

Morris K. Udall--Selected Speeches:

**Mormon Settlement in Arizona
Heard Museum, Phoenix, Arizona, February 18, 1971**

[Handwritten at top: WESTERN SPEECH - TUCSON - OCTOBER 11, 1971]

I just cannot pass without it being noted that Udall is an honored name and rightly so and has been for four generations in Arizona. They are a family largely dedicated to public service, and I might add not in the creation of great wealth. They have been noted as public servants for years and years.

Because of the importance of this name to the history of the Southwest, I personally asked my good friend the Congressman if he would speak to us on the history of the Udall family and its relationship to Arizona and he kindly consented.

The Congressman's father spoke to this group in 1958, Levi Udall, some thirteen years ago. Maybe there are some of you in the audience who heard his talk on Mormonism in Arizona. The Congressman has been introduced by famous people all over the country and has spoken many, many places and has traveled widely throughout this country and abroad. He had a distinguished career in the practice of law in this community before he went to Congress. I am going to dispense with all the laudatory comments on him and simply tonight introduce him as "Mo."

APPLAUSE

Thank you, Sheriff Bob, I probably should warn you, my old friend, that being Sheriff around here isn't very profitable and rewarding lately, and I'm not sure that I can predict very big things for your administration. I don't know what mistakes you've made to date but be careful -- watch out, and go slowly by the County Attorney's office if you should pass by that way.

I left Seattle about noon today, talking to a

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and I had with me a big fat pile of reminiscences, old notes, and family history, and this sort of thing and I very hastily put some things together on the airplane to make this talk tonight so I hope you'll forgive me if I ramble around a little bit, but I'm told that you are accustomed here to have questions and answers and maybe there are some things I'll mention and some points on which you'd like to be enlightened we can cover them later.

But so much for that. We certainly should try to begin.

You know all of us are a product of our past, we're all what we are because of those who've gone before, parents or forebears or experiences. There's something in life that we're tending to lose these days called roots, you know, where you came from, who you are, what your family was and all of the rest. I thought about this two nights ago. We were in Phoenix and we had a dinner with Ernest McFarland, the only man in Arizona's history to hold the highest office in all three branches, Chief Justice, United States Senator, and Governor of the State. And I was remarking in the few minutes allotted to me that night about an old statement they have in Washington that says, "They never go back to Pocatello." And what this cynical statement means is that those who've been in the tentacles of power in Washington find it very hard to go home. I'm always ...

Some fellow introduces himself as the Secretary of Something or other in the Hoover Administration or a Senator who was defeated thirty years ago, and they can't bear to leave the center of action. And I said that there's something very fundamental and very great and very human about a man who knows where he came from and goes back to that. And I commented on Carl Hayden who is living today at age 94 within three or four miles of the place where he came as a babe in arms and grew up and began his great story.

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And here was Ernest McFarland one of the four men who've been Majority Leader since World War II, the others are Mike Mansfield, Scott Lukas, and a fellow named Lyndon B. Johnson. And here he is back to Arizona to his declining years among the people who brought him up. And I said that I thought this was a very great tribute to the man and it reminded me that whatever I am in this life -- whatever success I've had -- is in large part dependent on those who've gone before and examples that were set. For me, the heritage that came to me and all the rest.

When my brother was in the Kennedy-Johnson cabinet they were doing a cover story on him for one of the national magazines and some reporter came to me and wanted to know what makes a Udall tick. And I said, Well, you don't understand Stew Udall, and I suspect you don't understand a lot of the Udalls and you must understand two things: One, something about the Mormon Church and its history in Arizona; and secondly, something about St. John's in Arizona. And I see those in this room who know a little bit about both of those subjects but there are those here who don't and so as I say I am going to ramble around a little bit about my family, their history, and maybe in this way give some of you who are interested in Arizona a better understanding of where I came from, the family, and what influences worked on us.

