

LEAH AMACHER HOLMSTEAD
ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT

CHARLES REDD CENTER
FOR WESTERN STUDIES

To Luvvi,

Love, mother

Lechamacher Holmstead

Christmas "1989"

CHARLES REDD CENTER FOR WESTERN STUDIES
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
GERMAN-SPEAKING IMMIGRANTS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

LEAH AMACHER HOLMSTEAD

interviewed

by

Jessie L. Embry

on

January 21, 1987

CRC-Q12

PREFACE

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CHARLES REDD CENTER FOR WESTERN STUDIES
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
GERMAN-SPEAKING IMMIGRANTS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

INTERVIEWEE: LEAH AMACHER HOLMSTEAD

INTERVIEWER: Jessie L. Embry

DATE: Janury 21, 1987

PLACE: Logan, Utah

SUBJECT: Life in the Logan Tenth Ward

E: This is an interview with Leah Holmstead for the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. The interview is being conducted at her home in Logan, Utah on January 21, 1987 at 2:05 p.m. My name is Jessie Embry.

Tell me about your early family life.

H: I thought it was a very quiet, interesting time. I never remember people competing to get better grades, be ahead of each other in school, or get more activities in. I really enjoyed my childhood. I never can remember anything really being stressful except the fact that I loved animals so much and I had a big dog that chewed up the newspaper, that my father got after. That really bothered me. My father got after me for putting too much salt on my food. Other than that, I never can remember my father ever getting after me.

We worked hard, and I sometimes think that kept people out of trouble. We would work from the time school was out in different kinds of berries, fruits and vegetables all summer long. We were putting up hay for the cows and tending the chickens until there wasn't much time to play except maybe at night with "Annie-I-over" or "hide-and-seek" behind the haystacks. There wasn't much time to get into trouble. We herded cows along the ditch bank so they could eat the grass.

We didn't have a telephone for many years. We didn't have a radio until one of the boarders got one. We had boarders live with us an awful lot of the time. Even up in our little house we had a cousin come down, and he brought his missionary companion. We moved down in 1937, so that would have been 1934, 1935, or 1936. We had five or six people in a very small home.

Since my mother lived so poorly in the old country in Switzerland and they were always hungry, she made very sure that we were always fed very well. We always had very few clothes but very warm clothes.

We would walk over to the little school called the Webster School. We played on the giant strides and had roller skates.

When I went to school, my mother went to school to pass her citizenship papers. She went to school over at the Webster School at night so she could write English. They evidently had some English in school. She still kept her accent, but my father had hardly any accent. But they did go to school at night to pass their citizenship papers. They were very progressive people. They always went to the temple. They were very spiritual people.

One of our very favorite aunts lived about three blocks down the road. It was my mother's sister. My mother would say, "If you go to Aunt Emma's, don't ask for a honeybread." Every single time we went my sister and I would ask for a honeybread from Aunt Emma. It seemed like they had more of the worldly things than we had. We would go down to their place to play Uncle Wiggley on different Sunday nights to have fun. That is the one game that we played around their round table. They had the same children as I have, seven girls and two boys. There were lots of children there; there were only the three of us, so we thought that was really fun.

My mother used to say that when her children would come up, the babies would cry because she had black hair. When she would take her babies down, we would cry because that aunt had kind of reddish hair. We just didn't know those different people.

We didn't go very far from home. My father died in 1943, and we never owned a car. I remember one trip with an uncle in a Model-T Ford that had the flaps that you snap on. I can't really remember where we went. I just remember going around the Boulevard in that old Model-T Ford.

I remember the people were much more concerned about each other than I find people nowadays. I have worked with quite a few older people in the ward in different capacities, and it seems to me like the children are very unconcerned about what happens to them. Those people seemed very concerned.

My mother used to take care of so many people. We were constantly taking soup, food, milk, or vegetables to somebody who needed it because they really took care of each other pretty well. At that time too, my mother helped with laying out dead and all these different things that they did in that day. They were really more into each other's lives and knew more of what was going on, because they were more interested than they are nowadays. Usually neighbors even in this close of a neighborhood don't find out what has happened for two weeks.

E: Tell me about holidays like Christmas and New Year's.

H: "Knoshkagle" is an old tradition that we used to have that was such a fun thing. The last one to get out of bed on the last day of the last year was the knoshkagle. They went to get you out of bed with lids and pans. They didn't bother me any. I never liked to get up anyway. That was kind of a fun time.

