips to Eureka to visit her. I was also still going to the sodium plant to work. The Salt Air Resort closed down. (Editor's Note: This summer, 1993, Salt Air re-opened!) my Dad at that time requested me to go out and do assessment work for Dagot County. Being acquainted with powder work I could do this. I also went back to the Salt Lake Sodium Plant for a time. I was laid off at the Sodium Plant. Well, upon coming home to Provo there was no money. I was out of work. I spent money about as fast as I made it I guess. I still owed some money on my car and what have you. I decided that I would get into some kind of business for myself. A group of people had put an add in the paper, that offered a donut business for sale. So, I investigated in this donut business. I had coffee with the owners and donuts at night. I watched them for three or four days. Eventually, I told them that I would buy the business. They wanted 300 dollars for the business. I didn't have 300 dollars in the bank. I still owed money on my car. Mr. Nelson at the bank said if I couldn't even pay the interest on what I already owed him that he'd be silly to lend me any more money. I said, "Yes, I guess you would Mr. Nelson." So, I went over to the finance company of Mr. Brawdose. He loaned me the 300 dollars at 33.3 percent interest. This is how I got into the donut business. I said, "Well, I have no security, just my signature, how come your loaning me the money." Mr. Brawdose said "Well, I think you have an honest face." I said, "Thank you very much, and I guarantee that I'll return the money. After I'd been in the donut business for several months and things were looking up, it looked like I had a steady job and I could support a family. I was still driving from Dagot County out to Eureka to see Beth and then back to Dagot County. Beth and I, decided to get married. I was going on about 27 years of age at this time. We've

had quite a go of it during the donut business period. Beth would get up at two o'clock in the morning, come down and help me pound out donuts, till eight o'clock in the morning. We'd load the donuts on a tray and put them in my '37 convertible car. I took the rumble seat out of it and made a tray in the back of the car, with many shelves. It had doors and it became my delivery wagon. I started delivering donuts at about 50 dozen donuts around Provo a day; (with Beth's help). Beth and I would stop in at Ray Bradberry's cafe in the mornings while the dough was coming up. We'd have our breakfast and a cup of coffee, or I would bring some coffee down to her and she would stay until I was on the route, delivering the donuts. After the route I would go back to Old Sill House, buy my supplies, get my shop cleaned up, get my batter ready and start baking again about eight o'clock that night. I would average about three to four hours a night sleep for three and a half years. Well, I was also able to manage during this donut period to work a little extra at the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company. I attempted to build my first home and bought a lot for 300 dollars. I gave them 50 dollars down, then, I applied for a loan, for 350 dollars and by gosh, it surprised me, they approved it! We could not afford to live in the house I built, unless we rented part of it. So, we rented the upstairs and we lived in the basement to make the payments on the home. (Editor's note: this is the home in Provo, 600 N. 147 W. Dad built it himself and it hasn't changed much.) The donut business got in trouble when the war came along. Sugars and oils were not available. I had to give up the donut business. The Provo Firing Machine Gun Company wanted me to come back and work for them, which I did. I worked for the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company for a time. Then, later on, the Remington Arms Company in Salt Lake City needed machinists. It was an arms plant and I was able to transfer from the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company up to Dupoint Corporation at Remington Arms. I worked for

Remington Arms for approximately a year, driving back and forth to work-Salt Lake to Provo. It was apparent that they were going to put me on only one machine all the time and make a machine operator out of me. I was not a machine operator. I was a classified machinist and I would not accept this inferior job. So, I quit. Beth was very upset, because I had a very good job. The floors were clean, I could wear a bow tie and white shirt. She had always been used to me coming home from the Foundry with grease all over my face and my arms and no shower facilities at the Foundry and in the winter time it was quite miserable. Beth had quite the job in washing my clothes. The hours I worked were long, but they raised my wages to \$1.10 an hour and I was getting 90 cents an hour at Remington Arms. So, this was very good. It seemed like the only time I ever received a raise with Provo Firing Machine Gun Company was when I would quit. Then they would always offer me more money to return. So, in a way, it was like my Dad always told me-(and I've tried to tell my son, Rex) from my experiences-it isn't how you go on the job that counts son, its how you leave it! After working at the Foundry for some time there was a friend of mine who was a terrific machinist. He'd been all over the United States. He talked me into going into the machine shop business on a piece of property that he owned by the Provo River. I left the Provo Foundry and Beth did not object to this. We opened up a machine shop and things started looking very bright. Mr. Elery T. Grant who woned the property took off and went into the sawmill business in Carbon County and left me alone in the shop to try and make ends meet. He left his family behind without support. His family and wife reminded me of the days when my mother would try to support six of us kids on peanuts and I found I was in the same condition. I did everything I could to help. I bought groceryys for them and helped support them. Finally, I had to dissolve my partnership with Mr. Grant. I had to go at it alone. I stayed in the building and operated this

