

Carol Scofeld

Layton, UT

An Interview by

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LAYTON HISTORY COLLECTION

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**Layton City
and
Heritage Museum of Layton**

GOOD MORNING, MY NAME IS TORI FAIRBANKS, AND TODAY IS MONDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 2024. I AM HERE WITH CAROL SCOFELD, AND WE ARE AT HER HOME IN LAYTON, UT. I WILL BE INTERVIEWING CAROL FOR THE VERDELAND PARK ORAL HISTORY PROJECT.

TF: Thank you so much for joining me today. I really appreciate it. Before we start, I just want to be sure that I have it okay to record.

CS: Yes, you do.

TF Okay. I like to start these interviews out by having you give me a little bit of background information, like where and when you were born, your parents' names, and how many siblings you had. And then, we'll go from there.

CS: I was born in 1934 in Garland, UT, and I lived with my Grandpa and Grandma Marriott until WWII. I had a single mom, and she had a widowed sister. So, there were the two widows working to support their families but living with my Marriott grandparents in Garland. My mother worked for the school. They didn't call it "school lunch" back then; they called it "the soup kitchen" at school, and that's what we had every day—a different kind of soup, along with a roll, and a real bottle of milk. But it was just a tiny bottle. I remember that so vividly, and it was good. We were ready, each time they ladled up all that soup.

But when the war broke out, they said that anyone who was working that kind of job needed to go work at the Defense Depot in Ogden. So, my mother and her sister weren't drafted, but they were pretty much told, "Your jobs are moving to DDO in Ogden. DDO" So, my mom and Mrs. Christiansen—I can't remember her first name. I'm terrible with first names—went down to Ogden to work at DDO, and very shortly after, Hill Field opened. So, they started working there just as they started building Verdeland Park. So, as soon as they started, we were

told we would have a place there to live. So again, it wasn't like being drafted, but it felt like that to my mother. She felt like she *had* to move.

When we got here and they started construction, it was a mud hole compared to what is now, starting at the beginning of Wasatch Drive, all the way to the top of the park. But when we moved in, there was just the one road, which is now Wasatch Drive. They had L-Court, and they were just starting on N-Court. And J-Court wasn't even finished yet. But we were the third house in the front of the duplex, and we moved in during the middle of winter. I can't remember what year it was.

But the houses were either gray or brown, and I remember that we felt cheated, because the next court over, which I believe was I-Court, got some pretty colors. And after that, they started doing the units in different colors. But after they stopped doing the upper part, they went clear down and started with A-Court and C-Court. And there were little odd ones just floating out by the side. I'm not sure what numbers they were, but they were loners. (laughs) But I do remember when they started painting the units that pretty pink color. And I remember the government green, and I think they painted a few of them a yellow color.

But I remember it being a mud hole in the beginning, because we had a little asphalt laid down for the road in the middle of J-Court. They did have a road there, so we could drive up J-Court. And there was a sidewalk going into both duplexes. So, we had one sidewalk that went and turned one square corner, then went right back out to the road. So, you could walk there and get in the car ... well if you had a car. We didn't have a car; we only had one when visitors came.

But anyway, we could get around that much, but other than that, we didn't really cut through that field between J and H-Courts. But it never did have houses in it. It was just a big

open field, and people who had lawns there had to meet in the middle. And I remember my mother pushing a hand lawn mower to mow our lawn, and it seemed like she was mowing a big pasture at the time, because it was so big. But it was kind of fun, and construction happened fast after that. The homes were prefab, and they were pretty much all the same. Once they started putting one up, you could expect it to be completely up by the end of the week. And people moved into them really fast.

The interior was the same for most of them. We had a kitchen with a stove right next to it, a deep sink next to a shallower sink, and then a very small counter. And we didn't have a refrigerator—we had an ice box on the other wall. You could walk in, but then you had to back out into pantry. (laughs) And you would see that when you first opened the door. And there was just a small area inside the door for a table.

Then, you'd go in the other direction into the living room, and there was a little gas stove in the middle of the two bedrooms. We had a three-bedroom unit, so we had a furnace. And I also remember the thrill of thrills for us was having an indoor bathtub. That was "big time" for us, coming straight from the farm. I was so thrilled with that. It was important. We loved it. And having three bedrooms ... good heavens, that was wonderful.

So, my aunt and I shared one room, my brother had a room, and mother also had a room. And we just sprawled out.

TF: Going back just a little bit, do you remember anything about your early childhood in Garland, before you moved to Verdeland Park?

CS: Yeah. Like I said, I lived with my grandparents on their little farm, and I had a great childhood, but I rarely got out of Garland. I went as far as Brigham City, and that was it.

TF: Do you remember anything about living on the farm itself?

CS: Yes. We had horses, and their names were Bess and Pearl. Grandpa used them to harvest ice in the winter from the old canal. He'd built a huge icehouse, and as the crow flies, it was maybe a block from our house, on the other side of the road. It was an icehouse three stories high, and there were doors on each story. The canal ran right below, and that's where we swam and fished. But he would take Bess and Pearl across the bridge and hook them up to a huge derrick. I don't know if anybody nowadays knows what a derrick is.

TF: I've heard the word, but I don't know if I've ever heard it described.

CS: A derrick is a huge pole, big around on one end, and smaller at the other end. And it's equipped with pulleys and ropes, so that you can control it. And that would be hooked up to a huge fork. So my grandpa would go in with hand saws and saw blocks of ice, and they were between two and four feet thick. I don't know if it even gets that cold up in Garland anymore, but it used to. But they would cut the ice up into bigger blocks first, then they would cut it down into smaller pieces. Then they would bring the derrick from the other side of the canal, drop it down, and pick up the ice.

Then Bess and Pearl would walk towards the canal until they got to the edge, and that would put them inside the door of the icehouse. So, they'd start on the bottom deck, and pretty soon, they'd have to open the upper doors and stack the ice up there. And of course, they stack them in steps. It was really the adventure of a lifetime for me, but I didn't realize it at the time. It was just an old icehouse.