My dad had a sleigh. He would put a box on the sleigh, put the hot water bottle in it, wrap us up in blankets, and put us in this box to keep warm while they pulled us down to another aunt who lived about three or four blocks further down the road. I remember my dad wrapping me in his shawl, too, to carry me home from church. On these particular holidays, we wrapped in that shawl and went down to this place, had

sauerkraut and a ham supper and played games. But we didn't do that too often, just on a very special holiday.

I can remember the candles on the tree for Christmas, but we put it up just a day or so before Christmas. They had little candles and little tiny holders, and they lit them just once. There were very few ornaments on the tree.

The church was always decorated beautifully by an uncle, Uncle Ernest Haltiner. He decorated boughs up over the podium and boughs all over the aisles. It was just gorgeous. I kind of miss that now with the churches because we didn't even have a Christmas tree in the foyer in this church. They made such a fuss about Christmas and the birth child. We had lovely readings and songs. Caroline Eyring Miner lived in our ward at one time and used to give such beautiful stories like "The Gift of the Magi."

We used to go up on top of college hill and get on our sleighs at night. There were not that many cars out, and we could go about a mile sleighriding down that hill, clear out past the farms out in North Logan. Then we would walk back up again.

We also used to ice skate. My sister and I were very proficient. Her ankles went out, and my ankles went in. We made a very lovely pair.

We did go to shows. There were movies and good ones. They didn't cost that much. Maybe once a week we did go to a movie when we were older children. When we were young, we had none of that.

Our father and mother went to the temple at least once a week. I did genealogy with my father quite a bit. I wrote out genealogy sheets. I did a lot of baptisms for the dead. At that time they would send them directly to the temple so we could do them for our ancestors. I have slips in my Book of Remembrance for maybe sixty-three or seventy-five people in one day. We went a long time to get the baptisms done. Then my father and mother would do the endowments and the sealings for those people. He kept extensive records that we still have and are still working on from the Swiss people. The Church has those on microfilm because you can't get those records out of Switzerland.

We did all get our tonsils out. My brother and sister were older than I was, so they said, "Why don't you go first? You're the youngest." So I went first, and nothing happened to me. I was just fine. But my sister choked on the ether, and I don't remember what happened to my brother. I always said, "That's what you get for pushing me first."

They used to have an experimental poultry farm at Utah State Agricultural College. They had little chicken houses; my brother had to go up and shut the little doors at night and lock the chickens in. For some reason the weather has changed now. It used to thunder every single night we went to check those little chicken houses. We would run from one to the other as fast as we could because we were quite terrified of the lightning. I think our mother did that to us. She would make us sit in the middle of the kitchen floor if it even looked like a storm. We sat in the middle of the floor so we wouldn't be by the pipes or we wouldn't be by anything that would conduct electricity in our home. So we all have kind of a fear of electricity and lightning. It has been kind of a hard fear to conquer.

E: What do you remember about the German Branch?

H: I remember very long, dry meetings. It seemed as a child that they would go very long. I never can remember taking anything to play with. We looked through the song book or whispered to our neighbors sometimes. We did walk down; it seemed to me it was regularly not in the wintertime but in the summertime. The German meeting house was on 5th North and 150 East in Logan.

The German people were always very supportive. Some of the people I talked to do not feel like all the Mormons were as religious as my mother and father. In fact, one of my cousins I talked to quite recently said that she felt like my mother and father really lived their religion where most of the people she knew did not. Evidently there was a different side of the ward. We never had any drinking or cards in the house. There must have been more drinking going on at some of those dances than I realized because my husband said, "We were warned not to go down into Little Berlin. They would take in after us." That name never bothered me one bit.

We had a little lady in the ward that I suppose you would call mentally handicapped now. She would get up and bear her testimony and cry. A great many members bore their testimonies in German, or mostly a Swiss-German dialect. It was really a different country as far as being in the church.

It was a different life entirely than in the other wards. They kept their little idiosyncracies and their different foods. My children don't particularly like that kind of food because they weren't raised with it. I dearly love sauerkraut and the different kinds of cookies that are not as sweet as the American foods. They weren't fried in fat. It was a different taste. We grew up with it and really enjoyed it and miss it. With my children, I didn't do it that much. My husband said you can smell sauerkraut from two blocks away, and my children say the same. I don't cook many of those foods any more.

E: What were some of the other foods that your mother cooked?

