

# What Happened...



**Dean R Anderson**

An autobiography

Cover photo was taken in 1957 – the automobile is a 1952 Chevrolet – my first car

## Grand Parents



Thomas R. Anderson and Lucy Arabella  
Wilson -- 1894



Lorin Grant Heninger and Jane Colvin  
at the time of their marriage in 1891

## Parents



Marguerite & Reulon about 1933



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## INTRODUCTION

The life changing events of my life always seemed to result in or were a result of a change of location; hence, the decision to organize this treatise into sections based on location. My memories as recorded here, particularly of the McKinnon years, are no doubt fraught with errors, however, they are my memories -- and I'd love to compare them with the memories of others who shared time and place.

My wife, Colleen, says I need to show emotions in my writing and not just state facts. I don't really know how to do that. Perhaps it's due to my stoic Scottish and German heritage. But please reader, read between the lines and imagine the joy, the stress, the pain, the happiness, the sadness, the trauma, the excitement, etc., which would normally accompany the events herein. The emotions were there. I experienced them -- relating them to others is not within my capabilities.





## OGDEN – (First Few Years)

The home at 3131 Adams Avenue in Ogden, Utah that had once been my grandparent's (Lorin Grant and Jane Colvin Heninger) was where my parents were living when I was born at the Thomas Dee Memorial Hospital on 5 August 1936. My mother was the only daughter in her family and she had seven brothers. My father's family consisted of eight



Lorin Grant Heninger & his sons Charles & William at family home -- 3131 Adams Ave., Ogden, UT

boys and 1 girl, my father being the next to the oldest child. My mother's brothers all being good hearted and generous persons decided that my mother should have the family home.

My father met my mother as a result of having met her brothers at their place of employment (Union Pacific Railroad in Ogden). Both of my parents were born in 1898, he on 4 January and she on 11 October. They got married on 6 September 1933. My brother Merlin Leon Anderson was born on 2 September 1934 and I in 1936 as mentioned above. Both of my parents said that they had hoped to have a large family, but because of medical problems my mother was unable to have additional children after my birth.

I remember very little of my first five years. Sometime during that period, we moved from 3131 Adams Ave. to 2250 Monroe Blvd. where my father had bought a home. It was a duplex and my father rented out the other half. In subsequent years, I've heard my mother say that my dad was quite a failure at being a land-lord; he was way too soft on collecting rent. There was a field in back with a barn; the barn was a great place to play and to hide. I believe it belonged to our back fence neighbor, only there was no fence.



Dean R. Anderson

I remember being punished for pulling out a gallon can of Karo Syrup from under the sink and spilling it all over the floor.

My best friend was Dean Winn. I don't remember Dean Winn but my mother reminded me on and off over the years that he had been my first best friend. I attended kindergarten at Madison School in Ogden.



**Home at 2250 Monroe Blvd**

## MCKINNON – (The Growing Up Years)

Sometime in the summer of 1942, after my year in kindergarten and before I entered first grade, my parents moved back to McKinnon from Ogden. So, the years I refer to as the growing up years began at age 5 and include the eight years of elementary school at McKinnon (grades 1 through 8). Actually, I attended the 5<sup>th</sup> grade in Green River where my father worked on the railroad during the winter of 1946-1947. At least one other winter (I couldn't tell you which one); my father boarded and worked in Green River while my brother, my mother and I stayed on the ranch.

The home we lived in was a log cabin built by my dad and was still somewhat unfinished when we moved in (I remember watching my dad do the mud caulking). It was built on what was initially my grandfather's homestead and was very close to my grandfather's home (grandpa settled in McKinnon in 1915/16). It had a kitchen, living-room, two bedrooms, a utility room and a porch. I have no dimensions, but the rooms were very small. The utility room was an add-on primarily for the purpose of housing the separator (you know the hand cranked thing with a metal bowl on top, in which you pour the milk and then crank -- the bowl spins and the cream comes to the top and is drained off into another bowl). The separator was a great exercise machine.

We basically lived in the kitchen and our heat in the winter was from the coal/wood fired kitchen range. I remember the family sitting in front of the range, with our feet on the open oven door, to keep warm during the bitterest of cold winter evenings. Often, my mother took this time to read to us, thus the foot warming and the reading became an experience to look forward to. Also, rocks were warmed in the oven for use as foot warmers when we went bed. The living room was seldom used and the potbellied stove in the living room was only fired up when we were expecting company.



