

Harvey Day Hull 1895-1963

Somewhere once it has been appropriately said, "Good memories constitute the one Garden of Eden out of which we need never to be cast".

My father, Harvey Day Hull, was born 10 December 1895 in Hooper, Utah. He was the fourth child (2nd son) of seven children born to Thomas Hull III and Mary Ann Flueitt. He was named Harvey after his mother's great-grandmother Ann Harvey, and Day after his mother's grandmother Mary Ann Day. (In his profession as a dentist, he liked to use only his initials H.D.). He was a kind, gentle, hardworking, compassionate man. When it came to work, no matter how large or small the job might be, his philosophy was "Do your very best and follow through to the finish; work never hurt anyone, work is good for you." He put into practice this admonition his entire life; partly because he came from humble, hardworking pioneer stock, and, I suspect more accurately because he was taught in the home by his parents. He was a son who honored God and his Mother and Father.

In his youth he worked along side of his brother and five sisters on the family farm in Hooper, Utah. He did all the chores a life on the farm required; plowing, planting, haying, thrashing, milking the cows (as they had a substantial herd) etc.. I especially remember him talking of thinning beets, and what a long arduous task it is, and how good watermelon tasted at the end of a hot day of hoeing in the blistering sun. Growing up with five sisters led to his proficiency with the needle and thread. Aunt Myrtle, Aunt Nora, and Aunt Bertha used to brag on the beautiful graduation dresses he made for them, and not just the gowns, but beautiful hats, as well, to compliment their outfits. I, myself, still have the lovely doll outfits he made for Margie, a doll I received with a whole wardrobe, including shoes he made from buckskin at Christmas when I was two years old. And, then too, I have never forgotten the dress and skirts he sewed for me and my sister Ilse the summer our mother went to Germany (1948) to visit her family. Perhaps these lovely outfits were a partial reward for our taking care of the house, and our younger sisters, Suzanne, Gloria, and Jennifer while mother was away. I don't remember, but I do remember how proud I was wearing the beautiful dress and skirt which I received from his hand.

His ambitions for his life led beyond that of being a farmer like his dad. He leaned toward the medical field, and to attain this accomplishment it meant more schooling than what was offered in Hooper. It also meant that he must earn his own way in whatever higher education he desired. After his graduation from the Hooper School he sought work, and more schooling in the Ogden area. He was accomplished in playing the piano, and was blessed with a beautiful tenor singing voice which perhaps is why he received employment at Glen Brothers Music Store selling sheet music. In those days it was the custom to play and sing for the customer the music he or she was desirous of purchasing. At a contest in the Music Store he was lucky in winning a piano which he gave to his sister Elnora, as she also was accomplished in playing the piano. He pursued furthering his education at Smiths Business College (later to be known as Henagers School of

Business in Ogden, Utah,; graduating with high honors. Still Medical School was what he wanted. He made application and was accepted into the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. In 1916 he received a call from the First Presidency of the Church Of Latter Day Saints to serve a mission to the Eastern States. Preparations were made for him to accept this call. In September of 1917 he left for New York; diligently fulfilling an honorable mission in the Brooklyn and New Jersey area under the leadership of President Walter P. Monson.

It was necessary that he repay back to his parents the badly needed funds that were used to pay for his mission, so, before plans to continue his educational pursuits could be made he needed to seek employment. Not being above menial tasks he was at one time a Gandy Dancer for the Union Pacific Railroad. Being a Gandy Dancer and having a Business Degree behind him put him in the running to continue employment with the Railroad as a Bookkeeper which he did for a number of years enabling him to have the funds to pursue his education at Northwestern University Dental School. On 17 June 1926 he received his degree from Northwestern, and in September 1929 became a licensed dentist in the State of Illinois.

While practicing his profession in Chicago, he was introduced to Hilde M. von Hayn (who would become my mother) by a fellow student, friend, and colleague, Clyde Brunson and his wife Rachael. Hilde had just immigrated to the United States from Frankfort-On-Main, Germany, and was befriended and fellowshipped by the Brunson's at Church. They really liked her and thought she would be a good match for my father. They brought them together at a dinner party which they hosted at their home in Chicago. Their courtship spanned a long period of five years.