My mother attended the last speech of this kind I made. She's not exactly a Woman's Libber but she wanted to make damn sure we didn't overlook the Lees. And she's a product of the Reeves and the Hamlins (?), who as many of you know also had quite a great part in the development of this state. But tonight I am asked to speak on the Udall side of the family so I will begin, in that fashion.

My great grandfather was a peasant, living South of London in a place called Kent. I was back there with a Congressional Delegation not too long ago and I got to see some of the old country. Very humble people. You have to go back to the beginnings of the Mormon Church in the 1820's. It was a time of great religious revival in this country. Periodically mankind goes through a great religious revival period, and I suspect we're about due for another one, somewhere down the road in this country. But many churches were founded in those days, many sects, many different religious philosophies. There was a young man, Joseph Smith, in the hills of northern New York, who founded the Mormon Church. Very briefly and very basically and oversimplifying -- you historians will catch me up on detail -- the Mormon Church was founded on the theory -- and was called the Mormon Church by Joseph Smith -- because he claimed to have discovered some golden plates in the hills there, in the hill called Cumorah which were the history of the Christian people on this continent. And the Mormons believed that yes, Christ, Jesus Christ, came to the old world -- that story is told in the New Testament -- but that Christ also came here at about that same time and that he had his own chosen people on this continent, and this was tied in to the Maya Civilization and some of the things that we see in Central America. And the Book of Mormon is the history of the people of Christ Jesus, the true church, on this continent, and Mormons are basically a Christian sect, they subscribe to the Old Testament and also the New Testament, but in addition to the Book of Mormon, which is the history, as I say, of this continent. And the Mormons were a very militant sect in terms of proselytizing. The theory was, I guess, that if you were a Methodist or an Episcopalian or one of the traditional Protestant sects -- as distinguished from the Catholic Church -- you could get salvation by yourself by accepting God and so forth. The Mormons and the Catholics were alike in one respect, in that they believed that salvation is only through certain sacraments in certain places through that church, the one true church, which is the church of which you come in the door through these sacraments and through acceptance into the church. So the Mormons, believing that they had the true faith, had an obligation to go around and give this to the proselyte world. And much of the proselytizing and missionary work was done -- the young men were supposed to give two or three years to the Church -- not just in this country but elsewhere. Because of their beliefs, because of the fact that they were isolated, withdrawn people who stayed pretty much among themselves, because it was a time of great suspicion and ferment, the Mormons found a hostile climate in New York and moved gradually in the 1830's and 1840's to Ohio. They were driven out of there and into Illinois and Missouri and back across the River a time or two. But while all this was going on the Church was growing. Missionaries were going out to different parts of the country and convert others and they would then come with their possessions and families and join up with the Mormons. Some of the missionaries went over to the England and there in the late 1840's -- 1838 - 1850 -- my great grandfather, a peasant from a very humble family, was converted to the Mormon church. He was one of the early converts in the area if not the first one, and he was baptized into the MORMON Church.

This was a time of great emigration from England to this country, and the one thing you could do if you believed in the Mormon Church was to pull up stakes and go. So he sold what few possessions he had, booked passage, on a steamer out of Liverpool, went into New Orleans -- this was in 1851 -- then took a paddle-boat up to St. Louis where some of the Mormons were already -- and in St. Louis while my great grandfather was there, David King Udall, my grandfather, was born. We have a book on it -- he brought his copy of it -- which was written based on my grandfather's diary, his journal which he kept, which was put together by my father and my aunt, and was published here by George Chambers in Arizona Silhouettes a few years ago. I helped as a young man fresh out of college I helped my father edit some of this work and put it all together as George published it. But the Mormons ran into great trouble in those times in Illinois and finally -- and I am simplifying and skipping over a lot of detail here -- Joseph Smith was in jail, was in prison by order of the authorities in Illinois with some of his principal assistants and a mob stormed the jail one night and he was shot, martyred, and killed. His place was taken after considerable discussion by Brigham Young and Young turned out to be one of the great leaders of the west and one of the great religious leaders I suppose of that time. It was through him that there was no hope for the Mormons who had been persecuted in so many states unless they went west and founded their own place, and found their own salvation, founded their own society. I haven't much time to get into bigamy and all this, but this was part of the persecution and hostility toward people who had that particular practice. So a long trek started across the desert and many of the saints as they were called pushed hand-carts or wheel-barrows across Nebraska and Wyoming and Utah along this great trek. My great grandfather took his wife and family and made that trek across the country some time after the original journey of Brigham Young and the group that arrived in Salt Lake Valley, where my grandfather, David King Udall, grew up. He was a serious, sincere and talented young man, and when he came of age, shortly after he got married the Church called him to go back to England on a mission. My great grandfather was born in England, and he was born in this country, but this was part of his obligation and duty to the land in England.

