

Judy Rice

Layton, UT

An Interview by

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24 May 2024

LAYTON HISTORY COLLECTION

Verdeland Park Oral History Project

Tape No. HM2024.059.18

**Layton City
and
Heritage Museum of Layton**

GOOD MORNING, TODAY IS FRIDAY, MAY 24TH, 2024. I'M AT THE LAYTON HERITAGE MUSEUM IN LAYTON, UT, AND JOINING ME TODAY ARE JUDY RICE, AND HER HUSBAND RIO RICE. I AM INTERVIEWING JUDY FOR THE VERDELAND PARK ORAL HISTORY PROJECT.

TF: Thank you for joining me today. Before we start, I just want to make sure that I have your okay to record.

JR: Yes.

TF: Okay. Let's start out with you telling us a little more about your mom and her service in the Army Air Corps. Then, we can also talk about you and your family, then we'll go from there.

JR: Okay. My mom was born in Tennessee, and in 1943, she moved to Utah with two sister missionaries from Brigham City. Then my mom's two sisters followed her, and they went up to Rexburg ID. Then in 1944, my mom joined the Women's Army Air Corps, and she did her basic training in Fort Des Moines, IA. Fort Des Moines was basically for the Black population during WWI, but then they turned it into the women's training camp during WWII.

TF: Was the women's Army Air Corps group different from the WASPS [Women Airforce Service Pilots]?

JR: Yes. I'm not exactly sure how; I just know they were.

TF: I remember reading about both groups, but I can't remember what the differences were either.

JR: The Air Force didn't exist at that time, and those groups were all under the Army. But she joined and served until December of '47. She went to Tokyo and played on a women's basketball team there, and she broke her back. So, she was shipped home and spent seven months in a hospital in San Francisco. Then she got out and went into nursing school in Seattle.

She and my dad had met in the Army Air Corps, and then they met up again later. He picked her up in Seattle, they drove down to LA, and on the way, they stopped in Las Vegas to get married on June 1st, 1951.

My mom's mother died when she was 13 months old, so she was raised by her two older sisters that had moved to Rexburg. So she and my dad moved to Rexburg, and they had four girls. The first one died at eight days old; but then my parents had my older sister, myself, and my younger sister. My older sister was born in '54, I was born in '55, and my little sister, Jill, was born in '56. Then my parents ended up getting divorced in '58, and there weren't many divorced women in the '60s. The only thing my mom could do in Idaho was work in the potato fields, or in the potato warehouses. So someone told her, "You have a military background, so you should go to Utah and see if you can get a job at Hill Air Force Base."

So, we moved here, but before she got a job at the Base, she worked at the cannery factory, cooking and canning tomatoes. Then eventually, she got a job at DDO [the Defense Depot] in Ogden, then at Hill Air Force Base. So, in '58 or '59, we moved here to Verdeland Park, and what I came to understand is that it was a housing development the Air Force built to accommodate people who moved into the area to work for the government.

There were double units and single units, and the double units had doors on either side that you went in. They had wood floors, and the doors were made out of wood. And they used to have an old unit up by Smith and Edwards for a long time. But I think we lived in I-18, and I grew up there. I remember how the city would bring in a big sprinkling system—the type that people would use for dry farming—and they'd lay them out in the middle of the court. So, we'd run through those and just run around having fun.

I remember Ruby Price coming around and trying to get a Girl Scout troop together for all the girls in the neighborhood. And I don't know if it was because we were too poor for all three of us girls to join, or if my mom just didn't have the time. So, we didn't join. But I'll always remember Ruby.

I also remember my teachers at Verdeland Park Elementary School. In first grade, I had was Mrs. Reynolds, and she lived over on Fort Lane, across the street from where Mo'Bettahs is. Then I had Miss Duncan in second grade, and she was a brand-new teacher. I can't remember who my third-grade teacher was, but I remember watching TV when the assassination of Kennedy happened.

We pretty much had freedom to run around the Verdeland Park area, but my mom always told us not to go into The Hollow, because the older boys would go down there and build little caves, and different things like that. So, we never went down there. We were too afraid. But when Verdeland Park Elementary was here, the junior high kids would cut through the playground, go down into The Hollow on a trail, then they'd come up across the street from Central Davis Junior High. But I never went into The Hollow.

I remember my mom had an old Renault car, and it got stolen one night. I don't know how long it took them to find it, but it was over by the Clearfield swimming pool at Clearfield High. So, she got her car back, and she thought, "I'm going to beat those little buggers." So, she tied a fishing line around her big toe, and she fed it out the window, tying it to the bumper of her car. So, when they came around to steal her car again, the line tugged on her toe. (laughs) And I can't remember if she went out with the shotgun, or if she just stood there at the window with the shotgun, but they ran off, and no one ever tried to steal her car after that. (laughs)

But my mom was part of the Disabled American Veterans, which is like the Eagles, or the American Legion. Men served as the commanders, and women served in the auxiliary. But where my mom was a disabled veteran from breaking her back, she qualified to be commander. And I think in May of 1966, all of the men in her unit voted her to be the commander, and she was the second woman in the whole state of Utah to ever hold that position. And the DAV Chapter 14 in Layton was the only fully dressed unit in the state of Utah. She was very proud of that, because they would go to a lot of funerals and do the 21-gun salute with the color guards.

