



## Chapter 4

### “CARROLL”

#### CARROLL MILTON FARLEY

I was born on December 1, 1914 at home on Provo Bench. All of us kids were born at home. The midwife and Aunt Late, Uncle Dick's wife, delivered us. One of my earliest memories was when we built the addition to our house. Originally, there were only two rooms. I remember sitting in the doorway of the old part of the house and watching Dad, Uncle Dick and Larry Salsbury dig the basement with a scraper and a team of horses. They scraped it out, piled up the dirt, then shoveled the rest out by hand. They added two rooms to the back of the house and built the upstairs. There was no bathroom in the original house. We used the out-house by the barn. An old Sears and Roebuck catalog served as toilet paper and it was pretty slick.



I remember going with Grant Wentz to dig around the peach trees to take out the peach bores. The knife I used was curved on one end. It was used for shoeing horses, but I used it for the peach bores and happened to lose it. Dad never forgave me for that. That was

the first time I ever got drunk. Grant gave me a drink of hard cider because I was feeling so bad about the knife. I have fond memories of Grant. My Mom never found out about the cider. I didn't dare tell her.

I recall milking our cow one day. The cow moved over and pooped in the milk bucket. After that I could never drink milk. The only time I use milk to this day is when I put it on my cereal.

We had girls from Fairview pick strawberries for us each summer: Glenda Rigby, Ethel Bills, Faye Rigby, Nora Bench, -- seven of them. I can't remember the rest. I was about eleven or twelve and out picking strawberries when I got a bad pain in my stomach. Of course, Dad worried about appendicitis. So they rushed me down to the hospital and took out my appendix. The next day I came down with the mumps.

One year, before Christmas, my two cousins and I were in the barn playing in the hay loft. I jumped off into the hay and lit on something hard. We moved the hay out of the way and found sleighs and other Christmas presents. We found everything we were getting for Christmas. LaMar hurried home and told Uncle Dick that Uncle Carl was going to come down and buy their old colt because he had a bridle for a pony hidden under the hay. Dad never did buy that colt. He went to Benjamin and bought a Shetland pony and brought it home in the back seat of our old 1926 Dodge passenger car. I got up that Christmas morning and the pony was tied to the door knob.

Of course Dad had a canvas under her just in case there was an accident. I was really disappointed because I wanted a bicycle. I never did get a bicycle. We called the pony "Teddy." I rode her up to Uncle Frank and Aunt Pearl's and knocked on their front door. Uncle Frank came to the door and I told him I wanted to show Aunt Pearl my horse. Well, Aunt Pearl was real sick and couldn't come to the door. So I told Uncle Frank that I would bring the horse to her. I rode the horse into her bedroom and walked it around the bed. Aunt Pearl was pretty amazed. Teddy didn't do anything on the floor. She stood about three to four feet high. I was about ten or eleven years old that Christmas.

I could do several tricks on that pony. I would stand up on her back with my bare feet. I never did fall off. However, every time I went down the street and a dog came out, Teddy would shy. I would grab her around her neck and go off under her belly. I'd hang on as long as I could until I finally dropped off. The horse would simply jump over me. She never did miss and step on me. She did that to me several times. When she got loose she would take off and head for Benjamin.

She wandered down to Moroni Jensen's one time and his dad brought her home. I used to ride Teddy to Edgemont to visit a girl when I was about twelve. I took her for rides on my Shetland pony every Sunday. She wasn't my first girlfriend. My first girl friend was Thora Clark. I started out young liking girls but none too seriously.

Dad was a fruit farmer and we had ten acres next to the house and barn. That's all the land he had at that time. We grew peaches, and apples - red Asterkin apples and Early peaches - they were real good eating. Dad's sisters and brothers would come down from Ogden to get fruit from us in the summertime. Dad never charged them for it. Lucille, Jess, and I all had to go out and work and hoe around the trees. We hoed strawberries to keep the weeds down. I was only twelve years old when I hauled 384 bushels of peaches up to the freight train. We had an old Dodge truck which we cut in two and put a little box on the back. We could haul 34 bushels of fruit on that truck.

I learned how to drive that old Dodge by going out in the peach orchards and just running my foot on the starter. It had a combination starter-generator. That's how I learned how to drive. It had a big twelve volt battery and I never did run that battery down. My Dad didn't know I was learning how to drive. When I was fourteen, we had a Chevy 4 cylinder truck and we would go down to Sanpete peddling fruit. I would go down with Dad and we would peddle all day long and then come home. Dad would give me a dollar each time we went down. I usually made about \$14.00 over the summer which would last me through the winter. It was my spending money to go to school on.

