

Transcription of Oral History

Dean F. Smart

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My father's name is Franklin Flowers Smart. He did not like the name "Flowers"; so he put "F" on all the boys' names. I was born on May 6, 1934, in grandma's house on top of Brown's hill, which is 2300 East. There were two of us. The doctor brought me into the world. When he was leaving, the midwife said, "No, no, no, there's another one!" I was three pounds when I was born, and my brother was three and a half pounds when he was born...and he died. We were twins.

One of the first incubators back then was a coal stove. They would start this coal stove and then open the lid. I lay in a shoe box filled with cotton for a long time so the heat would go over the top of me. Being only three pounds, I had to keep warm all the time. That was an old time incubator.

My father was from Union, and my mother, LaVerla Jane Colebrook, was from Butler. This was all owned by the Colebrook's. Grandpa Lewis Colebrook owned eighty acres, where the Butler Junior High School, the Cottonwood Heights swimming pool, and the house on top of the hill, and where I am now. He gave my mother an acre and her brother, Mel Colebrook, an acre. They built the house in 1936. I was two years old at the time.

I started school in about 1940 over at the Butler Elementary School. They had three teachers. Each teacher had two grades and lived in the house next to the school. Mrs. Florence Dearden was the first and second grade teacher. Harold Blair was the fifth and sixth grade teacher and principal.

Jordan School District bought the house and the school, where the church was years ago. I understand the church and school changed places. They built the school and let the teachers live in the old house to help them on their wages. I went through six grades there, and then I went down to Union Junior High, which has been pushed over. Then I went from there to Jordan High School.

I had to walk a half mile up the road to catch a bus. Then we were bused all the way to Union Junior High School, or all the way to Jordan High School. I graduated from Jordan.

We had a very fun life. We used to walk over to the church and go to Mutual and stuff like that. We used to keep our fun in the ward. We would sleigh ride over the hills. Kids don't do it today anymore.

One of my first jobs was picking strawberries on grandpa's land. Mori's, who lived down on the corner of 2300 East and 7000 South, raised strawberries on my grandfather's land. I used to go over and pick strawberries for my money-- twenty-five cents a crate.

When we won the All-Church Championship in softball, we stopped off at Dew Drop Inn on 3900 South and State Street. I met this lady that was a waitress down there. She said, "Come to my ward. We've got plenty of girls." So we went over to Holladay and went to their ward. Come to find out, the lady that got us over there is now my sister-in-law.

Four or five of the ball players went over to the church and were introduced to girls over there. Don Kay and I started to date two girls over in Holladay. That's how I met my wife, Arlene.

People keep asking me why I call my wife, "Gram". I watched her play ball that same year in 1953. She could hit the ball, but she could not run. I told her that she ran like a grandma. The girls got mad at me. She's been called "Gram" since 1953. We got married in 1954 in the temple in Salt Lake. What was interesting, when I got married in the temple, my father and mother got married in the temple the day before we did.

When we were going through the temple, President David O. McKay came up, grabbed me, and shook my hand and talked to me. Come to find out, he was on a mission with my father-in-law. President McKay came in and talked to us. He wished us a happy and long married life. I was really, really shaken up.

When we got married, our first place to live was at the home of G. Carlos Smith's mother-in-law's. We rented half of her house. It was in Holladay on 4800 South and Holladay Boulevard. We lived there for two years and had our daughter, Ardean. We took Gram's name and my name, and put it together for "Ardean". Later we moved to White City and lived there for a few years. We had two boys while we were in White City, Kevin and Guy.

My father died of melanoma and leukemia at age fifty-one. We moved back to Butler and built a house on Bristlecone Circle to help my mother. We have been here ever since.

There are just a few friends up here who have lived here all their lives. They are Harvey Hansen, Tom Shimizu, Kay Winn, Krissy Gray, Ray Olson, Verl Buxton, and Jack Butler; I think that's all,

My great-grandfather, Charles Colebrook, was the one who started Brown & Sanford Ditch. I think they are trying to name the corner down by Dan's Foods to be "Colebrook Corner" because my great grandfather owned that corner. When my grandfather, Lewis Colebrook, sold his house, he sold eighty acres and the house for \$7,500.00.

