

Many years have passed since my father passed away, and many more since I left home to follow my pursuit as a civil engineer. During the period between the time I left home and the passing of Father, my visits with my parents were spaced at intervals of from one to two years apart, far too infrequent to justify the many sacrifices they made for me and the devotion they held for their children.

The things that stand out most in my mind about my father might be briefly summed up as follows:

He was devoutly honest.

He devoted his life to his family.

He not only preached his religion, but lived it.

His greatest ambition was to preserve his farm for his children.

He was a hard worker and demanded little for himself.

No one could honestly say he took advantage of them in a business way.

From business standpoint his greatest fault lay in his doctrine that every man should earn an honest living through the sweat of his brow, rather than make money the easy way.

He was a great believer in education for his children.

My earliest memories of Father go back to the time when I was about eight years old. He would sometimes take time off to play with his children. I recall him lining his boys up in a foot race; each one with a handicap according to his age.

On Sunday morning he would make the rounds, cutting hair with a big clipper, and shine our shoes, preparatory to getting us off to Sunday School. We seldom missed, for which there has been little to show for it in future years, as for the boys. The girls on the other hand have made a more creditable showing.

My father kept the word of wisdom 100%. The only time I ever heard him swear was one day when I was helping him drive the range horses to the mountains, as he used to run a herd of range horses. During the summer they were turned out in the mountains and brought back to the farm to feed during the winter months. We were crossing the Provo River. I was riding a small pony and the river current was forcing my horse downstream. When Father saw what was happening, he rushed to my aid and succeeded in getting horse on the down stream frommine and in his effort let out a large swear word for him, but a small one as measured by present-day standards.

One of the exciting times on the farm was in connection with breaking in wild horses to the harness and saddle. Father had a liking for horses. I remember Mother reminding him many times when he purchased a herd of range horses for \$400.00, for which I doubt he got back the expense of their keep. In those days \$400.00 would buy a good house and lot. One thing that worked against Father's interest from a business standpoint was that his credit was good at the bank and he was always in debt. He would have been much better off, in my opinion, if he had sold some of his property rather than borrow money to pay expenses. His objective was to retain his farm for his children hoping that the time would come when the place would pay.

He had great faith in the future for the farmer who would weather the storm. His common expression was "if we can just hold out a little longer." Perhaps if he could have lived long enough, his dreams would have come true, as his property came into the market with the Geneva Steel Mill development and with improved prices for farm products.

He tells of the time he had 20 acres out of Salt Lake City on State Street as a young man before he was married. He sold this property just before a big boom in Salt Lake City and the property he sold came into a high market on which was constructed large greenhouses. I think this experience gave him the idea of not selling any of his American Fork property.

I doubt if anyone could be more devoted to their children than my parents. They were both alike in sacrificing in every way possible to provide for the comfort and future for their children. It was their sole objective in life to see that their children had a good education and the grounding for a good life.

Father was always good in mathematics and interested in research work. His finer trend is shown in his penmanship--but not spelling. I have often thought my father chose the wrong type of work for his best results. In my opinion he would have been much more successful financially had he chosen some technical line. In fact I think he should have been a civil engineer, and I a farmer.

One thing he despised was a person who would not tell the truth. We have a distant relation who specializes in distorting the truth. One day this person said, "Uncle Bill always looks at me as if I were lying." I would say that was a very true statement, as Father was a poor bluffer. You could read his thoughts from his expression, as he made no pretense of covering up.

Father rode horseback when he was over eighty years of age. He had no time for an auto as his work called for going places where the horse was the best motive power. I remember one day we were driving some horses from a pasture to the home canal. The veterinarian and I were in an auto and in the interest of not frightening the horses we were trying to pass them slowly in advance of the entrance to the canal so that we could turn them in. Father was riding his horse and assumed we could not pass the herd. He thought he would save the day since the auto could not make the grade. He passed us as if we were standing still. It struck me very funny to see him sailing through the air at eighty years of age. When the horses were delivered to the canal, I said to him, "What was the idea of the burst of speed?" To which he replied, "I saw you couldn't make it and it was necessary for me to take over!"

Father was always healthy and strong. I remember one of my visits home. I was helping him haul a load of coal. He was over seventy years of age. In unloading the coal from the wagon to the bin he cautioned me to leave the large pieces

for him to pick up. His usual working hours were from daylight to dark. After dinner he would proceed to sleep and never had to take a pill. I remember that Uncle Rudolph who had an adjoining farm to Father's, would come over in the evenings to talk after Aunt Elizabeth. Father would go to sleep while Uncle Rudolph was talking and Mother would be busy with the dishes, so Uncle Rudolph would say, "I might as well go home. I can talk to myself there as well as here!"

I am writing this at Maurine's request, for some highlights on Father. I have said little about Mother. I could write pages of her character and devotion to her children. Everybody who knew her loved and respected her.

Written by:

Joseph Greenwood Hunter
May 15, 1955

MY FATHER, WILLIAM WALLACE HUNTER

Of course, I could go on almost indefinitely reporting my impressions of the outstanding characteristics of my Father, but will list below a few impressions which stand out uppermost in my mind, exemplifying, first, his unselfish sacrifice for the service of others, his sincerity in his religion and his absolute honesty.

I was only about seven years old but I still remember on Sunday mornings Father was up at least by 5 A.M. shining the shoes of the children. When this was completed, while Mother was busy getting breakfast, I recall the deep washing of my neck and ears with soap and water in order that we would be presentable for Church. He always accompanied us and being so near the same age, there would be two or three sitting on his lap at the same time. That picture will always remain in my mind.