H: Our mother made a Swiss bread called "Zopfe." It has a lot of eggs and butter in. It didn't taste sweet, but it is a really good bread that she would braid. Out of that too she would make a little biscuit called a "fogalie" which was a little roll of dough that she tied in a knot and made two eyes and cut a little tail on it. She made different kinds of cookies. She made anise cookies that taste like licorice that she had to dry over night and cook. It is a really hard cookie. These cookies had to age. She made mylanderlies which was a really good lemony cookie. She made "Fastnacht" cookies or "knee patches" as they are called in America which we ate as fast as we could get them. But she didn't have a little iron that you made the bratzlies with, and so we didn't have those. But we had these other types of cookies usually just about once in the year at Christmastime cut in little tiny shapes and little tiny cookies. They were not big cookies like the Americans do.

The Swiss people do not season a lot. They do not season like the Mexican or Chinese. It is very simple cooking with salt and just a little bit of pepper. They use the natural things, the parsley, the onions, the celery or whatever.

At that time they didn't take everybody to the doctor for everything. They used a lot of teas like sage and peppermint. For cough syrup we had honey and lemon. My dad mixed something that was onion and cooked it on the stove with honey and a bunch

that he warmed up in this old pan that looked absolutely gross. It was like hard, very stale honey. We stuck it warm on our finger or the part that had maybe an abcess or something, and then we wrapped it with the cloth to keep that on there. I don't know whether it worked or not, but I guess maybe it did. When people were sick, they used a lot of things like bread soup. We had homemade remedies.

Very seldom did we go to the doctor for anything. I can't remember any of us having broken bones or any real illnesses. I had scarlet fever, but we didn't do anything for that. I just stayed home. That is the only illness I can remember having when I was small.

We had a cellar down underneath the house where we kept all our food cool. We slid down the cellar door like in that song. We had a lot of fun together in our young childhood. I am afraid a lot of today's children are missing a lot. Parents were home then most of the time. Somebody was always there most of the time. It is a real threat, I think, to the American society that most of the mothers are leaving the house and not being home with the children when they need them. They don't have the security of a home. It is too bad the way of life is changing because I think that way was far better even though we were so poor.

E: Tell me about the Logan Tenth Ward.

H: It was really very much like the wards we have now, except that everyone knew us. There was hardly any moving in and out. I was the Relief Society president in the Nineteenth Ward that encompassed a lot of that ward. We had a 25 percent move out about every year out of 235 sisters that I had. I could hardly keep on top of the new ones moving in, let alone take care of the older sisters that really needed attention.

We moved out of Logan for five years, and then moved back into the same area. I have been in the Nineteenth Ward or the Tenth all of my life except for five years. It stayed the same population-wise for years. There was not much growth in this end of town. We were the north end of town. It was the very end of town, the city limits. When it started growing after the war years, we got up to where we were 1,100 in one ward. When I was Primary president, we had 335 children in one Primary which was a tremendous amount of children to take care of. Now they would never allow one ward to get that big again.

We did so many things together like the building fund. We had parties to raise money for the building. I thought we were much more closely knit than now when we just all pay our tithing and the building is built. I think the last building we paid \$200 on. That was nothing compared to what we had to raise before.

E: Tell me about the meetings in the Tenth Ward.

H: Most of the people had an accent. It seemed like they used the same speakers over and over. My mother used to sit in the choir and throw me dirty looks to be quiet down in the back end of the room. Now I sit in the choir and throw dirty looks down at my children. It seems like the meetings weren't quite as scheduled. It was a little more free. In the summer we went an hour earlier than we did in the winter. We stayed for an hour, hour and fifteen minutes, or whatever the speakers took. It wasn't a set time like it is now. It was the same format, but it was freer. It seemed to me we had a lot of guest speakers.

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We did a lot of things as a Mutual like going up to the girls' camp together as girls, and we really enjoyed that. I can never remember missing a meeting for any reason. We just did not miss meetings. My Mutual teacher one year said, "What should we study this year?" She has repeated this to me. I said, "Anything but religion. I've had it up to my neck." I got a little tired maybe of going to church every single Sunday.

One time on Sunday I had eaten some corn over at the neighbors'. I came to church, and I said, "I don't feel good." But we went to church regardless. I got really sick. I was on the front row of the church and happened to throw up. I said, "Mother, now you will remember that when I get sick I should not go."

