Mary Ann Adams Bundy

Layton, UT

An Interview by

Tori Fairbanks

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LAYTON HISTORY COLLECTION

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Layton City
and
Heritage Museum of Layton

GOOD AFTERNOON, MY NAME IS TORI FAIRBANKS, AND TODAY IS FRIDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 2024. WITH ME TODAY IS MARY ANN ADAMS BUNDY, AND SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF DOROTHY ADAMS, WHO WAS A VERY BELOVED TEACHER AT VERDELAND PARK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. I AM INTERVIEWING MARY ANN FOR THE VERDELAND PARK ORAL HISTORY PROJECT.

TF Before we begin, I just want to be sure that I have your okay to record this interview.

MB: Yes.

TF Great. Well, if you could start out by telling me your full name, where and when you were born, and also your parents' names, just for the record.

MB: My name is Mary Ann Adams. I was born at the old Dee McKay Hospital in Ogden, and I was raised on a farm at 796 N Fairfield. Most of East Layton was farmland at that time, and our nearest neighbors were about a half mile away, and they happened to have the only cement driveway in East Layton. So, all the children congregated there in those days. It was in the area of the Maverick, on the corner of Gordon and Fairfield, where the State Farm Insurance Agency is. The house is still there.

TF Okay, I know where that is.

MB: Most of the neighborhood children in that neighborhood went to Layton Elementary, but because my mother taught at Verdeland Park Elementary, that's where we went as children, so she could keep us under her wing. Verdeland Park had first through sixth grade, and kindergarten was only for a few weeks each summer. The principal lived in Centerville, and his name is Mr. Moss. My mom, Dorothy Adams, was the first-grade teacher, Mrs. Brush was the second-grade teacher, Mrs. Burnham taught third grade. I don't remember who taught fourth, fifth and sixth

grade, because at that time, I declared my independence and told my mother that I could ride the bus to Layton Elementary School like the other kids. So, I did. (laughs) But I have lots of memories of Verdeland Park, and all of my friends there.

Since Mother was an employee at Verdeland Park Elementary, we had to go to the preschool that was held in the government administration building, which was in a common area, just 100 feet away from the school. It was awful, because we wanted our freedom. We'd been raised on a farm, and we felt like going to preschool confined us to a prison. We had to line up and have our daily spoonful of cod liver oil served from the same teaspoon. It was the nastiest stuff, and taking it made us shutter. (laughs) But they gave it to us to prevent all kinds of things. It's good for you, but it's nasty.

We weren't forced to, but we were encouraged to have a little nap during the day, which was another thing we hated. And they rarely took us outside as preschoolers, I guess because they couldn't corral us. So, they let us run around and play in the administration area, which was like a big gym where they had meetings and different things for the government. But we would see the other kids outside at recess and wish we were part of the "big" school, so we could be outside playing too.

The parking lot was a novel thing because it was encircled by a log fence. It was made out of low logs, with the big log placed on ridged logs, and there were, maybe, three or four-foot walkways in between these twenty-foot logs. But one of our favorite things to do was to walk on the logs around the parking lot, which was big enough to park maybe 100 cars. It was a large parking lot, and that was one of the things we enjoyed doing.

When we were finally old enough to go to Verdeland Park School, we were then big enough to walk on the logs, and we'd see how often we could go around without falling off. And

we had to jump between the walkways. And that was our entertainment while we waited for our mother. She was so diligent about getting all her work done at school.

School was wonderful. I think all of us kids loved school. We loved all our friends, we loved the activities, and we loved the music. My mom was especially good at music, and she could get tone-deaf little boys who sang monotone to actually sing on pitch. She would sing on key, and on the melody every time. And she would say, "Can you hear this pitch?" They'd say, "No, we can't." And she would say, "Let me help you." She would have them step on a chair, and she'd say, "Now you're standing higher, so let's sing a higher pitch." Then she'd sing another note and say, "Can you hear that pitch?" And they'd maybe go up a little higher."

She'd help them hold their chins up, and hold their shoulders straight. And eventually, she would get them to sing on pitch. And she trained them to hear the melody—how to really hear music. That was one of the marvelous things that she could do, besides teaching everybody how to read and write, and everything else you teach grade schoolers.

Second grade was wonderful, because our handwriting had improved, and then third grade was joyous, because we got to learn cursive. And I established myself as sprinter, and I could outrun every boy in the school, even the sixth graders. We would have races at recess. And we had these old-fashioned, unsafe playgrounds, with one of those things that we'd swing around on, and our feet would fly out.