When I was about ten or eleven years old, I recall that all of Uncle Oscar's family (my Father's brother) were stricken with diptheria and Father without concern for his own life or that of his family, spent every night and part of the day assisting in the nursing of his brother's family. Two of my uncle's children died of this dreaded disease but while our family was all exposed, none of them were taken with the dreaded diptheria. The only fumigation used for our protection was Mother's constant burning of sulphur on top of the stove.

This impression of his sincere religion will always remain with me. Incidentally, I recall that about three or four years later, all of my uncle's family were stricken with smallpox and a similar incident occurred as was the case of diptheria, although

there were no deaths.

As an example of his unqualified honesty, I remember that grain was sold by the sack in place of by weight in those days. It was my job to hold the sacks while Father filled them with the grain. He would always give the sack a good hard shaking to get a few extra handfulls in before sewing it up. It was his desire to always give more than he would take.

Another evidence of his religious sincerity, as well as honesty, always impressed me. In the days of my youth, church tithes were paid in goods rather than money and in my Father's case, it was in hay and grain. In loading the hay, we boys were inclined to hit the damper spots where the hay would weigh more or at least not always the best, but we were not able to get past Father's scrutiny. He was always on the job. I remember his saying more than once, "Remember, boys, the best belongs to the Lord."

I must not fail to mention in deepest appreciation the fact that notwithstanding our large family, it was Father's and Mother's ambition that every one who wished higher education receive it. Naturally many sacrifices were made for the education of everyone of their children and practically all graduated from college or university. These sacrifices were made willingly and unselfishly.

Written by:

Wallace Greenwood Hunter
September 8, 1955

MY FATHER

Father lived for those he loved and the good he could do. He was one of the kindest men that ever lived. He was unselfish and was always helping people who were in need. He always overpaid instead of under paying and never cheated anyone. He was a very happy man because of the kind of life he lived.

The first thing I can remember is him shinning about eight pair of shoes Saturday night so we could all go to Sunday School the next morning. Father always went along and Mother stayed at home and cooked the dinner. We always had a crowd around on Sunday afternoons. Kids from all over used to come (mostly the boys' friends).

Father had a good education and I can remember him help^{ing} us with our lessons. He was never too tired to help. He wanted the best for his children and wanted them to have a good education. In the winter we went over to Provo to school as that was the best school around. Then in the summer we would go back to the farm.

He did a lot for American Fork to help build it up.

At home we worked but we also had fun. I can remember our Xmas and how we looked forward to them. Of course we didn't get what the children have today but we had just as much fun. We didn't expect very much.

I wish father had told us more about his early life. I know he went on a mission to Liverpool.

Written by:

Alice Greenwood Hunter Jensen
1954

GRANDFATHER HUNTER

When we were small we tagged Grandfather around all over the place. It was great fun to ride in the buggy to town and up to the dry farm. He would always make a stop on the way and buy a big bag of gumdrops. He would enjoy them as much as we did. Too, he always had an interesting story to tell.

Every year he would come to Salt Lake and take us all to the State Fair and treat us to everything we wanted. But believe me, we really saw the fair--all the animals, home economics, machinery and fruit. We always went to the concessions first and so by the end of the day we weren't so interested in the educational things at the fair, but we had to take it all in.

He was a very kind and generous man. Anyone that needed help knew where to come and often times did more than he should. Grandmother used to say that all the tramps knew where he lived, because there were so many that came to the backdoor looking for food and a bed. He really loved his fellow men. He was a very religious man and always tried to live up to the teachings of the church.

Written by:

Afton Jensen Flynn
1955

EXERPTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALLACE HUNTER TO HIS DAUGHTER, Clara Hunter Crittenden.

From a letter written September 1933:

"I don't know anything that brings more comfort and pleasure than to see your children love each other and do good to each other, and extend their love to others. It will return back again to you. It is like bread scattered upon the waters that will return after many days".

From a letter written December 10, 1933:

"We received photoes of you and the children and we say what a fine family. The little one we could not tell if she was light or dark, only that you said she was like Mother". Don't give her her own way too much and see that she doesn't run the whole house."

"It is sure fine for old people to be at home when the day is over".

"The bringing up of children is the greatest thing that the Lord has trusted us with and we are responsible for them. If we don't do our best to make them real men and woman, the sin will be upon us. We must se a good example before them!"

"Most of the people are put to their wits end to make a living. We are getting some experience ourselves. If our President of the U.S. doesn't make some changes on the way we are taxed, it will put everybody out of business. It seems that way all over the country. Hope that you may get along in your business and not get discouraged, but cut out all unnecessary expenses and make the best of everything. We all have our troubles and trials in this life. We are not alone. We must count our many blessings and have charity for all. We are living in a time when men's hearts fail them with fear not knowing what will come next!"

"It is cke to Christmas. Don't bother yourselves concerning us. We have plenty of everything and don't want our children to send us anything but their kind love on a card or letter."

"May the Lord bless and protect and prosper you is the prayer of your Father, Wm. W. Hunter. Kiss the children for us".

From a letter written February, 1934:

Albert has sure saved his money and I think it was a good buy. I think he is preparing for the future. It think it is the only way to do. It doesn't take long to take everything away from us, so the only thing is to build for Eternal Life. I expect you and the children attend your meetings and take part in the church. It will give you more comfort and joy than anything else. We are passing through strange times that will make men's hearts fail them with fear.

Write us often and tell us all the news good or bad that we may do what we can and may the Lord bless you all is the prayer of your Father and Mother".

" _____ and hope that it may leave me and I may get some rest of nights. Old people can look for all kind of trouble. I expect we should be thankful for the blessings we enjoy. I have been such a good hand to work and look to get over this before long.

Hope you will be able to stand the hard times, we are passing through. There is very few of the people that can make ends meet. Our President of the U.S. has sure been good to the people and he has them all behind him.

Our John called on us and spent a few hours. He doesn't change much, but I think he is a little better".