

Life without TVs, Microwaves & Cell Phones
A STORIED HISTORY OF GRANDPA STUBBS

This is dedicated to my wonderful grandchildren on my 80th birthday:

*Michael, Noelle, Kaj, Sophie, Grace Brynn, Shelby, Lily, Noah,
Audrey, Eva & Charlie*

by

Charles Bruce Stubbs, born March 9, 1930

(Some exclusions have been made to the original writing.)

I was born at home in Santa Clara, California. The doctor came to our house to bring me safely into the world. The story was told that, as a toddler, a friend of my parents was backing their car out of our driveway, and I stepped off the lawn and was run over. Dad said my ear was almost torn off my head.

My parents moved to California during the depression because Dad was offered a job in a cannery. When he lost the job there, they moved back to Utah and bought a house and 1 ¼ acres of land for \$1500. I lived in that home until I was married. Dad, Mom and Bill lived there the remainder of their lives.

Dad returned to Utah in a 1917 Dodge. He had loaded the back end so heavily that the front wheels came off the ground when he went up a hill. Later the family sold doughnuts, house to house, out of the back end of the car. One time I was sitting in the back of the car with my feet hanging down when Dad started off with a jerk. I fell out on the road. When they finally missed me and came back, I was sitting in the middle of the road crying.

Our property in Utah was actually a small farm. We always had 2 cows for milk and chickens for eggs. Sometimes we had sheep, geese, ducks, and rabbits. I hated to milk cows. Each winter we would have a guy come and kill a pig so we would have ham, bacon, and pork to eat for the year. We took the pig's bladder and blew it up and used it for a football.

One time the pigs got out. Dad, Bill and I chased them all over. When we finally corralled them into the pen, Dad kicked the last pig as hard as he could. The trouble was, he had his slippers on and broke his toe. Bill and I laughed and laughed while Dad cursed a blue streak. Another time our bull calf (that liked to run when you untied him) ran away from me, and like a fool I held onto the rope until he [dragged] me about 30 feet.

When I was 12, I had a little rat terrier dog named Tippie. One time I was over at our neighbor's house and turned over a section of board nailed together and out ran a mother rat. Tippie jumped on the rat and broke her neck as quick as a wink. Under the boards the rat had made a nest and had several pink baby rats there. Tippie ate all of them.

My brother, Bill, had several rabbits in pens next to the garage. Once when he was going to be gone all day, he asked me to water down the pens because it was so hot the rabbits would die if they weren't cooled down. I did as asked but one of them died anyway. When Bill got home, he was really angry and chased me down the driveway throwing rocks at me.

We heated our house with a stove in the kitchen and living room. The pot bellied stove got so hot it glowed red. TV's weren't invented so we listened to a radio in the living room. We loved continuous dramas like "Jack Armstrong", "I Love a Mystery", "Little Orphan Annie" & "Fibber McGee and Mollie". In those days if you had a phone, you were on a "party" line. When you picked up the phone, you could hear anyone's conversation that was on the same line, typically someone in the neighborhood. So you had to be careful when you said because someone might be listening.

One winter when I was about 7, we had a big snowstorm that left about 4 feet of snow on the ground. The winds came and drifted the snow so deep that we could sleigh ride off the chicken coop roof. That same winter Bill and I were walking to school in a snow storm and we looked back and saw our Dad coming after us. Thinking we were in trouble, we hurried on to school. However, he had been trying to get us to come back home because school had been cancelled.

During the winter we went sleigh riding at every opportunity. We would sleigh down the hills next to our school during lunch and recess and sleigh ride down the streets on the weekends. If we were lucky, we could tie one end of a rope to our sleigh and the other end to the neighbor's horse's tail. The horse would pull us to the top of the hill so we could ride back down. Sometimes my sleigh would go a whole mile before it stopped.

Our school had between 60-75 students and 3 teachers. Each taught 2 grades (the principal taught 5th and 6th). There was no kindergarten and school lunch was 10 cents (usually a bowl of soup). The bell was one we rang by hand and everyone wanted to be the ringer.

When I was in 2nd grade, I was taking a bottle of water up some stairs to water the teacher's plants and fell and broke the bottle. I still have a scar on my right wrist.

One time I was throwing snow balls close to the school and the principal caught me. I ran away, and he slipped and fell in a puddle of melted snow. I hid behind the school until my other came for a "back to school" meeting.

One day Jeanne and I had been playing a game of Tarzan. Jeanne threw a spear at me and it hit me in the left eye. I was really upset because Jeanne cried so Mother wouldn't spank her. I had to wear these sunglasses while my eye healed. The doctors can still see that scar on my eye.

When I was in junior high, I had to walk $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to catch a bus. To be in style I had a duck tail haircut and wore shoes with soles an inch thick and taps on the heels and toes.

My favorite subject was art and I liked to create comic book stories that I wrote and illustrated. When I was much younger, my dad also had me draw on a blackboard in our kitchen to show of my talent.

When I was in high school at Granite, I wanted to play football but the coach said I had to weigh at least 125 lbs. I ate and ate, but couldn't gain a pound. When the coach finally said I could play anyway, I broke my collar bone playing basketball.

In high school I was art editor of the yearbook for 2 years and did the cover and most of the illustrations for the centennial yearbook in 1947.