TF It's amazing more arms weren't dislocated on those. (laughs)

MB: Right. And we had merry-go-rounds, slippery slides, swings—all of those fun, dangerous things that are no longer on playgrounds. That kids are protected from now. (laughs) But we had a good time at recess. And if we had enough time, we'd go down to The Hollow to see if there were any fish in the creek, or whatever. But we could still hear the bell ring. It was an outdoor

"clanging" type of bell, and we generally made it back to class on time. We didn't get a licking for being late though, unlike some schools in those days. At Layton Elementary, the principal would give the last ten kids who were lolly-gagging a whack.

We had the first hot lunch cooked at school, and we had many kinds of foods every day, like saltine crackers, and lettuce sandwiches on bread and butter. To this day, I love shredded lettuce on sandwiches with lots of butter on the bread. The sandwiches were cut in half. And those went with chili or soup. And of course, we had our milk bottles with a little pull-off lid. I'm not even sure if the milk was homogenized. But sometimes there would be a little cream on top, and we would shake it. And there was always some kind of fruit, like an apple, an orange, or a banana. The picture that you have of the Verdeland Park lunchroom—the one with my brother and I—that's a good example of the lunches that we were served in the lunchroom, with the tables.

Another benefit of going to a government school was that we got all of our vaccines. It was before polio. I think that was developed in '56. But anyway, we'd line up, and there were lots of tears when we had to get our shots, and any other medications they had to give us at school. We thought it was torture. (laughs)

But anyway, my mom was always a supportive teacher. She loved the children, and the children loved her. And they were successful. She was very instrumental in helping all those children become good readers, and good at math. To this day, I still love to read, I love math, and I love history. I loved school, I loved the friendships I had, and I loved all the fun we had.

TF I'm going to go back just a little bit. What year were you born?

MB: I was born in 1940, so I'm 84.

TF Dorothy Adams was your mom—

MB: Dorothy Harris Adams.

TF —and what was your dad's name?

MB: John Vernon Adams.

TF How many siblings did you have?

MB: I had one older brother who was the insufferable bane of our lives. (laughs) And I had a sister who was two years younger than me. And then Mother had surprise identical girl twins when she was around 42, so we were teenagers when they were born. But she only took off a few months to nurse them and get them going. She had a wonderful neighbor—a niece—who raised them at home when she went back to teaching, because her students needed her, and there was a teacher shortage. But we managed on whatever money she and my father made.

TF What were some of your favorite activities when you were a child? You said you were raised on a farm, so you probably worked a lot.

MB: Yes, I did. And I was a terrible driver before I got my license, but that didn't matter on the farm; I could still drive when I was ten. But they didn't let me drive the truck very often through the fields to pick up bales of hay, or boxes of tomatoes, because my ability to use the clutch was not good. I'd jerk the clutch sometimes and knock over the boxes of tomatoes. (laughs) So most of the time, they gave that job to my older brother, because he was much better at using the clutch.

TF What were some of the things you enjoyed doing most when you weren't working?

MB: In the summer, we loved to roller skate, go hiking, and just walk all over. Mother just let us be free, and we'd walk to a friend's house, up through the fields, and across the canals. And we swam in the canals.

I told you how we always roller skated at the one and only home that had a cement driveway, which is the State Farm office now. Well, that family had older boys that we just swooned over as little kids, as they tightened their clamp-on roller skates. And those were the kind of metal skates that your shoes fit in, and you'd use a key to tighten them.

In the winter, we'd ice skate on Andy's Pond, and we skated on one of our neighbors' ponds over on Adamswood, which was always fun. Ice skating was a big thing. We'd build a fire and go skating, then we'd go get warm for a while, then we'd go skate around some more. And we'd bring a shovel or a scoop to clean the snow off the ice. We didn't have the fancy ice rinks, but they were fun for us.

I learned to ski on barrel staves—the slats from these big, tall barrels. And we got some leather straps to put on them, for our feet to go through. Those were our skis. We cross-country skied, and we'd just find some nearby hills to schuss down. That sounds really primitive, doesn't it?

TF No, it doesn't at all. It just sounds fun.