Why did we take fruit down to Sanpete? We had to find someplace to sell the fruit and the winters in this part of the state are tougher

than in other areas. Peaches, tomatoes, and strawberries did not do well there. So we would bring down all kinds of fruit to sell. When I was about thirteen and Stan about nine, we went down to Sanpete alone. We went to Moroni to peddle and sold a lot of fruit as we had many real good customers there. Finally we headed for Shirley Madsen's mother and dad's place near Fiddler's Green. Before we got there, Stan fell off the truck and I ran over his ankle. His leg was pretty sore. When I sold Shirley's parents some fruit I told them what had happened. His mom insisted that I leave Stan with her. She bathed his foot and tended him until I returned. I went to Mt. Pleasant and really gave the people there a good bargain on their fruit. I returned as quickly as possible and took Stan home. Luckily Stan's ankle wasn't broken and he soon recovered.

I was about five or six when I started school at Spencer. I graduated from Lincoln High School in 1933. I was good in math and also took chemistry and shop. I played both football and basketball for three years. When I was Senior, I was captain of the football team and played quarterback. I played every position on the football team except center. We were a pretty poor team and only won one football game. We did not win many basketball games either but we had a lot of fun.

When I was a junior, Reed Peterson and I went down to the BYU Invitational. We were good tennis players. Sanky Dixon was our coach. Sanky took us down to Provo in his little Ford coupe. He dropped us off at the tennis court and told us to "keep plugging and you might do pretty well." He left us there and went up to the track meet. He didn't return until afternoon and we were still playing. When we made the finals he just about swallowed his tongue, he was so surprised. We waltzed right through the match. We played a couple of guys from Pleasant Grove which we had beaten before. We ran all over them and won the BYU Tennis Invitational.

Why did they call me Hoot? When I was up to Grant's playing and he would give me a quarter if I could say "Hoot Gibson." He said I always hooted half an hour before I got it out. That's how I got my nick name. When I started school, I couldn't say a word without taking a long time to spit it out. In fact, in 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, either my cousin or my neighbor had to interpret for me so the teacher knew what I was trying to say. I stuttered so bad most people just could not understand me. I finally got over the stuttering in 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> grade.

#### **AFTER HIGH SCHOOL**

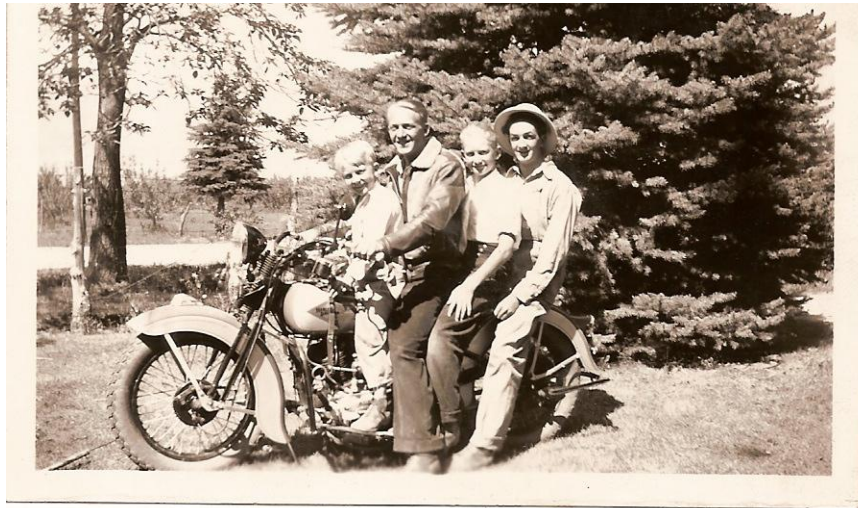
The first summer after high school, I helped Dean Johnson down on his farm thinning sugar beets. In December, Melda and Reed came home from San Diego for a visit. I went back down to San Diego with Melda. Reed had gotten a new job in Provo with Mr. Bradshaw. I stayed with Melda for about two or three months while she closed up her Charm Cosmetic business. Then we drove their 1928 two-door Ford all the way home. It took us about three days and there were no freeways back then. We chugged along at about 30 mph. After we got back, Reed got me a job working in Provo for Mr. Bradshaw working night shift—that was in 1934. Reed went to work from 4 p.m. to midnight - straight through - he wouldn't stop. He worked on inventory and put stock away. I didn't have a job, so Reed got me hired to help him. Mr. Bradshaw paid me \$30 a month. So I would thin beets and top beets for Dean down on his farm during the day time till 4:00 and then I'd get on my bicycle and pedal to Provo and go to work for Mr. Bradshaw. Then I would pedal my bike about 5 miles at midnight to Orem. I didn't own a bicycle but Reed had a worn out bike which he gave me. At that time there was a big and little dugway. The freeway now is pretty gentle. If you have ever been up the old road down by the Manivoo Church, those are the hills that I would have to pedal up on that bike. I would have to walk up those hills to get up on the bench. I would get home about 1 or 1:30 a.m. Then I would get up about 8:00 a.m. and go to work for Dean again. This was in 1934. I worked night shift for Frank for two years, from 1934 until 1935. In the spring of 1935, I got tired of riding that bike.