machine shop and I built sawmills and edgers and equipment made from steel. At this time the war was over and the Gyber and Deasol radio engine came out. I was mechanically minded enough to convert this engine into a sawmill for power because it had a 300 horse power engine. By putting an extension shaft on it and bearings, I could have a beautiful sawmill. I sold several of these sawmills throughout the valley, and in Southern Utah. For payment, I was supposed to receive lumber. I had to take most of my pay in lumber and I didn't have any choices. (There was a post-war recession.) During this time I had looked around for a piece of property. In Provo I located the property that I now own on Columbia Lane for a machine shop. I started and the Best Foods Corporation came along and offered to lease the building from me for one year. They gave me one years rent in advance to help me finish the building. I said to myself, I can make more money renting this building than I can working in a machine shop and besides, the grocery store will not take two by fours for a pound of butter! So, I decided to leave and find a job elsewhere. I went out to Kiser Corporation. It was out by the Eyreington Plant. I put in an application for a job there. The superintendent was not there this day, but when I told the man the experience that I'd had he said there was no question about my getting a job. The man who is supposed to be a machinist now doesn't even know how to part a bushing off. So, I said, "Well, I'll be back tomorrow." In the meantime I had nothing to do. I had several friends -Frank Lawrence, Glen Dixon, Glen Olson. Many people I had worked with in the old Provo Firing Machine Company days. (By the way this had given me a good back ground in mechanical work.) I'd had the opportunity to work in a Foundry. I'd had the opportunity to operate a crane. I'd done shake out work, welding, raising, you name it! I had manufactured the first folkors that had ever been made in the state of Utah. We were taught to improvise, because we

had to do this on fewer machines than any other shop would attempt to do at this time and day. Because of the competitive position of Post-war, being innovative was crucial. While waiting for Mr. Kiser to show up, I went out to U.S. Steel, Geneva Works. I noticed that these friends that I knew were already there working. They had asked me previously why I didn't come out to Geneva. They were paying a dollar and a half an hour for machinists and I pointed out that I didn't feel like I wanted to be in an organization where I was only going to become a number. I guess because of my Remington Company experience. I thought I was going to be put on one machine and I'm not a machine operator, by trade. I did not have the nature, or the make-up for doing only one specific job the rest of my life. But, anyway, I went out and I met a gentlemen there called Red Merrill. I asked if they were hiring and he told that no they were not. I said, "That's fine, but while I'm here, just to be on the safe side, may I fill out an application?" He said, "Certainly, but it will not do you any good." I filled out the application and when the gentleman completed reading it, he immediately got on the phone and called up a friend of mine who was the personnel manager at Geneva. His name was Carl Bunnell. He said, "Carl Bunnell, I have a man here who claims he's a machinist and it looks from his record that he really is, are you interested in hiring him?" Carl asked my name. Red Merrill said, "It's Leonard Harris." I could hear Carl say over the phone "If that's Leonard Harris get him out here! We want him tomorrow!" So, Geneva hired me. They put me on probation for 90 days and I had to qualify as a machinist. First, I had to pass an examination and it was the highest examination that had ever been passed. The only difference is that I knew what direction an iron meant and maybe some of them didn't. Since that time and now, over the years, they've had to eliminate the written examination for many reasons that are hard to understand. It was tough and it was good. It was needed

because in the old Foundry days when the boss asked a you if you were a machinist. The man said he could run a lay or run a drill press. He was either a machinist, or was not a machinist. I remember being told, "You can't be an operator and a machinist. A machinist is not an operator. An operator is not a machinist. There's a difference between the two." So I classified myself as a machinist. After I worked at the Provo Foundry Machine Company and also at Dupont Corporation in Remington Arms. I mention Remington Arms because I left the Provo Firing Machine Gun Company and went to work for them. I drove to and from work for ten hours a day and working twelve hours a day for Remington Arms was impossible. I didn't want to become a machine operator. I returned to the Provo Firing Machine Gun Factory. After the period at the Provo Firing Machine Gun Factory I went to work for U.S. Steel Corporation. This was in the fall of 1948. I started at U.S. Steel as a machinist. A couple of supervisors were fired during that period. After working there for approximately 30 days and after passing my probationary period, I was asked to accept a supervisory job. Well, the machines were out of this world! You could push a button, the carrager would transfer over, and up and down--everything was so automatic that I thought perhaps I'd much rather be a living machinist than a dead supervisor. So, I refused to accept the supervisory job. But, later on they asked again if I would accept it on the conditions that if I didn't like the way the machines were operated, or I didn't like the deal, that I could return to my machinery. I accepted this negotiation. During this 25 year period as a machinist I went from the Spell farm to machine shop farming to general farming and then to the superintendent of the mechanical shops. I supervised all of them. The various maintenance operations, the machine shop, the tool shop, the blacksmith's shop, the yards, the lawn were also my responsibility. Also on the weekends I was in the charge of the general farming on the