He went down to my great-grandfather's place and built a house there, which is where McDonald's is now (2000 East 7000 South). My Aunt Vivian Buxton lived next to him. Aunt Edith Wiseman lived next to them.

I understand that they brought the Granite blocks for the temple down through our backyard, over the hill, down through Amos Mosher's place and Brown's. They went down through there to Colebrook Corner. Then they stopped there, slept, got up, and then went on to the temple. It was all through Colebrook's and Brown's property. I understand there is still a block over on the church property that they dropped off and didn't move. It was on Mr. Brown's property, and Amos picked it up and took it.

I loved dancing. When I was in sixth grade in elementary school, Mr. Blair handed me the key where all the music was. I was one of the guys that knew how to dance. I used to go down and watch my mother and father dance down in the old Union Amusement Hall. I used to sit on the sideline and watch my aunt and the Buxton orchestra play, while my mother and father, and all of them danced in Union. I just kind of fell into dancing. I went from there into teaching ballroom dancing.

Before we got married, they asked Gram and me to be Stake Dance Directors before we even got married. We taught dancing in Holladay and in Sandy. Then ballroom dancing started to slow down. The Church quit the dance directors.

Dave Jessup, over on Creek Road, said, "If you're not going to ballroom dance, you might as well come and square dance. I said, "Oh, no, no way." He said, "Yes." So he got us in to round dancing and square dancing. We learned how to square dance in two months. It usually takes about six or so months to learn how to square dance. We would go to class and then stay with the club every Thursday night. After about the third or fourth time, he said, "Go buy some records". I said, "Why?" He said, "I've got a record player. I've got a microphone. You're going to start

calling." I've been calling square dancing for over thirty years—mostly one-night stands. I've been asked two or three different times to do a club. They wanted me in Vernal. They wanted me in Price, then in Provo, and once in Salt Lake. I had too much fun doing one-night stands. In other words, I would go out and teach these kids and adults how to dance. I walk out, and don't have to worry.

One year, Gram and I taught thirteen hundred kids how to square dance. We would teach them before they'd go on their pioneer trek. We'd teach two or three hundred kids how to dance and then send them on their treks. Then we would meet them along the trek and teach them again.

If they went to Martin's Cove, we would teach them how to square dance. Then I would write down what I taught them. They would go to Martin's Cove and hand them a list and say, "Dean taught us this". The caller could look at my list and call a square dance, and the kids could do it.

There was one group—they weren't satisfied with going to Martin's Cove to square dance without me. I told them that I was too expensive. They said, "Well, how much?" I told them. They said, "We'll see you up there on the date. They paid my gas up and back. They paid for the motel. They paid for my food, besides paying me to call the square dancing.

We had two or three hundred kids dancing in a corral up in Martin's Cove. Dust...oh my! We put the equipment in my trunk. My microphone and my speakers were the only things that were outside my trunk. When we got through, there was a half inch of dust on top of my car. They did ask me, "Okay, will you come up and do a mission and call square dancing?" I told them, "No, I wouldn't put my equipment through that mess. That is crazy." I teach them here, and then send the list up to whomever is going to call up there.

Gram and I have been teaching, and why I say, "We" is because I'll start calling a dance, and everybody will see how much fun it is so they jump up. Gram is my bouncer. She goes around and says, "Okay, we've got to catch up to where Dean is." She will get them going and catch them up to where I am. Like I say, we've been round dancing and square dancing for way over thirty years.

Dave Jessup was the one that started us square dancing in Butler Junior High School in the cafeteria. We danced with them for two or three weeks, and then we went down to the Pioneer Club. Then we went to the Farmers and Charmers Club. Within a couple of months, we were dancing with three clubs just to learn how to dance because we were picking it up so easily—big deal. It's been fun.

My first son is Kevin F. Smart. My second son is Guy F. Smart. I kept the "F". My wife wanted me to put "Dean" in between. I kind of felt with my father I was going to pass the initial "F" on all the kids' names. Ardean is my oldest daughter.

