

**Carol Trujillo Hadley, Olivia Trujillo King, & Kimberly Johnson**

**Layton, UT**

**An Interview by**

**Tori Fairbanks**

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**GOOD MORNING, MY NAME IS TORI FAIRBANKS, AND TODAY IS TUESDAY, MAY 1<sup>ST</sup>, 2024. I'M INTERVIEWING CAROL TRUJILLO HADLEY, HER SISTER OLIVIA TRUJILLO KING, AND OLIVIA'S DAUGHTER, KIMBERLY JOHNSON. WE ARE AT THE LAYTON HERITAGE MUSEUM IN LAYTON, UTAH, AND THIS IS FOR THE VERDELAND PARK ORAL HISTORY PROJECT,**

**TF:** Do I have your okay to record?

**CH:** Yes.

**TF:** Awesome. I'm so glad I finally get to meet you. Thank you, everybody, for joining me today. (to Carol) I'm so excited to hear all of your stories. My friend Dennis Jacobs has told me you have some great stories. But first, what is your full name?

**CH:** Carol Trujillo Hadley.

**TF:** And you lived in Verdeland Park?

**CH:** Yes. We were considered the “lower class.” There was Layton, there was the Skyline subdivision, and then there was *us*. (laughs) (Kimberly lists phone numbers of potential contacts for interviews)

**TF:** Okay Carol, first I want to hear stories about you and Dennis, and some of the mischievous things you did.

**CH:** Let's see, what were some of the things we did? We had the monkey bars between A-Court and D-Court. And we were always teasing each other about who could do what. And Dennis dared me to climb to the top, stand up all the way, and spread my arms out like Miss America. So, I got up there, and I looked down, and it seemed like it was, like, six miles down to the ground. So, I froze, and I couldn't get off. He tried to help me, but I told him “no”. So, they ended up having to call my dad. I was not a happy camper by that time, because Dennis had run

away and hid under the slide, because he knew he would be in trouble. (laughs) So that's why I'm so short. My dad got my little behind. But that didn't stop us from doing other stuff. (laughs) But I think The Willows were over across Fort Lane. But [The Swamp] is where we did things like skiing.

**TF:** You skied at The Sqamp?

**CH:** Yeah.

**TF:** I didn't realize you could *ski* at The Swamp. (laughs)

**CH:** Oh yeah. We would come down like this. (demonstrates with hands)

**TF:** I've heard of, like, a culvert-type thing in The Swamp where water would come out, and moss would grow. And I've heard that people would slide down that.

**CH:** Oh yeah, we thought we were really big stuff. We would find cardboard, or anything like that that we could find—

**OK:** Oh yes, the cardboard.

**CH:** —and we and we would use that to [slide down] in The Swamp. But somehow, there was someone they delivered papers to, or there was someone else who had some skis, but they were just skis. They didn't have any [bindings] on them. So, we put a rope around them and tried to go down, and we about killed ourselves. We weren't rich, so we used those as sleds for probably about 40 kids. (laughs) To us, it looked like we were sliding down the highest hill we can think of. It really wasn't that big, but it looked that way when we were little.

When it was primary day, we would walk from Verdeland Park Elementary along the ledge here. I'd made myself a little place. I'd seen some jungle movie, so I made a little hut. And I'd watch for kids to walk by. They would say, "I know she's here somewhere." And I'd jump

out and go, “AAHHH!” (laughs) But I always made it there just in time to go to class. It was Dennis’s influence.

**OK:** I’m honestly surprised they survived childhood.

**TF:** Right. Dennis has told me some stories, like when … I can’t remember where it was, but he and his friends would get on their bikes to impress girls, and they rode down this hill, and they would grab onto a tree, while their bikes would keep going and crash, or something like that.

**CH:** That’s one of the ways they desecrated our Swamp. (laughs)

**KJ:** Where was that?

**CH:** Right about here.

**KJ:** Just right over in here?

**OK:** Yeah. You know where the bottom of [unclear] is? That was the gulley. She’s written an article about it.

**CH:** I think we tried to swim there once, but it wasn’t a good place to swim. There was irrigation water there, if memory serves me correctly. Remember, I’m only 48. (laughs) (Carol was born in 1939)

**TF:** I thought you were 21. (laughs)

**OK:** She changes the numbers around. She’s actually 84, but she says she’s 48.

**CH:** In August, I’ll be 58, yes, because if you say you’re 85, people think you have one foot in the grave, and you’re already dead. But I’m still moving, I’m still going. I’m not dead. So, if I sound like I’m 48, people will say, “Oh, she looks 48.” (laughs)

**TF:** Whenever I ask Dennis how he’s doing, he says something like, “Well, I’m still above the ground.” (laughs) No wonder you two get along.

**OK:** It was cute—one day not long ago, I brought Carol and Dennis together to the park to walk around. We started up there, and they walked all along down there, and they kept saying, “They’ve ruined this place. They’ve ruined it!” They kept saying that as we walked through this beautiful park, because in their minds, it’s ruined. It’s just not Verdeland Park anymore.

**TF:** Tell me some of the other things you used to do in The Swamp. I’ve heard so many stories about that area.

**CH:** We skied down the hill. Well—we *thought* we were skiing—or we would go down with our sleds. And different kids had different little hideouts. We were told to stay away, because there was irrigation water there, and we were told we would drown. Some kids learned how to swim there, but I was always too chicken, because I thought I would bob down the street; but it was fun. We all had our little places that we would go, and that was our world.

We knew everybody. When the movers would come in looking for certain places, people would say, “Go find Carol Trujillo. She knows where everybody lives.” So, I’d tell them how to get there, and I’d have to go check to make sure they unloaded everything correctly. But I really liked to see what kind of stuff they had, to see if they had any fun stuff to play with. (laughs) Like, “Are you worthy of our group?”

And you always hear stories about places with snow. Like, “I remember when I had to walk in the deep snow all the way to school and it was 40 miles.” Well, it wasn’t that far for us, but it felt like it. And we’d always watch to see if our teacher was driving by, because if they did, they’d stop and give us a ride.

But it was great when the World Series was on the radio during lunch. I love listening to the World Series. So, during lunch, you couldn’t go back to class until you’d eaten all of your food. They gave us beans, and all of that really good, nourishing stuff that was gross. But I

would sit there during lunch, and the cooks would have the World Series on the radio. I'd sit there and eat, and the cooks would say, "You have to keep eating." And a lot of times, I was an hour late going back to class. I'd stay after lunch to do dishes, I'd go survey with the guys who were putting something in the backfield, because they were also listening to the World Series.

I remember that Mr. Moss would let me write plays. I would read a story, and we would make little costumes, and we'd get to take them around to the different classes. (laughs) They wouldn't let you do that today. You'd have to have playwrights, and ask your parents for permission. But we were a cohesive group. Those of us who lived in the older part of Verdeland Park weren't always as [accommodating?] as those who lived in N-Court, where you could turn around. But we basically knew all the kids there. Dennis has pictures. Has he shown them to you?

**TF:** I think some of them.

**CH:** That are some grade school pictures.

**TF:** I need to get those from him.

**KJ:** Yeah, only from *your* class.

**CH:** Well, yeah. Who else would there be? We were the Baby Boomers. We were the *main* people. (laughs)

**TF:** It sounds like you were the "it" group.

**CH:** We were the "it" poor group. It was like, "I'll go with them." (laughs) Some of the kids whose dads made a little bit more money wouldn't hang out with us, but we didn't care. I remember in school when we had Mrs. Adams ... but we didn't even get desks until we were in third grade. I remember them telling us that we were going to get desks. And by the time we got

to sixth grade, I had to take the same desk, instead of a new one, like all the other kids, because I was the shortest kid in the class. I'd just move it to the next room.