The home was the second one built by my dad. He built his first cabin on what we called the lower place. The lower place was a 160 acre homestead abandoned by Jesse Mendenhall and acquired and proved up on by dad when he reached the eligible homesteading age of 21 (in 1919). He and my mother moved into that cabin when they got married in 1933 (they were both 35 years old). I'm not sure how long they lived there, but it

wasn't long before they decided to move back to Ogden and dad returned to his job on the railroad. The logs from this first cabin were used in constructing the second cabin. I know the spot where my dad's first cabin was, but there is no indication now that there

was ever a home there. Even the indentation in the earth where he had dug a well next to that cabin is no longer detectable. Digging the well, by-the-way, had not been a successful enterprise, which is the reason for building his second cabin next to his father's where there was spring water available.

The returning of my parents to McKinnon in 1942 with my brother and I in tow was, in part at least, a result of an injunction by LDS President Heber J. Grant at a stake conference in Ogden telling people to become self-sufficient, and if they had land, move onto the land, and produce for themselves and not depend on others for employment.

I remember my initial arrival in McKinnon in a truck driven by Heber Bennion, the County Agent of Sweetwater County. We had traveled from Ogden to Green River by bus and then in Heber's truck to McKinnon. We were, at least I was, greeted by a very ferocious and threatening dog (my grandfather's) and I was thinking "I really don't want to live here!" It took a few days for me to become friends with the dog (I wish I could remember his name).

My mother didn't have a problem with the dog, but there was a rogue rooster that would attack her every time she left the house. The rooster didn't bother us kids.

In the picture below of the two cabins, note the escarpment running from the right side of the picture to the roof tops of the cabins. This is a portion of the Interstate Canal.



Thomas R. Anderson and Reulon L. Anderson homes in McKinnon, Wyoming

Grandfather was president of the Interstate Canal Company. The canal originated at the Beaver Meadows Reservoir and was the sole source of irrigation water for most of McKinnon. I remember going with grandfather along the canal and checking the various head-gates to make sure people were not taking more than their share of water.

We got our groceries from Green River – the mailman (who made a round trip daily from Green River to Burnt Fork) served as our pickup and delivery person. We would leave our eggs and milk down by the mailbox which was on the main road about a mile from the cabin. He would pick them up along with my mother's list of groceries and deliver them to Dell's Market in Green River, and then the next day he would drop off the groceries at the mailbox. Dell's Market was on the corner and across the street north of the Post Office in Green River.

Assembling egg cartons, cleaning and candling eggs was a family event in the evenings. Kerosene lamps were our only source of light at night. Others in the community used gasoline lamps which did produce more light, but my mother declared them too dangerous and therefore verboten.

All of the school events, in the first through eighth grades, kind of run together in my mind. So, I'm unable to relate the things I remember about school to a specific grade or year. I pretty much had the same teachers from year to year, as the same teachers taught all grades. The teachers I remember best were Lucille Luke and Rowena Anderson. I also remember being taught by Glen Walker and Blair Williams. The school, since torn down and replaced by a newer version, was basically a two room school. Each of the two rooms had mid-room dividers, so when both dividers were closed the school became a four room schoolhouse.

There was roughly an average of 30-35 students attending the school each year (grades 1 through 8). Cleone Anderson, Kaleta Brady, Gary Heiner and I were the only ones in the same grade. Gary and Kaleta left McKinnon in about 1946, leaving only Cleone and I as classmates.

A school lunch was provided – it was set up in the partial basement of the school. I remember one of the tasks levied on the male students was to carry buckets of water from the spring on Glen Walker's place to the school lunchroom. Glen Walker was principal of the school and he owned and operated a little country store across the street from the school. In front of the store was a single gasoline pump, you know the old hand cranked type pump where you manually pumped the gasoline up to a holding tank and then drained the gasoline into the automobile gas tank.

Behind the school (south) were the restrooms (outhouses) and if I remember correctly the boy's outhouse was a 4 holer. I don't remember if toilet tissue was provided, but I do know that in our 1 holer at home Montgomery Ward and Sears's catalogs often served the purpose.