My first job was making false teeth for chickens (chicken grit). Whitmore Oxygen had a place up Little Cottonwood Canyon. They used to own three miles of Little Cottonwood Canyon. It's called "Wasatch Resort". Now, where your tunnels are, Perpetual Storage, Inc. (PSI) and the church vaults were on Whitmore's property.

Years ago we used to take the granite that was left over from the temple. We used to drill holes in the granite, dynamite it, break it up with sledge hammers, and then run it through a crusher for chicken grit. So what it is—chickens don't have teeth. We made the teeth for the chickens. We made hen grit, chicken grit, and turkey grit.

A lot of truckers kept buying the grit to put in their sanders. Sand has sharp edges. The truckers preferred the grit for their sanders. They would come and buy tons of this chicken grit and put it in their sanders to use in the winter. They loved the chicken grit.

Then I went down to 2300 East and 6800 South and started to make oxygen, acetylene, hydrogen, and nitrogen. We made our own power up Little Cottonwood Canyon. Then we would run the power down to our plant to run the plant.

When I moved in there, we had an oxygen and nitrogen plant. We would separate the oxygen and nitrogen in one plant and run the nitrogen over to another column to purify that. We would take all the dust, oil, everything out of the air and then run it through an expansion engine to start cooling it down. We would put it down to three hundred degrees below zero to separate the oxygen and nitrogen, and then run it through a heat exchanger to turn it back into a gas.

As it is coming down through the column to turn it back into a gas, it's cooling the compressed air coming up through the column. So it's just trading temperatures. When it gets to the top of the column, that's the liquid nitrogen. We would run that nitrogen over to another column to purify the nitrogen. Then most of your oxygen was mostly breathing and welding.

A lot of people don't know that welding oxygen needs to be more pure than breathing oxygen. So if you ever have a catastrophe in Utah, you can get welding oxygen and breathe it because it's the same oxygen. It's just a different color tank.

Then we would take the nitrogen, and we'd purify that and fill the tanks. That was mostly for oil companies and airlines. They would put the nitrogen in their tires,

because they will not expand and contract as much as compressed air. It won't rot out the inside of the tire. So that's where the nitrogen went.

They moved me from there to Salt Lake at a warehouse, and I learned more about welding. Then I was running computers and stuff like that. Then they moved me to Utah Valley to sell, at which I had a ball. I sold down there for seven years. Then they moved me back because they had a new manager.

I was at Whitmore Oxygen for forty years. To me, that was the best company that ever happened until the new manager came in. They were fabulous for their employees. They really thought about you. Anything they would do, they would come to you and talk to you.

They started a 401K—it wasn't a 401K then—it was just a retirement plan back in 1964, if I remember right. When I retired, I was the luckiest kid around. Right now I'm living on the interest. I've got the same amount of money in there that I had fourteen years ago. That Whitmore was really a great company.

This company was owned by Rich Whitmore, who was an atheist. He donated so much to the Church that you just can't believe it--just different things. He was going to donate the land where the library is now. That was supposed to be a hospital. He donated that and all the way up to 2300 East for a hospital. Then Jordan School District came in and condemned part of it for a school. They figured there wasn't enough acreage for a hospital, so they lost the hospital. If the Jordan School District hadn't condemned that property, that would have been a hospital there.

I helped with Rich Whitmore's horses. He was one of the best horse people in the world. He had the lineup of who, where, and why of all the horses he had. Like our genealogy of families, he had everything about his horses. When they would go to a show, they'd always just say, "Hey, Dean, I'm leaving" and walk out. So I'd go out and feed their horses.

To me, Whitmore was a family. We all loved each other, and we all worked together. There was a whole bunch of good guys. Green's worked for us, the Bolliger's that lived up here—they were really good. Whitmore Oxygen was the best company that I'd ever want to be with.

I was deputy sheriff for awhile, but my cousin, Melvin Colebrook, got killed. My father said, "You're not going to be a cop". So I quit. The captain told me that if I ever wanted to come back to just give him a call. After my cousin got killed, I said, "That was it".