This was shortly after he had been married and was living south of Salt Lake City in a place called Nephi beginning to get a start as a young man. And if you've never been raised in the Mormon Church you don't understand the importance of a Church call, when the Church calls you to do something and you didn't turn it down, you went, and it was with some trepidation that you went on the mission. You were required to support yourself and his diary and journal tells the story of how he traveled by foot with his missionary companions up and down England trying to make converts, talking to the old people there, talking to some of the earlier converts and administering to their needs.

What an experience this must have been for the young man to go back to the old ancestral home and support himself there, bringing the word of the Gospel which he believed in so securely to those people.

Following the completion of his mission he went back to rebuild his life and begin his successful career as a farmer in Southern Utah and just as he became established the call came that he should go to southern Utah area and he then picked up stakes again and moved down there to southern Utah. I'm running over this history very quickly to get to the position where

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to Arizona. He was engaged in business in southern Utah, was doing very successfully and very well there, just getting started, late 20's early 30's, when again came the church call. These were very cruel in a way demands on true believers, to simply leave your friends, your home, your relatives, your business, what you'd worked for, and move along to some other place. But Brigham Young had a great vision of empire. The Mormon Church -- someone has compared it to a plant like ivy, or one of these plants that spread around and send out shoots and then they put down runners, and then send out-another shoot and it puts down roots, and so you grow in this fashion. And in this Mormon settlement period Brigham Young was determined to build a great empire in the West, and so Mormon settlements went into Colorado, very heavily into Idaho, into Nevada, and others -- my grandmother's family, Stewarts and -- and even into southern California. And so David King Udall was called to go from southern Utah where he had started out and was doing well in business to St. John, Arizona, to help head up and be the first Bishop of St. John's settlement there. He went there, and this is the 1870's, he left for there with his wife, children, and all his possessions loaded on a wagon or two, driving some cows and taking what horses they had with them and going into northern Arizona. And unless you have seen this area, bitter, barren, rocky waterless land that leads from all the way over to St. John, you can't really understand what it must have been like to leave behind what you had built up and developed, a

farm, home and business, and to head north into this hostile country. The Navajos, the Indians in this area, were not too happy about the white man coming in, but in the St. John's area the Mormons were in there second. The Spaniards, the Mexicans, had come upwards through the river valleys pretty much and settled New Mexico and there was a very well established Mexican or Spanish settlement in St. John's when the Mormons first arrived there. They dickered with the Mexican people for some land, and eventually paid off that debt with 750 head of cattle which is a story all by itself. The church would make demands upon the settlers in southern Utah and other places and they would come up with a cow or two a piece and they drove 750 cattle into the St. John's area to pay off this land grant which the Mormon's finally settled in St. John's.