But anyway, each row of ice—each layer—was covered with sawdust, and they gathered the sawdust from my grandpa's carpenter, and other places. My grandpa would go around and find his own sawdust. But I remember that good, clean-smelling sawdust between the layers of ice. And you could climb up those steps, clear to the top. But I remember one really good season

when they got ice up on all three stories of the icehouse. And they would pull that huge derrick, and it would swing way up high. Then, it would go right back inside the door and drop that ice. They would pull it back, and it would sway clear across that canal, and the horses would be straining to go backwards. I still remember that. I mean, how do you tell a horse to go backwards? Well, my grandpa did. He yelled things at those horses that I can't repeat. (laughs) But they did it.

But I think that big old icehouse was probably one of my best memories. It's hard to even imagine, if you weren't there. But Grandpa would start up high, and he'd chip the ice, and he'd keep the sawdust covering the bare spots as he worked his way down. And by the end of the season, he'd be on the bottom layer, and he'd sell the ice for a nickel a square, or a dime a square, depending on what the ice would be used for. Most people used the ice for their ice boxes. They came in from around the valley—Garland, East Garland, and clear up into Plymouth. They'd all come to Grandpa for ice. We lived by Washakie.

TF: I know where Washakie is. I've been there.

CS: Well, the road that goes across North Garland went all the way out. My mother taught Sunday school to the [Northern Band of the Shoshone] at Washakie, and we got to go with her. That was another adventure that is surreal to me now; but we had to stay in the car while she would go teach. Sometimes, the little children were frightened, but once in a while, they came around and sat in a circle. And the older folks just tolerated it. Like, "Okay, we'll just kind of put up with this." It was interesting.

TF: What were your interactions with the tribe like?

CS: Well, I didn't have a lot of interaction. What I told you about sums it up. That's about all I remember. But later on, when I moved back to Garland and went to fifth, sixth, and seventh

grade in a one-room schoolhouse, there was one student who came. He was a large boy, and he didn't say anything. He sat at the very back of the room with his collection of pencils. And teacher would make sure that he was supplied with enough paper. But he sat in school every day, brought a lunch, and drew pictures of saddles, Indian chiefs, headdresses, and stuff like that.

But there was so little interaction between him and us. And when I look back on it, I think, "Why didn't somebody say "hi" to him, or something?" It just didn't do on anybody. The teacher was always kind to him and checking on him, but we just treated him like he wasn't even there. I think about it now, and I really missed out on that chance. I'm not sure he spoke English, because he never said anything. But he was there with us for two years.

TF: When you went with your mom on Sundays, did your brother go with you too?

CS: Sometimes he was there, but then sometimes, there were other teachers with my mom, so there'd be a bunch of us in the car. And sometimes, it got boring. They had brick houses with no windows or doors. They put animal hides up in the windows and doorways in the winter, but they were pretty much open when we were there. But the little kids would peek out at us, and then they'd run and hide. It was just ... I don't know. I think back on it today, and it was weird. Nowadays, we wouldn't behave like that in a situation like that.

But it was usually the young adults who would come and sit and listen. I don't know that anyone ever got converted. (laughs) I think they came to hear English. But that's all I know about it.

TF: Okay. When you moved to Verdeland Park, your mom was a single mom, right?

CS: Yeah. I never knew my father. And my aunt's husband was crushed in a gravel pit. But anyway, after my father left, there was no contact with him whatsoever, and that's just one of

those personal things that happened. As kids, we never really knew what happened, and we knew very little about him; but that's just the way things happened back then.

TF: I think I've interviewed a couple other people who were also raised by single moms in Verdeland Park, and that's a story that hasn't really been told. It's really cool for me to talk to other people who were raised by single moms. I was a single mom for six years, so that really resonates with me.

CS: My mom worked for Hill Field, and then when I was 13, she remarried. So then, I had a step dad, and we moved back to Garland. My grandpa was still alive, and he worked at the sugar factory up there. He worked there for quite a while before it closed down. But just as I was about to go to high school, we moved again, this time to Kamas on a ranch. Mother did not like that, so that job quickly changed too. The Naval Supply Depot was hiring, so came back to Verdeland Park.

My aunt was still in the same home in J-7, exactly where your museum sits now. I'll bet if you put a bead on it, you couldn't get any closer. (laughs) But I lived in Verdeland Park until after I was married. My husband went into the service, and I stayed with Virginia, my mother-in-law. But I went to so many different schools. It was fun to keep track of all the schools I went to. There were a few of them. (laughs)

But then I went to Davis High, and shortly after I was married, my husband went to Korea, so I stayed here and got a job at Hill Field.

TF: What did you do there?

CS: I was a mechanic. I was so proud of myself. I still know all about different wrenches, and different drills, and things like that. It was fun.

TF: What aircraft did you work on?

CS: Okay, are you ready for this? I started out on the B-17. We worked on that for nearly a year, but then they decided they didn't need them anymore. So, all of those aircraft that we tore down and saved the parts from to be used on other, better aircraft—those were all thrown away. I remember working on those day after day; then they just threw them away. But anyway, then the 19s came in, and things got more exciting. But then, I took a few tests and moved into the office. So, I ended up retiring from there eventually.

But in the meantime, after my husband got home from Korea and we moved around a little bit, we lived in P-Court, which was right against what is now Fort Lane. And then we bought a home over on Adams St.

But anyway, Verdeland Park was home, and it was a great home, once they got all the lawns in. And the area where the high school parking lot is now was our playground. We had a twirl-around, a jungle gym, monkey bars, and they were all just right across the street.

TF: You said when you moved to Verdeland Park, it was so exciting for your family to have an indoor bathroom with a tub. I'm guessing you did not have those in Garland.

CS: No.

TF: Okay. So, when you moved to Verdeland Park, with the three bedrooms, I'm guess that was pretty great too.

CS: We had a tin tub, and we had to bathe once a week, whether we needed to, or not.
(laughs)

TF: It was going to ask if you have any memories of the tub?