TF: And fully dressed meant being in full uniform?

JR: Right.

TF: Did their uniforms change as they got older? It seems like with members of the VFW I've seen at different funerals, some of them have their original uniforms, and some don't.

JR: Well, this was in 1960, so you're talking 20 years past WWII; but I think they would have been in their old uniforms, pretty much. But their meeting hall was down kind of where Burger Stop and Dollar Tree are now. Well, they were actually closer to Gentile; but anyway, she served as chaplain, and she also arranged all the entertainment for the VA hospital. People would go to the VA and provide entertainment, and they would provide snacks and punch, and all that.

When my sisters and I were kids, we loved when my mom went down to the VA for those events, because any food that was left over was our treat for the next week. (laughs) She would get Hawaiian Fruit Punch concentrate, so we would get Hawaiian Punch for the next few nights. (laughs)

But anyway, we moved away from Verdeland Park the middle of my third grade year, because it was our understanding that Verdeland Park was going to be torn down, and Layton

High School was going to be built. My mom didn't want our family to be the last to move out, so we moved over to 386 Jensen St, which was a small mobile home park right behind Goldenwest Credit Union, off of Hill Field Rd., across from the mall. And I remember Montana Street, where Golden Corral and Chase Bank are. That's where the entrance to Idaho and Montana St. used to be. And the big trees there now are the same ones that were there when those streets were there.

And then we moved to Clearfield, because Lincoln Elementary had just been built, and my mom didn't want us to have to cross a four-lane highway to get to school. But we'd still play baseball on the freeway while they were building it. It was one big open area, so that's why we still played baseball there while it was being built.

But anyway, those are some of my memories of Layton. Those were innocent times, and you can't really say that so much now. You have to keep your kids and grandkids close; but when I was growing up, we could pretty much roam all over Verdeland Park, except for The Hollow.

RR: You should tell her what you remember about this area when we moved back here from Salt Lake.

JR: Oh yeah. We got married in '81, and there wasn't a whole lot here. It was still pretty much a small town. And now, 42 years later, in a lot of ways, it's unrecognizable. I mean, you still have the old Layton Sixth Ward down here on the corner, but they converted it into a business. And there aren't too many people who can say that the bishop who baptized them was also their high school principal. (laughs) Gail Stevenson has the bishop down here, and he was also the principal of Clearfield High when I graduated in 1973.

RR: Everything north, above the mall, was all dirt, and kids used the area for riding dirt bikes. And Antelope, just at the base of the old gas station, was just two lanes. And there was a house

where the Walgreens is now, and the guy who lived there had a yellow school bus that he was converting into [unclear]. But that was just a two-way road.

TF: Well, I want to go back and talk a little bit about your mom, Judy. I'm really intrigued by her, after some of the things you've told me. What made her join the Army Air Corps?

JR: She passed away in '74, when I was only 19, and when you're 19, you don't ask your mom a lot of questions. You're involved with your own stuff. But from doing some genealogy research, I know she came out here with some sister missionaries. One was from Brigham City, and one was from Corinne. And she lived with a Mrs. Woods in Brigham City.

While she was there, I think she just like, "Well, I'm here, but I don't know what to do." And this was near the end of WWII. So, I think maybe she was encouraged by some of her ward members to join the Army Air Corps. So, she and her brother who was back in Tennessee both joined the military about the same time. My mom served in Bakersfield, CA, and that's where she met my dad

TF: What did she do in the Army Air Corps?

JR: She was an LP: a licensed practical nurse. She was head of Medical Corps, and my dad served with the B-29s, or one of the bombing units.

TF: Was he in the Pacific Theater, or the European?

JR: Well, the war ended while my dad was still in training, and most of the draft notices or enlistments were just until the war ended. So, he never went to war, because he was still training as a navigator for the B-29 when the war ended. And then my mom broke her back and had to go back to the hospital in San Francisco.

TF: And you said she was in Tokyo on a women's basketball team?

JR: Well, she went over there because that's one of the places she served. She went over there as a nurse, because they needed help for the fallout from the atomic bombs. She was part of the effort to help the people get medical care. And while she was there, she was on the women's basketball team, because she just liked basketball. I still have one of the big patches that she got while she was playing. But her favorite player was Pistol Pete Maravich. She followed him from the time he was in college. If only she'd been alive when he came here to play with the Jazz.

But anyway, she fell and broke her back while she was playing basketball. So, she took a hospital ship to San Francisco and stayed in a hospital there for seven months. Then she was released in December.

TF: Did she meet your father before or after she broke her back?