This kid out of Orem had a motorcycle and I bought the motorcycle from him for \$50. The darn thing wasn't running half the time and I had an awful time with it. I got mad one day when Stan and I had a hard time getting it started. So I drove it to Salt Lake to a motorcycle shop and bought a new 1935 Harley Davidson Model 74. I bought it on time and paid \$20 a month. That left me \$10 to live on and buy gas. I was still living with my parents then. I had it about a month when Moroni Jensen and I were riding on it - it had a buddy seat. We were in Provo coming up Center Street. We got to the intersection of University Ave. and Center Street going east and pulled up to the stop light. One of my buddies from Orem was in a car in the middle.

He said, "I bet I'll beat you through the intersection."

I said, "I'll bet you on that."

When the light turned green, I gave it the gun and headed across the intersection. He gave his car the gun and started through when he saw a car running a red light. I couldn't see anything because of the car next to me. My motorcycle climbed up over the car. Moroni and I got skinned up a little bit. We smashed into the side of that car and wrecked my new motorcycle. It took me two months to get it fixed and I was pretty unhappy. We had to report to the police station. They didn't give me a ticket. Luckily I had insurance. But my motorcycle never did steer right after it was fixed. Never again could I just let go have it cruise straight down the road. I used to be able to stand up on it while going down the street and tip it to one side or the other. I rode all winter on those slick roads trying to keep that motorcycle running straight.



**Weston, Carol, Merrill and Stan on the Harley**

Frank Bradshaw used to sponsor a softball team in Provo and he had a good one but he didn't have any coordination. It was my job to go out about 5:00 p.m. each night and play catch with him. He got a little better but was never very good. His son, Robert, got hit by a car when we were playing ball. Robert never did recover. Frank would work every night till 12 midnight. He started the store in 1932. I was hired in 1934. When he died, I had worked for him longer than any other employee except Dorothy King, his first bookkeeper.

Franklin Bradshaw started his auto parts chain of stores in Provo. I began working for \$1.00 a day and then received a raise to \$40 a month when I was named manager of the Mt. Pleasant store.

#### **BRADSHAW'S IN MT PLEASANT**

In the spring of 1936, Mr. Bradshaw decided he was going to establish a store in Mt. Pleasant. We drove around town until we saw this vacant building. He talked to a Mr. Nielsen and rented the building for \$40 a month. We went over to Moroni and Fountain Green and talked to all the garage owners to see if they would patronize Bradshaws if we put the store in. They all said they would.

Earl Blackham called us for a Model A windshield one time. I picked up the windshield and packed it up and sent it down to him. It arrived broken. Earl Blackham always gave me a rough time about that. In March or April that year I went down and opened up the store. The building had housed an old plumbing store. It was an awful mess. O.V. Anderson came over and offered to help me clean it up. The first couple of months we brought a few parts down from Provo just so we could say we had auto parts. I opened the store at 8:00

a.m. and closed up at 6:00 p.m., then I would ride my motorcycle back to Orem each night. It would take me about an hour and a half to get to Orem. I rode back and forth for at least a month. It was very cold and the wind would freeze the tears on my face.

One night, I was doing about 60 mph and holding my suitcase when I hit some chuck holes. My clothes went all over the road. Funny I didn't wreck. Finally I brought a bed down from home and some quilts and set it up in the back of the store. I batched it there for about six years.

Mr. Bradshaw bought a refrigerator for me. I had a hot plate and used a round tub to bath in. Once in a while Mr. O.M. Aldrich from next door would stop by and feeling sorry for me would say: "Come up home and have a good bath." So once a week I would go up to his house and bath before going out on a date or somewhere for the evening.

One night when I was coming back from Orem I had my 22 with me. I always took it with me in case I saw a rabbit or something. I would stop and shoot it and bring it home. Just north of Mt. Pleasant I saw a pheasant and killed it. Pat Wilcox asked: "Who shot that?" and I said "I did." He thought that was pretty good for a 22. I was always shooting something and poaching meat for dinner.

The store had an elevator in the back because it had been used as a mortuary. They took caskets up in the elevator to the second floor. They used to build their own wooden caskets there too. When Bradshaw's got the store, there were casket handles in the basement. I made a grub box and used casket handles on it. When it was the Sanpete Co-op, they used the elevator to move stoves and sofas. I used it to move mufflers and tailpipes to the top floor and to store cardboard boxes to be burned.

### **SINGLE LIFE IN MT PLEASANT**

What did I do in Mt. Pleasant after work? Often I would go to the pool hall and play pool. I would play horseshoes or go for rides up the canyons. On weekends I went fishing and hunting with George Biddle, sometimes at Yuba Reservoir. In the fall, we would hunt ducks and geese. Boyd Waldemar, Bert Hafen, George and I went down there on one trip and we came back with 45 ducks, 7 geese and a buck deer. Yes, a buck!!