My father was a good, conscientious, caring dentist. Because of his caring qualities and dedication to his work he was well liked by his fellow colleagues in the profession, as well as, by his patients. A prominent dentist (name unknown) in the Chicago area, whom he worked with while in school, was so impressed with him that he desired that he buy out his practice when he graduated, and remain in Chicago to take over his lucrative practice in a few years when he himself would retire. Dad did not have the money required to buy his equipment and practice, however, I remember my father having former patients in his Office in Ogden who made a trip annually from their home base in Chicago, as well as, Salt Lake, because they liked him so well, and trusted him exclusively with their dental needs. The world was in the turmoil of the "Big Depression: and war loomed on the horizon. It was difficult when your pocketbook lacked the funds to fulfill your desires. He returned to Utah and for a short time worked for the Union Pacific Railroad in Nevada and Wyoming to replenish his monetary needs. In December of 1930 he took the Utah State Boards, and in January 1931 received his license to practice in Utah. He teamed up with his cousin in his dental practice in Salt Lake only to find the Depression making things worse for people in all walks of life. On 15 February 1932 the Deseret Bank closed its doors throwing another scare into people; causing more tightening of the purse strings and making things even more difficult for a struggling young dentist. Daddy persevered, as was his nature, remaining in Salt Lake making new friends and pursuing outside interests. It was at this time that he tried out for, and was

invited to join, the exclusive Music Society, which was the beginning of the famed "Tabernacle Choir". He enjoyed the association with this Society very much. He had a beautiful tenor voice and welcomed the opportunity to receive vocal instruction from some of the best men, along with a superb conductor. In February 1933 he left practicing with his cousin and joined up with the Union Dental Company in Salt Lake where he felt perhaps he could increase his income as payment received for work done was on a commission basis and timely payment was a requirement of the Clinic for their patients. In the Clinic he found himself involved with a lot of plate work which he liked very much to do.

On 18 May 1935 my father and mother, Hilde, were married in Salt Lake City, Utah. They continued to make their home in Salt Lake until the fall of 1937 when they made the move to Ogden where my father accepted the offer made by the Weber District Health Association as the Practicing Dentist enlisted to bring Dental Health to the rural communities of Weber County.

My mother was a great influence on my dad in encouraging him, despite their lack of funds, to attain his goal of having his own practice, his own independent office. After a few years this goal was accomplished. There were some lean times, money was tight for everyone; America had entered, with England, into World War II being fought in Europe. I remember daddy taking in pay for his work, poultry, vegetables and fruit raised by his patients. At harvest time, we children, along with our parents, went out into the orchards of these patients and picked the fruit for ourselves. I, also, remember him traveling to the home of a particular patient, on a regular basis, because that patient was bedridden and couldn't come into his office. The well being of his patients was important to him; he was a dentist because he wanted to help people. Money received was secondary to him. As a teenager I worked in his office; after school, on Saturday's, and during the summer months when school was out. In particular, one of my duties was to send out billing statements, however, every time he insisted on checking my list, and, in doing so, he crossed off patient after patient telling to me, "this one, or that one, makes a regular payment of \$5.00 each month on their accounts, don't send them a bill". This went on for name after name. And so it was, a billing statement was rarely sent out to any of his patients. (NOTE: In this day and age in which we now live, you would never hear of a dentist who didn't bill his patients on a regular monthly basis; in fact interest would be charged if not timely paid.)

By 1946 our family had grown to seven. Daddy and Mama were the proud parents of five lovely daughters. I know daddy would like to have had a boy sometime to carry on his family name, but that wasn't to be. In any case, he was very pleased, happy, and proud of his five daughters. Whenever we went out to eat in a public restaurant, the people around us admired my parents with their five girls making comments to daddy that he was just like "Eddie Cantor". This made his buttons pop to be compared to a famous comedian of our era.