JR: Before. He was training for the B-29s and she was a nurse. So, they met before she went to Tokyo. I guess my dad got hit on the head with a tool or something, so he had to go to the hospital, and she was the nurse who came in. And he was like, "Man, I need to get to know her!" So, they kind of got to know each other. I have pictures of them together in uniform, just kind of hanging out. Then they'd lose touch with each other, then my mom would find him through his mom, because his mom lived in the LA area. So, they'd reconnect, then they'd lose track, then they'd reconnect.

Then in 1950, she went to Seattle to go to nursing school. And that summer, she reconnected with him, as he went to Montana, where my grandparents' homestead was. Then from Seattle, they drove to LA.

RR: Wasn't your mom taller than your dad?

JR: Yeah. My mom was probably five-foot-six, and my dad was around five-foot-four.

TF: Okay. I have a few more questions about your mom that I'll get to later on, but going back just a little bit, what were your parents' full names?

JR: My dad was Robert Thaddeus Morris, and he was born in Malta, MT. My grandmother and grandfather moved from Sabetha, KS, and homesteaded in Malta on Beaver Creek. And they had to have five sections of land with water. Then, when the winters got cold, people would move and go back east, so, he would pick up their property for back taxes. Well, he left there around 1936 to go to Albuquerque, NM, because it was warmer. So, he had twenty sections of land, and twenty sections is twenty square miles, because one section is one square mile, or 644 acres, or something like that. And he had *twenty* sections of land. But then they went to LA when the war broke out, because Grandpa could get work in the shipyards, and that's where they stayed.

My mom was Ina Marie Maynard Morris, and she was born in Silver Point, TN. Her grandfather had joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in 1892, and one of his older brothers moved to Utah. He had a farm up in Garfield, so my grandpa followed him sometime around 1909, and then they ended up settling in Menan, Idaho, because my great-uncle's son was attending what was then Rick's Academy. Well, they liked the area, and when my grandpa came out, he brought everybody out with him except for two of the siblings, and those were my grandpa and his older sister, Mary Anne, who both stayed back in Tennessee to raise their families.

So, my mom knew she had family out here, and she'd always wanted to come. And when two sister missionaries she knew came here in '43, she came with them.

TF: You said you were born in 1955. Where were you born?

JR: I was born on May 16, 1955, in Rexburg, Idaho.

TF: Tell me some of your favorite memories from your childhood.

JR: Well, there were just the three of us girls, and we were always close. And I remember every year, until she died in '66, my grandmother would always send us an Easter dress. So, we looked forward to getting our Easter dresses. And I remember just running around and having fun and getting brown from being in the sun all day. It was our Native American heritage coming out.

TF: What tribe?

JR: I am the tenth great-granddaughter of Pocahontas. That connection popped up on Family Search, and I thought that was pretty cool.

TF: When you moved from Idaho to Utah, did you move to Verdeland Park first?

JR: Yes. I think we qualified for housing in Verdeland Park in 1958, because my little sister was two years old when we moved here. And like I said, my mom worked at Kings until she got the job on Base. I knew all the Kings on King Street. I used to be able to point out all their houses, although a lot of them are boarded up now. But we were always hanging out with their kids and grandkids.

Because my mom was single mom, she couldn't really afford babysitters, so she had to rely on friends and family. And since she worked every summer, she would send us up to Rexburg. So, the day school got out, she had us in the car with our clothes packed, and we were heading to Idaho for the summer.

TF: Did you stay with your father, or with family?

JR: I stayed with my two aunts. One of them lived ten miles outside of Rexburg in a community called Plano, and the other one lived just across the canal from the fairgrounds. We spent our summers there with them, and our school years here.

RF: What year did your parents get divorced?

JR: They got divorced when my little sister was probably three or four months old, so probably in 1956.

TF: Okay. And did you keep in contact with your father?

JR: Yeah. He would come and visit us, and he moved from Idaho to Utah just so that he could be around us. He worked at Thiokol for a while, but he just felt like there was nothing here for him. So, he moved back to Bay Area and worked for IBM and Fairchild, because he had training in the military, and he previously owned a big music store in St. Anthony ID. He repaired televisions, and things like that.

TF: What did your mom do at Hill Air Force Base?

JR: She'd say, "If I told you, I'd have to kill you, because it's top secret." (laughs) She packed and shipped materials for the Vietnam War.

TF: Was it the [Defense Depot] at that time?

JR: Well, she was at DDO, but for her last ten years or so, she worked at Hill Air Force Base, and they were still packing stuff for the Vietnam War, because the war went until '72 or '73.

TF: It sounds like your mom was a very independent woman.

JR: And she raised three very independent daughters. (laughs)

RR: Tell her how your mom used to hunt.

JR: Oh yeah. She made all of us take hunter safety classes so that we could go hunting with her. And every fall, my aunts would come down, they'd all pack up, and they'd go hunting. Or my mom would go to Idaho and go hunting with them. One time, they shot a moose in Idaho, and they were like, "Oh my heck. What do we do now?" And this was before they had the big

zip lock bags. So, they used these red bags and when they dressed up the animal, they'd put the heart, the liver, and stuff like that those red bags.