A big four spike deer came swimming across the reservoir and I had a little boat with a motor on it. Bert Hafen was on the shore and I asked Bert, "What should I do?" He wanted me to herd it to him on the shore. He wanted to shoot it as he got out of the water. Brent was running back and forth on the shore and the deer wouldn't leave the water. The buck turned around to swim back. I thought that was all for the birds. I told Bert I'd shoot him in the water and tow him in. Burt was sure the buck would sink, but I knew he wouldn't because he was full of air. I drove up behind him and shot him behind the head with my shotgun and grabbed his horns and towed him into shore. I cleaned it, loaded it into the boat and went back to where Boyd and George were duck hunting. Here we came into camp with this deer in the boat and George and Boyd didn't know what was going on.

We used to go on some good duck hunts down there. George Biddle was a crack shot with geese. There would be three geese fly over and bang, bang, bang and all three of them would come down. I never could get the knack of it. You had to lead them 14 to 21 feet in the air. O.V. Anderson used to go with us. We'd go down and find a big flock of geese. A goose can't take off only into the wind, so I'd maneuver around with the boat and head right straight into the geese downwind and they would take off towards me. Bang, bang, bang, that's how I got my geese.

On one trip we went up to The Narrows. Boyd, George and I were in George's boat this time. I had my pistol, a Colt Woodsman and Boyd had a revolver. We'd go along and these mud hens would fly alongside the boat. Boyd said, "let's see if you can hit one." I got one on the first shot. Boyd said, "I wonder if I can do that," and he got one too. That's a true story.

About that time I bought my 40 Chrysler. I got it for \$1685, brand new. Lucille and Fram picked it up for me. I was planning to go back to Detroit but I couldn't get off work. Lucille and Fram were getting married, so I told them if they wanted to go back and get it on their

honeymoon, I would pay their expenses and buy their gas. They went back by train and drove the car home. It was a nice car.

### BETTY JENSEN

I met the Jensen family shortly after moving to Mt. Pleasant. I went ice skating on Betty's dad's pond. Mr. Jensen came over to talk to me. I thought he was angry about my skating on his pond but he wanted to see what kind of ice skates I was using as he wanted to buy a pair for Betty. I was wearing hockey skates which he liked. He bought a pair like them for Betty. He should have gotten her figure skates. She was just a kid then as there is eight years difference in our ages.

I liked to go to the ice cream shop to get ice cream. Betty was a waitress there. I got the nerve up one day to ask her to go with me on a date. I took her skiing up Manti Canyon and to the ski races. We skied and then had to leave so she could get back to work.

### GETTING MARRIED

Stake President H. C. Jacobs married us at her mother's home on June 1, 1941. He shook during the entire ceremony. Mom and Dad came down from Orem with my brothers and sisters. We were chivareed down Main Street then took off to Richfield for the first night of our honeymoon. We traveled to Zions National Park, Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon and then drove to Salt Lake and stayed with Dorothy and Max (Betty's sister and husband). Then we returned to Grandma Jensen's house and slept in her bed. She slept on the couch until we got an apartment down on State Street above Shep's garage. We stayed there about a month and then moved to Von Beckstrom's home for six months.

#### Down main street in Mt. Pleasant after the wedding



When we were first married, we went to the turkey plant to work for about four hours each evening. We processed turkeys and picked pin feathers. That's where I met Merlin Nielsen's wife, who taught me how to pluck feat.

Eventually we bought the little house up by Tobe Candland's on First North and Second East. We paid \$650 for that house. I built a shower and installed a toilet, repaired and stuccoed the outside and fixed it up.

Betty and I enjoyed deer hunting with friends. Betty was a crack shot with a rifle. She would always shoot her own deer. There were about twelve of us who would hunt in Little Canyon, up Twin Creek. One year, Betty shot a deer and it turned out to be a doe rather than a buck. We took it to O.V. Anderson, who was also the game warden, and we told him what happened. It was an accident. He said he'd have to keep the deer and auction it off. I said: "OK, you can auction it off if you want to, but if we ever have another accident like that, I will not bring the deer to you."

"take it home then," he replied.

The first time Betty missed a deer hunt was when Leslie was born. Betty missed another hunt the year I went with Trux Lund. I got a big four point buck. I had a broken rib but still managed to haul the deer down the mountain. I also enjoyed pheasant hunting. Betty's brother Lynn often came down to hunt with us. We would take Cocoa, our Cocker Spaniel, alone.

### WAR YEARS

About 1943, my brother-in-law, Lynn Jensen, talked me into enlisting in the Ship Repair Unit of the Navy. He worked in the recruiting office and knew the recruiting officer. During my interview they discovered I knew a lot about automotive repair and some things about diesel engines. I had done machine work, rebuilt engines and crankshaft grinding and things like that because of my work in the store. Since I was pretty handy with machinery, they gave me a rating of Motor Machinist Mate 2<sup>nd</sup> Class. I went in as Second Class instead of a Seaman which gave me a better paycheck.