So, when I was in sixth grade, Mr. Moss told me to stay with the desk and make sure they didn't fasten this desk to the floor. Well, I was busy, and I got tired of waiting for them. So, I came back, and they had it solid there. I actually went back a couple times after we'd gone to the "big junior high", And he'd say, "Carol, someone is always sitting in your desk." (laughs) It was always *my* desk.

But it was a fun place to grow up. It wasn't like *Walton's Mountain*, or anything like that; it was unique.

**OK:** It was more like Mayberry. You couldn't tell who was rich or poor, because all of our houses looked the same.

**TF:** What were some of the things that made Verdeland Park so unique?

**CH:** Well, we kind of had to stick together, because we were the poor people. There was Layton Elementary, and Skyline, and then there was us. But maybe we were unique because we were not the richest, and we played with things that we created. We had to create a lot of our own fun in our environment. But we always had someone we could stick with.

I remember Lynette Layton. She lived at the end of her court, and she got a little red jacket that her mother had made her. I thought it was the best thing in the world! Well, she outgrew it, so then I got it. (laughs) And that's why I like red to this day. I got *the red jacket*. But we never thought hand-me-downs were bad. To us, they were something new.

Over where Sills Cafe is, and The Dollar Store, there was a farm, and we'd have to go help with those stupid chickens when the family left. My dad would always say, "We'll help

you.” So, if you have children, that’s free labor. So, we got to go do that, and we had to go around and dump cows out in the fields where the shopping center is now.

**KJ:** Now it’s all concrete.

**CH:** If you walked down, the shed wasn’t too far away. But my trees are still there.

**TF:** Where are they?

**CH:** On the corner where the taco truck is, right front. That was B-1. We moved from A-9, and that’s where my little sister passed away. I’ll always remember Doctor Tanner coming and checking on her, and the next thing I knew, they were taking her out in … I always said it was in a shoe box. When you’re small, that’s what it looks like. Mother had an RH factor, so she lost two children. And on my birth certificate, I’m listed as a stillborn. (laughs) We were poor, even for Mexicans—and we *were* Mexicans. (laughs) But we lived in Colorado, and I had jaundice. And so, the doctor probably figured, “Oh, they’re dumb Mexicans. She’ll probably die in the morning, and they’ll have to take her home after that.”

So, my grandmother came and got me, and I don’t know how long I was there, but she told my dad to bring the wagon, and he thought it was so they could take me home to bury me. And I didn’t realize what my birth certificate said until we were in Guam, and I sent for my birth certificate so I could get a passport. And when I got it and read it, I said, “I’m dead!” And my then-husband said, “Well, I knew that.” But I sent another form to get a new birth certificate, and they just stamped the application. Nobody ever checked to see whether or not I’m still alive until it came time for me to get social security, So they checked then.

**TF:** Tell me about the RH factor that you mom had.

**KJ:** When one parent has a positive blood type, and the other has a negative blood type, and they don’t mix, and the baby can’t assimilate both blood groups together. They have things that

help now. They give medication, and most women are tested. It can be detected early and taken care of, but back then, they couldn't.

**TF:** And Carol, you said you remembered something about a shoebox.

**CH:** Well, my little sister, Rosemary, was buried in Clearfield, although now, they've moved her to Farmington. But I remember that after she was born, either Dr. Noell Tanner or his dad came to the house to check her out, but she was already gone. So, they took her. And to me, they took her away in a shoebox. Dad told me once, "They didn't take her in a shoebox. She wasn't that size. But to us ... I mean, she was the third child. Well, the third or fourth.

**OK:** My mom lost two babies.

**CH:** But we always told everybody that they took her away in a shoebox.

**KJ:** It was really a small coffin.

**CH:** It was probably something the doctor had with him to use when there was a baby who passed. So, I remember that. But anyway, then my dad got promoted to be the maintenance superintendent in Verdeland Park, so then we got to move into B-1, which used to be the office for Verdeland Park. So, when they built up this area, my dad got that promotion, and we got to live in a house that wasn't attached. because A-9 was here, and there was another one here. Verdeland Park had a lot of double units, but there were very few singles. So we got to live in the big house. (laughs)

**OK:** If you go to the corner, you see two pine trees, and some lilac bushes.

**TF:** On which corner?

**OK:** Right where the taco truck is.

**KJ:** Where were the trees in relationship to your house?

**OK:** Right next to it. You can actually picture it, because the two trees are there, and the house fit right there. So, that's Carol's living monument.

**TF:** I'm glad something is still here, because it sounds like The Swamp is gone.

**CH:** I'll never forgive Layton. (laughs) Even with this beautiful park that's here now, it will never be as beautiful as our swamp was. We swam in that ditch ... it's a wonder that irrigation ditch didn't drag someone away and kill them. And then The Swamp ... the slide that everyone used to slide down there ... I mean, we were adventurous. (laughs) But with Dennis and I, what one of us didn't think up, the other one did. My dad would say, "Don't you and Dennis go and do this." And his dad would say, "Don't you go to Carol." But we'd still go. And when we weren't with each other, we were just fed up and went back. We could always think of ways to get in trouble. It was fun.

**KJ:** What were some of the naughty things you did? What were some your dads' concerns?

**CH:** Well, we'd scare the other kids.

**OK:** And she'd beat up the other kids.

**TF:** Really?

**OK:** Oh yeah, if they were mean to any of us.

**CH:** Well, they were my siblings.

**TF:** Tell me about some of those altercations.

**CH:** I was a boxer. My dad loved boxing. He'd listen to it on the radio, and he had a punching bag outside. And if you were bad, you had to go outside and punch it. Well, one of the things I loved to do is hang out clothes to dry. We had washing machines that we'd put our clothes through, and our hands would get stuck, so we'd have to lift the thing up. It's a wonder we're not all lame. Maybe that's why we all have arthritis. (laughs)

But my dad would take us out in the yard and show us how to hit the punching bag. Well, because I was short, other kids would pick on me. Well, one kid messed with my little brother, and my told me, “Don’t you go over there.” And I said, “I won’t.” Well, we were sitting on the bus to go someplace, and I managed to get my hook out, and he flew out. And He said, “I quit.” He flew off the bus, and I said, “Don’t you ever mess with my little brother again.”

And one time, my brother Sam went out with a girl, and her little brother was bigger than my brother Sam. And I say that jokingly, because in order for him to become a city council member, I had to go beat a kid up for him. (laughs). But he went out and beat Sam up. They got into a big fight, and he really gave it to Sam. Well, I got right in there and said, “You watch your back,” and he never bothered Sam again.

**TF:** Is Sam the oldest?

**CH:** Josephine, our sister who passed away, was the oldest, and I’m next. Then there’s Sam, David, and Olivia. She’s always been known as “The Queen.” (laughs)

**OK:** Since I was a little girl.

**TF:** Tell me why you’ve always been known as The Queen.

**CH:** She was the last one, and she was the favorite. (laughs)

**OK:** Well, I had long black hair. My dad would braid my hair, and he would put the braids up in a circle right here. So, they always call me Queen. And I grew up to marry someone with the last name of King. So now, my last name is King. (laughs)

**TF:** That’s great. So how old were both of you when you moved here?

**OK:** I was born here.

**CH:** Yeah, she was born here, and I was about three or four when we moved here. And over where the Hill Field Road used to come down, there was a trailer park, and that’s where we

started out. That's where I first learned how to get in trouble. (laughs) They had a long row of showers. Well, my sister Josephine was born with a dislocated [unclear]. So, she spent a lot of time at Primary Children [Hospital], and they would treat her like a queen when she got home. And I was jealous, but I got over it and.