Now you may not have trumpet solos, and even a flute is not recognized as an instrument you should have in a church to play. We had a greater variety of musical instruments and numbers.

In the old Tenth Ward church we had a mural painted by Calvin Fletcher that was on the left side when you came in. It depicted Joseph Smith in various stages of his life. I never felt like that was a very pleasant one to look at. It showed Haun's Mill with somebody hanging out the window. It had the organization the Church I believe, and we could hardly tell the women from the men down in one corner. The picture of Joseph Smith wasn't that inspiring to me to look at. It was an artist's version of what happened in the Church. But it was something that was different.

The only air conditioning was opening the windows and looking at what was happening outside. It was a different church maybe than most people would have gone to. But it wasn't just spoken with German. When we dedicated that church the third time, one of the men that came said, "Do you realize that at first you went into the church from the west to the east? Then you came in and you looked from the north to the south. The new church that is built on that same spot, you come in and you are looking from the south to the north." They have had that church facing three different directions. There is only one more way to go with that church.

I really hated to have them tear that church down because there were so many memories there. We had wonderful road shows. So many of the people participated. I remember the different kinds of dramas that they did. We did full-length plays. We had people that came and sang. There were older people that had such funny songs. Mr. Lawrence used to sing, "I Wish I was Single Again." People read poetry or gave little funny readings. Sister Gilgen gave such funny little readings for the Relief Society. They did cute plays. They had, of course, excellent food. They were always big dinners when they had a dinner. It was a fun ward to live in.

At the dances our parents would all come down and sit on the sidelines. Now if we did that nowadays, that would be just out. I think practically every Mutual we had a dance because they got so many people to come. Other things in the by-gone days were Gold and Green Balls. We used to have such fun at Gold and Green Balls. I remember regional dances.

E: Would they serve Swiss food at the dances?

H: No, just food. I can't remember a sauerkraut dinner like they used to have out in Providence. They just had dinners. They didn't pursue it so much that they had Swiss food. We did come in Swiss costumes sometimes. I can't remember why we did that. I must have sung in something for which my mother made me that Swiss costume. She had a Swiss costume. They sometimes dressed up for certain occasions to depict that but not very often.

E: Did a German choir come to sing at the ward?

H: No. The choir that sang was our choir. I think the Church really discouraged speaking German because there were people in there that didn't know it. When we went down to the German meetinghouse, that was all German. That was no English speaking. They had the sacrament and everything in that German meeting. Sometimes we would go to Sunday School, German meeting in the afternoon, and our sacrament meeting at night, so we had three meetings a day at least. We had the three hour block, only it was a ten hour block at that time. We were already in it. We just didn't know we were that far ahead of our time.

E: Tell me about the church positions that your parents held.

H: My mother and father were musical. Music is one of the hardest positions to fill in the Church. There are so many people that can't lead singing or play the organ. My mother could play the organ, too. They were constantly in those positions.

He was a seventy. He was never made a high priest. They didn't do that very often. He was called on a stake mission and loved that. When he died, he was very disappointed he had not been on a full-time mission. In his patriarchal blessing it said he would. One of the high councilors who came and talked to him said, "It will be in the next world. It doesn't have to be in this world."

They did a lot of temple work. One of the temple presidents said that they did not feel that anybody had done more in genealogy than my father had done in all those years because he was so faithful about sending in all of his sheets and doing anything they asked him to do. He was way ahead of everybody else with genealogy. Dad was head of the genealogical department. They put the Church first, and so the Church things were what were important to them.

They did not go to a show more than once every six months together or do something like that because there was no transportation except the bus. It came home at nine o'clock at night, and then you were just stuck.

So many of the other people were in the same boat that it was just natural for us to go to church. We did have an incidence where when we were in church our little piggy banks were broken into. Somebody knew we were in church. We never locked the door. There was never a door locked. One time all the cherries were off a tree that Mother had planted; she felt badly because she said, "If they had just left one, so I could have tasted it." It was the first year it had any fruit on it, so she felt badly about that.

When our father died, they brought him back to the home. The viewing was in the home. We didn't have a mortuary viewing. There were no cars to go down, so they brought them to the home, and they stayed overnight at the home. Our father died at

home. He had cancer. He was home for a year and three months when he didn't work but was just home. They used to have a black wreath on the door to say that there was a dead person there.

When we had these different diseases, we were quarantined. They had to come in and fumigate the house some way. I don't really remember how they did this sort of thing. I know when I had scarlet fever, everybody had to go sleep out in the barn or in a little wash shed that we had outside.