Well, when they killed the moose, they thought, "What are we going to do with it?" Well, they didn't want all the meat to go to waste, so they filled up every plastic bread bag they had. And when they packed it out, they looked like these big huge women, coming down the mountain. And a guy in a Jeep saw them, picked them up, and took them down the mountain. And they had all this moose meat. (laughs)

TF: You must have eaten that moose meat for a long time. (laughs)

JR: Yeah. And my mom would always go up into Morgan before they built the freeway. She loved Morgan. If there was any way she could have lifted Morgan and dropped it down to where Hill Air Force Base was, she would have done it. She told me once that when she came here from Tennessee on a train, the sun was just coming up as they were going through Morgan, and she just absolutely fell in love with the mountains, and the greenery.

So, we spent a lot of time in Morgan at Como Hot Springs, and we used to hunt just east of there. And if my mom didn't find anything, she'd say, "Bring your tags, and I'll find something. And I'll call you when I do." (laughs)

TF: Did she mostly hunt deer and elk?

JR: Mostly deer. And she would go fishing at Willard Bay. We were constantly out fishing. And when we went to Idaho during the summer, I did a lot of fishing with my aunts. We'd take all of our cousins—there were eight of us who were around the same age—and we'd go fishing in the St. Anthony area.

RR: Tell her about the Wacky Cake you used to make

JR: Oh yeah, the old Wacky Cake. We made it so much that I have the recipe engraved in my mind. We didn't use eggs or milk. We used, like, three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, two cups of water, two tablespoons of vinegar, two teaspoons of soda, and half a cup of cocoa. We'd mix it all up for three or four minutes, then throw it in a greased pan, and bake it at 350 degrees for about forty minutes.

RR: She still makes it, and all of her kids make it.

TF: By the way, did your mom hunt very much when you lived in Verdeland Park?

JR: Yes.

TR: Okay. I'm just trying to picture where at your unit you would put a deer like that. When she killed a deer, would she just pack out just the meat after she killed it?

JR: No. Usually, she had friends with a truck, and they would tie the deer up on top of the truck in the back, then haul it down. Then she'd dress when she got home. She'd cut up the meat, and a lot of times, she'd fry it up, then can it. It was like chipped beef. So, I guess instead of chipped beef, it was chipped deer. (laughs)

We didn't realize that we were poor, because my mom would make things seem like a treat. Like, "We're not poor, we're just inventing." For example, we would have hot dogs, but if we didn't have any bread, my mom would coat the hot dogs in ketchup, and then she'd crush up crackers, roll the hot dogs in the crackers, then bake them. And that was a treat for us.

And before we had Baggies, we had Save-on wax paper. My mom would put either potted meat or deviled ham sandwiches in it, then she'd put in two chocolate-covered Graham crackers on top and fold it all together. So, our tuna fish sandwich or our ham sandwich would taste like a chocolate Graham crackers. (laughs)

I remember every spring when we were little, they'd sell puppies for the Disabled American Veterans. So, all these kids would be at all the grocery stores, and my little sister would walk up to people, all hunched over so they would feel sorry for her. And I think she always sold the most. People always thought, "Oh, this poor little girl!" (laughs) But a lot of our time was spent around people that my mom knew in the DAV. And I think Anna Nalder was the commander just before my mom.

TF: Going back to the hunting, I'm just curious: did you know many other people in Verdeland Park who hunted deer?

JR: Mostly just my mom. I've got pictures of one family who's sitting there in their hunting gear, getting all of their stuff ready to go, but I can't remember their names. But I do remember one time my older sister climbed up on their truck bed, and she got a tick. So, they had to get it out.

But I don't necessarily know the names of a lot of people around here, if they weren't involved with DAV. My mom kept us pretty close. Carly Gibson and her family lived just down the street from us, and she had a single dad with little kids. I remember her going to school with her and hanging out. And I remember another family who lived kind of by her on I-Street, and we would always go down and giggle underneath their kitchen window, because the lady would get all her kids together, and they would see the Campbell Soup song before they sat down for lunch. (laughs) So we'd be outside the window, kind of snickering.

I remember learning how to ride a bicycle on, like, a boy's 26-inch bicycle, with the bar across the top. We had to put our leg through and kind of pedal sideways. But I ran into a man's Cadillac, and I was just devastated. This huge man came out to see what happened, and I was like, "I'm sorry!"

TF: You mentioned that your mom would can meat, and that reminded me of another question. I've heard there were pantries in Verdeland Park units. Was there a pantry in your unit?

JR: Well, my mom was a firm believer of taking care of your own. I don't recall her ever going to the food pantry, although they might have come around to us. But I do remember one Christmas, my mom kept saying, "You guys need to go to bed." And then there was a knock on the door, and some people were there with all these presents. So, I don't know if it was our ward doing Christmas for us, or if they were from Verdeland Park. But we were like, "Oh my gosh!"

TF: But did you have a food pantry in your house? Like a closet for your own food?

JR: Oh yeah, everybody did in those days. And when we went up to Idaho for the summer, my mom would buy all the bottles to take up there, and they had a pressure cooker they would use. And all of them would can. I mean, my mom was from Appalachia, where they kind of had to forage and fend for themselves. Their parents and grandparents were farmers, so that's what they learned to do.