CS: Yeah. Where I was the littlest, I was usually the first to bathe, and I felt lucky. I got all the hot water. My brother just got water warmed up with the tea kettle. (laughs) Those are good memories. You need to live like that in order to appreciate things. But we had a cement bathtub

in Verdeland Park. It was concrete, and it was cold. You couldn't put enough hot water in that thing to make it warm when you sat down. (laughs).

But my family made a lot of good friends here, and those friendships lasted a lifetime. I can't think of any of them now; they all kind of went their different ways. But the kids I played with, for whatever reason, all kind of stuck around, like Jerry, and Afton young, and Fred Trujillo. He was brothers with Raz Trujillo. Raz was Sam's dad, and Sam was our city councilman. Sam Trujillo and my husband ended up being pretty good friends, because my husband was a building inspector when Sam was a city councilman, so we got to know him pretty good.

But back when the Trujillo kids went to school, there was Mercedes, and a little girl they called Joe. But they were sweet people. I can't remember Raz's wife's name; it was unusual. But she was the sweetest lady you could ever imagine. But Raz was our maintenance man. He was hired by the government to maintain the furnaces, the plumbing, and everything like that. He would come and fix our furnace when it went out, and he would do anything you needed. I just remembered him with such reverence, because he was always dependable. You could call him any time, day or night, and he would be there for you.

Jerry Jones lived in H-Court, and that was the big one that made a big loop. It wasn't a cul-de-sac—it had a road that went all the way around. He lived on the far side, so I didn't really know him much until we got to be teenagers, when I learned that there was more to the world than just J-Court. And there was Darlene Haynes, who is now Darlene Green. She lives in Kaysville. But her future husband, Dick Haynes, lived on the front side of H-Court. But Darlene was a year behind me in school, and Dick was a year ahead of me, and Dick lived across and

through the field from Jerry. And Afton was in L-Court. I'm guessing some of them stayed around after they moved out.

And so many of them who were in the Jaycees lived in Verdeland Park, because it was their first home when they got married. And some of them who were, as we call them back then, "the townspeople", ended up marrying people from Verdeland Park. So, we also got to know the townspeople. But anyway, there was a gentleman in town who was in the federal government, and he was a really slow guy, and my mother got to know him. I think his name has probably left history now, but he was quite well known in Layton at the time. But his brother's wife was a school teacher, and I had her for a school teacher in second or third grade. But I don't remember the teachers at that elementary as well as Verdeland Park Elementary. When they built that school, I think I went there for fifth and sixth grade. Mr. Trimble was my teacher and principal.

But the neighbors across the street were the Barkers, and Mr. Barker got a job part time job as the janitor for that new school. And oh, I remember the wooden floors there. They were narrow, and they went the full length of that building. But Mr. Barker kept them dusted off and shined every single night, and they just glistened. And he emptied all the waste baskets every single night. He'd empty them out in the hallway, because there was just one big hallway, with rooms on either side. The school seemed big to me at the time, but it probably wasn't really that big in real life. But I do remember him getting that floor just sparkling every single night.

But my family was really close to the Barkers. They had kids just younger and just older than us—boys and girls. They were a big family. So, we were with the Barkers a lot. If the Barkers went somewhere, we usually went wherever they were, and that was fun.

There was the creek bed down below in The Hollow. That was an adventure every summer. It was the place to go to be cool. There weren't many places to go to be cool in

Verdeland Park, because the trees were all small at the time. But they built the administration building right away, and the school, and then they put in a community center on the end of the administration building. We could went there for crafts, we could make plaques out of plaster Paris, and they had paint. We could paint our own pictures, then take them home. And there was tap dancing too. There were all kinds of fun things for kids to do back then.

TF: I haven't heard a lot about the community center.

CS: We could use the building for parties, or wedding and baby showers, or meetings. And there were church meetings held there for a while. But the admin building was a separate building a little further down. We'd go through the Barker's lot, then across the parking lot to pay our rent. I still remember that. (laughs)

I can't remember any of the federal people who were there after it was leased out as a place where people could just rent it—when it became open to the public. But there were local people who did that work. But it was a fun place to live. I mean, at the time, I still had cousins up in Garland that didn't have an indoor bathroom.

TF: What were some of the other things that made Verdeland Park a good place to live?

CS: People came from a lot of diverse places, and I got to know people that I never would have bumped into in Garland. So, that was interesting, and it was very exciting to me. I remember one gentleman who lived in the other end of our duplex for a while who was into model airplanes, which we would now would call drones. And he even opened a small store over on 25th St. where he sold his model airplanes.

And there was another guy I remember too, and his name was Abeda. During the war, he planted a victory garden, and it was in the shape of a perfect V cut right into his lawn, underneath his bedroom window. I would guess it was about four feet wide. He planted every

inch of that with vegetables, and it was so pretty. It was such a unique thing, and he kept it perfect. We got a few vegetables out of it too.

I also remember the Taylors, and I remember Alta Roundy. Her home was a little red brick house across the street from the high school, right on Wasatch as it goes across. Those homes were built before she died, and she was a librarian for years. She had two older boys, and I used to babysit them.

And there were others who moved into the upper part of J-Court who were hometown folk. One of the families was the Sherwoods, and he built cabinets in Layton. And there were others. A lot of them moved up into what we called “the Flat Tops”.

TF: Was that Wasatch Heights?

CS: Yes.

TF: Yeah, I thought I had heard other people call those The Flat Tops.

CS: The houses all had flat tops at the time, although hardly any of them do now. Simmons and [Wyberg?] built those, if I remember right. In fact, Jerry and Laverne Jones’s first home was there. A lot of folks I knew lived there, and a lot of my mother’s friends lived there as well.

TF: Did your mom know any other single moms when your family moved in?

CS: I don’t recall any.

TF: Okay. It seems like a couple other people I interviewed who were raised by single parents lived there maybe in the late ‘50s, or early ‘60s. And I’ve even heard of one family who had a single father, but I can’t remember their last name. I think that was in the mid- to late ‘50s.

