

Leonhardt, Lela Elwood

Michelle Leonhardt's Family Stories

Michelle Leonhardt
April 18, 1995

Mrs. Carters 7th period

Leonhardt, LavAr Elwood. 9 October 1943. Logan, Utah. Personal Interview. Ferron, Utah, 9 April 1995.

Lavar Leonhardt was a very interesting boy with neat childhood stories. I've heard many stories but they all put me to sleep. When my grandfather died the whole family was sitting around sharing stories. It was my aunt Betty's turn and she told us this story and I later got the rest of the information and the details from my father.

At age 4 or 5 my sister Betty and I would help dad with the chores.

May 10, 1954 the two of us took the racing horse called Freckles instead of taking the horse that we usually take up to the farm. (we would do that every once in awhile to make dad mad.)

Freckles was a big horse, to big that when we got on it we would have to take the horse to a side of the corral fence and jump on it bareback. We were to weak and small to put the saddle on so we had to take the paneful way out of it and go bareback, and I would always, without a doubt have the reigns.

I would get the horse trotting and Betty would fall off. So I would go for a ride myself and she would walk home.

This time Betty took me aside and said, "Lava, if you tot that hose again, I'll pull you off with me." (she couldn't say her R's very well.)

Well, I got the horse trotting and she started falling off and as she promised, she pulled me off with her. We both ended up walking home.

Leonhardt, LaVar Elwood. 9 October 1943. Logan, Utah. Personal Interview. Ferron, Utah, 9 April 1995.

My father, when he was a teenager had to dig graves because his grandfather was the sexton of the cemetery and he asked my dad to help him and dig them. Heres the story.

When I was a teenager my grandfather, Alma Leonhardt, was the sexton of the cemetery, so he would have my uncle Almie and me dig the graves.

Almie was the same age as me but he was my uncle.

One time we had this grave dug, it was open, a good 6 ft. down, just a nice little grave.

That night we were down at our little hangout just like "Pansies Days" and we had our hangout, "The Spudnut Shop."

We were down there with one of our friends from Providence. His sister and tow of her friends were there to and an albino from Logan.

We pulled our friend from Providence aside and told him in about 20 mins. come up to the cemetery and we'd hide in the grave, he would bring the girls up and we'd give them a bad scare.

We headed up to the cemetery and I hide in the newly dug grave and Almie behind a big evergreen tree by it.

We waited and waited, it was to long so we decided they weren't coming. We started getting out and we saw headlights coming. I got back down in the grave and Almie behind the tree and waited for them to come.

I heard the car stop and a door open and saw a little bit of light, then I heard the girls calling, "I'm not going over there, nobodies going to make me go over there."

We were waiting to long and just about the time I was going to

climb out I see the albino's head peek over the grave. I could see him well because he had white hair and face.

He knew we were there but I thought I would try to scare him. I grabbed his lags and he started to scream and Almie came out waving a white shirt and the albino ran away screaming.

Me and Almie just a laughing got out of our hiding spots and started walking and I stumbled over something.

Come to find out two of the girls had followed him over there and one was in shock standing up talking to herself and the other had fainted lying on the ground.

The 3rd girl that had stayed in the car was also in shock with her eyes glazed over, hands gripping the seat in front of her, eyes wide open and a little stream of pee running down her leg.

Leonhardt, LaVar Elwood. 9 October 1943. Logan, Utah. Personal Interview. Ferron, Utah, 9 April 1995.

My dad was also a construction worker when he was a teenager until about age 18 years old. He is pretty proud of what he did when he was young so I just shut-up and listen to him. His job was to work the rockcrusher and in his words, "they're some pretty big hunk of steel."

In my younger years I ran rockcrushers. Rockcrushers can be real contrary things, big hunk of steel.

I would have nightmares about them.

I remember in Piedmont Idaho a couple of guys and I had to sleep in the basement of a hotel because we got there late.

I woke-up one night and looked over to a guy that was half way on his bed just laughing his full head off and I was kneeling up with a chair in one arm.

I guess I had been tossing and turning and dreamed I was stuck in the rockcrusher and I was trying to get someones attention so I was banging the chair against a metal pipe. I got their attention and they thought I was crazy.

Another time I dreamed my wife was caught in the ben of the rockcrushers and being the gentlemen I am I was getting her out but there was no thankyou at all. She claimed all I was doing was pulling her hair while she was lying there in bed sleeping.