Well, my mom and dad went some place, and she was there. And he said, [unclear], and she was home from the hospital. So, I knew she was afraid, and I started scaring her. We went out and hid under the trailer, and we could hear her screaming after we scared her. Well, little did we realize that about this time, Mother and Dad were entering the trailer park, and they could hear her screaming, "I'm dead. I'm never going to make it!" And I couldn't get out from underneath the trailer to go tell her to shut up. (laughs) So, she went on screaming, "They locked me up in here!" We didn't lock her up, we were just scaring her a little bit. (laughs)

But there was a row of showers, so we would go in there and shower. And one time, we got in there and we could turn the cold water on. Well, somebody heard us screaming on the bench, and there was steam coming out. I think we got in trouble for that too. (laughs)

**TF:** So, when you first moved there, the showers were separate from the trailers.

**CH:** Yeah. There was a long roll of showers. They were small and primitive. Our whole trailer wasn't this long. There was just a kitchen and the bedrooms. And we lived there when they were starting to build Verdeland Park.

**TF:** What area was this trailer park in?

**CH:** It was over by Highway 89. Before the shopping center was there, there was a road that went to Base. So, if you went up Hill Field Road, the trailer park was between Highway 89, and the road that went up to Hill Field. And then, when they built Verdeland Park, we moved into A-9. And when Dad got his promotion, we moved to B-1.

Most of us were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Some [people] belonged to St. Rose of Lima, and there was also a protestant church. And here is another story. Greg [Rushe's?] brother was a teacher, and they went to another church. Well, he said he wanted to know what was in our church building, because it would be locked. So, Dennis and I took him over, and one of the doors was unlocked.

So, Dennis went down in front of the chapel, and he said, "You have to pray when you come in here, so the Holy Ghost will come." (laughs) So, I went to the back of the benches, and I think Dennis was pretending to pray. So, I jumped up, and I hit my head. Then we took off running home, and Dennis left me behind. And my dad whipped me because they got [unclear]. (laughs) But Dennis ... I loved that kid. said. Someone once said, "Why don't you two just get together?" Oh my gosh. Could you see us married? (laughs) Oh, glory, love and [unclear]. (laughs)

But when Dennis moved out, I thought the end of the world had happened. And then, my dad got a job at Hill Air Force Base, and we moved up into government housing by the base

**OK:** It was called Wherry Housing.

**CH:** [Darrell?] Smith from Oregon built government housing on military bases. So, he came and talked to my dad. My dad was superintendent over for Verdeland Park and Arsenal Villa at the time, which was in Roy. He was also over the the Anchorage in Clearfield.

**KJ:** And Sahara Village as well, right?

**CH:** Yes.

**TF:** Carol and Olivia, how old were both of you when you moved out of Verdeland Park?

**OK:** I was only six.

**CH:** I was in junior high, because I remember that we went to junior high from the base.

**TF:** And Carol, remind me again: how old were you when your family moved to Utah from Colorado?

**CH:** I was about three. We lived in Pueblo, and then my parents met a man who had property in Upton—in Colville. So, we moved up there, then my dad got the job to come here to Utah.

**OK:** Our dad was amazing. He always wanted to go to college, but he didn't have that opportunity. But he was an encyclopedia. He was always reading, and he studied stuff all the time. And even when he had his job as superintendent, he worked at a gas station.

**CH:** Yeah. I got to work at the Shell station too.

**OK:** Oh yeah. I forgot that you had to lift it up, and it just kept going. I only went to the gas station one day. It was, like a “Work with you dad” sort of day. But because he didn't get the opportunity to go to college, he pushed education for all of us kids, so we all went to college. Joe, our oldest sister, worked as a CNA at a hospital. We were all educated. But our dad also traveled to see the world.

**CH:** Our parents went to Alaska.

**OK:** And they went to Chile.

**OK:** Yeah. My parents were amazing. always told us, “You are not to be observers in life. You are to be participants.” So, all of us have been involved civically, and very active in our church. But we also learned humility from our mother. Even when other mothers went to work, her work was her children, and her grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. And anyone that they met in this country, or throughout the world.

I also enjoyed working in my home, and I thought about that one day. I thought, “Why does this make me happy?” Well, when we were growing up, first thing in the morning, my mom would have the radio on, and she'd be singing, and whistling. So, I've always associated

homemaking with being happy. That was just her thing. And even when she got dementia, when you gave her a dusting cloth, she was in heaven.

**CH:** And she loved to sweep. And before she passed away, she was very involved with politics. She was involved with things like The National Board of Women. But she touched so many lives, and then when she passed away, they wrote a national article about her and said, “Our NFRW [National Federation of Republic Women] Granny has passed away.” But she was always happy, and people loved her.

But I have to tell you another story. My mother thought women were put on this earth for men to take care of, because that’s always what my dad did. So, when they came to visit, and my dad passed away in my home, I told my dad, “Mom will not go back to Utah. She’s staying [in California] with me.” Oh, my land, she and I were driving down the street, and she started knocking on the window, and I thought, “What’s she going on?” Well, there was a guy in a red Corvette, and he was smiling at her. (laughs)

But everybody loved her. I don’t know anybody who met my mother who didn’t love her, She was our dad’s queen, and the last thing I said to my dad when he passed was, “I will make sure she’s never alone, and that she’s taken care of.” So, I had that honor and privilege of having both my mom and dad with me when they passed away. Me, the meanest of all the kids. (laughs)

**TF:** When I interviewed David, it sounded like he gave them a run for their money too.

**OK:** Oh yeah, she and Dave did. Oh my goodness.

**CH:** But my mother loved her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren. Her greatest joy was her posterity.

**OK:** And as tiny as our house was—it had, what? Two bedrooms?

**CH:** Yeah. Our mom and dad had one bedroom, and the rest of us five children shared the other little room. And we couldn't have had more fun. I remember between sacrament meeting and Sunday school, we would stay in our room and turn on the radio. We'd listen to things like murder shows. (laughs)

**OK:** There was a cute thing that Sam wrote. He said, "Verdeland Park was like our Mayberry. You could leave without locking your doors, you could leave your keys in the car and smell clean clothes drying in the breeze. Everyone helped their neighbors, and everyone knew who their neighbors were in the various housing courts. We could stay out late, after dark, until we heard our mom or dad calling us when it was time to come in. Elementary kids traded lunches, and the town sheriff would scold you if you were caught doing something wrong. And he would tell you, "If you do that again, I'm going to tell your dad." And many times, I'd say, "Whip me now, but don't tell my dad or mom." (laughs)

"But we shared candy too. We'd run over to Adams Market and use credit to pay for it later. We'd ride our bikes all over the place, and we didn't have helmets. And we'd go sleigh riding on the hill, where Layton Commons Park is today. Those were some of the best sleigh riding hills in the area. But oh, what memories!" But anyway, I thought it was cute that he said that.

**CH:** This was the best place for anybody to grow up.

**TF:** What were some other things that made it so great? I mean, I've talked to Dennis about it. I've interviewed people from in the community who come from different backgrounds, like Native Americans, and Black families. And they said that they saw no differentiation with color, and that nobody in Verdeland Park treated anybody different.

**CH:** There were no differences, because we all came from the same kind of social-economic status.

**OK:** Our houses all looked the same. The only difference was the color of some of the houses. But everybody drove the same type of car, or walked everywhere, or rode their bikes.