We had a good, small group of kids up here in Butler. Every time our mayor, Kelvyn Cullimore, Jr., sees me, he says, "I know you want to change it from 'Cottonwood Heights' back to 'Butler'." John Bair and another guy that I worked with in the temple were the ones that changed it to Cottonwood Heights. I keep fighting to get it back to Butler. I just like the two cities that were named by the pioneers, Union and Butler; and it should have stayed that way.

I got in to and helped start the Datus Archery Club. We were one of the clubs that actually got the archery season for the state of Utah. They kept saying, "Okay, this year we'll give you this weekend." The next year they would say, "Well, we'll give you this weekend." Well, we got together and went to a meeting and said, "Okay, we want two weeks ending on Labor Day" and they okayed it. So it's still archery season.

There were three archery clubs in Utah that got the archery season. That was back when the Fish and Game knew you. I'd walk in, and they'd say, "Hi, Smarty" or "Hi, Dean". Now they don't even care. Over here, just above Smith's drive-in on 6400 South, we would go in there, and we put an archery range there. We shot there for a couple of years until the state came in and said, "You can't shoot there anymore. We're going to put in a highway." So they put the I-215 highway right through our archery range.

Roal Simms was the one that we told that we would let him be a member of the club for nothing if he let us use his property. That was just above Smith's, and I think the sign is still there saying, "Archery Shooooting in This Area". Roal Simms was the one that gave me that picture. He said, "Dean, I'm going to throw this away. Why don't you take it?" So that's the one I gave to Don Antczak, showing Utah Sand and Gravel and Southeast Sand and Gravel from 2300 to 7000 South.

When I say "Smith's", all the boys used to sneak out the furnace door down in the bottom of the church, and we'd all run over and jump in a car and run down to Smith's and have waffles and ice cream. Mrs. Smith would make us waffles and put four scoops of ice cream, and then put topping on them. She was really a nice lady. Like I say, it was just like your neighborhood. Mrs. Smith was the one that lived in back (where Tuscany's is now). She was a lot of fun. We used to have a lot of fun over there. We would have our Sunday School lessons on her counter, eating ice cream and waffles.

Down on Colebrook Corner, where you had Boyce's, Charles and Richard. Then you had Don Kay and Ray Olson, Betty Olson. Up the street you have Isaac's, Leo Mosher's, and all the people up in there.

We used to have our enjoyment just going to church with a sleigh. Usually, after two or three winters, we'd have to buy a new sleigh. Coming over Butler hill and Brown's hill, we'd hit dry spots, and they would just wear the runners out. That was our fun—sleigh riding.

Once in awhile, someone would take us up to Brighton and then kick us out. We'd sleigh ride all the way out from Brighton. We never did try Little Cottonwood, but Big Cottonwood, yes.

Back then, Brighton over to Granite, down to 1300 East, and over to 6200 South was one ward. We had one ward. We'd even have people from Brighton come down to our ward. We had a big area for our ward. Like I say, we loved dances. We had dances all the time. That's when I say I kept interested in dancing and I started teaching.

Doing things with the family:

We really have done everything together. Like I say, we danced together. A friend of mine down in the Junior High was making archery bows. He said, "Dean, I can make a bow for nine dollars. I said, "You can't." He said, "Yes." I said, "Okay". So I went down and glued me a bow together, filed it out and made a bow. Then I went back down and made Gram a bow, so we could shoot together. Then I started my kids, too. When we started archery, all of us were shooting—the two boys and Ardean. We've all been shooting together for many years.

To start off our camping, we went to Sears and said, "We want a tent." They sold us a tent. On the way home, we saw this tent trailer. We stopped and went in and said, "Hey, how much for a tent trailer?" It might have been eight hundred dollars or so, I can't remember. He said, "Do you go camping with your kids?" I said, "Yeah, we go archery shooting and all that." He said, "Have you got five hundred dollars?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "The trailer's yours."