Well, I think this brief quotation from something my father wrote about this is appropriate: "These first settlers that came into northern Arizona came in response to a call from the Church leaders. Their dream of the future embraced Utah's mountains and valleys. They had their families with new homes and farms and gardens and orchards just beginning to yield the fruits of their labors. The average age was around 30 years -- I always thought my grandfather was an old man, and it put it in perspective when I had to work on the family history to know that he was a young man with his future ahead of him. Most of them would have preferred to stay in Utah. This business of moving to Arizona was a major project indeed. Besides leaving their beloved homes and going into the country, which would mean hard work and scanty fare, it also meant that the miles between of travel many would see their loved ones left behind, but seldom if ever again. It meant leaving a newly made security and in its place going to new hardships in a new and rugged land. While hearts were broken, none thought of refusing the call. Getting ready meant weeks of hard work, deciding what to take, what to leave, selling the houses and farms, the wagons must be loaded with the necessary things -- warm clothing, bedding, a few precious pieces of furniture, leaving most of the space for food. The wagons all loaded, there came a time when friends and relatives and life-long friends came for the last meeting to say goodbye, perhaps to sing. Some days only -- the weeks on the road were filled with wearisome toil -- some days only a few miles were covered. They traveled in groups of several families, each family having perhaps a wagon and a trailer wagon pulled by horses.

the family who afforded one was driven by the wife and in it were her children. Whatever loose stock and cattle accompanied was driven by a few horses. Perhaps there would be a piece of heavy machinery such as a threshing machine, or saw-mill, all of which served to slow down the trail. When good grass and water were found, camp was made for a few days while the animals grazed, the women washed and baked and the men repaired the wagons and horses. The crossing of the mighty Colorado was hazardous and several days were required to ford it across. I digress to note that if any of you have seen this barrier of the Grand Canyon and the Glenn Canyon you can understand why the Mormons felt they could go in Idaho, or Colorado, or Nevada or New Mexico with some ease, but this monumental barrier, the Grand Canyon, this fantastic obstacle, was the one great thing that slowed down the Mormon colonization of this area, which demanded so much more from those who came to this area. The water looked so rough in the Colorado and the river so wide that the children cried with fright, the animals were forced to swim across. The wagons were ferried and the small skiffs carried the women and children over." So this was my father's report, trying to recapture the time when my grandfather came to Arizona. Brigham Young, his vision having survived martyrdom's and persecutions my grandfather and others of his generation, thought maybe they would rest in Salt Lake and be content, but not so. Brigham Young had a dream of great empire of God in the mountain west and he pushed his people on although they would rather have stayed. My father David K. Udall, my own father, was called to be first Bishop of St. John, and in 1887 became the first President of St. John State. How he felt about the matter is disclosed by this brief excerpt from this journal. This is my grandfather talking about the move to Arizona:

"Ella and I realized that this call to Arizona meant a life's mission, and our financial ambitions were thwarted for we had to sacrifice our good stores _____. It tested our faith. We were happy there with our relatives and friends., When the time came to go they said God bless you, you've been good neighbors. We dreaded it all the more because Ella was sick and our baby was less than three months old. We left _____ on my 29th birthday, September 7, 1880. We had \$100 in cash and were prepared to travel in comparative comfort with two new wagons, one a trailer, drawn by a four-horse team. In one wagon we had a comfortable bed for Ella and the baby, with a small heating stove by which baby Pearl had a regular morning bath. We took with us a few household effects, among them our clocks and walnut secretary, Ella set a pattern of china, a cradle, a cedar chest, and a fair-sized American flag. The flag we later used on many occasions in St. John. We were well supplied with cured beef and packed butter as well as potatoes, flour, and dried fruit. We drove our herd of

fifty or sixty cattle, some of the cows furnishing us with fresh milk. On the rear end of the last wagon we had a pile of my prized _____ beef."