So, they would bottle together, and they would share what they bottled. I remember they would bottle a lot of corn, and they would bottle sauerkraut. They made it in a big crock pot. But they'd dry beans, and they'd make it fun for us. There would be two holding up the gunny sack, pouring, and the other side would be fanning with pieces of cardboard, so that the shells would fly away, and the dry beans would fall down into the bucket. But they canned beans, corn, and okra. They canned everything. (laughs)

RR: Tell her how your aunt grew pole beans.

JR: Oh yeah. She grew pole beans and corn together, because they both feed off the nutrients from each other, and then the pole beans wrap around the corn as it grows.

TF: Did they would can those, or did they dry them?

JR: Sometimes they would dry them, and sometimes they would can them. They always made “shucky beans”, or “leather britches,” which, back in the South, are dried green beans. So, they brought their southern traditions with them to Utah.

I remember my uncle had a farm in Silver Point, TN, and he raised hogs. And when he killed them, he would cure the meat in the barn, and the more mold on the ham, the better it was. He actually mailed my aunts one one time, and by the time it got to Rexburg, the package was falling apart. They could barely make out where he wrote my aunt’s name. (laughs) But the postmaster still got that ham to her. (laughs) But the more mold, the better. You’d just cut off the mold, and then you had yourself a nice, cured Southern ham.

RR: Tell her about all the different Southern food that you had growing up.

JR: We had beans, cornbread, and collard greens, or turnip greens. I ate those until I was older, and we put vinegar on our spinach. (laughs)

RR: Explain to her the cornbread you ate.

JR: Our cornbread wasn’t as yellow as the cornbread you make other places, because we used white cornmeal to make it. And we cooked it in a cast iron skillet, not a cake pan.

TF: Does it taste different? And is the texture different?

JR: The cornbread we made probably had more cornmeal in it. When you put it in a skillet with bacon grease, it crisps up really nice, and you get that nice crunch, compared to the cornbread you make in a cake pan, which is just more ... “cakey.”

TF Did you put honey on top of it?

JR: No. If there was anything on it, it was probably smooshed-up butter and Kamo Syrup, or Karo Syrup. That was our version of honey butter.

RR: And in Idaho, you used to cook everything in bacon grease.

JR: And now, they sell it at the store like they just found something new. And also Cracklins. When they would kill a hog, they would use the skin. But now, they sell it in the store and call it Chicharrones. But we called them Cracklins. And we couldn't quite get them to puff up like the pork skin rinds that you get now. They were kind of hard; but we'd put that in our cornbread. It gave our cornbread some substance. But my aunts would have picnics on the living room floor on blanket, and we'd have Cracklins and cheese. And maybe we'd have some lunch meat with it. But we survived. I mean, we did whatever we had to do.

TF: You mentioned that when you lived in Verdeland Park, there was a family with a single dad. Did you know any other single-parent families?

JR: No. Like I said, my mom kept us pretty close to home, so we mostly just got to know our neighbors. There was a Mrs. Buckley that used babysit us, and she was mean. She would help us get ready for school in the morning, and if we didn't sit still when she brushed our hair, she'd whack us in the head. (laughs) I don't remember if she had a husband, but she lived on the other side of our double unit, and she'd come over and make sure we got off to school okay. But pretty much from the time I was in second grade, my sisters and I were all latch-key kids. Someone made sure we got home okay, and then we couldn't leave the house until Mom came home. That was probably around 4:00 in the afternoon.

TF: What do you remember about the unit itself? Like the placement of the rooms, and where the kitchen was.

JR: When you came in the front door, there was a great big living room. Then there was, like, a half wall, and there were wooden things where you could put [unclear] in. And on the other side was the kitchen, then you went back into a little hallway, and there was a bedroom right behind the kitchen. And there were two bedrooms, one just slightly bigger than the other.

Our unit had wood floors, and an old steam radiator. I remember one time, I was trying to dry myself by it, because it was the only one in the house. But anyway, I put my hand back and burnt it really bad. It gave me a big blister. And mom was like, "Don't pop it." So, she put a handkerchief on top of it to remind me not to pop it, and I went to school with this big white handkerchief on my hand.

You can't see it so much anymore, but for a long time afterwards, I could see the scar from that burn. It was in the wintertime, because that's when the heater was on. And my mom just went out and got a pan full of snow, and she had me put my burnt hand in it.

TF: I'm guessing you had a refrigerator instead of an icebox.

JR: Yeah, we had a refrigerator and a stove. I didn't go in there much because I didn't cook, but I remember it wasn't very big.

TF: I know when the units were first built in the early '40s, they had ice boxes, and the iceman would come to deliver ice. Other people I've interviewed have lots of memories about the iceman delivering ice. Like they would chip some ice off of the blocks he sold.

JR: By the time we lived there in '58, the iceman didn't come anymore.

TF: Did you have a little two-burner stove, or was it a four-burner?