**CH:** Yeah, we mostly walked everywhere, and we stayed pretty much in our own area. To us, Verdeland Park was Layton. It was like, “All those other people are outsiders.” I think it was because a lot of families were military, and a lot of people moved around a lot. And my children—this is my child—(indicating Kimberly) grew up the same way. I was in the military, and their dad was military. So, I always thought it was like Verdeland Park. But the other kids would pick on us, because we lived in Verdeland Park; but we didn’t care.

We became our own community, and then, when I went to junior high and high school ... I remember the day we moved to Base, and I thought my world had ended. That sense of community, and that sense of belonging, had ended. We saw other people moving, and Dennis left, and it was just sad, because we were all close.

**OK:** It’s interesting, because as we’ve grown up and come back to Layton, you’ll see people from here, and you remember them.

**CH:** We would play Oly Oly Oxen Free, and other games like that. I remember little gal who got to play the accordion, and I wanted to play it too. I said, “I want to play it,” and my dad said “No. I bought Josephine a piano, and she didn’t ever practice. So, I went to Melanie [Farms?], and she taught me how to play. So, I went back to my dad and said, “See, I can already play.” So, I got to do that, but then my teacher moved over by the Layton Theater, and I had to carry that big accordion all the way to the her house. Some days I wanted to give up, but I knew my dad would get after me.

**KJ:** I still have that accordion, and it's huge. I do not know how my tiny little mom carried that thing here on the corner, all the way up into town. It's, like, a full-size suitcase with an accordion inside.

**TF:** You were determined.

**CH:** And I got first place at the State Fair in my category, and in my age group. But yeah, we walked everywhere, and we rode the Bamburger. I remember reading in a magazine that somebody had had a BLT. So, we saved our money, and we rode the Bamberger to Walgreens in Salt Lake, across from the temple area. And we went to the counter and ordered BLTs. And we thought we were so rich, because to us, ordering BLTs was like ordering filet mignon. (laughs) Then we rode the train all the way back home.

**TF:** Did you ride the train often to Lagoon?

**OK:** No. We had our own Lagoon here. We had thrilling rides, and our own entertainment. (laughs)

**CH:** That pretty much started after we left. Lagoon was for rich people. For all of us little people who lived here, we created our own atmosphere. And then we went to junior high, and we had to mix in with the kids from Skyline, and that was a bit of change for us. We kind of stayed together as a nucleus through seventh grade, but after that, we branched out. But there was truly a nucleus in Verdeland Park. There were some in Verdeland Park who were wealthy; but I used to laugh when someone new would move in, and they would say, "Go find Carol or Dennis." And we always went to see what they had. We'd watch them unpack, and sometimes we'd say, "We've got to be friends with these people. They have good toys." (laughs)

But we knew all of our teachers. We all knew each other, and we had each other's backs. But I remember when Jay Ottley beat up my little brother, and my dad said, "Don't you do

anything to him.” But I caught him, and I never let Dad know. And another kid beat him up, and I waited until he got a full swipe at my leg, and he went flying off the bus. He said, “You did that.” And I said, “I’ve been sitting here all along.” And the bus driver said, “I didn’t see her do anything.” (laughs)

**KJ:** Mom, I’m curious. When you say you beat these kids up, were these, like, fist fights and brawls??

**CH:** Oh yeah. There were fist fights, rolling around in the dirt, and the whole works. We had the WWE. (laughs) I was short, and kids picked on me. So, I beat them up.

**TF:** So, before you branched out into junior high, was there much interaction between kids from Verdeland Park and kids outside of Verdeland Park?

**CH:** Oh, no. People on the outside didn’t want to mess with the poor people.

**OK:** Yeah, I just remember riding bikes, and trikes, and playing hopscotch. We did all of those things, but we didn’t have sidewalks. (laughs)

**CH:** Yeah, we had to walk in the dirt.

**OK:** But anyone wanting to come with us could do those things.

**CH:** And people knew they were always welcome in our house.

**OK:** And we always wore little these little dresses. (shows Carold a photo) Look, I found this one of you in Verdeland Park.

**CH:** Oh jeez.

**OK:** And there’s Marilyn Knudsen.

**KJ:** I haven’t seen this photo. That’s precious!

**CH:** I have to tell you a story. Marilyn’s mother had studied light opera, and she would practice. Well, our house was here, and they lived long ways away. Well, I would listen to her,

and I always wanted to sing like that. And one time, I was outside going, “La, la, la, la, la, la.” (imitates opera singer). And her daughter saw us making fun of her. Man. I got whipped for that too. (laughs) But she looked at me like a little orphan person. But she had done light opera, and we thought listening to her was the greatest thing, And that’s what saved me from one from going to the hill on one a particular day and getting in trouble—she was doing something, and I was listening out the window.

But we stuck together. If you walked further north to N-Court, those were the newer people. Those of us who were there from the beginning and remembered when they started building Verdeland Park were “the originals.”

**OK:** (shows Carol another picture) Here is a picture of you and Sam on the steps of Verdeland Park Elementary.

**TF:** I don’t know if you’d be interested, but we can actually digitize photos here at the museum, if you want to share any of them with us. (Tori and Olivia discuss the process)

**CH:** This is me when I was President of The California Republican Women.

**OK:** And this one is of you and Michael [Harnosh?], right?

**CH:** Yeah.

**TF:** You were talking about snow earlier. Do you remember the winter of ‘48, when there was so much snow that it piled up to the roofs?

**CH:** Oh yeah. Let’s see, I was nine years old, and I was small. I got lost in the snow. (laughs) I know they found me, but the roads were tight. You couldn’t get through. They didn’t have big tractors to come through and plow like they do today. If you wanted to get through, you had to dig your way out.

**KJ:** On the drive over here, she said she's so short because she had to work so hard, and it took inches off of her. (laughs)

**CH:** Yeah. I mean, we had to hang clothes on the clothesline ...

**OK:** I love that smell.

**CH:** There's nothing better than that smell.

**OK:** And didn't our house have a cellar underneath?

**CH:** No, it wasn't a cellar, but we did have a space underneath that was maybe about this high. We had to walk up the stairs, but if you were brave, you could climb in underneath. So, we'd hide under there and scare kids too. (laughs)

**KJ:** You were mischievous.

**CH:** It's because I was short, and I was *not* gonna be picked on. Every time someone would go to Dad to tattle on me, he'd say, "Work it out." But he watched boxing all the time.

**OK:** And wrestling too. Our grandpa did too.

**CH:** Our mother. Had a friend who knew some wrestlers, and he brought some to our house. She thought she was really cool, because they were on TV, and they actually came to her house. (laughs)

**OK:** I remember our first TV with the little brown [unclear].

**CH:** We didn't watch TV a lot; we just played outside. And like I said, if one kid got in trouble, we all got in trouble, if a mother caught us in certain places. I remember Dennis's dad saying, "If you and Carol actually make it to adulthood, the world had better watch out." (laughs) But I remember when he moved out, it felt like the other half of me had left.

**TF:** Do you remember how old were you when he moved?

**CH:** I can't remember for sure; I just remember them leaving and his dad saying, "We have to go." And I thought, "What?" Dennis does have pictures of us.

**TF:** I need to ask him about those.

**CH:** He sent me some of them, one where we're all sitting outside on the steps of the elementary school. We had a big group, and we stuck together. If anyone in our group got in trouble, we were there to help them out.