Well, this was the move to St. John. I remember my mother's kind of personal reminiscence in 1946, I had been in the Air Force and had gotten my pilot's license that summer on the GI bill at St. John's airport, and this was one of those rare summers in Arizona when rain came out of the sky. It is a barren country up there, most years the wind blows, the snow comes down, the grass won't grow and the Mormon's, even with their irrigation, had trouble making ends meet in St. John. And, this was a different summer. We must have had 8 or ten or twelve inches or rain in July and August. I got my license. My mother -- it says something about her courage with a one-eyed pilot in an old single-engine -- wanted to be my first passenger. So we went out early one morning, I wanted to show her the area. We cruised around -- there were natural lakes all over -- places where the water had settled the grass was green, it looked something like a garden of Eden. And she said to me as we landed, she said, "Something comes clear to me now." And I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "I always wondered why they started these settlements here in St. John with this rugged, dry climate and cold winter, hot summer, with the wind blowing. Now I understand. The pioneering expedition which Brigham Young had sent from Salt Lake City to reconnoiter this area to decide where a settlement should be made had happened to come down on one of those summers out of ten when they had a lot of rain and they had gone back to Salt Lake City reporting that this was a veritable paradise. And for the next twenty years they probably had one or two seasons like that." But Grandfather Udall, David King Udall, stayed in St. John. He was shortly followed not too long after that by his younger brother Joseph. Joseph settled in Springerville and around that area of the original settlement off St. John and raised a very large family there and all of the Udalls of Arizona were descended from these two brothers. My mother had a large family also -- I think at one point I had some- thing on the order of 112 first cousins -- and when you begin to add the cousins spouses, and cousins' children, and second cousins and hangers on of different kinds it gets to be quite astronomical and when I was originally campaigning I was always running across people who came up to me and said how are you, I'm your cousin, I would say the hell you are, what's your name. In most families you can at least keep track of your first cousins.

But Bob mentioned the family's political activities. Grandfather Udall had a great faith in his country and a great faith in public process, and public life. The Mormon doctrine is the doctrine of free agency, which means that we are created so that we can control our own destiny, we can do anything we want to do, and we have an obligation to use what talents and skills we have for the common good. And so this was pounded into my father and his generation of Udalls in northern Arizona. My Grandfather was a member of the first territorial legislature when Arizona began to have territorial legislature. In fact, I've often thought when talking to young law students and politicians, if you look at the roster of the first Arizona state legislature or some of the legislatures in the first decade of the century, it was really a roster of Who's Who in Arizona : Barry Goldwater's ancestors were involved; you look at people from Tucson and you have ... all the great men of that time, were in the legislature. And I have used this to contrast, and not in a derogatory way, the present members of our state legislature. It is simply to say that somehow in this day and age and time that the natural leaders of the time don't always want to be in your state legislature and your city council and offices of this kind. But I'm often kidded and people say no wonder you get elected, all your relatives vote for you and that's all you need. Well the fact is you know that most of the Udalls are Republicans. My father was something of a maverick, he and Uncle Don who is the Judge in Holbrook and he still lives there as a retired Superior Court Judge, they were among the first members of the family to break away and join the Democrats. My father as a young man told me he was greatly influenced by Theodore Roosevelt, the Bull Moose movement, and then by Woodrow Wilson, and he joined the Democrats. I even kid my relatives a little bit about having so much opposition in the family. Udalls are fiercely independent, they go their own way politically. First time I ran for Congress I was running in thirteen counties and in three of the thirteen my opponents' campaign was run by a cousin, which led my mother in exasperation at one point to

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much radio and electricity but Grandfather had a big set in there, and we went over to listen to the Hoover-Roosevelt returns and I remember about midnight he was snapping off the radio disgusted. Herbert Hoover had gone down and this upstart Franklin D. Roosevelt had won. He was a Republican through and through and a very conservative man, and even when he died in the late thirties he was still quite hostile toward Roosevelt. We were kidding at the dinner in Phoenix the other night Phil Lawrence of ABC was the master of ceremonies and we were telling Roosevelt stories and this one could certainly almost apply to my grandfather: Franklin

Roosevelt used to tell the story on himself of the Wall Street tycoon who would come down to his office every morning and buy a newspaper for a nickel, look at the front page, curse and throw it in the trash can. And after several weeks of doing this the newsboy said, "Sir, I don't know why you do this, you pay a good nickel for a newspaper and glance at it for twenty seconds, curse and then throw it in the trash can." And the fellow said, "Son, the fact is I'm looking for an obituary." The boy said, "Sir, the obituaries are not on the front page, they're in the back of the paper." And he said, "Son, the obituary I am looking for will be on the front page."