MB: We'd also ride down the back roads when they were snowpacked. We rode on a skid-sled type thing, and the driver would try to make us fall off by making quick turns. (laughs) But we also played tons of outside games like tag, kick the can, hide and seek, or Annie-I-Over—just silly games that we thought were fun. We never broke any windows; but my mother, on the other hand, was a horrible pitch. She would wind up and do an underhand pitch to throw tin cans and other garbage into the garbage can that was twenty feet or so from our back porch. But whatever she threw would go straight up and break the porch light. (laughs)

My dad would just laugh at her. He could have lost patience, but he didn't. But oh, she was a good mother. She was a pretty good cook. She burned a few things, but that was just because she was busy and couldn't stay on task. She had other things to do.

Our washing machine had to be rolled into the kitchen where it could be filled at the double kitchen sink with the old wringer. It was electric, and it agitated at the bottom. [describes the wringer, conversation becomes unclear. Then F-35s sound in the background, microphone is turned on]

Our coal stove was our source of heat in our huge kitchen. The kitchen was probably a good 20 square feet, which was twice as big as this room we're in right now. And that was mostly our gathering area. It also had a day bed in it, and that's where my brother slept, because he was a boy. He had to sleep in the kitchen. (laughs)

We had lightning come bouncing through our house many times. We'd have the front and back doors open, and lightning would come right through the kitchen. Then it would bounce across the floor and out the other door. (laughs) None of us were ever electrocuted, but nothing was grounded in those days. So, the lightning had to go somewhere to find a ground.

TF And this happened multiple times?

MB: Yes.

TF So when a storm came through, you'd just open your doors?

MB: Well, we'd open the doors just to keep the circulation going, because there was no air conditioning.

TF I wonder why it hit your house multiple times.

MB: Oh, there were several homes in East Layton that got struck every time there was a thunderstorm. Some of the homes about a mile east of us were higher up—the ones near Andy

Adams, and further up in that direction. But when lightning would go through the house, Mother was there or to comfort us. And Dad would say, "No biggie." (laughs)

We had an outhouse until I was four or five, and our house was made out of logs. And besides the great big kitchen, which was our gathering area—with a huge round table in the middle that could be extended—not only did we incubate chicks behind the fridge, but we also made homemade root beer. We would lay it in between layers of cloth to cure and develop its flavor. Have you ever had homemade root beer?

TF Yes, I had it quite a few times growing up. In fact, I had some just a few weeks ago. My uncle made it for our family reunion.

MB: Well, now they put dry ice in it to immediately carbonate it, or to make it bubbly. But anyway, we'd warm ourselves by the oven in the morning while we got dressed and ready for school. The oven door was open so we could stay warm. And the water heater was part … well, there was a boiler on the end of our big stove. And a later, we got a real water heater, similar to the ones we still use—the big, round, tall ones.

We had a sleeping room, and a formal living room that had an oil furnace in it. But we rarely heated that one up, because we didn't spend much time in there. We always spent our time in the kitchen. But it had couches and comfortable chairs. And there was one bedroom with two double beds in it. My sister and I slept in one of the beds.

The twins weren't ever lucky enough to live in the log cabin. I consider myself lucky to have had that experience. Not everybody gets that opportunity. But Mother and Dad had the other bed. And closets were scarce, because this home was built by my grandfather, Elias Adams. Not the pioneer, but a different generation. But it was originally built on the site where the Oak Hills Country Club is on East Gentile, and they moved it later on. My grandfather took it

apart and labeled every log, then he rebuilt it on the site where it was later on on Fairfield St.

Another thing I remember is they planted poplars. So, when I was growing up, there were very tall poplars bordering every farm, and it was the younger sons' job to shimmy up those trees and saw off the tops each spring. They would saw them off and throw the limbs down. So that was the fodder for the cattle and the other livestock until they had some hay. Or if the hay was in short supply, because it hadn't lasted through the winter. But I thought that was interesting.

The only television in the neighborhood was at my uncle's house, which was about a quarter of a mile south of us. It was a little eight or ten-inch, black and white TV, and there was very little selection of things to watch; but that didn't matter. We would call him on the party line and ask if we could come down and watch wrestling, or boxing. That was about all he liked to watch.

Mother was a busy community person. She did a lot of community service. She was a member of the Jaycees, and Dad was also a Jaycee. And they also belonged to a dance club. Mom was also a stake Young Women's president, and the stake went from Clearfield to Kaysville. So, she was often gone for things like that. We called it mutual in those days. But when my mom and dad went to a dance club, or were gone for the Jaycees, or to some party, we had a babysitter at the same home with the cement driveway. Our babysitter was Margaret Nielson. She might be another good person to interview. But she was a wonderful babysitter.