Instead of washing in this little house, my mother had a little shed out at the side. They heated the water and took it out there. She did the wash out there. I was showing my son the other day how it was to live in the olden days, "the good old days." I took a blanket, hung it outside in the freezing weather, brought it in as stiff as a board, and stuck it on the wall standing straight up. I said, "This is a part of the good old days you don't really want to remember." We always had to hang wash around to get dry. You didn't need a humidifier. There was plenty of humidity in the house.

At the end of the month our father would go down and go to the Royal Bakery, buy us a sack of "day old" buns, and bring them home. That was a real treat. It seemed to me that he never had enough money left to go until the end of the month because when my father died in 1943, he still was only making \$100 a month. My mother took in boarders, and by the time she died, she had acquired two really quite expensive pieces of property that maybe were worth \$200,000. With the other house, I imagine my mother was worth \$240,000 and hardly spent a penny. She wasn't tight really. It was just she could see no need to have more than she needed. She felt she should leave it for the grandchildren.

It is too bad that the grandchildren never got to enjoy that. We moved because of the people around us. It got so bad that my three children were afraid, so we moved out of the old family home. I haven't missed it because it was getting to be such a run-down neighborhood with the different influences there with the students. When we lived there with students, that was just fun to have all the students come in the fall. My mother cooked for students during the war. Sometimes there were fifteen in the home. She did all the washing for them. She charged twenty-five dollars a month for that if you can imagine.

She also rented rooms. My sister and I slept down in the front room. We never had a room of our own because we had to have the money to support our flute lessons and other things. We always had a Book of Knowledge. Not many homes had that in their homes at that time. That was a distinct luxury for most people, but my mother and father were very high on education. I think for my mother and father going to the eighth grade was the equivalent to a high school graduation because they had to go all year around except when they had to work. It was higher than just the eighth grade may be considered. Both my father and mother were very intelligent people.

I sewed all the dresses, for my mother or my cousin did because she couldn't buy long dresses. She would have been in style various times where they wore long dresses, but most of the time she wore a long dress because she had such a funny looking high shoe she had to wear to support that crippled foot.

She never really complained about that crippled foot. She was really quite a remarkable woman in that way. It bothered her; it hurt her. She didn't sit and just

complain about it like some people we see with their afflictions. She said she would have liked to have danced. There was only one remark that I can really remember. She said she didn't want to go to Yellowstone National Park because the people looked at her foot. I noticed people look at it downtown, but I didn't think that much about it. We didn't have as much emphasis on it maybe as nowadays.

E: Tell me some more about the people in the neighborhood.

H: We had neighbors that I remember that weren't Mormons. They lived across the road. We lived on a half a block all by ourselves. The Stevens family were a half a block down. We had an uncle that was another half a block away. There wasn't anybody to play with. In my grade of school, there were only three children. The Batemans lived out further with their children. They were fun to play with. They were our good friends that lived up the street. They lived in North Logan. There weren't many people.

It wasn't a fearsome time. We walked home from town any time of the day or the night. It didn't really matter. There was nothing to be afraid of as far as we could see. There wasn't anybody that could harm us or do anything to us. We never were fearful of walking around this town or doing anything in this town that we wanted to do. If we wanted to go further up town, we would take the bus. There wasn't really much transportation around. When I went on band trips, I went a few places further than that. We just stayed very close to home. I still feel that way. I would just as soon stay home.

E: Tell me about family prayer and religious activities.

H: If anybody needed to give a talk, they knew that one of us three would give it because my mother would say, "All right, Leah, you can do that." We were constantly on the program not just to do that but to sing.

I went down into the archives in the Logan Tabernacle. I was looking for four generations. I saw that I was a secretary to the Junior Sunday School when I was only fifteen years old. I played the piano while they marched around. I didn't really have that much to do.

My mother kept me mostly in her class because I had been taught all of the stories of the Old Testament. We had Old Testament and New Testament books, and we had a lot of religion in our home. I can see now that maybe the other children didn't get taught that much because I knew all the answers so I could talk and answer the questions too. So my mother kept me in her class a lot so that I wouldn't be disruptive to the other teachers. That was just because I did know a lot of it.