boarder shop, the well shop, the rigger shop, the carpenter shop, the paint shop. I was associated with all of these departments and during this period I qualified myself to handle anyone or all of them. Because of my background in improvising I was successful. Rex would say, "Those were the olden days." Dad's foundry experiences, where he cut the gears on a drill press, he cut splines on a sharper, and did these things because you had to do it. You had to think. I was able to improvise and because of this I was able to come up with several inventions that have been very beneficial to U.S. Steel over the last 25 years. I retired in February 1976. Since then I've more or less added on to my buildings that I own on Columbia Lane and with the help of my son, Rex. We have increased from the one building, (The Best Food Corporation) to where we have 15 rental units at this present time (1980). I'd like to point out to my children a time after Beth and I were married. Beth's mother's home burnt down in Eureka, Utah. She lost everything. Well, during this period her younger sister Jeannie and her mother came and lived with us. Her mother was next to the most beautiful women I've ever known in my life. She was actually my second love, next to Beth. She treated me so royally and so wonderfully that anytime I heard a mother-in-law story, or a mother-in-law joke that was disrespectful to mother-in-laws, I resented them. Martha Garfield Kay Brimhall was a wonderful person. She was a great influence in my life. During my time in Idaho Falls, working with Mr. Ross Johnson, he I will be grateful for the many things he did. I want my family to remember his name. I want to relate an incident that happened while I was in Idaho Falls. Construction of a new road, just out of Idaho Falls, was happening, in front of the Fairway Golf Course. My fruit stand was just west, across the street, and north of the service station. One morning about 10 A.M., two large cadillacs and an older model drove up to the service station and parked. Two dark complexion fellows got out,

looked over the service station, and waited there for awhile. Within about 20 minutes there came a whole caravan of gypsies. Now they were in what was called in those days, "depression wagons." They were four wheels, rigged on a flat bed, and they called them "Hover Wagons." Around these "Hover Wagons" was some burlap about three feet in the air and this is where they kept all of their kids. They pulled up in these "Hover Wagons" and automobiles. They all got out of the car and ran over to the fruit stand, running to buy fruit. I'd just gotten a good, new stock of supplies with watermelons and grapes and fruits, of all descriptions. The little girls were trying to pick up watermelons and run back to these "Hover Wagons". They had watermelons that they couldn't even lift. The mothers were putting cantaloupes and grapes underneath their coats and dresses. While they were doing this, others were coming over and buying watermelons or something and paying me in cash. I could see what was happening and how they were taking me. So after they'd give me a dollar or two dollars I wouldn't give them any change. I'd just put the money in my pocket. I had a shot gun up in the fruit stand. It wasn't loaded and I'd been doing some chuckering on it, (a 16 gauge single shot). Finally I could see that they were carrying off so much merchandise that I reached up and got the shot gun down and I yelled "Get out of here! Get out of here! Or I'm going to start blasting! I'm going to start blasting!" They all started running. They got back into the "Hover Wagons". They'd taken off down the road and across the street, when low and behold there was the construction foreman, out on the side of the road. He came over and he was laughing. Ross Johnson came out of the service station and they were just laughing their hearts out. Watching those gypsies take me to the cleaners. Well to make a long story short. After the gypsies left the construction man went back over to the construction sight and discovered they'd lost a whole tool box of tools. Ross Johnson went back into the service

station and Johnson had lost all the bread, all the cookies, and all the cakes off his counters. Immediately they got on the telephone and called the sheriffs office to come out and arrest the gypsies. What I felt bad about was that they'd wasted a lot of fruit. That afternoon going back in to town to replenish some of my supplies from Pacific Fruit's Company, I saw they had left watermelons and a lot of cantaloupes strewn all over on the highway. They'd just eaten part of it, broken it open and thrown it out. I wanted to kind of point this incident out to you. Wasting food, a lot of food, showed me the people had poor character. As you can see, from what I've said, Beth and I were married, right during the height of the depression period. Things had not gotten to good and they still weren't very good during the war. We were able to make the best of it, but even going back and forth from the donut business to the Provo Firing Machine Gun Factory, back to Remington Arms, and all other ventures I've invested in. Finally I was settled at Geneva, Beth's supported me 100 percent. She never hackled me, she never criticized me. In fact if I said to her tomorrow, lets do this she'd say, "Why not?" I think this is what's helped me throughout my life to achieve what I have. Along with the love that I've received from my beautiful daughter Kay Ellen, my beautiful daughter Martha Marie, and my handsome young son, Rex. Rex helped me in so many, many times, in building. I want my children to know that I love them all, as much as they love me, and I appreciate their help. I still enjoy the activities that I have always enjoyed. I enjoy fishing, hunting, and have become quite the gardener and organic farmer. Since this is currently 1980, perhaps we'll add an update in the future.