The Ship Repair Unit had not been called up for active duty so I had some time at home before I had to go into active service. I returned to Mt Pleasant for about nine months, until February or March. When they began calling men up, Lynn would put my card in the back of the file to allow me more time at home. He was able to keep me out of active service for some time. Betty became pregnant with Carol Jean during this period.



With Carol Jean

In the latter part of March Lynn called me and said: "You are going to have to do something. There is nobody in the file to put you behind so you are up for recruiting next week." I was afraid I would have to leave before the baby was born. So on April 1, Dr. Madsen gave Betty castor oil to start her labor and it worked. (Betty was two weeks over due at that time.) When Dr. Madsen delivered Carol Jean he made me stand behind him. It wasn't a pretty sight. Having the father attend the birth was unusual in those days. But Dr. Madsen's philosophy was: "You had the fun of making the child and you are going to watch the whole thing."

Carol Jean was born on April 1, 1944. They called me up on April 2. I went up to Salt Lake and told them I had a new baby daughter so they let me come back home and stay the next day. Dad came down from Orem and he and O.M. Aldrich blessed Carol Jean and gave her a name in the doctor's office.

I went back to Camp Perry, Virginia, for boot camp. I thought they were going to send me to Idaho where I could be closer to home but they sent me to Virginia. I was there for 5 weeks and then they gave me 14 days leave. I saved my money, went to New York and

flew home on a DC 3. We got to Cleveland and it was snowing so bad that they grounded us overnight. They put us up in a hotel in Cleveland. The next morning it cleared off so we took off and flew to SLC. It was a rough trip in those DC 3's. They weren't like the jets of today. They weren't pressurized and your ears would pop. You would have to cough and yell when you came down to clear your ears out. It really hurt.

Betty met me at the airport and I was home for a week. Then I flew back to Chicago; then on to Virginia on a troop train. I stood all the way. They had an assignment for me on a ship in a harbor in Virginia.



**Home on leave with Wes, Dad, Mom with Carol Jean, Betty and I**

They put me on a DE 195. We shipped out for Bizerte, Tunisia, North Africa. After getting on the ship, they assigned me to the engine room. I said I didn't know anything about engines and they said: "You'll learn."

We had two 16 cylinder 278 diesel engines, in each engine room--one forward and one behind. The engines furnished power to a generator, then took the electricity from the generators and it was diesel electric, similar to diesel engines on the railroads. We traveled at 14 knots and the convoy of coal traveled at 7 knots. We circled back and forth all the way across the Atlantic while it (the convoy) went in a straight line.

It took us 21 days to get to North Africa. We went through the Straits of Gibraltar. Our ship was on mail detail so we put in at the Rock of Gibraltar. We also put in at another country in North Africa for mail detail. We didn't get off the ship.

Our convoy was the first bunch of ships that went through to Africa and didn't get shot up by the Germans. They were still fighting in Italy. Our convoy stopped in Bizerte for three or four days. I went up to Tunisia. There were lots of POWs over in Africa. After returning to New York, we made six trips to England and back on convoy duty. Each time we went back to New York, I went to see Elden Hughes, as he was from Mt. Pleasant. I would get off at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, ride the subway to 34<sup>th</sup> street, get off there and walk up two blocks to Elden Hughes' place. He was in the recruiting service in New York. Merrill and Stan were on evacuation duty and were on duty from England and New York. I was able to meet them twice in New York.



I was in the engine room the whole time I was in the navy. Going into port they needed us running the engine room so we never got to see much. We were on destroyer escort for the convoys. Our ship was 195 feet long; her top speed was 21 knots. She had four engines running at 700 rpm. To this day my hearing is bad because of all the noise in the engine rooms where I spent my time during the war. There were about 200 people on the ship. We slept in hammocks on the ship. In rough waters you had to hang onto both sides. I never got seasick, well not in the Navy. (I got seasick fishing once with Betty up in Oregon. That was on a 25 foot boat. Helen Lund and I got real sick.) Photo with my brother Stan.



When we pulled into New York after the German's surrendered, we were sent through the Panama Canal and went over to Hawaii for two weeks to train. (While in Hawaii on leave, a Marine and I walked and then bummed a ride to the south side of the island of Oahu. We walked the rest of the way about 25 miles and past the temple which was quite a distance. After we left Hawaii, we headed to the Marshall Islands to Majoro when the Japanese surrendered. We had to sit there and watch the Japanese war prisoners for a couple of months. I came back on a converted aircraft carrier. I got airplane sick but didn't puke. We were bouncing and going up and down the whole time. We landed in San Diego. I spent four or five days there. They promoted me to First Class in the Islands. When I got out of the service I went out with a little better rating. It was about four or five months before I got out of the Marshall Islands on the 15th of December. We went to San Diego, then to Shumaker, Calif. I got out on the 24<sup>th</sup> of December, 1945. I was gone a little less than two years.