**TF:** Can you tell me what you remember about the cave in?

**CH:** I just remember that I was in trouble of some kind, so I had to stay back behind. I couldn't go play with them. But I remember them running fast and screaming, "There was a cave in!" So we took off running [to see what happened], but they wouldn't let us get in. The police stopped us. But two kids were killed, and I remember going to their funeral. There were white coffins side by side like this, and we all got out of school to attend.

To us kids, that was worse than any other thing we had heard of, because it affected people we knew. They were too little to be dead. We knew what death was, but until it touches you on such a personal level ... I mean, if they would have been in a car wreck, it would have been different. But they died in one of our favorite places.

**OK:** This is what she wrote about that incident: "Tragedy one day hit the upper part of the gully that crossed under Fort Lane. On that day, we went from childhood to adults for a space of time, as two of our upper classmates were smothered to death in their cave. Paula Burnham and her boyfriend died that fateful day, and Barry [Burnham] was crushed from the waist down. Joe ran to Verdeland Park Elementary to find Miss Burnham who taught there.

"To this day, I can still see the funeral where Paula and her boyfriend's casket were placed in a single line in front of the White Chapel, and lots and lots of flowers. The Chapel was

filled to capacity. We thought only old people died, not smart kids who could build such a marvelous cave. We just couldn't understand, and we cried, unafraid that anyone would call us crybabies. And we mourned for Barry, who cried because he couldn't save his sister."

**TF:** What was the name of the boy who passed?

**CH:** James Vorhees, I think. But to this day, I don't like to be enclosed a lot. I remember that we were so excited, because we were going to put a stone in the cave, or something like that. I can't remember what it was. But for the longest time, I thought, "How was it that I wasn't there with them?" I could never say why those of us who were supposed to be there that day weren't. I had gotten in trouble, so that's why I wasn't there. But if I wouldn't have gotten in trouble, would I have been the one who was killed? Why was I spared, instead of Barry? Why wasn't I the one who was buried?

For a long time after it happened, Dennis and I would talk about it, because he was there when it happened. I was in trouble all the time, so that's probably why for me. But it really hit us. It was supposed to be only old people who died. But then at the funeral, there were little kids in the coffins.

**KJ:** How old are they?

**CH:** I think they were in fifth or sixth grade. They were little kids, and little kids weren't supposed to die.

**TF:** How old were you when it happened?

**CH:** I think we were in third or fourth grade. It was the first week of school. But what I do remember is that horrible moment when they came screaming, saying that there had been a cave-in.

**KJ:** When you say "they," who were "they"?

**CH:** Dennis and somebody else. They were saying, “It caved in! It caved in! It caved in!” We were just stunned.” And when we tried to go over there, they wouldn’t let us see. So, that was hard, and the whole school was at the funeral. But one of the bright things is I’ve always loved plays, and Mr. Moss—and I think they did it to keep me out of trouble—would let me read something, and then I would create a play. I would make costumes, and then we would take them to some of the classes. He let me be very creative.

I still like to write plays, but I think that’s because I was short. (laughs) Usually to do something like that, you had to be tall. But later on, Dennis left. I’m still mad at his dad. (laughs) But Dennis and I still talk to each other on the phone sometimes, and it’s just like we’re in school again. He’s still probably the best friend I’ve ever had in my life. And he can tell stories, oh my land! And we both have different perspectives.

**OK:** His expression never changes, even when he tell funny stories.

**TF:** No, it doesn’t. He’s deadpan the whole time. (laughs)

**CH:** And as he’s telling the story, everyone is laughing so hard. He used to be that way, but he’s gone through a lot of tragedy in his life. But when we talk on the phone, I can just see him like that. But as we talk about things as we’re getting older, I see in my mind that facade change. But our minds, we should all be little kids again, reliving things like the time [his mom?] was driving us somewhere, and it was like, “Our big sister is going to get a head of us!” But when I talk to Dennis and we remember those things, it’s like we’re little kids again in Verdelnd Park.

**OK:** When I brought Carol and Dennis here that one time, they started out at the beginning of the walk so happy; but by the time I picked them up over here by the library, they were so depressed. They were like, “Look what they ruined!” I was like, “But the park is so pretty now.”

**CH:** No, it’s not!” (laughs)

**TF:** Sometime, I would love to walk through the park with you and Dennis and just hear all of your memories associated with different places.

**CH:** I'm ready to do it.

**TF:** The next time you're in town, that would be great.

**CH:** I told Dennis, "You cannot die before I do, and I'm going to live until I'm 107." (laughs)

**TF:** That's why I love that he is always up and moving so much. My dad is not like that. He's bedridden, and he's only 78. He just stopped moving. So, I'm glad Dennis keeps moving.

**CH:** Yes. But anyway, it hurts to come back and see how things have changed. I mean, I know things change. I've seen things change in Stockton, CA, and I can't do anything about that. And I've lived there longer than I've lived any other place in my life. So, I've seen a lot of change, but it's so different when you're an adult than when you're a little kid, when life was good.

I remember when Roosevelt died, and seeing my dad cry. And I wondered why he was crying. We lived during the war. You had to stick together during that time, and we did.

**TF:** What do you remember about that time period, during the war?

**CH:** I just remember how sad everybody was, and the world seemed gray. We'd see military vehicles pull up to a nearby house and deliver the news that someone had passed. But starting out in my life, I just remember the trailer park, then Verdeland Park. And even when we moved later, this was still my [home] base. I still have a great love for Verdeland Park.

**OK:** As we were driving over the viaduct, Dennis and Carol were saying, "Oh, remember when we'd go to Kowley Drug, and how our cousins worked there? And they gave us two squirts of lime juice in our lime-aide."

**CH:** Something else we'd always do is when our parents would take a nap, we would sneak off and walk down to where the store was. We'd stand there and watch cars, looking at their license plates.

**OK:** Like, "Where are they from?"

**CH:** "Look, they're from Oregon, or Colorado. We've been to Colorado!" But then we'd try to get back before our parents woke up and found out that we'd gone that far on our own.

(laughs)

**OK:** We went to Adams market, and then Wingers across the street.

**CH:** It was just fun. Everybody took care of everybody. We knew where the sheriff lived, and we were just Verdeland Park. We weren't *Walton's Mountain*—we were more moderate.

**OK:** We didn't have a store, but we did have a school.

**CH:** And we stuck together.

**TF:** It was such a unique environment. Everyone here knew your dad. Do you think that in the beginning, he helped create that environment?

**CH:** Yes, because he didn't have that when he grew up. Not only were Black people segregated during that time, but Mexicans were too. He played on the local basketball team, and when they would go to Fort Collins, or some place like that, he couldn't eat with the team. He had to eat outside. So, he made sure it was never that way for us, and we were never to be that way. There was never prejudice in our home. And he always told everyone where the key was, and everybody was always welcome. And that's the way my house is today.

**OK:** Mine too.

**CH:** If someone needs something in the middle of the night, they can knock on our door.

**OK:** Our parents were also bilingual. They spoke both Spanish and English, but my father was met with so much prejudice when he first came that my parents conscientiously made the decision that they would not teach us to speak Spanish. So here we are, Trujillos, and we can't speak Spanish. (laughs)

**CH:** I had a little adopted [unclear] girl, and she speaks better Spanish than I ever did.

**OK:** Our dad was the first Hispanic branch president of the Mexican branch, and we knew how to sing in Spanish, but we would pretend we were asleep, so we wouldn't have to talk. (laughs) But by the time my mom and dad's grandchildren came along, I just remember being tremendously proud of our Hispanic heritage, because things have changed so much.