Her only siblings were brothers. Maybe you've heard this history before, but two of her brothers were killed in action during WWII. All of her brothers were either drafted, or they enlisted, because that was the patriotic thing to do. But after her two brothers were killed, her other brothers who served in the war were given jobs behind the lines, like cooks, or positions in the administration office, because their family had already lost two sons.

TF Do you know if they served in the European theater, or the Pacific?

MB: I'm not sure. But I think if you go to the WWII wall, you can find some names from the Nalder family.

TF I think there's also one for all those from Davis County who served in the war. I think it's in Bountiful or Centerville.

MB: It's good that people have a place they can go to find friends and relatives who were servicemen.

TF Do you remember the winter of '48 when Layton got all that snow?

MB: Oh yes. I mean, the snow was so high, we could ride our sleds right over the fences. They were completely covered with snow. Dad piled the snow as high as he could with the tractors so that he could get around to the haystacks, and the chicken coops, and the cows, so he could get milk to the barn.

We had a goat that played with us all the time. He didn't hurt any of us really bad, but he'd head butt us, and he liked to push us around. He didn't ever charge us, and he didn't really knock us over. But his name was George Albert, because he looked like George Albert Smith. (laughs) He was white, and he had this long beard. So, that's how he got his name.

But we played Who's the King of Bunker Hill, and he played with us. He was usually the winner when he got on top of that huge pile of snow. (laughs) Dad must have piled it at least ten to fifteen feet high with snow so that he could get to the granary, and all of the farm buildings. But there was a lot of snow that winter.

TF People I've interviewed who lived in Verdeland Park have said that they could just jump right off their roofs into the piles of snow during that winter. And during that winter, Hill Field

also participated in Operation Hay Bale. Some of the aircraft would go up into the mountains and drop bales of hay for the elk and deer.

When I interviewed Harris Adams, he talked about going on sleigh rides during the winter. Do you remember doing that during the winter?

MB: Yeah. We did that on all the back roads. I think we call them skids, because they were made with runners, and they were a pretty good size. A bunch of the neighbor kids would pile on, and then the driver would try to whip them off by making fast turns.

Another fun thing we'd do was catch these huge catfish, either in the canal or Andy's Pond, and Mother would not cook them. She hated catfish, because they were just so ugly. (laughs) So we'd put them in these great big watering throughs for the for the animals. And that was the same place that everybody washed their hands or got a drink.

But our favorite thing in the summertime was to get the biggest cucumbers we could find and make boats. We'd play with them in the through first, then we'd let them float down the ditches. Isn't that a weird thing? I don't know if Harris mentioned ever doing things like that. But anyway, that was fun.

Who was the Black teacher?

TF Ruby Price?

MB: That's right. Mother invited her to our home for lunch. Mother always had people from school or wherever over for lunch. Well, Ruby was the first Black person I'd ever seen up close, although I'm sure we had a few Black children at Verdeland Park Elementary. But anyway, Mother would make rolls and have a nice chicken salad, or something like that. But she invited Ruby over to visit and get acquainted, and I loved just sitting there and studying her, because it was the first time I'd been close enough to a Black person to see their hands, and their palms,

and their hair texture. It was a learning experience for me, because Mother let us join in and eat lunch with her guests.

TF How old were you when you met Ruby?

MB: It was when I was going to Layton Elementary, so I was probably around nine. They say she was the first Black teacher in Utah. I think there's some discrepancy there. But anyway, she was a fun lady. She had an interesting personality.

TF Well, going back to your mom, do you know why she chose to be a teacher?

MB: That's a good question. I think it was just one of the few things that women could do for a job at the time. They weren't supposed to be engineers, or scientists, or anything like that. They could either be a homemaker, or go to college and be a teacher. So, I think that was just the normal thing for her to look forward to when she went to college. She went to Utah State, and she was very, very poor. She had one plaid, straight skirt that she wore, and she wore a shift—kind of like a slip—around it, so that it would get equal wearing on the backside, mostly where she would sit, where it would get worn out.

But she was so poor that she did some things that were shady. (laughs) She lived with some roommates in a basement apartment, and most of their neighbors had their milk delivered by a milkman. And of course, back then, it was raw milk. So, she and her roommates would go out with cups and spoons very early in the morning, before people would bring their milk in, and they would very carefully remove the lid from the milk bottles, and spoon out the cream. Then they would take their cups of cream, and a little bit of milk with them, and they would carefully reseal the lids on the bottles. (laughs) I'm sure they picked different neighbors at different times—whoever had milk sitting on their porches. But they would then have milk to eat with their oatmeal, or cracked wheat, or whatever that they were eating for breakfast.