The war years were tough times for everyone, and my parents who learned in their early years to not purchase anything until you had the money in hand to pay for your purchase

went without an automobile until 1949. I believe my father had in his youth driven a car sometimes with friends, but never owned one himself. To reacquaint himself with the driving techniques, he enlisted his brother-in-law, Gill Widdison (Aunt Nora's husband) to take him through the ropes of driving again, which they did out on the country roads of Hooper, and he received his driving permit to drive the new, blue Mercury he had just purchased. This car we nicknamed "Blue Betsy", and oh, did we have some fun and rewarding trips in her. It was a sad day for us girls when she was traded in for a newer model many years later.

Daddy was a humble, loving generous husband and father. He helped in the immigration of my mother's sister Luise, her husband Erich Arnold, and their young son Nicholas to the United States where they took up permanent residency in New York. Then in 1951 he brought her brother, Albert's son Dieter von Hayn to the United States. Dieter lived with us for a couple of years before going out on his own, and eventually returning to Germany. In 1956, Achim Fritzen, the oldest son of Anny Nowak, another sister of my mothers, was brought into our home. He remained for a few years, and then upon getting work with the Railroad left to live in the Nevada Desert, and onto school at the BYU. During the years of World War II my mothers family in Germany was in desperate need of Insulin for a diabetic child, daddy willingly kept them supplied with this medical need, as well as, with clothing and other necessities they could not get while the war was in progress.

Daddy's hands were never idle; he liked to garden. He loved working the soil. We had a large yard in which were grown a variety of fruit trees, berries, and of course, "The Victory Garden" with all kinds of vegetables; corn, beans, peas, carrots, potatoes, turnips, beets, radishes, onions, lettuce and tomatoes. Many varieties of flowers were grown; Iris, Roses, Daisies, Tulips, Peonies, Chrysanthemums, Phlox, Petunias, Marigolds, and Blue Morning Glory to adorn our home in their season. He received great joy from the beauties of nature. He especially enjoyed painting pictures of the beautiful world around him, as well as, of his family. Being desirous of improving his artistic talents, he and his friend Ken Davidson brought a renowned Utah Artist, Florence Ware, to Ogden to instruct and guide all who wished to learn how to draw and paint. This was the beginning of the "Palette Club" of Ogden; a club formed to help all budding artists learn the trade.

On 10 October, 1962 daddy suffered a severe heart attack. At that time, I believe he had a premonition that the Lord would be shortly calling him home. He was agitated by a dream he had while in the hospital; in this dream he related to me that he saw himself covered in tinfoil with lots of people gathered around looking on in a large room. Upon his release from the hospital he returned to his Dental Practice on a half day basis, which was against the doctor's advice. But, two daughters were still at home, the youngest, Jennifer, just 16 years in age, and Suzanne, daughter number three, studying nursing at the University of Utah. He felt he must continue to earn a living for his family; to remain at home recuperating wasn't an option easily afforded.

Our last enjoyable family gathering had taken place on Sunday, the 20th, and as was Dad's generous nature, for no reason at all, he had purchased two beautiful wool sweaters

the day before which were gifts for my husband, Burke, and Ilse's husband, Jim. On Monday afternoon I received a phone call from my sister, Ilse, which upon hearing her voice, I received the strong impression that she was going to tell me that daddy had passed away. Daddy had just called mama to tell her he was leaving to go to lunch at Kearns Bakery and Café after which he would return to his office for a couple of more hours, and then around 3:00 P.M. head home. He went down the elevator in the Eccles Building where his office was located, through the doors into the lobby that led into the Hart Drug Store, and then out the doors on the other side to the street. As he passed through the doors to the street he met Uncle Lou Bates (Aunt Bertha's husband) going into the Drug Store. The two paused out on the street exchanging greetings. Uncle Lou said to daddy, "Harve, how are you feeling?", and daddy answered, "Lou, I've never felt better in my life", and then he collapsed down onto the sidewalk. He had passed away the way he always wanted to go, "with his boots still on". The void was substantial for our family; our lives continued, but it just was never the same without daddy.

Written by Sonja Hull Isaacson
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