**KJ:** My grandmother spoke to me often in Spanish. I couldn't really speak it, but I could understand what she was saying. So, it was always strange for me to see the difference in how they were able to transition and help us regain that pride in our heritage, and in who we were.

**TF:** I'm guessing your dad experienced that prejudice in Colorado, and also when you moved here. What kind of prejudice did he experience here?

**CH:** Some of it was actually from the older Mexicans who lived here. There were Mexicans who lived in West Layton who were farm workers, but we lived in *Layton* Layton, And my dad had an important job.

**KJ:** You talked to me about going to school and being made fun of.

**OK:** Oh, yeah. We hated it when they would call our names. They'd say, "This is so and so," and then they would try to say "Trujillo," and they just couldn't say it.

**CH:** They were like, "How do you say your name?"

**KJ:** And also with the food you would eat.

**CH:** We ate beans and tortillas; but some of our friends liked to come to our house to eat what they called “the funny bread.” (laughs)

**CH:** But I remember those ugly socks. They made us wear these brown socks. They were cotton, and they rolled up here. But anyway, Dad always let us know the value of everybody, and my children grew up that way as well. My children had every nationality come live in our home. Our doors were always open. We’ve always been that way. My kids’ dad had to learn that a little bit, because he grew up in the South, and he wasn’t quite used to all of that. But he adjusted.

**TF:** So, your dad helped create an environment in Verdeland Park that was completely different from the one he grew up in.

**OK:** Absolutely. My parents were that way all their lives, and we’ve always been that way. We don’t see color.

**CH:** And we don’t see your value, money-wise.

**KJ:** My grandpa taught all of us, even down to my children, that you look at the individual, and you see who that individual is, what their characteristics are, and what their values are. And that’s how you build relationships with people. Nothing else matters, and that was the greatest gift he gave us.

**TF:** And that was the environment he helped create here, because the people I’ve interviewed who came after your family talked about how there was no differentiation because of color. Everyone saw each other as equal. And in talking to you, it seems like your dad really helped create that environment, and it was a legacy he left for this area, and for this community.

**CH:** It was because that’s what he believed, and he was not going to tolerate the kind of prejudice that he experienced. He left Colorado, then he came here, and people placed a certain

value on him in their minds. But let me tell you, the greatest joy in his life was our mother. Mother, I mean, there was a love there that was amazing.

**KJ:** One of my sweetest possessions is all of his notes. He would always write notes and leave them all over the house, and I treasure them deeply, because that's just who he was. They are so poetic and beautiful.

**OK:** We have some of them too.

**OK:** But my dad always held my mom's hand, and that image is on their gravestone. They're hand in the hand.

**CH:** When my dad died, I put my mother in the front seat, and she was always reaching towards me. Jerry would say, "Why does she do that?" And I said, "Because she and Dad always held hands when they would drive in the car together all those years."

**OK:** They were married just five months short of 75 years.

**CH:** And they always held hands they drove somewhere.

**KJ:** And my grandpa was a fighter for the underdog. Interestingly, I live in West Layton, so I got to know a lot of different older families, and they told me stories about my grandpa that I wish I had recorded. But he was an advocate for migrant workers who came in and worked here. He would go to the farmers they worked for, and say, "These are human beings, and they deserve to be treated as such." He fought for them to get outhouse toilets, whereas before, they had to find a bucket. He fought for them to be able to have time to stop and eat.

It's interesting to me now, as I've met a lot of the old timers in West Layton, how they really admired my grandfather because of those things he did, and for his ability to make a difference.

**TF:** I would love to talk to some of them.

**KJ:** That was when we first moved out there, but most of them have passed away. And interestingly enough, when we moved out there 30 years ago, we lived in an old farmhouse, so we were around a lot of them. So, I got to hear a lot of their stories. At first, we were kind of considered outsiders, because we didn't grow up with Layton amongst all these older people. But when they found out who my grandfather was, that changed everything. The doors were thrown wide open, and we became part of the community. And they shared beautiful stories of things that he did, and it was really a sweet time for me and my family, because we were able to learn those things.

**TF:** Do you know anybody who's still around?.

**KJ:** I wonder if Tommy Salvador is still around. He knows some of them, but all of the ones I knew who lived right there are gone.

**CH:** But you know, my father was like that his whole. I live in California, and I worked a lot with Southeast Asians. And my parents became their parents and grandparents while they were there.

**OK:** And he was always a mentor to others.

**CH:** My dad always said that when he died, he didn't want a funeral. That was always the main thing. So when he died, my brother Sam said, "He said no funeral." And we said, "Well, he didn't tell us." (laughs) But there were over 300 people who attended his funeral from all over, and they all talked about the love that that he and Mother had for each other. And they talked about their acceptance of who those people were, and to stand up for who they were, always.

**OK:** You know, when we lived here, we had this little house, although it was a nice house; but Mom would cook all day to get the food ready. And usually, she was done about five or six o'clock. So, my dad would come home, and he'd have a carload of people. He would go around

by the Sugar Beet Factory, and he would say to everyone, "Amigos, have all of you eaten?" And some would say, "I haven't eaten all day." So, my dad would pile them up in his old Studebaker, or whatever car he had, and he would bring them home. And here us kids were waiting at the table to eat, but we knew when he brought workers home, we had to let them sit at the table and eat first.

But Mother's food was almost like mana. Somehow, we never ran out. Here were all these people she fed, then my dad would take them back out into the field. But he was an advocate for them. People said to him, "All those workers out there are so dirty." And he would say, "But how much did you enjoy your food when you opened that can of beans today, or that can of corn? Who put that food in there? Who harvested that?" And then the people's comments would change, and they would understand more of what he was saying.

And like I said, he was branch president of a branch up in Ogden, then we came back down here.

**CH:** The Apostle Kimball became friends with Dad and made sure that he was able to do that stuff.

**OK:** But my dad was really an advocate all over the world. It didn't matter if he was in Alaska, or if he was in Chile.

**TF:** Didn't your parents go to New Mexico for a time?

**CH:** Yes. He was asked to go with Job Corps.

**OK:** The government had a wonderful program which is now obsolete; but they used to bring families off of the reservations, bring them up there, and let them live "the American life." Or they would go to the Indian School. And it didn't matter what tribe they were from; they were all mixed in together, and that was difficult for them. So, they came up with the idea of taking the

whole family—the mother, the father, and all of the children—and bring them to New Mexico, and let them live there. The women would learn how to cook on electric stoves, the men would learn how to weld, and the children would go to school. Then, after they were there for about a year and a half, maybe they would go back to the reservation, and they would prosper.

**CH:** He taught the guys how to weld, and they came up to the Navy yards, but they were offered low wages. So, my dad called one of his students and said, “Show them how you do this.” So, he did, and my dad said, “They’re worth \$25.00 an hour. They are not apprentices.” So then, they got top wages.”

One of them made this kachina-type doll, and I got to keep it. I think Tanner has it now. But Mother and Dad—and this is how my own houses always were with both of my husbands—everybody was always welcome. I remember when we moved to Daley Avenue, my dad would leave a little note on the mailbox and put the keys in there. And I said, “Dad, why do you do that? And he said, “Because if crooks want to get into our house, they’re gonna get in anyway. But if somebody needs our help, they need to know they can get in to get that help.” And I remember that we would always get phone calls from kids who knew they could turn to my parents for help.