I think Mother had a budget of, like, a nickel a day for food. And they ate at the Union building, where they had those wonderful, big cinnamon rolls; but she could never afford one of those. The biggest thing she could get for a nickel was a huge bowl of squash just loaded with butter, so that's what she lived on in college: squash, and stolen milk with oatmeal or cereal.

Occasionally, somebody would give her an apple or something, and maybe she would get things when she went home, like canned fruit, but that was about it.

TF Was her home in Layton?

MB: Yes. She lived on the corner of Antelope Drive and Hill Field Rd, that goes up to Base. There's a coffee shop there now. But Harris moved that home further east, to Gordon Ave. But that's the home where my mother grew up with her siblings. She had one brother and five sisters. She was the second-oldest, and her brother was right in the middle. He made life hectic for all those girls, but he turned out to be a good man.

But Mother's family owned much of what is now Hill Air Force Base. They raised dry farm wheat up there, and her cousins—the Harrises—lived along what they called Easy Street in the olden days. And they would ride the Bamberger. In the wintertime, when Mother was in high school, she would wash her hair in the morning, then she'd run to catch the Bamberger to go to school at Davis High. And her hair would still be wet as she ran to catch the train, so it would freeze. (laughs) That was a funny memory from her youth.

She worked hard on their family farm—everybody worked at that time—and her mother was divorced, which was uncommon in those days. Maybe you've heard of the scandal, but when Mother was a teenager, getting ready to go to college, her father left and fled with a lady who was also married and had children.

So, they both left their families, but he started having second thoughts by the time they got to Saint George. So, he called and said, "Can I come home? I made a mistake." And my Grandma Harris, being the stubborn woman that she was, said, "Hell no." So, she continued raising the family on her own. She worked at the Base part time, and she had some other odd jobs. She also worked at Farmers Union. I'm sure Harris told you about the Farmers Union store.

TF: Yes.

MB: But Mother loved her Layton side of the family, and they lived on West Gentile, where the mayor lives now. That was the John Layton home, and I think Joy Petro has done a nice job restoring the home and keeping it nice. But my mother loved to go there, and she took us there a lot as children. I remember the pantries, and the summer kitchen, and all the fun things they used to have. It was a wonderful home.

TF What made your mom decide to go to college? Was it because her mom was single and she wanted to get a job?

MB: I think it was always an aspiration for my mom. Getting an education was always important to her, and I'm glad she did, because she instilled the love of learning into the rest of her family.

TF It sounds like she was pretty independent, going to college like she did. And she probably learned some of that independence from being raised by a single mom. Did she instill any of that independence into you and your sisters?

MB: Yeah. My sisters and I are quite independent women. My daughter thinks I'm bossy, but I think she's bossier. (laughs) But we were very assertive, and we were very confident. Mother instilled confidence in everybody, whether it was teaching a monotone little boy how to sing, or teaching girls that they needed to work and study hard. She taught us to be achievers.

TF Do you know anything about the classes she took to become a teacher, or what her training was like in college?

MB: Well, the program she did was called a Two-Year [Normal?] She kept taking classes after she was done with the program, and she did finally finish a four-year degree. She got to walk and get her degree, and I was maybe ten by the time she did that. But she did that through extension classes, doing summer work, and things like that.

But she and Dad always planned really nice vacations for us during the summer. Mom was an organizer, and she would coordinate all of her activities with the crops—between harvests of either hay, or wheat, or whatever it was. She would sandwich in time for our family vacations. And my dad was all for it. He helped her plan all of these big, splendid vacations. So, we traveled quite a bit, and mostly by train. I mean, we took a lot of car trips to closer places in Utah like the national parks, and Yellowstone. But we also went to Nevada and California, because her only brother lived in Carson City. So, we'd go on the train to visit him, and then we'd go to California, because she also had a sister whose husband was stationed down there for a while.

We also made many trips back East. So, I knew everything about riding the train, like where we were supposed to go. We would get off either in Michigan or somewhere in Illinois, near Chicago. Mother's sister, who was just younger than her, lived in Chicago with her family. So we went there quite often.

We'd also go to Detroit, and Mother made us see every museum, and go on every tour we possibly could in order to learn something new. We went through the Kellogg's plant, and that was a really fun field trip. We also went through several automobile factories, like the Buick

factory, and the Ford factory, back when they used to build cars in Detroit, right. And as a young person, that was amazing to me.