She had me get up in Junior Sunday School, and I sang a song while the sacrament was prepared and passed. I remember memorizing all the verses of "Tis Sweet to Sing the Matchless Love." She had me get up and sing it just to have the children be quiet. I helped in the Junior Sunday School classes from that time on. I don't remember that I went into my own at that time for some reason.

I think my sister and I played the flute and violin in every ward in this whole valley. We still have a standing invitation to play at someone's funeral, but I don't think they want us now. She asked us years and years ago. "The End Of A Perfect

Day" was one of the pieces that they really enjoyed for a funeral. When they found out someone could do it, they just used us to death.

In high school and maybe my freshman in college year I cannot remember hardly ever being in my own ward because I was out playing. The times were all right so you could go to a different ward and play. I played with the head of the music department at USAC, N. W. Christensen. He played the violin, and we went over to Bushnell Hospital and entertained the servicemen there that were sick and played in different wards.

I was really active with my music at that time. Sometimes I would practice five or six hours a day because I was in competition or had different pieces that we had to play. The music got a lot more emphasis.

I can see that that kind of a life was much better than the life that children live now with TV and people working and so they come home at night to an empty house. They have to do a lot of the work themselves, with no direction. They raise the same type of children. My mother sat by my sister and counted the notes for her violin playing and made sure that she did it right. They spent the time with us. They were either working with us or spending the time with us.

My brother sang a little song when he was three or four years old down at the Tabernacle, and he thought that was so wonderful.

I kind of miss having patriotic programs. The Swiss people are very patriotic, so they supported the government whole-heartedly. They were so glad to be free over here where they could do what they wanted. There was no life for them over there as far as getting rich or owning anything. They couldn't have done it. They never would have had the start to own anything. They would have always had to pay rent.

We had a program on Memorial Day. We went up into the cemetery. We listened to a speech. We heard the guns go off. On the Fourth of July, we went down to the Tabernacle. We played "Flag Without A Stain." On Christmas morning we used to have a program. I think it was six o'clock in the morning. We had to get ready and go down at five. A lady from Providence wrote these really nice plays, and we went down to the Tabernacle and did all this. It was a different type of a life that we lived than it is now by far.

E: Who would come to these programs at the Tabernacle?

H: Anybody. The whole thing was packed always. On the Fourth of July, that Tabernacle was just packed with people. They had this patriotic program. Up at the cemetery there was a huge crowd to listen to words on Americanism and patriotism. I played the piccolo too, so I was always the piccolo player with the drummer and the guy that carried the flag. I was always on a float or marching and playing "Yankee Doodle" or something. The wards all made floats for the parade. We had a big parade and lots of people in it. Nowadays it is very commercialized and very pat. Without having the road shows, not many of the children get to participate in different things.

E: Do you remember about when they stopped holding the German meetings during World War II?

H: I don't remember when they stopped that because my sister and I were very busy going to college. That was before they started daylight savings time. We went in the dark and we got home at night, and besides we had our lessons. Our father was sick with cancer at that time. We had to do all of the outside work. We were feeding and watering the cows, taking care of the chickens, and doing all the things that my mother couldn't do besides having lots of boarders.

I think they must have stopped it at the first of the war. The war broke out in 1939 because our brother was supposed to go to the Swiss/German mission in September, and in August Hitler marched into Austria so he couldn't go. He felt so badly because he had his steamer trunk all packed and everything to go. Then he was sent up to Rawlins, Wyoming, 100 miles east of here. He got to Germany fast enough with the war, but he was really disappointed.

As soon as America became involved in the war, that was the last of the German meetinghouse. I am quite sure it would have been the civic people who said "You can't do this anymore." It wouldn't have been the Church. Or maybe the Church would have told us because it wasn't good. But I can't remember going there after that.

E: You mention you didn't feel any bad feeling about being called Little Berlin.

H: No, I never did. It didn't particularly bother me. I think that is kind of funny because people told ethnic jokes about the Polish people and all these different people. I never thought a thing about it. They made fun of us, but it didn't really bother me one bit. I thought, "Oh, Little Berlin." I didn't even think of it as German and I was Swiss.

I think we just had more fun together. We went to dances three times a week, one for the school, one for the church, and one for the regular dance. We were very involved with different things and it just didn't occur to us.

E: How did you feel about World War II and Hitler?

H: I think I was having much too good of a time. If I didn't hit three dances a week, I was probably a little upset or if I didn't get a new dress or a new pair of shoes maybe at that time. Our cousin was living with us, and she made her board and room by sewing for us. I can't remember being particularly upset about the war.