JR: I can't remember for sure, because like I said, my mom did most of the cooking; but I think it was a four-burner. But it was modernized. And I remember my mom waxing or staining the wooden floors one time. She said, "Stay out of here. The floors are wet!" And I remember running through the rooms with our white socks on, and they got stained brown. And my mom said, "I told you not to come in here." (laughs)

TF: So of course, what were you going to do? You were going to go in. (laughs)

TF: Do you have any particular memories of your tub? Some people I've interviewed have shared some funny stories about their tubs.

JR: Not really. I remember my mom would go down to the VA to do stuff, she'd say, "You need to take a bath and be ready for bed by the time I get home." So, she'd come home, and we'd say, "Yeah, we took a bath." And she'd go into the bathroom and say, "No you didn't. The soap isn't wet, and the towels are dry." (laughs)

TF: I guess the tubs in some of the earlier units were made out of concrete, and people had to repaint them all the time. By the time you moved in, do you remember what the surface of the tub was made out of?

JR: I can't remember. I spent most of my time in the living room, and the bigger bedroom, hiding out where the big bed was, because it was one of those beds with a headboard that had the slider doors on the top. Our hiding place was right underneath that, because it was big enough for us to crawl under the bed and then pop up there. And we could kind of look up and see who was coming in the room.

I remember one time, we carved pumpkins, and I wanted to keep my pumpkin. Well, in the one bedroom, my mom had a big metal garbage can that she kept old clothing in. Her generation never threw anything. So, I put my pumpkin in there, and I put clothes on top of it, because I thought it would be safe. But then my mom started smelling something bad, and she was like, "What's that smell? Who put their pumpkin in here?" (laughs)

My mom had a pocketknife, and if we were in trouble, she'd hand us this pocketknife and say, "Go cut me a switch." So, we'd go out and cut a willow switch, and those aren't little whips. But we'd take the switch back to her, and she'd kind of dangle it down on the back of our legs and say, "You're not going to do that again, are you." (laughs)

But almost every weekend, we'd go up to Idaho, and I can tell you the spot just north of Brigham City where we'd stop at this particular tree, and Mom would say, "If you don't settle down, we're going to stop that tree and cut a switch." (laughs) And we were like, "Okay! We'll stop." I mean, how else were you going to stop three girls from arguing?

I also remember Dad picking us all up and going to LA for Thanksgiving. My sister and I were in the backseat, and Mom and Dad were in the front seat. Because we were so small, my mom didn't want my dad to come take us, because they were divorced by that time. But I remember that we got around the Beaver area, and [unclear]. So, my dad just kind of patched things up, and away we went.

My dad was always getting into accidents with us. I remember going with him in a Volkswagen Bus from St. Anthony to Malta to pick up my cousin. We got just outside of Yellowstone, when a flatbed truck with no side lights was trying to turn left, and my dad hit him. We were asleep at the time, and I remember waking up and trying to pour glass out of my shoes. Well, we went into the sheriff's department, and they just cardboarded my cousin's side of the window, and we drove to Malta. (laughs)

TF: Did your mom ever remarry?

JR: No.

TF: So she just stayed that independent woman.

JR: Yeah, and my dad didn't get remarried until 1978, when I was 24.

TF: So when you lived in Verdeland Park, you lived in I-Court.

JR: Yes. And from what I remember, Wasatch was the main drive that came in, and towards the top is where I-Street was. It went like this, and then it went around and back up to Wasatch. Then across the way, there was the road that went up into the park, and it's where they do the

lights at Christmas time now. That was the original road, and I lived right in the middle of where Layton High sits now.

We would cross Wasatch Drive and come over here to Verdeland Park Elementary, and it was close to The Hollow. And then there was the community center. And I remember on Sundays, Black people would have church there. We would go in and stand at the back door, and we would listen to them sing. And they'd always say, "Come on in! Everybody's welcome!"

But growing up in Verdeland Park, we had all different types of people. My mom called Layton "the All-American City," because you didn't have to move anywhere else to live with different races. I went to school with Black people, and Mexican people; but I didn't go to school with Asians as much until I moved to Clearfield. But we all got along, and we held hands, and we didn't think of segregation. The only thing was I thought all white people belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, all Hispanic people were Catholic, and all Black people were Baptist. When I went to church, there were no Black people, and no Hispanic people.

My mom allowed us to go to church with our friends who belonged to different religions, but she would say, "They also have to come to church with you. If you have Hispanic friends, go to church with them, but then they have to come to church with you." And it was the same with all of my friends, whether they were Black or white. So, I grew up with no segregation. I mean, we were just all people. We had no problems or worries about race.

We would have prayer at school, and I think it was in first grade that I learned there were people of different religions, like Catholics. They would cross themselves, and there were others who prayed differently, but they would still do it in the name of Jesus Christ. But that was the only difference that I saw—in religion. But my mom respected all religions, and she taught that

there's good and bad in everything, and you see what you look for; but she taught us to look for the good.