As I was nearing my teenage years, my mother's sister introduced her and Dad to a Buick dealer. And long before they would transport cars via truck or train, they had people pick up cars for them at the factory, then they'd put a couple 1000 miles on the car by driving it to where it needed to go.

Well, we made arrangements with that dealer to do the travelling to get the cars while we were already there. We would travel east from Utah, then sometimes we would go north into Quebec, and we got to see a lot of that part of North American in these brand-new cars.

I remember one time, a friend of mine came with us, and she got heatstroke in Quebec. None of us could speak a word of French, and we were trying to find help. We were staying at a bed and breakfast in someone's home, and the owner was trying to help us. Somehow, she was able to get a nurse to help get my friend hydrated again; she was so dehydrated; but my friend rested, then we kept going after she felt better. and was able to overcome with heat for a while. We toured Le Frontenac, and some other fun things that you have to see while you're in Quebec. It's an amazing city.

Mother would let my older brother, Mike, take a couple of friends who were a little older than him, on our trips with us. One of them was Harris's younger brother, Neal. Neal went with us once or twice, as well as Ralph Firth. I don't know if you got to interview Ralph before he died.

TF No, I didn't.

MB: That was another history you could have done, because he worked at the bank. He and Harris were both were big bankers.

TF Unfortunately, I didn't start interviewing until about a year ago. so I missed Ralph.

MB: Well, Ralph went with us, because he was the same age as Harris's younger brother, and they were really good friends with my brothers. In those days, it didn't matter what age you were, because you had friends in the stake. And as Layton grew, they formed two stakes, East Layton and West Layton. Then they formed three and four in the middle.

But anyway, they were good friends, and they could drive. So, we'd pick up two or three Buicks and bring them back to the dealership. And we were so lucky—we never had an accident, even though we had teenage drivers. And it helped Mother and Dad, because it made it so they didn't always have to drive. I mean, we didn't have cell phones to communicate between drivers. So, you just hoped you stayed on the right route and got off on the right exits. Of course, there weren't freeways—mostly just two-lane highways.

But anyway, those were fun summer trips that we did with my mom.

TF What type of teacher was your mom? You said she instilled the gift of reading and math and music in you, and in her other students. And it sounds like she taught you independence, and how to work. What other qualities did she have that made her a good teacher?

MB: She was loving, Back in those days, you could love a child. You could hug them if they were crying. You could comfort them. Mother was a very nurturing mother and teacher, along with all of her many other wonderful talents. That retirement book has so many pictures. Some of them are from Verdeland Park, and some of them are from Whiteside Elementary. She actually retired from Whitesides, because by then, I think they had bulldozed Verdeland Park and realigned school boundaries. So, she taught at Whitesides, and she actually taught my daughter in first grade. By then, they actually had kindergarten.

My older boys did a lot of their elementary school in Logan. They were only at Whitesides for a few years. So they missed having Mother as their teacher. But she was a great teacher at Whitesides too. I mean, she had Guinea pigs for class pets. They were stinky little things. (laughs) But she would let the children get permission from their parents to take the class pet home for the weekend. Can you imagine? That's not allowed now. It's a wonder the animals survived. (laughs) But they did. And they had babies and reproduced. So, that was an education for the kids. (laughs)

She always had class pets. She usually had a goldfish or two, and having a class pet taught the children responsibility, because they had jobs, like learning how to clean out that stinky Guinea pig's pen, and feeding the animals, and getting them their water.

TF Your mom obviously loved teaching. Did she tell you what she liked specifically about teaching at Verdeland Park?

MB: She liked the children there because many of them were from different ethnic groups, and they were from all over the world. I had a particularly good friend, Randy Johnson, and he was an Air Force brat. But he and I were equals, as far as intelligence. We were kind of "the class brains". (laughs) But I mentioned how I was the fastest runner at Verdeland Park Elementary, although some people would contest that. There was another girl, Helen Herreman, another military brat who lived in Verdeland Park. But she and I were the fastest runners at Verdeland Park Elementary.

But I had so many friends. There was Alfred … I can't remember his last name, but his mother was a wonderful seamstress, and she made all of our dance costumes, because Mother didn't have time to sew. And I was at Verdeland Park Elementary in '47 when we celebrated the 100 anniversary of when the pioneers came to Utah. So Alfred's mother made all of our long

pioneer dresses and bonnets, and they were so cute. I saved them; they're at my home, along with Mother's wedding dress.