I got off the bus down near Oakland where Betty was staying. She didn't recognize me. I had a big moustache that I had been growing for about eight months. She wouldn't let me keep it. She took me up to her cousins place to shave it off. While I was in the service, Lynn Shepherd took care of the store. Betty and I had written letters every three to four days the entire time I was gone.

#### **AFTER THE WAR**

After I got back from the war, I took the GI Bill of Rights Flight Training and clocked about 225 hours in the air. I went to Vernal on one trip with Betty and Carol Jean. Carol Jean got sick and threw up. Betty caught it in my hat. When we landed at the end of the runway so we could clean Carol Jean up, all the people came running, thinking we'd had an accident.

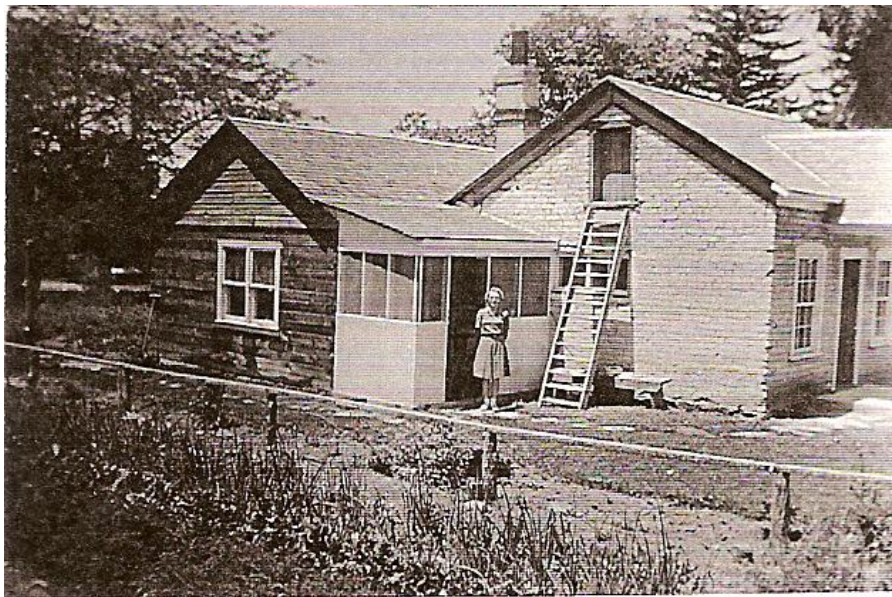
Flight training was at the Mt. Pleasant airport. I flew to North Dakota one time and then South Dakota with Sam Eck. We flew to the Black Hills and Mt. Rushmore, Pueblo and Denver. We once had a problem with the landing gear and had to take it off to get it fixed

before we could come home again. We were supposed to be all checked out. Two months later, Sam was in an accident and was killed. I didn't fly anymore after that. I was going to apply for a job as a cat operator on the Pan American Highway in Honduras, but changed my mind.

After the war, I came back to work for Mr. Bradshaw. I almost moved to Vernal, but couldn't find a house so we didn't move there. I used to go to Vernal and Roosevelt in 1946 to check on the auto part stores. I usually spent a week at a time there. I arrived at the store one morning and a guy said Mt. Pleasant had been flooded. I immediately got into the car, drove to the motel and picked up Betty and headed for home. It took about 1 1/2 hours to get back to Mt. Pleasant. We were sure driving fast. When we got home, the mud was to the bottom of our screen door. The door had kept the mud from going into the house but it was all around the house. My folks came down with a jeep and a slip and we scooped the mud back into the creek. It was all around the store too.

I built the girls swing sets. They were constructed behind the Auto Parts store and then transported home on the top of the jeep. I made them out of pipes from the drilling rigs. Al Berti knew where there were about a dozen water pipes. Contractors had pumped water up the side of the mountain to the drill rig. They put the pipes up in the winter time. If they had a pipe with a bad thread instead of salvaging it, they just let it go down the hill on the snow and it would go all the way down the canyon.

There were about a dozen pipes up there and Betty and I drove up and she helped me bring them down. We dragged those big drill pipes, which are about 21 feet long, down to the house. That's what I made the carport and swings out of. I still have some pipes left.



**First home in Mount Pleasant**

I built the carport which was attached to our house in 1959 from some of those old leftover pipes. I used the pipes along with red cedar wood from the water line in Pleasant Creek. As I planed the boards smooth, I got dust in my lungs and ended up with a blood clot on my lung. I spent twenty-one days up in Utah Valley Hospital. I had smoked off and on for years. I quit while I was in the service and then started up after I got out when I could buy cigarettes for a nickel a package. I quit once again when I had to pay two bits a pack for them. When I was sick in the hospital, I had not smoked for about a month. I went to Bob Madsen's shop one day and asked him for a cigarette. He said he'd give me a cigarette on one condition. "You inhale every drag until you have smoked that whole cigarette." I said, "OK." I smoked that cigarette and before I got finished I got so sick that I puked and went greener than a gourd and that was the last cigarette I ever had. I never had the urge after that.