We took the tent back, which was a hundred or a hundred and a half, I think. We took the tent back to Sears and took the tent trailer home. So we started out with a tent trailer. We did a lot of our camping and shooting together.

We had an archery range on 1300 East and 9800 South. We used to keep an archery golf course up on 1300 East and 9800 South for everybody to go there and shoot for nothing, shooting archery golf. Then we had to move from there out to where Alta High School is out on 10600 South in Draper. We put up a golf course out there for awhile. Then they moved us out to the widow-maker hill climb. We did that for a few years. Now to set up a golf course for people, it's clear out in Cedar Valley. We kept

a lot of people in archery just by keeping this golf course open. They'd come and shoot at night and not charge them a cent.

Like I said, we did everything together. When we were square dancing, we talked our kids into square dancing, and they'd dance for a year or two. Then they kind of dropped off. Doing things together, I started fishing. So I bought Gram a fly pole. She tried it and didn't like it. Golfing—I bought two sets of golf clubs. We went out, and we golfed. Every sport I've done, it's always with the family, doing it together. Instead of saying, "I'm going with the boys or "You're going with the girls." Do things together because that's life.

We met a lot of friends in archery and a lot of friends in square dancing. It's really funny today that you still have somebody come up and put their arms around you and say, "You called the dance for us a few years ago."

One gentleman came up and said, "I know you." I said, "How come?" He said, "Some place." He saw me in Jordan River Temple. I worked over there for seven years. I was one of the first people to wear white cowboy boots in the temple. A lot of people recognized that. They'd always come out and ask me, "Where's your boots?" It's really a lot of fun to have a lot of friends recognize you and remember you.

This is why, when I'm square dance calling; when I used to do a lot of kids, I used to go to a lot of schools over here and one up on 3900 South and teach little kids. You'd go in to Dan's Food Town, or some place like that, and you'd see these little kids say, "Hey, I know him. I know him." It really makes you feel good that kids recognize you and do things with you.

My father was in the Navy back in 1945 or so. When the time come to join the Navy or something like that, everybody was in the National Guard. I didn't want the National Guard. I wanted to join the Navy. When I went up to Fort Douglas to join the Navy, I passed everything except one. I had asthma. I'm allergic to horses. Why and how do you get horses on a ship? This is why they wouldn't let me in the Navy back then.

My father, a fabulous guy, he'd take me deer hunting. We fished together. Every time we would go, we'd go up Big Cottonwood Canyon. A lot of the times we would help put the fish in the stream because they knew us. We'd go up there fishing, and they'd say, "Hey, Frank, come and help us." We'd go up and stop off at different places and help them put the fish into the stream. My father taught me to fish. We did a lot of fishing together and deer hunting together for years. He kept me going because we did everything together.

One year we were headed fishing up at Strawberry Reservoir, and I took my gun. It was deer season. Going up Daniel's Canyon, here stands this great big deer, thirty-four inches across. I said "Grandpa, stop!" He stopped, and I jumped out, ran over the hill, popped a shell into the gun, pulled down, shot, and it dropped. I ran, jumped the creek; and I went over and cut his throat. I looked back up. My father was still sitting in the middle of the road watching me. I cut his throat, and I came back. I tried to jump the creek coming back, and I couldn't do it. I fell right into the middle of the creek.

We took the deer. It took us about two to three hours to drag it about a block. We put it into the back of the truck. We went on fishing. We went over to Frank Larsen's, which was the place where you dock boats on the south side of Strawberry. When we pulled in, he said, "What in the heck have you got?" I said, "We want a boat." He said, "Go get the stupid boat. Put your truck by my house." He put a tarp over my deer.

We took the boat out and did our fishing, caught some fish and came back. I said, "How much for the boat?" He said, "Forget it. I've been having a lot of fun showing people this deer."

My father's life and my life was mostly fishing and hunting. I always relate people saying, "Pheasant hunting". You don't pheasant hunt in Salt Lake anymore. I used to walk a quarter of a mile away from my house and hunt pheasants and quail. Most of the time we didn't even know there was a season. We used to go over into Mori's and hunt over in their apple orchard.