But anyway, that was a big thing, because the children in all the schools learned square dancing, and line dancing. And we put on these assemblies all over. I don't remember being in the parade, because I think all these activities happened during the school time; but it was a big deal.

TF Do you remember how outsiders viewed people who lived in Verdeland Park? Other people I've interviewed said that some people looked down on kids who grew up there. They maybe saw them as kind of crazy, because they got to run around and do whatever they wanted.

MB: Yeah, they were different. I think Verdeland Park kids were probably more independent, and they were probably more worldly than the farm kids around Layton. But they were good people. I had such good friends from there, and such good memories. I accepted anybody, and Mother accepted anybody. She was the kind of person who was a friend to everyone.

TF It sounds like that was one of the things that made her a really good teacher of all the kids who came from different backgrounds, and different areas. And I think during that time, that type of teacher was needed, because so many kids from different areas were coming into Utah.

MB: Yes. She made them feel included.

TF Right. A lot of people who grew up in Verdeland Park and went to Verdeland Park Elementary have said your mom was such a good teacher. They loved her and their other teachers there. I interviewed one Black person who said racism was something she never experienced at Verdeland Park Elementary, and that all of her teachers were very fair—that if anything unfair ever happened, the teachers took care of it really quickly.

But your mom's name, along with Ms. Burnham, are often given as peoples' favorite teachers when they went to Verdeland Park Elementary.

MB: I think Ms. Burnham's first name was Alberta. Everyone loved her. Do you have a picture of her son, Barry?

TF We probably do somewhere.

MB: He had polio, and he had to use crutches to get around. But he was a great kid. And Ms. Burnham was great.

TF What did your mom like most about teaching?

MB: Well, I don't remember her ever complaining about having to do things like correcting papers. I certainly complained about all the papers that I had to correct, but I don't remember her complaining. She put in long hours. Like I said, we played outside around the parking lot while we'd wait for her to finish so we could go home. She would have let us walk home, but we stuck around. But I think she just enjoyed everything about teaching. I really believe that.

TF And it sounds like your dad was very supportive of her.

MB: He was. He had to be. He was actually older when he married my mom. In fact, he remembered Mother when she was a little girl—maybe seven or ten years old—standing on the corner, sticking her tongue out at traffic that was going by on Easy Street. (laughs) He would wave at her and honk to get her attention, because she and her sisters would stand there and stick out their tongues at passers-by. And he thought she looked like a little Japanese girl, because she always she always wore her hair in a Dutch cut, with straight banges, and she had very, very dark hair.

But when he drove by and honked at those little girls on the curb, I don't think he ever had thoughts of marrying one of them (laughs) He picked up the big milk cans to take to the

dairy, so he'd drive by them in his truck. That was one of the jobs he had before he became a big landowner and a farmer.

Dad always had money, because he saved everything from the various jobs he had. So, he bailed out all of his family members who had mortgaged homes and properties. He bailed them out and helped them pay off all of their loans. When he died, we went through his filing cabinet, and we found all the liens and loans that he'd paid off for many of his siblings. And he acquired a lot of his property from Fairfield, up to Andy Adams Park.

TF So he was very generous with what he had.

MB: He was, and he looked out for everybody. He used to get up in the middle of the night, hitch the horse up to the wagon, and take his mother to deliver babies, because she was a midwife. He would take her to the different houses and she would stay for a few days to help the mothers, who the doctors made go on bedrest after delivery. It was all wrong, but that's just how they did it. (laughs) But he'd go back and check on her and see if she needed anything; or if she needed to go home for a while, he'd pick her up. He was just a good son.

There were eleven kids in his family. He was the youngest son, and he had one sister younger than him. But he was the most progressive and successful out of all of his siblings. He was very intelligent, but he was scared to death of school. At that time, the school was actually held in the home where they had the cement driveway. When I was a kid, we just knew it as "Maggie's house." So I don't know if Maggie's mom would have been my dad's teacher, but that's where they held school. And when my dad's mom made him go to school, he would beat her back home. When she dropped him off, he would just go in one door and take off running out the other. So when she got back, that's where she'd find him. He was scared. He was really shy as a little boy. But he overcame that. He had to.

TF What was the highest level of education he got?

MB: He went to 8th grade, but then he was needed on the farm. So, he had to grow up in a hurry. But he was a very intelligent man. He was a good reader and an excellent mathematician.