CS: We probably wouldn’t have known them, if they were kids at the time. In the ‘50s, my son was a kid. He was only two when we lived in P-Court. And when we lived in P-Court, my aunt still lived in J-Court. After my mother and dad moved away and bought their house in

Clearfield, my aunt got a job at Boyle Furniture Company in Ogden. They were a wonderful local furniture company, that made homemade drapes in the back of the store. My aunt got a job making those drapes. She was a beautiful seamstress. She made drapes for my first home on Adams St., and our stupid cat went behind my couch and shredded them. I don't think that cat had any posterity after that. (laughs)

But anyway, my aunt worked there, and she lived alone for a long time. She did have one daughter, and I can't remember the exact years, but after Mother and Pop married, they moved back in with her. So, it just kind of went back and forth.

TF: It's interesting that your family would move away from Verdeland Park, then come back, then move away again. What were some of the changes that you saw in Verdeland Park over the years? I mean, you were there to see all the homes that came in at the very beginning, and then you saw different people moving in and out over the years. What were some of the changes you saw?

CS: I can't say that I saw many changes. I don't even remember the color of the houses changing much. They didn't get repainted. And the streets stayed exactly the same. But by the time they sold Verdeland Park, we were gone. I think the units were just moved out a few at a time, and people could buy them and take them if they wanted. But I really don't have a lot of memory of that.

We moved to Tremonton after I was married. I lived there for a while, because my husband sold insurance there. Then when I came back, everything was different. There were still some houses around in different places for a long time. And then later, you could see some of them when you'd go past Smith and Edwards. It was like, "Oh, there's J-7. There's H-54." (laughs)

TF: It's funny, because growing up in Cache Valley, when we drove south to Ogden to go shopping, we'd always drive past Smith and Edwards. So, I'm sure that we passed the units constantly. But I know they're not there anymore.

CS: Yeah, they're gone. I noticed that on the last trip we made to Tremonton. I have some great-grandkids that are buried in Bear River. So, I think the time I visited the cemetery was the last time I was there.

TF: Can you tell me some of your other memories of Verdeland Park when you were young? Like going to The Hollow, for example. You said that was the place to go in the summer.

CS: Yeah, we made these little huts, and we took sticks and built little houses. Then the boys would tear them down, and we'd fight over that. Then we'd go home and tattle on them. (laughs) And every once in a while, you'd find somebody spending more time in there than they should and building themselves a little home. They usually didn't stay long. Once folks knew there was a tramp in The Hollow, they'd call George Briggs, the town sheriff, and he would ask them to move on.

But the Hollow was a shortcut to get to town. There were two duplexes alongside the road. You could cut in behind those and go behind the White Chapel, then go down into The Hollow, and come up the other side near Verdanee Floral. Then you were in town, and it was a big cut-off from that big corner. But oh, I remember the town at that time. It probably gets tiresome to some people, because every once in a while, I'll correct them on things I know they write wrong—who write something that doesn't describe the way things really were. Like, "So and so that lived there in that house." I remember things so vividly. because it was all so exciting to me.

I remember the old Adams Mercantile on the corner. It was the last building to be torn down recently, and the one picture that the museum put in recently. But that white [unclear], with the steps going up to the side door—that's how it was when we lived there. And of course, we had no cars, so we walked everywhere. My brother and I would both go with mother to shop for groceries, and we had to carry them home; but it was quite the little store, and it was owned and operated by the father of Clay Adams, who ended up with the big grocery store here. I think his name was Mayne. I can't remember his wife's name, but she was just like having another grandma. She was always so helpful.

My mother got paid once every two weeks, and she made our family's only income. So, if we ran out of groceries, we would go and ask if they could charge groceries to our account, and she would do that for us. And when we would take groceries home, she would give me some my size to carry, then she would give my brother some his size. She said he should carry the bigger ones. (laughs) But she was the nicest lady, and she was always so kind to my mother. I remember that because mostly everybody was kind back then, but she was especially kind to us.

In fact, that reminds me: I put a story on Facebook about a bathrobe I bought. I saw it there in the window, and I watched it and watched it. Well, finally my mother bought it for me for my birthday, and it was maroon chenille. I think the chenille things were white with just a little tiny fuzzy on them, but I thought it was just magnificent. But I can remember her trying it on me, and she was just really a nice friend.

Later, after the big store got changed into other things, they moved and had a smaller store, and it was on the same corner as Roy Stewart's Service Station, next to the Rampton home. It's still there, and I think it's a rental now. But Evelyn was in my grade, and I believe her father, or one of the men who lived in that home, became the governor. But right next to them

was a little cinder block building, and they had this cute little store. And as we grew older and attended the school down there, we could walk from the top of Verdeland Park, down there to go on the big swings at Layton Elementary. I think about that now, and it was a long way to walk to swing. (laughs)

But we got our popsicles for a nickel when we went past the store. She'd open up this freezer that was full of popsicles, and she'd comb through those until we found just the ones we wanted. It was hard to find the purple ones, and I remember her bending over until her arms were frozen clear to her elbows, by the time she found our popsicles. But that little store kept us going for a long time.

And when they built Verdanee Floral across the street, right on the edge of where The Hollow dipped out, I remember it was balanced right on the edge. But she had beautiful flowers in the window, and it was fun just to look at those. And I'm wondering now if we put our hands all over her window, just looking at those flowers when we were young. I'll bet we did. (laughs) But the shortcut started right there, and then you could go up behind the White Church.

TF: Do you know how Verdeland Park got its name?

CS: I don't.

TF: I asked Jerry, and he thought it was because of Verdanee Floral. Who was Verdanee Floral named after?

CS: Well, it was Vird Cook, but it was spelled completely different.

TF: That's what I thought.

CS: And I think Verdeland Park was there before.

TF: Yeah. Jerry thought it might have been named after Verd Cook, but like you said, the spelling is different.

CS: I don't know, that's just my impression, because Verd Cook and his wife were closer to my mother's age. But I can't verify one way or the other. It is spelled quite different though.

TF: Verde means green in Spanish, and I've also heard that's how it got Verdeland Park its name. So, I don't know for sure either.