I am reminiscing a little bit more about the family and political events, and while I'm on the subject let me tell another story or two:

You know, the Mormons have no professional ministry. The ministry is all handled by businessmen or ordinary members of the church, who are called upon to serve as bishops or in other capacities. The assignment to give the sermon at church is passed around from one to another. My brother and I used to be a little bit critical and we used to keep records and accounts of church meetings and whatnot. One famous incident occurred when there was a young fellow whose parents came from Scandinavia as many Mormons settlers did. Young Ole Olsen, or or something like that his name was, He was just back in town and he had to give a sermon that night and he was not a great public speaker and was kind of a diffident man and they had the opening prayer and then sang a hymn and then he got up and said brothers and sisters it was good to be there and after that he paused and just stood there a couple of minutes and there was a very embarrassing pause. Then he said, "Brothers and sisters, I seem to have lost my train of thought," and then sat down. And they had no other speaker prepared for the evening so they sang a hymn of praise and we all went home. The whole service lasted about 10 minutes. But the young men were trained most of us to speak. I remember at age 7 and 8 having to stand up before a crowd of this kind in Sunday School and give what was called a three-minute speech. This would occur. You had the sense there was no paid ministry, and so we all pitched in and participated. I think some of my success wherever it's been in public life comes from the obligation we all had as young people to do our part to learn to speak and so on. I am kidded sometimes about the family never losing an election, and of course that's not entirely true -- Bob Miller knows I lost an election right here in Tucson in 1954. Some attributed this to the voting machines, the way they were set up, but I am here to testify that Udalls lose elections. My father used to tell the story on himself that the only election he ever lost in his life was when he was _____ Justice of the Supreme Court and Chief Justice of the Arizona Supreme Court he lost the year I was born. He was a young man who was ambitious and who was interested in the law, but he was working on a farm trying to support his children and I was his fourth child. He decided he wanted to be Clerk of the Superior Court. It paid 7 or 8 hundred dollars a year and he decided he could handle this and still work on the farm in his spare time. He got the Democratic nomination. But he was beaten in that election by his brother, John H. Udall, who had the Republican nomination, which tells you something about -- well John H. was older I think, and persuaded some of the voters that you had to have a Udall on the ticket maybe you ought to take the older brother and the one who was a Republican.

The family has had great good fortune, great success at the polls in both parties. I remember when my father died, in 1960, Paul Fannin was Governor and my Dad was then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The Republicans had never had anyone on the Court out there. They had wanted to get someone on the court so Paul Fannin had to make an appointment. They wanted a Republican Judge who could hold the seat in the next election. and so they looked around and they appointed my father's brother, Jesse Udall, who still serves on the Court, a very kind and outstanding man who has been Judge of the Supreme Court over here in Graham County, another area of Arizona, which the Mormons settled.

Another interesting sidelight politically, John H. Udall, \ the uncle I mentioned who defeated my father as Clerk, moved to Phoenix and became mayor of that city. Later on his son Nick Udall was also mayor. There was an interesting episode where father and son both served as Mayor of Phoenix several years apart. Uncle John was a rabid Republican, very faithful to the Party, he almost became Governor back in 1920's when he sought the Republican nomination for Governor. When Prohibition came along he was appointed Chief Agent, Prohibition Agent I guess you would call it, to Arizona. This was a considerable help in his career, going around Arizona enforcing the law against drinking.

And we've had others in the family who've been in Congress, who've held judicial offices and county offices, and all the rest. I guess I should say that the voters have been very kind and good to us. But a lot of it comes, as I said at the beginning, from this deep feeling and belief that if you have talent for public service you owe it

to the public, that it's an honorable calling, there's nothing cheap or dishonest or disgraceful about serving the public, and this all came down to us as young men.