I remember the race riots in the '60s, when people were saying, "Just send all Blacks back to Africa." And I remember the look on Mom's face. She said, "They have just as much right to be here as you and me." And she tried to keep things diverse in the DAV. She had Frank Chavez, who was Hispanic, and she had Ralph Price, who was Ruby's husband. She was welcoming to all. To her, the DAV wasn't just a disabled white guy's organization.

TF: That's interesting, because you didn't always see that during that time.

JR: No, you didn't. But I think she recruited Ralph Price. The Prices had an older brick house over on Gentile. I think it has a Centennial sign in front of it now. But the Prices really did a lot for Layton.

TF: You said that your mom mostly kept you around the DAV community when you were growing up. Do you remember the names of any of your friends in the DAV?

JR: I'd have to look at pictures, but there were the Gibsons, and the Conners. And there was another lady whose last name was Long, and my mom called her "Short". (laughs) She kind of made fun of people's names sometimes, which is something I carry on today. As I was growing up, she'd say things like, "What's Your bucket," and "What's Your Face," and "Hey You." And she would always make up names like, "Luana-Luana-Muana," and "Dory-Dory-borealis." (laughs) There was a lady named Mabel, and my mom would say something like, "Hey Mable-bagel, are you able to set a table?"

TF: I wish I could have met your mom.

JR: She just liked to include everybody and be friends with everybody. I don't think there was a person she ever met who didn't become her friend.

TF: Well, going back to Verdeland Park, what color was your unit?

JR: I think it was kind of a sand-brown color.

TF: Okay. And we discussed how, by the time you lived in Verdeland Park, the iceman didn't come. Do you remember other trucks that would come to deliver things like milk, or produce, or anything like that?

RR: Did you get the ice cream man?

JR: We did, but otherwise, the only big trucks I remember coming in was when someone brought in sprinkler pipes, and they were, like, ten feet long. And they had to cut them up, and every ten feet, the sprinklers would spray out. But my mom would say something like, "You can't run through them until the snow is melted off the mountains. And that would be, like, in mid-July. So when we saw that the snow was all melted, we got to run through the sprinklers.

Right close to our house, I remember a big tree, and we had to take care of our yards that surrounded our unit. And I also remember we had a dog named Brownie, and somebody shot it. And my mom had to tell us that somebody shot him, then she went out and buried him.

TF: Did that happen here in Verdeland Park?

JR: Yeah

TF: That's so sad.

JR: We would tie him to the tree outside; but I also remember my sister and I found a yellow, orange, and black tabby cat, but we didn't know what to feed it. So, we looked at it and said, "Well, it's white, and orange, so we'll feed it white bread and mustard." (laughs) So, it ran away. I mean, we didn't know. (laughs)

I remember there were stairs that had a little area that was covered over, and they came down on both sides. So, it was a little hiding place, and some of the older boys would say, "Hey

little girls, come over here underneath the steps.” And I said, “No!” Well, my little sister started to climb in, and I was saying, “No!” But she was a follower, so she started to follow. So, I had to save her that day. I mean, who knows what those boys were doing.

But like I said, my mom told us not to go in The Hollow. I think I only went down there once. A group of us were kind of curious, because we had heard about all of these caves that some boys had talked about in this one area down there. So, we went to see them, and those boys came out of the caves, and we took off running. (laughs)

TF: One question I usually ask—and you may have been too young, or too involved with the DAV to notice—but do you remember if there was a lot of interaction between people who lived in Verdeland Park and people who lived outside of Verdeland Park, besides places like church and school?

JR: I didn’t really notice, because most of the people I interacted with were in the DAV. But I know that when we went to fourth grade, we had to go to Whitesides Elementary, because for some reason, Verdeland Park Elementary only went to third grade at that time. But I remember that we didn’t really hang out with people who lived in the community just across The Hollow right over here, other than going to church. We knew them, but they weren’t our best friends or anything. We did know Mr. Gibson, so we were allowed to go down there.

TF: Do you remember where members of the DAV community lived?

JR: Well, Bill Weaver lived in the Clearfield area, and Emmett Nalder lived someplace here in Layton. Of course, Ralph Price lived over on Gentile, and Westover lived in Clearfield, right by Clearfield High. So even though our DAV Chapter 14 Unit was based in Layton, the members came from all over.

TF: With Verdeland Park being such a close-knit, diverse community, do you remember if the community you moved to in Clearfield was much different?

JR: Yes. When we moved to Clearfield, I don't remember any Black people in our neighborhood. I didn't see any Black people until I got to junior high, and most of those families were from Hill Air Force Base, because Hill Air Force Base was tied to Clearfield High and North Davis Junior High. But in junior high school in '72, we voted for a Black boy to be our student body president, because to us, he was cool. But growing up in Clearfield, I grew up with more Asians and Indian placement students. You know the school that they would send Indians to in Brigham City?

TF: Yes.

JR: Well, they did the Indian placement program, and when I went to Clearfield High, I remember a lot of Indian placement students, and Asian students from families who farmed on the west side of Clearfield.

TF: Do you remember the names of any Japanese families who might still be around?