CS: It was beautiful and green to me, especially once people got their lawns in and kept them nice. They had to be kept nice. People had to water them whether they wanted to or not. So, they would just drag those hoses around their lawns, and some of those lots were huge. But I don't recall ever having to pay for it. I don't recall having water bill. It was divided. But anyway, people kept their lawns up.

TF: And once all the trees grew, I'm sure that made a difference.

CS: Yeah. In fact, there was one tree at the side of J-7, and I don't think it got pulled down until it was time to build the museum. Originally, my brother dragged it up from The Hollow. It was just a willow, so it wasn't a very good tree. But he was like, "It's got roots!" So, he dug a hole and stuck it in the ground, and it grew. It ended up providing shade for one of the bedroom windows, and it was still there. At one point, I could pinpoint where J-7 used to be, because of where that tree was. I went back a few times after that, but I couldn't tell you exactly where the tree was now.

TF: If J-7 was still there today, where would we find it?

CS: If you came in from Fort Lane, and you passed M and N-Courts, the road took quite a wide swing, and L-Court was here. The school was right here, and this swung into J-Court. There was a little house here, two duplexes, three duplexes, and then they started to get kind of crooked around that cul-de-sac. (phone voice reminder sounds in background) Then there was another

house here, and this was J-7. This one was Brandell's, and the Lowe's. So, it was the second house in, and it was right on the curve.

TF: Was the Bamberger railroad there when you moved to Verdeland Park?

CS: Yes. You could go all alone on the Bamberger all the way up to Ogden, and you could buy your own school clothes. Kids did that all the time. I think about that now, and there's no way. Kids can't even go to McDonald's alone anymore, and that's too bad.

But anyway, my Aunt Virginia never drove, so after Mother and Pop left, she rode the Bamberger to work every day of her life. Everybody rode the Bamberger. It was a lifesaver. It was right there, and you could ride it to Ogden to go shopping, and you'd be right at the top of Washington Blvd. Then you could work your way down to Fred Noyes across the street, and there L.R. Samuels. All the good stores were lined up right there along Washington Blvd. LR Samuels had this machine that sprayed perfume out the door, and it was so neat. Their latest perfume would come spraying out the door.

TF: So, you could smell what perfume they were selling?

CS: Yes. You could see this mist being sprayed out, and the whole store smelled like that. Then Fred Nyes was across the street, and they had the best shoes. And further down were some of the cheaper stores, and after you got done buying your one outfit at Samuels, you'd go down the block a ways to do some more shopping. But there were two blocks, and you could come up the other side and end up with your shoes from Fred Nyes, and then you were ready for school.

I had Joyce Shoes, and my Jansen sweater. And my mother, my cousin, and my aunt were all there. But somehow, there was money there to get me those things, because I said I wasn't going to go to school unless I had Joyces and Jansens. (laughs) And I wasn't the only one who

did that. I remember when Joyce Shoes first came out, they had those spoonbills. So, everyone had Joyce spoonbill shoes, and most of them were gray.

But anyway, it was a wonderful place to live back then, and I think most of my friends, and most of my world, was centered right around Verdeland Park.

TF: This probably changed at different times, but do you remember a lot of interaction between people in Verdeland Park, and people outside of Verdeland Park? Besides church and school.

CS: Yeah, but it took a while. The boyfriends started coming, and the girlfriends started going to other places for dinner, and pretty soon, it got to be so that you couldn't tell the difference anymore. At first, it felt like others looked down on people from Verdeland Park. *The Park*, they called it. "Oh, those people are from *The Park*." But it didn't take too long. I mean, we went to church with the same people, and pretty soon, they needed somebody to teach Sunday school, and also Relief Society. So, that mixed everyone in together.

I remember the White Chapel. Not many people remember it the way I do, because they changed it, and I don't know why. But when I first started going there, the whole front of the chapel behind the pulpit was a huge mural. It had a sky-blue background, and it had Jesus with his shepherd's hook, and animals all across the front of that wall. And it was a dark-haired Jesus. But it wasn't long after that that it became just a plain wall.

I moved away, then I came back, and my mother and Mrs. Christiansen sang together. Mother was a soprano, and Mrs. Christiansen was an alto. They used to sing in church together a lot; but I remember the next time we went back there, the mural was gone.

TF: That's too bad.

CS: I keep thinking, “I know I’m not dreaming that.” But I don’t know one soul who could make that come to life again besides me. My brother’s gone, and all my friends who went to church with me are gone too. But it was a good time.

TF: Do you remember if there was a lot of diversity outside of Verdeland Park? I’ve heard that diversity was one of the reasons Verdeland Park was such a great place to grow up.

CS: Well, I met a lot of people who from different cultures. I don’t remember a lot of different nationalities, although there were a few Asians. But I don’t remember much diversity in Verdeland Park when I lived there. But it just seemed like in those early years, everybody knew everybody.

TF: Did you go to Lagoon on the Bamberger growing up?

CS: Yeah. That was the first place I ever went swimming, and my first merry-go-round. I used to love it there. I would babysit for weeks, charging a quarter an hour, just to get enough money to go swimming and go on the roller coaster. (laughs) Lagoon was a big draw back then, and it was an all-day thing. If you ran out of money, you just walked around or sat in the park. It was great.

TF: Did you go to the concerts and dances there when you got older?

CS: When I was a teenager, I went to see Louis Armstrong. That’s the only concert I went to.

TF: I have a friend who said he remembered seeing Nat King Cole perform there.

CS: My future husband, Floyd Dansie, Floyd’s girlfriend—Jerry Jones’s sister, who was also a friend of mine—the four of us went and saw Louis Armstrong there. That was a big deal at the time. But after that, we didn’t get there much, because it got expensive.

TF: That does put a damper on things. Do you remember the winter of ‘48 and ’49?

CS: Yes.

TF: Tell your memories about that.

CS: I was there trudging through the snow. That was the year my husband graduated, so I would have been about 15. But it was a bad winter. But there were a lot of bad ones, when I had to walk from upper Verdeland Park to Layton Elementary. They all seemed bad to me, because I was just a puny little thing, and I thought, "I'm never going to get there." I'd get so cold, and there was no place to stop and rest. You just had to keep going, and you'd be so glad when you actually got there.