Down over the sandhill, where the subdivision is, there was a skeet range. There was a dump. That was the dumping grounds down here. On 2000 East where it makes the curve, there was a pea vinery down there, and grandpa helped run it. Like I say, it was a lot of fun to go down to Grandpa Colebrook's to see what he did down at his old place. I'd go down and see the farming, and the pigs, and all that around the Boyce's. They were a lot of fun.

Milne and Hilton gas station

It was run by two families in Union, Mike Milne and Gill Hilton. They used to have a little house on Milne Lane. Hilton had one right next to the creek. They used to own that little service station. They would do nothing but pump gas, but they would come out and fill it for you if you wanted.

Usually, when I'd go up to get gas, I'd just go up, put it in, and fill it up, and say, "Hey, Mike, \$3.00", and away I'd go. He just trusted you. He would do anything for you. They used to have the service station right on the very corner. I think the service

station was only about a fifteen by fifteen foot building, all rock. The front of it was made of rock, big boulders out of the creek. It was the old pump gas--pump the gas to your cars. Then they moved over to the new building, and then it was a regular gas station.

Sculpture things and Welding

Back about fifteen years ago, I was selling in Utah Valley. I was up in Heber, and I noticed a guy had made a crow out of a shovel. Then he used a mowing machine blade for the head. I thought that was crazy. I went home, and I said, "Before I retire, I'm going to have every piece of welding equipment I can.

I bought me some wire-feeds, stick-electrodes, and stuff like that. I started making birds. I'd make storks, running birds, and stuff like that. I saw a frog down in Arizona. I took a picture of it, and it gave me an idea. So I made frogs, and then I went and made alligators. I've made violins and guitars.

I've got two bells up at Lumpy's Beer Hall, on Highland Drive. Totem's bought one of my bells. It has "Jazz" on it. Now what the bell is, it's actually the top of an oxygen cylinder, which is a real high-tensile strength steel. It really has got a fabulous ring. When I went in the bar at Lumpy's and sold him the "Jazz", he said, "What about my University of Utah one?" I said, "You're kidding me." He said, "No, I want a University of Utah one."

So I made two University of Utah ones with the feathers on it, which they told me I'm not supposed to do. I made them, and they said "Don't do it anymore." I went up to Lumpy's, and I said, "Which one would you like?" He said, "One, heck, here." He handed me one hundred backs, and he took them both. I don't know if they're still up there, but they're just bells made out of oxygen cylinders.

I like to go up to NPS and go through their garbage. I have found some coiled springs that have I have made into snails. Every time I go looking through their junk, I find things to weld together and make animals or birds.

Welding has been a real fun hobby. I cut fish out. I have a lot of fun in welding. Like I figured, I've been doing it all my life; so I might as well follow through and keep it going.

Every once in awhile, a lady that works for the welding supply house down here, she'll phone me and ask me questions. "Okay, Dean, what do I do now?" I still get calls once in awhile to supervise or help sell some stuff for her. Welding has been a good business for me.

I think the kids today are losing out. Back then, I used to hike over the hills and go down to the Buxton's, which is down on Highland Drive. We used to sleep out overnight down there. We'd all run out in our shorts, get on a bicycle and pedal to Sugarhouse. We'd go along a street. When a car would come, we'd get on to the side of the road and hide. When they passed, we'd get back on and go again. We used to go to Sugarhouse, look around, and pedal all the way back.

We used to do a lot like "kick the can" and stuff like that. It was always down by Buxton's, because there were more kids there. Don Kay and Ray Olson, and all of them were there. I used to hike over the hill and have fun, and then I'd walk home. I'd walk a little over a mile to a mile and half home.

Really, back then, you had to make up your own games. We used to kill rats in Ray Olson's chicken coops. We'd get a club. Every chicken coop had a certain hole where the rats ran in to. We'd say, "Okay, go open the door." Everybody would run for the hole. You'd put your foot over the hole and then turn the light on, and start killing rats.