On another occasion Bob Madsen and another guy went up with a truck and woke me up at 2 o'clock in the morning when they got back to Mt. Pleasant. Bob hammered on our bedroom window and said, "We've got a present for you. Get up and come and help." He had a whole load of pipe on his truck 12 - 15 lengths of pipe. That is why I have so much pipe around this place.



**Our Daughters Leslie, Carol Jean and Linda**

Our family enjoys traveling and we took a lot of trips up into the Northwest and into Canada. We often took Grandma Jensen with us. We went to Grand Canyon and Monument Valley and we slept out in Arizona and on the ground in the Painted Desert, and we also visited California. We usually took Grandma Jensen with us wherever we went. We spent a lot of time in the mountains. One time we had Leslie & Grandma with us. The gas line got caught on a piece of wood and broke and we were stranded. It would have been a fifteen mile hike off the mountain. I got a bright idea. I pulled an overflow pipe off the radiator and made it into a gas line. That held until we got back home.

We took many trips down to Lake Powell. One time Lynda and Leslie went along. We were headed down the lake to see Rainbow Bridge when a storm started brewing. There was nowhere to get off the lake--only sheer walls of sandstone. The white caps were getting bigger and bigger and boat had a small inboard-outboard.

Finally, we found a "crack" in the wall--barely big enough for the boat--actually we could touch both sides as we passed through. The waterway opened up into a small canyon and we sheltered there while we waited out the storm. We never did make it to Rainbow Bridge, but we were grateful to be alive! That was Lynda's first and last trip on the lake.

Another time, we had Leslie with us and Trux and Helen Lund. We pulled into camp that night and were sleeping in the boat when the wind came from the north and filled up the back end of the boat. We jumped out of the boat and tossed everything out as it began to sink. Everything was wet. We built a fire on the shore and we all got under a tarp and all slept together in the same bed. Next morning Leslie and I bailed all the water out of the boats. Daddy got Trux's boat started. Trux towed us back to the dock because water had gotten into our gas tank and our boat would not start. Our trips to Lake Powell always seemed to be ruined by storms. After we almost lost a houseboat and our boat with Lynn and Lois, we quit going there.

Leslie, Lynda and Carol Jean noted: Dad has covered the early years very well, but there were many years and many memorable times

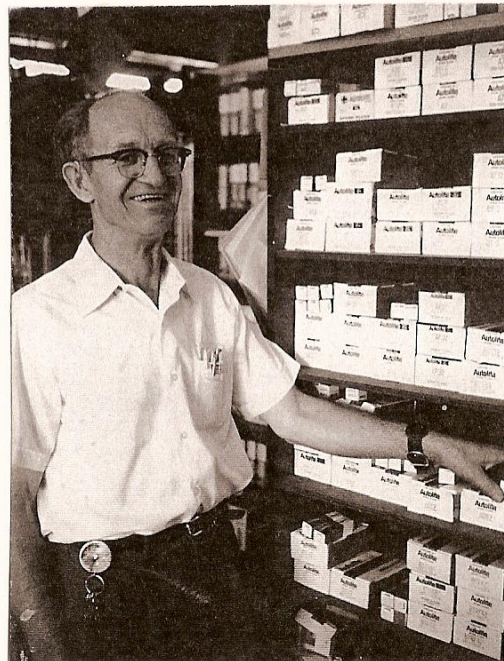
he left out. Lynda was born May 4 1951, and Leslie on October 22, 1957. Easter weekends were spent with the Larsen's and Rigby's in Wayne Wonderland (Capitol Reef), Arches or Bryce Canyon. Family vacations were yearly, covering the entire Western U.S.

We went to Yellowstone when Leslie was a baby. We were in a campground when a bear came through camp raiding the trash cans. We all scampered for the trailer, only to look out the windows to see Leslie seated on a picnic table in her jumper seat! Daddy rushed back out and saved her. He also killed a rattlesnake in Wyoming on the way home.

On a trip to Glacier Park in Canada, we were sleeping on the ground by the truck when a herd of elk ran through our camp. We slept in the back of the truck during the rest of that trip. Before Carol Jean got married our family went to the Seattle World's Fair. This was one of the few vacations where we "motel-ed it" the whole way. We ferried thorough Puget Sound, rode to the top of the Space Needle, and traveled down the coast to Aunt Dorothy's through the Redwoods. It was delightful.

Weekends throughout the summers were spent camping and fishing the local fishing holes, riding up Pleasant Creek Canyon to the Skyline and maybe down another canyon, gathering wood for the winter, and occasionally going on a steak fry with the Hughes. The mountains were a big part of our growing up experience.

When we think of dad, we think of the Auto Parts Store. Each of us worked at various jobs at Bradshaws. Mom was the inventory clerk. We girls swept floors, dusted shelves, dumped garbage, inventoried at the end of the year; Carol Jean and Lynda did the inventory books, and Lynda even learned to wait on customers. Daddy was a well-liked and well-respected businessman on Main Street for forty-seven years.