In later years, when it wasn't so bitterly cold, it was a fun walk, and we'd fiddle around. It would take us an hour and a half to get home. We had little places we could stop and rest. I remember one place—my brother and I talked about it before he died, and he vaguely remembered it—right in the middle of town where there were two sets of railroad tracks, as I recall. And just past the second set was a little I area with bushes, and weeds, and a bench. I remember sitting on the bench right in the middle of the highway, down there in front of the bank. And I think probably no one else but me remembers that.

It must have been during the very first years that we were there; but my brother Danny—he lived with me for a while here before he died—he remembered that little place. But then it was gone, and then the tracks were gone. And then, it was just all asphalt, and the station was no longer there.

TF: Right. What do you remember about WWII?

CS: I remember the stamps for gas, and stamps for sugar. We used to trade gasoline stamps for sugar stamps, because we didn't have a car. It seems like that was the one thing we were always short on, was sugar. And of course, there was no butter. We had to buy white stuff that was like lard. We'd burst a little bubble in it, and we'd sit and manipulate it, until it turned

yellow, and that was our butter. It was called Nucoa. It wasn't like my grandma's butter, but if was okay.

But I remember not being able to buy very good shoes. I do remember when the war was over, I actually got a pair of sandals right out of the store. They were brown and had two buckles. They were great. But I kind of remember the politics at the time. I remember when Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill met at the [Yalta Conference], and that was when I learned that President Roosevelt was in a wheelchair. I guess they had to keep that secret; but now, politicians keep bigger secrets than that. (laughs) That's one thing that makes me so sad, is the way we're leaving this country. I'm afraid it's pretty much history as we know it. (Tori and Carol briefly discuss political views that show up on FaceBook)

TF: So, you moved back to Verdeland Park after you got married. When did you get involved with the Jaycees?

CS: Let's see. I think my son was about seven, and he was born in '51. So, it would have been in about '58, '59, or '60—somewhere in there. My husband worked for Simmons and Wyberg at the time, and they were building this subdivision up here on Adams St and Aircraft. Their daughter, Barbara, was married to Ron Wyberg, and Ron and Barbara joined the Jaycees. So, that was Simmons and Wyberg's daughter. So, they joined the Jaycees, and about the same time, we applied and got a loan for one of their homes over on Adams Street. They were further up there on Aircraft, and that was about the time that we got involved with the Jaycees.

At the time, there were mostly townsfolk in the Jaycees, like Audrey and Jay Yates, and a gentleman named Ron Wiscombe. Have you heard that name?

TF: I have.

CS: Ron had the first B&B Store, but it wasn't called that at the time. It was just a variety store. I can't think of what it was called back then, but it was in the little store next to Roy Stewart's service station. And then they started the other one, and the B&B guys, Brailsford and Biggs, bought him out, and he moved away. I never heard what happened to him after that. But he was one of the instigators who started the Jaycees. And there were Ruth and Clarence Simmons, and the Yates, and Lamar and Dottie Day. Lamar was the son of Sheriff Day. But they were the ones who actually brought him in.

And then, my husband was a "home-towner". (laughs) So by the time we got in, he knew everybody. For him, it was just like moving into a different group of friends. That's how we got it, and oh, he loved it. It was fun, and they worked hard. I always thought they worked harder with the Jaycees than they did their own jobs. (laughs) That's all they lived for. And if the Jaycees were going, we were going. And we just figured it out as we went. But those were fun years. There was always something going on. My husband was president for a while, and he held most of the different offices one at a time. So, we were right in the middle of everything. The Oliversons, of course, were there, and Darlene and Val Talbot. She became a Strickland later on. But all those kids lived close together up on Aircraft.

I remember on Adams St. for three years in a row, we—the Jaycee-Ettes—built the city parade float the city in my driveway with our chicken wire, and napkins stuffed in the holes, I'll tell you, that was work, morning till night! And in one of the following years, my oldest daughter won the Little Princess contest, and that was the only float I didn't build. And then, after that, I didn't work on them anymore.

I remember Ralph Price was working for the city at the time, and he was assigned to drive the float in the Ogden parade. I think he may have helped with the Layton parade too, but

I'm not really sure, because I was so busy running up and down the parade route, trying to keep everything together. But we were in charge of the Layton parade. So, if we wanted the city float, we had to build it.

TF: I didn't realize the Jaycees were in charge of the entire parade too.

CS: Yes. The Jaycees started it.

TF: They started Riata Days?

CS: Yeah. Clarence Simmons started Riata Days. He was the one who named it after the lasso, because I think riata is lasso in Spanish. Anyway, that's what they told me. (laughs) But when it was time for Riata Days on the 4th of July, everybody knew that was time for the rodeo, and the horses, and the parades. And it was time to decorate your bicycles! Every kid in town would put crepe paper on their bicycles.

I remember one time in Garland, my mother was in charge of the Sunday school float. So, she built a little Sunday school—a little church—and my brother sat up by the door, and I sat out front. It was on a red wagon, and my mother pulled it. It was covered in crepe paper, and it was just darling. And that's how they did it back then. There was no lacking for floats. It would go on and on and on. (laughs)

But the Jaycees started doing the city float, because we started the Miss Layton Contest. So, it had to have its own float. I think the city started giving us a stipend to build it. I remember one time, it was \$30 to help with the crepe paper, and other things like that. Today, it seems like, "Why bother?" But it helped back then. I'll tell you, you can buy a lot of napkins for \$30! (laughs) And we'd usually we go around and get donations. And the lumber companies were good to donate some long pieces of lumber to make it so the float would stay together, things like that.

But we had some pretty floats, and we always had Miss Layton perched up there. But time passes. They still do some pretty good parades, but they don't work at it like we did.