I remember that when I did Civil Air Patrol—

**TF:** You did CAP?

**CH:** Yeah. I was the first girl major cadet in the United States. But it was funny, because the guys who flew got stuck here one time. So, the commander from Colorado called the Utah command and said, “I have a bunch of cadets that I could use some help with.” The command suggested that he call Dasey Mason, a guy from Clearfield. So, he did. He said, “I have a bunch of these kids coming in. Can you open your [unclear]. So, we went there, and there were all of

these cadets. This is when we lived on Daley. But the whole lawn was full of kids. And Dad said, “Did you forget something?” And John, the commander said, “When we get through, can we come by and get breakfast?” So, they did.

But that was the kind of home I grew up in. That’s how my parents were, and that’s how we grew up. I had two husbands who had to adjust to that. I told them, “This is the way I grew up.” One of my husbands was a little Southern boy, and the other was a kid from Oregon. I told them, “This is how I grew up, and this is how it’s going to be.” So, they had to adjust fast.

**KJ** But I think if you’re looking for the magic of Verdeland Park, that was it, because it started with my grandparents, and it radiated out.

**TF:** I was wondering if that was the case. I was talking to Dennis about that about two weeks ago—about the specific things that made Verdeland Park such a special place—but it seems like your dad had a lot to do with that in the beginning.

**CH:** Yeah, he did

**TF:** I mean, was there anything he couldn’t fix?

**CH:** No. if he couldn’t fix something, he would figure out how.

**OK:** He’d get a book and learn.

**CH:** Oh yeah, the books. To this day, I’ll buy books over food.

**OK:** I just got rid of his maintenance book. It was that thick, and it was just full of information on how to fix everything. But it got to the point where he couldn’t fix things anymore. He got a little bit of a tremor. But he’d sit on a stool and tutor us on how to fix something, like changing a filter. He’d say, “Okay, just pull it out, then you’ll do this.”

**TF:** Do you have anything from your father, like pictures of him, or like notes of instructions he gave?

**OK:** Oh yeah, we have lots of stuff. This is a fun picture. My parents were 94 when that was taken.

**TF:** Wow. Well, like I said, we can digitize photos. We can scan this, then give it back to you.

**KJ:** We also have copies of awards that he was given. We have a lot of those types of things.

**TF:** This is the type of thing that gets me excited. (laughs)

**OK:** Yeah. They were honored on their seventieth anniversary by the governor.

**KJ:** I have that letter.

**TF:** Wow, that's great. Yeah, anything like that that you could share with us would be great.

**CH:** Yeah, they went all over the world.

**KJ:** And he had things from when he was here at Verdeland Park. I remember when I had a college assignment, and we had to write about a hero in our lives. So, I wrote about my grandpa. And one of the stories I learned later that, to me, epitomizes who he was—and this was probably less than a year before he passed away—I went over to visit him. He opened the door, and he goes, “Ooohh!” Remember his little Rocky dance that he used to do? (laughs) And he said, “You have to come back to my office and see what I got.” He’d gotten a new computer, and I was like “Grandpa. I don’t even know how to work all of this. Do you do you know how to do all of this?” He had a twinkle in his eye—can you picture that?”

**CH:** Oh yeah. (laughs)

**KJ:** He looked at me and said, “I will learn!!”

**OK:** He was always like, “I don’t know how to yet, but I will.”

**CH:** He could do things like that.

**KJ:** That was his attitude for everything in life. If he didn’t know how to do something, he would figure it out.

**CH:** He would find a way to get it done. But the greatest joy in his life was our mother. Together, those two little people could conquer anything. I've thought about how many people came from that little town who could've done the same thing.

**OK:** There are still dirt roads there. They still live in adobe houses.

**TF:** What was the name of the town?

**KJ:** Manassa, Colorado.

**TF:** I think I've heard of it.

**KJ:** It's in the middle of nowhere.

**KJ:** It has its own unique heritage. I could go on for hours about that; but for my grandparents to leave and do what they did is just amazing.

**CH:** Years ago, I took all of my children to where they grew up, and it was amazing. Our kids went to the cemetery and thought was so neat. We couldn't drag them out when it was time to go. They were like, "Look at that over there!" And they came back with a whole different attitude about what their grandparents did. But it was just wonderful that my dad told us so many stories, so that when they went back, they could see those things.

**KJ:** Part of his love for Grammy was to encourage her in whatever she wanted to learn, or whatever she wanted to do. He was like, "Go do it. You can do it."

**CH:** He didn't ever talk back to her or raise a hand to her.

**KJ:** As far as formal education, she only went to the eighth grade. But her impact was just as big as his.

**CH:** Yeah, they were partners.

**OK:** In this thing here, it talks about places they lived and were employed. It says, "They lived in Colorado, Layton, Arizona, New Mexico, Washington, Oregon, Alaska, and Hawaii. They

also lived in Central America, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, and Costa Rica. And in South America, they lived in Chile. They went from America to Tierra del Fuego and survived the devastating earthquake in 1985. In Mexico City, they were called as directors of the Mexico City Visitors Center for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and they both passed away in Stockton, CA.

“He died in 2010, and she died in 2014. They were married for 74 years, just five months short of 75 years. And their posterity has been homemakers, they have associate degrees, bachelors, masters, and PhDs, MBA’s, MSW’s, CPA’s, and Juris Doctorates, they’ve been doctors, nurses and chiropractors. And they’ve been employed in the school of Hard Knocks and have been involved in their communities. They encouraged all of us to be involved in our communities, in government, and as volunteers in national, regional, county, city, and military [affairs]. And we’ve represented the Air Force, Army, and Navy.

**TF:** Carol, what branch were you in?

**CH:** I was in the Air Force.

**OK:** And my family was in the Army, and my sister’s husband was in the Navy.

**TF:** My husband is in the Navy Reserve, and he’s also a civilian engineer at Hill Air Force Base.

**CH:** My dad worked at the Base for three days, I think. (laughs)

**OK:** But anyway, it’s a great heritage we enjoy.

**CH:** Like we said, our parents were loved by everybody. Dad had over 300 people at his funeral, and Mother had almost 400 people. Sam got so mad. He said, “Dad told me ‘no funeral,’ so that’s what I told our branch president. Dad didn’t want a funeral.” And I said, “Well, he didn’t tell us that.” But lots of people came. My Republican Women came from all over, because

he would go with me to different things. But the thing my dad always told me was that the worth of souls is great. You never know somebody's story, so don't write it for them. Embrace it.

I had [unclear] little brothers, and they're all nationalities. Different people would come to our house when I was growing up, because Dad never judged people by their color, and he never judged them by their position. He saw them for the individual they were. And my mother was the same way, But she was his greatest treasure, and I think that out of all things they accomplished, their greatest was who they were, and the love they shared for each other. You could have kings, and queens, and everything, but they couldn't match the that love that my parents had for each other.

And like I said, when my dad died, Mother would always sit in front of my husband in the car, and she was always reaching over to hold my hand. And I told him, "All those years, she rode with my dad, and she always held his hand. She always rode like that." (laughs) But I am thankful for my parents, and for the posterity they gave me. They didn't leave me with financial wealth, but they left me with a legacy that's worth more than anything else.

**OK:** When we'd come with him and show him the trees that were still here, he'd get a kick out of that. That's our monument to our children and our family.

**CH:** That one tree he planted for me grew straight up, and he'd tell me, "Stay like that tree." But when my parents would come to my house and visit, they just brought love with them. My dad always judged a person by their character, not by the color of their skin, and that's a legacy I've tried to leave my children. My dad and I fought like cats and dogs, but we eventually [worked it out].