I think people that are seventeen or eighteen years old don't have much of a view of death. My dad was very sick on the couch, and I can never even remember thinking that he would die. He wasn't one of these people that said, "I'm going to die; do this for me." One night he happened to mention, "You need to come and rub me. Don't you know I'm going to die?" It is the only time I can ever remember my father saying anything. Eighteen-year-olds don't think that much. They look at the different parts of life and enjoy what is going on. They think it is going on forever.

When I went to college, the Marines were up there, and we were dating Marines, Navy men, and everybody under the sun. It was fun. We were back here at home where it was fun. It wasn't a bad time. I can never remember thinking that was a traumatic time of life. My brother went over to Germany and fought right before the Battle of the Budge. He was there and was sent back to England. Other than that, it was something far away that I wrote to boys and told them I would marry them when they

got home.

E: They stopped the German branch during the war. Did it make any difference on people bearing their testimonies in German in the Logan Tenth Ward?.

H: No.

When I was Relief Society president in this ward, I buried most of those old people. The only thing that made me feel badly about it was because it was so many people that were a part of my youth. It seemed like most of those people died within a five-year period. In fact, maybe within a three-year period we had twenty-five funerals. An awfully lot those old German people died. It was like the dying of an era. We had maybe one die before and one later. My mother died in 1965, but she was older. Most of them died later than that.

They didn't bear their testimonies as much in German then. When the ward became bigger and got a lot more people, they didn't do it as much.

E: They just didn't bear their testimonies?

H: They didn't bear them as much in German. They bore them in English.

I wish there were more people with as strong a testimony as those German/Swiss people had. One man said he had left the Catholic church and been promised that he would go to hell for sure. That was Franz Heri. They had left their country and come here, and we knew that they were very staunch members of the Church. A lot of people now say it, but they just don't carry the conviction that those people did. They haven't left anything; they haven't sacrificed a thing, whereas those people maybe never got back to their homeland again to see those people they had left--which I would think was a hard thing to do.

They were wonderful people. They were warm, generous and kind. We did have a few real Germans, but Germans did have a little different attitude. They are a different type of a people than the Swiss people. The Swiss were always so clean. My mother would have a fit the way that land looks up there because they let the weeds grow, they let the old house go to rot and ruin, and they don't take care of a thing. The Swiss people did not do that, and they were so conscious about it. My mother went to Yellowstone just once, and she couldn't believe all that dead wood down that nobody used. In the Swiss forest every piece of wood is all picked up. There are acres and acres of wood that aren't used. Down in southern Utah you have millions of acres that nobody is on. They could not believe that.

When my mother did go to Switzerland, she said she was so glad to get back. She was so afraid she would die over there and be buried there, and she wanted to be buried here in America.

My mother never lived alone. She lived ten years with me. She lived some years with my sister. After my dad died in 1943, my mother had boarders or lived with somebody. My children really enjoyed their grandmother because someone was always there. I keep thinking these people who don't take their grandparents in are missing so much by putting them in a rest home because they could have enjoyed all of that companionship and taking care of someone and teaching them patience, all the different

things that children learn. The Swiss people just kept the old people with them. There was no place to go, of course.

E: Tell me about your courtship and marriage and family.

H: I happened to go home with a man that I was going to marry, and I met my husband's sister. She said, "If you go back up to USAC, say hello to my brother. He works in the dairy department." That was where my sister worked. So she said, "Let's go to this swimming party." I met my husband there. He started coming home and visiting. This was in the first of one school year. I was a sophomore, and he was a junior. By Christmas I decided I had better go down and see which man I wanted to marry. We went down to California and came back, and I decided to marry my husband. We got married in March.

We lived with my mother that year. I say, "When my husband retires we'll have a hard time." We have only lived together alone for three months out of our whole married life of forty-two years. We still have a couple of children at home.

We have nine children, seven girls and two boys. My oldest daughter is a nurse. When she got married, she and I had babies ten days apart. I had a set of twins too, but I had the privilege of tending my granddaughter and my son for six weeks. I put them in kindergarten together, so it was kind of a novel experience to have grandchildren as old as my children.

But it has been fun. We have had lots of children. We have forty-five in the family now. We have twenty-seven grandchildren. I still have a son at home. So it has been a busy, happy life.

I can't say that I regret any of it. Somebody asked me the other day if I would do something different. I said, "Probably not one thing."

E: Thank you.