(laughs)

TF: Did you ever sleep when you were in Jaycees? (laughs)

CS: I don't know how we did it. We also took care of our kids. We got them fed and changed their diapers, and that's just what we did. And lot of our kids have remained friends. A lot of them are middle age now. My oldest kid is 73, and he's not doing well. I'm worried about him, but I don't drive, and I can't cook. I'm not allowed to use the stove. So, I just sit here and wonder how he's doing every day. He was friends with Wendell Snow. The Snow family was were good friends of ours. Jackie was a really good, sweet gal from Salt Lake, and I can't remember where Wendell was from. I know he wasn't from Layton, but he blended right in, and we loved him. He had good organizational skills.

Nowadays, when people go to Wendell Snow Park, they think, "Wendell Snow Park? Who is Wenedll Snow?" He died quite young. He really was not very old when he passed away.

TF: What was your favorite activity that you did when you were in the Jaycees? I mean, the Jaycees just encompassed everything.

CS: The Travel Trophies were fun. You'd have a bus, and you'd ride the bus all over the state.

TF: What was the travel trophy?

CS: It was just where you all got together and had a big party, and the ones who had the most people there, and the most participation, won the trophy. I don't even know how the word trophy got in there, but we knew what it was.

TF: Did you travel from, like, city to city? What was the purpose of the travel?

CS: No. Well, you had to win the travel trophy for the next one. So, if you won the travel trophy, then the party would be held in your city the following year. We went to Vernal, Brigham City, Tremonton, and Price. And I'm trying to remember the one that ended so tragically. I want to say it was Spanish Fork, though I'm not sure that's correct. But one of the cars had some of our people in it—I knew them, although they weren't bosom buddies—but I'd gone to school with one of the girls, she'd gotten married, and they were in the Jaycees down south somewhere. But anyway, a lot of people drove themselves to Travel Trophy, and this one time, these people were coming around a curve, and they ran into a pole. Then the pole came down, ran through the car, and impaled several of them. It was horrible.

I guess I remember that because I went to school with one of the girls. But usually, we'd all get together and pay for a bus, because we figured that was better than everyone driving in separate cars.

TF: So, did you go from one chapter to another just to visit them during Travel Trophy? Did you show off the trophy? We've had a hard time at the museum trying to figure out what the Travel Trophy actually was.

CS: No, there wasn't really a trophy to speak much of; it was just a big dance and party.

TF: Oh, okay. We were looking at pictures and trying to figure out if somebody actually won a trophy, and then you went to show it off to people ...? (laughs with Carol)

CS: If you won the trophy for having the most people, you got to hold the event the following year. So, you got to plan entertainment, get the orchestra—all the things you were going to do to "represent" your city. You were responsible for all of that, as well as making sure everybody knew where it was, and how to get there.

I remember the one held in Vernal, because somebody had a flat tire, and somebody else's car broke down. So, they had bailing wire hooked to bumpers of cars as they pulled into town. (laughs) But I enjoyed going to those.

But as far as doing events, Riata Days was the most fun. We were exhausted by the time it was all over, because we woke up early to do the parade ... well, the men were up early to shoot the gun at 6:30, then they cooked the breakfast, then they did the parade. And after the parade, we all went over to Layton Elementary ... well, before we even did that, we had to build booths, and we had all kinds of booths, like fishing ponds, and things for the kids. It was just a big fair kind of thing. There was something for everybody.

Then, in later years, they started holding it in the park here. I can't remember the first year it was here, but when it was down there, they had to build the booths from scratch. And they had to build the first ones over here on Wasatch from scratch too. They'd go and get the lumber, and after they were done with the lumber, the hardware stores would let them take the lumber back. But they just draped the booths up at Hill Field.

At the time that Hill Field was a central place to wrap and rewrap parachutes. I remember working on parachutes when I was a mechanic. We had to go upstairs and fold parachutes in the afternoon. They were white and orange. But anyway, the Jaycees would decorate our booths with these big ... they were like umbrellas stretching over the booths—these old, rejected parachutes—the ones that didn't get folded. (laughs) I'm not sure if they had to buy them, or who even got them. But that's what they'd put over the tops of the booths. They were quite colorful. They made it look like a party, like a celebration.

TF: It sounds like all of that was a bit exhausting. It was a lot of work.

CS: Yes—hard work. (laughs)

TF: It also seems like Christmas was another big time of year. There were a lot of things you did during Christmas.

CS: It seems like it was mostly the men who were tied up with that. I don't remember being too involved with that personally, except the year I was president. I remember making ornaments for the big Christmas tree.. And many times, they arranged for Santa Claus to come, until the [Layton Hills Mall] took that over. I don't think they even have him come in a sleigh anymore.

TF: I don't think they do, but I'm not sure. But I also wanted to ask if you took your kids with you to all the events.

CS: No, not to the meetings.

TF: Did they just stay home while you went to the meetings?

CS: They all had grandmas to help. And sometimes, if I had a girls meeting, the dads would stay home with them.

TF: What was your least favorite thing about being a Jaycee?

CS: I don't think I had at least favorite thing. I'd have to think about that. I could probably come up with something. I mean, it was kind of demanding, because you didn't want to let anybody down by not doing your share.

The conventions we had every year were fun. We'd usually go somewhere for at least two days, and they always had good entertainment. They held them all over the state, and I have a lot of memories associated with those that I'll never forget. I'll never Alex [Furtado?] from Ogden. He was a hoot. He was a fun guy, and his little wife Mary just put up with him. He was a short guy, and he was a busy body. And he was a talker.

At the very first meeting, he raised his hand, and they called on him, and he stood up, and they took him the microphone. And they said, "Everybody stand up for Tado." We always called

him Tado, and it became the joke with the Jaycees. Every time he entered the room, we would all stand up for him. But he ended up serving in state positions, and he was quite the businessman in Ogden.

And there was also the radio announcer. I can't remember his name, but he worked for the radio station, and then he ended up with a car dealership over on Riverdale Rd. I can't believe I can't think of this name. My brain gets tired before my mouth does. (laughs) But he was fun too. He was on the radio in the morning, and he did the news, the weather, and just nonsense stuff. He was a fun guy.

TF: I've talked to some Layton residents who grew up here during the '60s. They talked about the Jaycees, and how grateful they are for all the Jaycees did.