**OK:** Oh man, it was a miracle I was born after her and David.

**CH:** I think before my dad passed, he had a feeling that he was going to go, because they had plane tickets to go [unclear], and he said, “I don’t want to go on this. I want to fly out west.” So, they did, but he ended up stayed, and I think he knew that he was going, because the last thing he did was he got up that morning—we would go visit my son in Northern California—and he said, “Who’s next?” as he rounded the door. And then we heard a crash, and I ran in. My sister and brother-in-law were there. So, we called [911]. And the last thing I told him—and I was the last one to talk to him—was, “Mother will never be alone. And I will sing a song to her every night. ‘I love you, you love me. We’re as happy as two people can be. Can’t you see how I love you? And that’s the way it’s going to be.’” And then I kissed him, and I just saw his breath go.”

**OK:** Well, I hope we’ve answered all of your questions. Is there anything else that you wanted us to share?

**TF:** I do have a couple more quick questions. Do you remember your tub? I’ve heard so many stories about the tubs in Verdeland Park.

**OK:** Oh yes, our cement tub. And if the paint came off, we just repainted it. They were made out of cement. We didn’t have porcelain tubs. Did porcelain tubs ever come in? I don’t remember.

**CH:** I just remember that we’d all be in the bathtub together.

**OK:** We all took a bath together! (laughs)

**CH:** We just didn’t have a lot of water. And we had clotheslines outside. We didn’t have washers and dryers at first. But Mother finally got her house that wasn’t attached. It was all hers.

**OK:** And then she got her washing machine. It was a wringer.

**OK:** Yeah. And you’d get your hand caught in there.

**CH:** I did. (laughs)

**TF:** I remember how my mom would hang sheets out on our clothesline to dry during the summer, and I just loved that smell.

**CH:** I loved to fold clothes. I always have. I mean, if I was busy doing that, then I didn't have to do anything else. (laughs).

**OK:** It was so cute. I remember how we would all be in the bathtub just playing in the bubbles, and it was so much fun.

**TF:** Was the tub scratchy? I've heard some people say that it was.

**OK:** No, I don't remember that.

**TF:** I guess you had to have it painted.

**OK:** It's so funny that we had to paint our bathtub. And the paint probably had so much lead in it. (laughs)

**OK:** That would explain so much. (laughs) But I loved the old stove we had. It had a grate on it, and I remember someone got burned by leaning against it once. I don't remember who it was. But I remember how my parents were so grateful. This says, "The bathroom included a toilet, a sink, a medicine cabinet, and a bathtub. Since porcelain was not available in the early years of the war, Verdeland Park bathtubs were made out of cement and painted white. With time, the paint chipped away, and residents could get paint to repaint their tubs."

**TF:** With your stoves being as small as they were, how did your mom cook all of that food?

**CH:** Well, it stretched, for some reason.

**OK:** It really was like manna.

**CH:** And it would feed everybody. I never figured out how there was always food. It was like it grew in the sink, and it grew in the stove. (laughs) There was always food. And there might've

only been just a little bit, but we thought we were rich. It was like one tortilla could feed 15 people. (laughs) But I think if I had to describe my parents, I would just use the word love. And that was passed on to all of my children.

**KJ:** I was lucky enough to live by them for over 20 years, and I got to spend lots of time with them.

**TF:** Before I forget, can you tell me the names of some of your neighbors?

**CH:** Holy cow. There were the Jacobs, and the Laytons.

**OK:** There was Julie Beretta, the Salazars, and Marilyn Knudsen. There was Craig Bush, Judy Morley, and Judy Stein.

**CH:** Dennis could look on the back of the picture he has and give you more names. He was a historian. He would remember more.

**KJ:** But do you remember the day you left, and how you never lived in Layton again?

**CH:** Yeah, I joined the Air Force on November 3rd. I remember getting on that plane and saying, “I’m never coming back.”

**TF:** What did you do in the Air Force?

**CH:** I was a [re-enlistment clear?], and I was spoiled, because I’d been in Civil Air Patrol here; so, I went in with one stripe, so I was already ahead of the others. And I already knew how to operate in the military way. But I remember that Dad wouldn’t go see me off. He was livid that I joined the Air Force. I think it was because he loved flying, and I had interviewed to be an airline stewardess. At that time, everyone who became a stewardess went to Kansas and did all of the training. And then the airlines would pick you right up. And since he loved to fly, that would’ve been the perfect scenario for him.

**OK:** Did he get his pilot’s license?

**CH:** Oh yes. He had all the instruments, and he was also a great photographer. And he did a lot of other things. There wasn't anything he didn't want to learn; but I remember I was flying out late that night, at about 10:30 or 11:00, and before I left, I looked at him and said, "I am never, ever coming back." That's another story. But later on, we were living in Texas, and Olivia was living here.

**OK:** And we had lots of relatives still living here, like Richard Trujillo, and others. My dad helped his brothers come here.

**TF:** I need to text you after we're done and get all of these names.

**KJ:** Grampy had a brother, Fred. So, they came, and he also had a sister, Dolores, and she married Robert Harnoy. They all lived here in Layton.

**CH:** But they didn't live in Verdeland Park.

**TF:** One more question: do you remember any food that was delivered in Verdeland Park? Like milk and ice?

**OK:** I remember the ice man.

**CH:** And the vegetable guy would come.

**OK:** Oh, the guy in the green truck.

**CH:** We go out and pick them all up. I thought that was really cool. That guy was like a celebrity. But I loved the ice machine. He would bring big blocks of ice, and we would break off the chips.

**OK:** And then we'd go to the supermarket.

**CH:** Adams was there on the corner of Gentile and Main.

**OK:** And there was Farmers Union.

**CH:** The Rampants had a little market on the side, and that's the only time in my life I ever stole anything. I stole a piece of candy, and my dad made me march back over the bridge and give it back.

I also remember when we rode the Bamberger, and we thought that was really slick. It cost a dime to go to Salt Lake. And we also had Kowley Drug, and everybody went there. And we'd go to the movie, and Sportsman's Bar had, like, a [mummy?] place like this. So, us kids would go up there, and nobody would be there; but then we'd go and make sure there was a big [block?] there, and we'd stand on it, and we'd jump out and scare kids. (laughs) And the guy at Sportsman Bar would get so mad, because all of a sudden, he'd hear all of these kids saying, "Aaaahhhh!"

But we'd go to matinees at the movie theater, and the Noodle Parlor was there. We thought that was a big thing then. And like I said, we'd go down by the Layton Market and kind of watch cars go by. And we were like, "Someday, we'll go there." We would just get so excited. And then, I'd also pump gas for dad over at the Shell station.

Then, there was the Farmers Market, and there was a dentist up on top, and some apartments. We went up there. Then there was the bank, and I'd go by B&B, and the post office was there. But now, they're all gone. Now it's all messed up. (laughs)

**TF:** Well, that tells me how much this area meant to you. It was so rooted in you. You said you were never going to come back to Layton, but maybe if Verdeland Park had stayed around, maybe you would have come back.

**CH:** Oh, yeah. But after I graduated, we all went our separate ways. But like I said, Dennis and Judy have always been my friends

**OK:** I went to Carol's class reunion, and I knew more people than she did; but she and Dennis were amigos, and they were just always together during the reunion.

**TF:** Well, thank you for taking time to do this. And I always thank Dennis, because like I said before we started recording, he is the one who inadvertently and unknowingly [planted the seed] for this whole project.

**CH:** Well, Olivia brought us here like two little kids that one time, like she was a mom chaperoning us, and she was gonna let us go inside. But we looked at [what used to be] Verdeland Park, and we said, "This just isn't Verdeland Park anymore." And they messed the gulley up! (laughs) (recording stops)