I remember my Father, before he died, we came much closer than we had been for many years and we had a chance to talk. And here he was clearly one of the best legal minds of his generation, and that's another story, Dad loved the law. He later became Clerk of the Court in _____ County, and he loved and studied the law in his spare time. He wanted to become a lawyer and so he wrote off to Chicago to a place called the Lasalle Institute and you could study law by mail, by correspondence. He was very diligent studying at home at night, working on the farm and at the Courthouse for a living. He went to Phoenix in 1922, the year I was born, to take the state bar exams. And there he was against graduates of Columbia and Harvard and all the great law schools -- and I have old clippings in one of the family scrapbooks where Levi Udall came home having scored the highest grade on the bar exam, and he had never set foot inside a law school. He didn't even know what one looked like. In later years when they had Chief Justice conventions around the country, he said he could go off to New York and meet Chief Justices from the 48 states and be addressed by the Supreme Court judges and someone would say "I took my law at Yale, where did you take yours?" And Judge Udall he would say, "Well, _____ Institute, by correspondence."

But it illustrated his deep belief that you could get ahead, and I think that lawyers who practiced before him always said that he had a great fund of common sense, that he, could get to the heart of the matter and reach to the heart of it with his common sense and judgement, perhaps he did this as well as anyone.

But anyway, I talked to him the year he died. He said looking back on his life something that touched me deeply. He had a great mind, as I say. Had he gone into the practice of law, or had he gone into business, I am sure he could have become wealthy, because the lawyers of his generation did.

But he loved his church and he was state president of Northern Arizona which covered 8 or 10 communities all or most of his adult years until he moved to Phoenix. He was county attorney and practiced law for a time and then was Superior Court judge for 16 years. He then moved on to the Supreme Court. The pay at that time for Supreme Court Judges in the 1940's and 1950's were making \$8500 or some amount of that kind. I remember the Depression when the salary of the judge in St. Johns was \$3600 a year, back in the 1930's. But Dad said to me, he said, "I'm not going to leave you boys any money," -- and he didn't -- his estate, for a man who had held the highest position in the legal profession in Arizona was exceedingly modest. He said "I'm not going to leave you any money, but I'm sure going to leave you a good name, and a good heritage," and he certainly did. I'm not so sure that I wasn't maybe better off with all of this in the family to have the kind of example that he set and the kind of life he led to emulate, rather than have wealth, although I wouldn't have turned it down if he had had some money to pass on us.

Well, I've wandered around and I've covered a lot of things. Let me look at my notes in case there's something I can close on here, something important that I may have missed.

I have a letter here from Carl Hayden that he gave me a long time ago. Carl presented to the Congress back in 1950 the statue of Brigham Young which stands in the rotunda there -- each state is entitled to put in two statues. Carl knew and knows very deeply the trials and tribulations of the Mormons, the contributions they made to this state. And he talked about the Mormons coming across the Salt River there at Hayden's Ferry(?) and his father's giving them credit because they were honest people and you could trust them completely. He said in the ceremonies in Washington, he said "My father before me had firsthand knowledge of the persecutions the Mormons had suffered in Missouri and knowing what good people they were, he encouraged their migration into Arizona. When the colonists and their families after many weeks of tiresome travel in the wagons from Utah first came to the Salt River Valley, he supplied them with flour from his mill and goods from his store during the years it took to dig irrigation ditches and grow crops. His faith in their honesty and industry was completely justified. For every dollar of credit which he extended was fully paid. As my father knew them and as I learned to know them the Mormons were closely bound together by a driving purpose instilled in them by a great leader who made them both in God and in himself."

And I think this is perhaps a fitting epitaph on my father and his generation and his relatives. It's in your program, Bob, I'd be glad to have questions or further discussion.

Last update: May 21, 1996.

URL: <http://dizzy.library.arizona.edu/branches/spc/udall/mormon.pdf>