JR: Well, there were the Kawasakis, and the Odas. Kurt Oda was a legislator from District 13.

TF: I've heard the names of some of the different families, but I can't find many of them on social media.

JR: I just remember the Kawasakis, and the Kanos, and the Origamis. I think they're still around, although Geraldine's dad moved after she graduated from high school.

TF: Do you remember any scandals, or anything like that happening in Verdeland Park?

JR: Not really. But one thing I do remember there were big C-130s—the big cargo planes, because they were based out of Hill—and because they were so heavy, they would rattle

everything in our house when they took off, down to every last dish, before they get enough speed to gain altitude. Some people think that the F-35s and the F-16s are loud, but if they brought back those big old C-130s, they would see that the 35s and the 16s are nothing.

In fact, when you would pass one of the hangars that faced Highway 193, you used to be able to see a big cutout, because the C-130s were so big, they couldn't get the tails to fit inside the hangar. They had to cut it out so they could fit it around the back end of the C-130s. But anyway, when those things took off ...

TF: So, they actually dropped in altitude before they took off?

JR: Yeah. They would go like this and actually drop down until they got enough speed to gain altitude. And every one of our dishes in our cupboard would rattle. You *knew* when they were taking off. It was like, "Hold on!" I mean, with the F-16s and the F-35, they go straight up; but not the C-130s.

TF: Right. We live not far from the flight line, so sometimes, the F-35s fly really low, with their landing gear out. They rattle the dishes then, but that doesn't happen very often. But I remember when I was growing up in Cache Valley, my aunt and uncle lived in Washington Terrace, and when we would visit them, I used to think the F-16s were really loud.

JR: They definitely couldn't match 130s. And then in the 70s, Hill had the helicopters that would take off and head west, and those always flew over our house.

But anyway, this whole area used to be orchards and farms. There were tomato farms, and the tomato cannery in Layton off of 6000. I think the building is still there, unless they tore it down in recent years. And there was another one in Clearfield, right there where the American Legion tracks are. And there was another one where the Smiths Warehouse is now, and when

they started canning tomatoes in the summertime, this whole area smelled like a big spaghetti pot. (laughs). And then the onions they grew out in Syracuse ...

TF: That reminds of Spud Harvest in Idaho. Oh, that smell! You can smell it everywhere!

JR: I remember a lot of immigrant workers coming here in the late fall, and their kids would start school here. But when winter came, they left.

TF: Right. I wanted to interview some of those families who stayed in the area, but I haven't really gotten to know any of their last names. I interviewed someone who said she lived in West Layton near a lot of the old time Hispanic farmers, but that a lot of them had passed away. I don't know if there are any left.

JR: I remember they would come in from California, and it seemed like they'd be here for about six to eight weeks, then they would leave. They'd just move from area to area. And there was a curfew whistle from the fire station that would go off at 10:00 every night, and everyone would go inside.

RR: That would be helpful nowadays. (laughs)

JR: Nobody would hear it. (laughs) Everyone has their faces in their phones.

TF: Do you remember anything about Riata Days on the 4th of July?

JR: I remember being in the 4th of July parade, because my mom was with the DAV. We rode in a car, and it must have been right before first grade, because I remember Mrs. Reynolds making a big deal out of it when we started school. She was like, "Judy was in the parade!" But I remember that we didn't really have kindergarten. We only went to kindergarten for four to six weeks during the summer, and it wasn't at the elementary school—it was in the community center. The teachers would come in and give us a little lesson, then we'd take a nap on a little

rug, then we'd get up and have Graham crackers and milk. And we were there for maybe three to four hours.

TF: When you went to Verdeland Park Elementary, did you eat lunch at the school? Or did you bring your lunch from home?

JR: We mostly brought lunch from home, with the potted ham, wrapped with the chocolate graham crackers on top. There was a cafeteria at the school, and we had to go down there to get our food, but then we'd bring it back to our classroom and eat at our desks.

TF: Do you remember any military families who lived in Verdeland Park? It seems like there were the regulars who lived here, whose parents worked for the government, but do you remember military families as well?

JR: Well, military families would move in and out quite frequently, but I don't know what percentage of families who lived here were military. I do remember Randy Patarak. He had such dreamy [unclear]. (laughs)

RR: She went to high school with ... what was it, a doctor? And one of the guys who owns one of the car dealerships here.

TF: I was going to ask if there's anyone you know of who still lives here that wouldn't mind being interviewed.

JR: Let's see, there's Jeffrey Nalder, and Carla Gibson. She married a Berube.

TF: I think I've heard that name.

JR: I don't know if his lived here, but I know that that was Carla's last name, because I ran into her when we first moved back to Clearfield. But there was also Randy Patarak. If you look at my first grade picture ... I wish I'd written names. But I ran into some of people I went to

school with, like Lorraine Trujillo. But when you're little, you don't put the names of your classmates on the back of your class photos.

Oh, Christine Krupka. I went to second grade with her.

TF: Well, is there anything we haven't included in this interview that you think would be good for us to know?

JR: No, not that I can think of.

TF: Well, thank you so much for coming in.