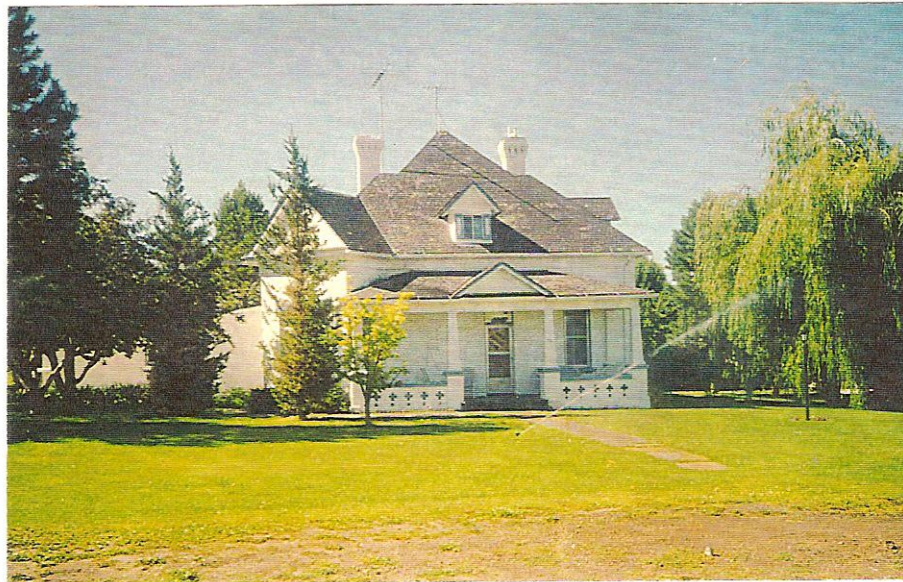
**Working in the Auto Parts Store**

An article published in the Mt. Pleasant Pyramid on April 22, 1976 recognized Carroll's forty years of service. In addition to the Mt. Pleasant store at 160 West Main Street, Bradshaw had expanded to thirty-three other outlet stores throughout the state. The article stated: "O.M. Aldrich and Sons next door is probably the only other business still in town under the same management... The Model A and the Chevy were the most popular vehicles of the day... The out migration following the war years changed the town, Carroll recalls how during the late 50's the businessmen got together and made plans to get the town moving again.

A businessmen's organization was started and is now the Chamber of Commerce. Carroll helped organize the businessmen along with Merline Hays of J.C. Penney's, Ed Monk and M. Larsen.

Carroll recalls progressive events which have moved Mt. Pleasant forward. These include building the hospital, the high school gym, the city hall, the elementary school, and several business establishments. A member of the Lions Club for 25 years, Carroll has had continued activity in the community during his 40 years here."

Carol Jean, "Dad is a gardener. He is still raising enough vegetables in his garden to feed the entire neighborhood and enough corn to freeze for the winter potatoes and carrots to store through the winter. His yard is always blooming, trimmed and watered.



**Our home at 90 East 1<sup>st</sup> North in Mt. Pleasant.**

Dad remodeled our home on 90<sup>th</sup> at least twice in the years we lived there. When the house was sold in 1988, Mom and Dad moved all their belongings to 225 East 100 South into a BIG shed. In 1989, they moved into a pre-fab home on the lot where Grandma Jensen's house used to be. There were not so many stairs in their new home and it was a lot easier to maintain.

Dad will be eighty-four in December, 1998. He just bought two new drivers to take to Yuma to fine tune his golf game. He is a pretty young eighty-four year old.

### **GOLDEN YEARS**

Betty and I retired in 1980. We began trailering several years before that. We were members of the Good Sam Club, the Sunburst Sams of Provo. We spent several years in St. George. In December of 1985, we were headed to Yuma to draw our lot in a Kofa Ko-op Park when Betty had a heart attack. Our good friend who was in our Utah Club drew our lot at Kofa for me. It was # 95. We were original members in Escapees S.K.P. Park in Yuma. We had eleven good years there and enjoyed every minute there with a lot of very good friends.

We enjoyed taking trips all over the United States and Canada. We even took a trip to Alaska.

We loved cruising on the Star Princess with LaVon and Wes and the Bullocks and Lovelesses.

Betty and I were married fifty-seven good years and were hoping to go to Yuma two more years but it was not to be. Betty had a bad seizure on May 3rd, 1998 and she died in my arms in ten minutes. At the last she had a big smile on her face and I'll never forget my Sweetheart. Carroll died on December 3, 2005, two days after his ninety-first birthday. He is buried next to Betty in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.



1970 - Celebrating Jennie's 85<sup>th</sup> birthday with Carol and Betty, Melda and Reed, Ora and Stan, Lucille and Fram, Sylpha and Merrill, LaVon and Wes in front of a photo of Jessie, deceased.

2013—Leslie & Earl Pack Family