"Buck" (Verl Buxton) had a rat go up one leg and come down the other, one time. Oh, my heavens, that was scary. We used to kill fifteen, twenty, thirty rats a night—pinnows and everything—every night because of the chickens. They used to go in and kill chickens and eat them.

Like I say, we were down where Dan's Food Town is right now. That was our football field. All the kids from Union would come up and meet us. We'd play football in that pasture. That was a big pasture, pretty flat. We used to play football there. We had to do most of our activities ourselves.

In the winter, we'd sleigh ride down 2000 East (Highland Drive) and then go through Colebrook Corner, and across where Dan's Food Town is now. Or, we'd come down Butler hill or Brown's hill. In the winter, we would wait until the road got nice and slick, because they never plowed the road. This is where we did a lot of our sleigh riding. We used to make up our own fun.

There were four of us from the team that got together. Ken Baird bought him a 1949 Hudson. He said, "Okay, boys, I'm going to Yellowstone." Four of us got into the car. We all paid for the gas, and we went up to Yellowstone Park. We bought shirts alike, red hats alike. There was Verl Buxton, myself, Richard Boyce and Ken Baird.

The group of us went up there and went through the park. Oh, the bears--they'd walk up on all four and put their head straight in the window--they were that big--in the old Hudson. We had a lot of fun up there. It was just a group of us kids from the ball

teams. The ladies scared us to death because we didn't know what the girls were doing. We'd run into some wild girls up there, and we'd go hide.

We had a sheltered life up here in Butler. We didn't know what the kids are going through today. We didn't even think about that.

Years ago I did help with the mink. A lot of us boys would go up and help the Erickson's grade the mink, kill the mink, and pale them out. We used to go up there and help them out. Most of the work around here was either up at Erickson's, or Mori's picking strawberries.

When I got on as deputy sheriff, I was on for about two or three days. My father told me I couldn't be a cop because my cousin got killed. Mel Colebrook was his name. It was a dispute between a divorced couple. Somehow, when they got in, the husband had the little baby. My cousin, Mel Colebrook, reached and got the baby away from the father. The husband reached over and got the pistol out of the other policeman's holster and put a bullet through my cousin's head.

To my knowledge he spent one night in jail, and that was it. Because the divorce wasn't final, the wife could not go to court and say anything against her husband. He was a vice-president of a bank. He had money. He took his money and a good lawyer, and he moved to California. I think he spent just the one day in jail for killing my deputy-sheriff cousin.

He was a deputy sheriff for quite a few years. He was along with Weldon Conger. Weldon Conger was a deputy sheriff, too. They went in together. That was it—a dispute between a husband and wife, Mel got killed.

Becoming a Deputy Sheriff

It was just kind of an ego trip for me on that. I thought, "Why not try?" I went in and passed the test. I did the agility test, the written test, and all that for deputy sheriff. They said, "Okay, before you're a deputy sheriff, you've got to be okayed." I said, "Who do we talk to about being a deputy sheriff?"

Well, George Beckstead was the one I had to go see. I walked in and sat down, and he said, "Well, Dean, how are you?" I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "I know you, you're at Milne and Hilton Service Station all the time. How's your father?" I said, "He's doing pretty good". He said, "You want to be a deputy sheriff?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "Okay. He's okay, forget it." And that was it. That was my interview with George Beckstead because I knew him. He was a good—very good person. I think he's one of the best, and one of the only sheriffs we've ever had that knew everybody. He believed in everybody. He was a good sheriff.

I was on for four or five days. My father was dying of cancer. I went to visit him, and he said, "Uh, uh, you're not going to be a deputy sheriff." So I quit. When I quit, Captain Nelson came to me, and he said, "If you ever want to come back, come on back. I think they wanted me to do Occie Evans' job and go to all the schools. He said, "You'd be good for that." I said, "Okay."

When dad passed on, I really didn't think about going back. About five years later, I ran into Captain Nelson again. He hollered at me, and I went over and talked with him. He said, "You never did come back." He was a very good guy. I don't think they ever let him in to anything higher than a captain. I thought he was going to be the next police chief. He was good.