CS: Yeah. And the Jaycee's kids became quite the group too, because the Jaycees group was their life too. They played with the other kids, and they got to participate in everything the Jaycees did. And, of course, when Wendell Snow Field was put up, most of the boys played baseball together. It was just a little mob of boys. (laughs)

TF: Right. That's also a big thing people talk about—when they played baseball, they loved playing at Wendell Snow Park. They would brag to their friends when they got to play there.

CS: It was nice field. It had some trees there for shade.

TF: But anyway, I've heard a lot of good things said about the Jaycees.

CS: It was a way of life for us for a long time. And then, when it petered out, it just kind of left you thinking, "What did I do that for?" (laughs) "What was that all about?" Because when it was over, we were kind of lost. My husband went on to be the commander of the American Legion, and he was in the Coast Guard Reserves, so he was busy all the time. And I had to retire early from Hill Field, or I would have lost my retirement. They kept riffing me to retire, because

they were going through a reduction in force, and I went to the bottom of the totem poll. So, I had to go anyway; but they offered an early retirement, so I retired early. And I never went back to work after that.

And the Jaycees were kind pushed into the past, except for our group of friends who stayed together for all those years—The Exhausted Roosters. When Jaycees turned 35, they weren't "welcome" in the main group any longer. It had to be that way, or it would have lost its vitality.

TF: Yeah, that's what Jerry said. Having new people come in meant new ideas.

CS: And new energy. (laughs) That was a big one. But anyway, for many years after, The Exhausted Roosters would make reservations at a restaurant, and they would say, "Who is this reservation for again?" (laughs) So, we had to start giving them an actual name to reserve enough tables, because we were a big crowd at the time. We could take up the whole end of Red Lobster.

Now our group has dwindled down to where we don't usually make reservations. But Gary Oliverson—I'm sure you've worked with him—has kind of brought the Jaycees back to life.

TF: I think it's great because you did so much for the city. Layton wouldn't be what it is today without the Jaycees.

CS: It went back even before our time. I think Clay Adams and some of those businessmen were part of it to begin with. Jim Biggs, Ken Brownsburg, Thomas Goodman, and Clarence Simmons, Thomas Goodman, Ken and Leah Cooper, and the Morgan girls—they were all in that very first group. It's funny how you can look at your scrapbook, and you forget some things; but yet, you don't. You see a picture or hear a name, and think, "Oh yeah."

TF: One thing Jerry said was that the Jaycees would not have been what they were without the wives—without the Jaycee-Ettes.

CS: Yeah, we kind of had to be there. (laughs)

TF: You didn't really have a choice. Well, I think have I just a couple more questions. How do you think living in Verdeland Park shaped you as a person, and shaped your view of things throughout your life?

CS: It gave me an appreciation for other people, because when I lived on the farm up in North Garland, I think there were only two families who lived in that whole area. I mean, their houses were pretty close, and there were a lot of little farms, but if we had stayed there, I wouldn't have branched out. I wouldn't have reached out to anybody beyond my little area. So, I always felt like my brother and I were really lucky to come down here and kind of "join the world." That's how we felt—like we'd joined the world. (laughs) It was great.

TF: Well, is there anything we haven't covered in this interview that you would like to include?

CS: I'm sure I'll think of something later.

TF: That's usually the case. (laughs)

CS: Actually, I'm surprised at all the things I remembered. Some days, I can't remember where my shoes are. (laughs)

TF: Yeah, some days, I'll put my sunglasses on my head, or put my phone in my purse, then wonder, "Where did I put that?" (laughs)

CS: Everyone should have two of everything, so they can just find the other. (laughs) But anyway, all of those things belong to an era gone by.

TF: Yes. Well, I really appreciate you sharing your stories with us, because Verdeland Park changed Layton in so many ways, and Hill Air Force Base completely changed this area. It's a part of Layton history that we just haven't had.

CS: Like I said, Verdeland Park started out as a mud hole, and yet, look at all the families who lived there and raised their kids there. It was a good foundation for our family, especially where we couldn't stay on our farm. At first, I thought, "I don't want to move away! I love Garland." But looking back on it now, I was glad to finally have a bathroom, and I think the schools offered a broader way of looking at things. But maybe I can't say, because I only went to kindergarten and first grade when we lived in North Garland.

Going to school was scary to me, because I had to ride the bus for a long time to get to school. I remember being really nervous, because the bus ride seemed so long. I remember thinking, "Will the driver remember where to let me off?" And as a little girl, I remember being scared of that most of the time.

TF: Where did you get bussed to school?

CS: Just Garland, but I was in North Garland, and it seemed like such a long way, especially because I was just a little girl. The bus was cold inside, and standing there waiting for it was cold. But I grew up very protected. Like I said, before we moved, Brigham City was the farthest I'd ever been, and that was just in the summer. We'd just park alongside the road, and the family went shopping while us kids stayed in the car. Can you imagine doing that with kids now? Parents would be put in jail! It got hot while we were waiting, so we'd just open our car doors and roll out onto the grass. We didn't worry about it. We just took care of the problem ourselves.

I remember at that time, both sides of the street in Brigham City were lined with small sycamore trees, and they were all about the same height. It was sad when those trees had to come

down when they started tearing up the sidewalk. And sycamores drop a little things that make a mess, and I got tired of cleaning those up. But I remember those sycamores from when I was a kid. But I think Brigham has a Sycamore St. But anyway, it was a pretty little town back then.

I also went to Logan once, but I don't remember a lot about it. I probably only went to one place, then just went back home. I remember a small waterfall, and a little place to park where you could have picnics; but nobody else still around can remember that but me.

TF: Was that in Logan?

CS: I think it was in Logan canyons.

TF: I think I know what you're talking about. I can picture the area, because I went up Logan Canyon a lot when I was growing up. I want to say it was Spring Hollow

CS: Yeah, the waterfall wasn't very big, but it was there. I just remember one of our relatives had a car with a big back seat, and they took my mother, my aunt, my brother, and I, and we drove there to have a picnic. I was probably five or six at the time.

TF: Yeah, there are some beautiful places up there. I miss it.

CS: Yeah, it's a fun place to go. (recording stops)