TF Sometimes I think people like that are wise in two ways: they read a lot and are good at math, but they're also wise in the ways of work, and knowing how to run a farm. I mean, that's a big responsibility—something that people with formal education don't necessarily get.

MB: That's true.

TF Well, what were some of the biggest changes that you saw in Layton, from the time you were growing up to when you left for college?

MB: There were more airplanes. I never knew my father's parents. They both died before I was old enough to know much about them. But his mother was the midwife, and she could foresee the future. She predicted that airplanes would fly in the sky for various reasons, and this was before the Wright brothers even start flying,

Let's see, what else? When I was young, school buses were a new thing that got kids safely to and from school. Also, I was the first graduating class at Central Davis Junior High, and I also went to North Davis Junior. And Emil Whitesides, who Whitesides Elementary was named after, was the principal at North Davis when I was there. Well, one time, I came inside with a broken wrist after playing baseball. He took my wrist and kind of twisted it around, and he said, "Does this hurt?" It took my breath away, because it hurt so bad. And I said, "I'm going to faint." And he said, "I think you're okay. Go back to class." I said, "No. I'm going to call my dad." He said, "You really think it's that bad?" I was afraid he was going to twist it again. I said, "Yes, it's bad. I know it's broken."

So, he finally let me call my father, because Mother, of course, was at work. and you weren't supposed to bother the teacher. So, my father picked me up and took me to Tanner Clinic, and Noall said it was a pretty nasty break. And I thought, "What an uncaring principal." I don't know if he was even loved at all. I didn't love him at all right then. (laughs) But then they went and named the elementary school after him.

TF Wasn't he the principal at Davis High as well?

MB: For a while. And I can tell you some things about Davis High. It wasn't awful, but when you're a student body officer, and you get expelled, it's very embarrassing. We had to apologize in an assembly.

I was expelled with several other kids because we boycotted. We marched in protest for a teacher that we thought was being unfair. Nowadays, that wouldn't be uncommon; but because I was supposed to set a good example, they booted me out of school for a day, and it was so embarrassing, because they didn't take away my student body position, but I did have to publicly apologize in an assembly, and I had to promise that I wouldn't embarrass anybody like that ever again.

One change I remember is how the road from through Davis County was Hwy 89 to begin with, and then Hwy 91 came in. And it was just a two-lane highway. But I remember when they were widening it through Farmington and past Lagoon. The was the first straight stretch they put in, and I remember what a change that was. (Alarm on Tori's phone sounds in background)

The Bamberger was still running for many years when I was growing up, and that was fun. We used that to get to Lagoon, and we loved going there as kids. But we had so much freedom as children, Parents didn't worry about their kids getting kidnapped, or abused, or

anything like that. We were free to walk the streets of Salt Lake as teenagers, whenever we took the bus to Deseret Gym for swimming lessons. We'd walk around the Hotel Utah or go shopping at the S.H. Kress five and dime store. We had so much freedom. Parents didn't worry like they do today.

I don't know—maybe we were ignorant and just didn't know about the dangers that could befall children.

TF I don't think you necessarily had to deal with the same dangers as you do today. Or maybe the dangers were just different. Some people I've interviewed have said, "It's amazing we survived our childhood, because of all the things we did." They'd go to The Hollow and jump out of trees into the creek, or go sledding down steep hills, and things like that. It was just different.

MB: Oh yes. We'd swing on ropes and drop into Andy's Pond from those big trees. And now I think, "Oh my heck. How were we that daring?" I guess we all just learned how to swim somehow. (laughs) I mean, eventually we took swimming lessons, because Mother wanted us to have every opportunity available.

TF She probably didn't have a lot of those same opportunities growing up.

MB: Right. So we were kind of a privileged group.

TF Well, is there anything else that we haven't covered about your mom, yourself, or your family, that you want included in this interview?

MB: I can't think of anything.

TF Okay. Well, your mom sounds like a wonderful teacher, and a wonderful mother—very deserving of all the accolades she received. And just the memories that all of her former students have shared with me … they can't say enough good things about her. Her name comes up again

and again and again. She was one of the favorite teachers at Verdeland Park Elementary. So many people say, “I had Ms. Dorothy Adams. Have you heard of her?” And they tell me what a wonderful teacher she was, and all she did for them. I wish I had known her. So, getting to know a little more about her through talking to you has been a privilege, because she was a very well loved.

MB: She was happy too. She was just a happy, sweet mom.

TF Well, thank you so much for talking to me today.

MB: You’re welcome. I’m happy to share my memories.