My first car was a 1936 Plymouth. The summer after I graduated from high school I was on a date driving the car and I looked over at the girl and didn't notice that the truck in front of me had stopped. When I slammed on the brakes, it was too late, and 2 posts on the back of the truck knocked both the headlights off the front fenders. I had to drive home without any lights. I was scared to death I was going to be arrested.

When I went to the University of Utah it took me 5 years to earn my degree instead of the usual 4 because I had to work to earn my own tuition. I worked at Snelgroves making shakes and sundaes, at the Salt Lake Costume House renting costumes for plays and parties, and at Grand Central Market. My schooling was also interrupted when I was drafted into the army during the Korean War.

At an army camp in Seattle, Washington, our company was able to miss kitchen duties if we gave a pint of blood. One big husky guy refused to rest like the nurses advised, and he went outside and fell off a railing when he fainted from loss of blood.

In the army I was stationed at Camp Desert Rock Nevada (outside of Las Vegas). I witnessed atomic test bombs going off from just one-mile away. Some people later developed cancer from the radiation they were exposed to, but somehow I haven't had any lasting affects from exposure.

I was also stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco as a military policeman. Without any training, I was sent out to a very busy intersection to direct traffic. People started calling in to complain to the captain in charge and he had me immediately removed and said, "Who is the fool who sent him out there?" From then on they gave me other duties. At night we would just find a quiet place and fall asleep (sometimes right under the Golden Gate Bridge).

After being stationed in San Francisco I was sent overseas for the war in Korea. Many were killed in the war but Heavenly Father was looking after me and 5 of us were taken off the troop ship for military police duty in Tokyo, Japan. I ran a switchboard for my battalion headquarters.

I had a 3-day pass whenever I could. I visited Uzowa, Japan ski resort where they had a hot springs pool where men and women bathed together without wearing swim suite. On another leave I went to the ancient capital of Japan where I saw many temples and shrines. In Tokyo I lived just across the street from the Emperor's Palace.

I spent a year in New York City with a friend trying to decide if I wanted to be a commercial artist or an art teacher. I worked at a nut and bolt factory in New Jersey during the day and went to art school at night. I rode a bus through the Holland Tunnel to work every day. The people I worked with were mostly from Brooklyn and I became good friends with 2 men who had been part of gangs in high school (fighting with zip guns and chains).

I met Grandma at Olympus High School where she was a student teacher. She came to my room to borrow materials for a bulletin board. We were married July 23, 1964 in the Salt Lake Temple. Our reception was in the same ward house I had attended most of my life (except it had been remodeled and enlarged considerably). We also had a reception in Tulsa, Oklahoma (where Grandma lived before coming to BYU). Lin is still the love of my life and my best friend.

We rented the ground floor of a judge's home in Murray (right by Murray Park). To reduce our rent we collected rent from other tenants and took care of the yard....

In 1969 we built a home on Sundown Avenue next door to my parents in Cottonwood Heights....

In 1987 we built a new home on Swiss Oaks Drive in Willow Creek and in 2005 built the home we live in now in Fairway Hollow on South Mountain.

I was at the State office of Education as the Art Specialist for Utah for 29 years. Every year I went to a National conference in a major city (i.e., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Miami, Dallas, Atlanta, Honolulu, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Phoenix and Cleveland. Usually I was on the conference program presenting a book I co-authored, "*Art is Elementary*".

I loved to travel and because Grandma was so careful with spending our money we were able to save enough money to go on lots of trips. The most memorable took a whole month and we went over 6,000 miles.... It was the rainiest spring they could remember in the mid-west. Farmers couldn't even plant their crops....

When I was a boy, not as many young men served missions as [they] do today. I never went on a full-time mission, but I have served 6 years as a stake missionary and ward mission leader. I served 3 ½ years on Welfare Square helping the homeless, 2 years at the Humanitarian Center, 6 years in the Addiction Recovery program assisting addicts and 3 years working in the baptistery at the Draper Temple. In the early 1970s I was called to be bishop at the Butler 9th Ward and served there 5 years. I have held just about every calling there is in the church and had some wonderful experiences over the years.

I have been very fortunate to have lived so long with such good health. I have never had any major surgery or spent more than two nights in a hospital. My family is my greatest joy.... In the 80 years I've been on this earth, I have learned a few things I would like to pass on.

- 1) Love the Lord and put your faith and trust in God. Your Father in Heaven and your Savior will never let you down or fail to answer your prayers. Faith in Jesus Christ always precedes the miracles.
- 2) Follow the Savior's example and put Him and those you love before yourself. Loving one another unconditionally is sometimes very difficult, but always worth the effort.

- 3) Develop a good work ethic and always do the best job you can with whatever you are asked or called upon to do. When you are trying to decide on a profession, be sure it is something you like to do.
- 4) Always be willing to accept responsibility for the choices you make—especially the bad ones. None of us are perfect. WE are here on earth to be tested and sometimes we do foolish things. Just learn from your mistakes and move forward.
- 5) Be grateful for all the blessings you enjoy. Most of the people in most places in the world are far less fortunate than you are. Treasure every experience and learn from it. You will always be better off when you do.
- 6) Never forget who and what you are. Remember that you are dearly loved by your Heavenly Father, your Savior Jesus Christ and your family. Try not to do anything that will hurt them. But when you do, don't be too proud to ask forgiveness.
- 7) Develop a strong and abiding testimony of the gospel that is all your own and don't be afraid to share it. The more you serve others, the stronger your testimony will become.

Submitted by
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