Our outhouse faced away from the house and didn't have a door. Grandfather's outhouse straddled an irrigation ditch. Mother warned me never to drink downstream from grandpa's outhouse

Larry Beck and Karl Behunin (they were one grade behind me) were my best friends and the three of us were referred to as the three musketeers.

We had no electricity and no phone. Our source of domestic water at home was a spring, roughly 200 yards from the home. We had a pipe running from the spring to a wooden watering trough for the animals. About midway there was a disconnect where the water from the upper section of the pipe dropped into a funnel that captured water for the lower section of pipe. The funnel was covered with cheesecloth for filtering purposes. The destination trough was roughly 20 yards from the house and we carried water from there to the house for domestic use. We would hold the bucket over the trough and under the pipe to catch the water. The stream was such that it would take a while for the bucket to fill. Our weekly Saturday bath in an old metal tub was quite a time consuming effort. The same tub and a scrubbing board served for laundry.

There was, of course, the daily ritual of inspecting for wood ticks.

Initially, we had no car -- the first car my dad owned was a 1936 Terra-plane. It was the same age as I was when he bought it in 1946 (10 years old). This was the car I learned to drive in. The second auto my dad had was a WWII surplus Jeep. I remember that later, when my dad sold the jeep to someone in Rock Springs, the axle fell off about a month later. My dad wanted to, and would have, refunded the money to the new owner had my mother not prevented him from doing so. My father was no business man and could be taken advantage of easily... this was certainly one of his most endearing traits and the primary reason why our accumulation of worldly goods was, in effect, nil.

Milking the cows was one of my chores. We used the common one legged stool and leaned in to milk, and if the cow was a kicker, we would, of course, have to hobble it first. Most often the milking took place in the cow barn where the cow would have to place her head between two vertical bars in order to get to the hay bin and then if desired you could close the bars to keep the cow in place. At the other end of the cow was a trough running the length of the barn to catch the droppings. So... also, one of my chores was to shovel the trough out on a regular basis. The back wall of the barn had little square porthole type openings enabling the shoveler to throw the manure out onto little piles outside the barn. Those same manure piles were then, on occasion, loaded onto wagons and spread on the fields as fertilizer.

Here're a couple of incidences involving those same manure piles that illustrate how dumb I was.

1. Our cow barn had a sloping roof; maybe 5 feet from the ground on one side and 20 feet on the other. The manure piled up on the 5 foot side and when high enough enabled easy access to the roof. So, one day I was having a lot of fun climbing up the manure pile and onto the roof and the jumping off the high end of the roof onto the hay stack. There was a gap between the haystack and the barn of maybe four feet, or so. I remember my mother was walking to the barn and I hollered at her so she could watch my daring feat... well, that's when I slipped and fell between the haystack and the barn,

my mother screamed, and ran to me, so I got up quick and told her I was alright... but, my wrist was broken as was my pride.

2. I had read pioneer stories about the use of buffalo chips for campfires and of course knew that dried manure could be used as a fuel source if necessary. Well, my brother and I decided to test the theory and applied matches to the one of the piles. Well, it didn't really ignite that well, it just smoldered. We thought we had sufficiently extinguished the smoldering when we went in for the evening... but, in the middle of the night we were all awoken by the crackling and smell of fire. Cow barn, horse corrals and chicken coups were all destroyed. Luckily, all livestock and chickens were rescued, but there was no rescue for the barns. Remember how I said earlier that it took a while for a bucket to fill up when you placed it under the water pipe! My brother was sent running to the home of closest neighbor, about a mile away, Jex Terry, who had a phone. Quite a few members of the community showed up to help, but got there only in time to witness the aftermath.

The fact that incident number one resulted in injury to my body and incident number two resulted only in injury to my psyche is further evidence of my father's patience, forbearance, and love.

My father hired a man with a bulldozer to come and clear and level the area; and began building again.

A pond, north of where the present church is, and viewable from the dug-way east of the church, was where I was baptized by my father on 10 Sep 1944. There is no longer a pond there. I was confirmed on 17 Sep 1944 by my grandfather.

The 4<sup>th</sup> of July every year was a day of celebration. The whole community gathered at Pine Tree Grove. This was a meadow completely surrounded by a mixture of pine trees



Merlin, Harriet Heninger, Dean, Reulon and Marguerite

and quaking aspen. Rodeo chutes were constructed and a rodeo was always a part of the celebration. The local young men were always ready to show off their horse breaking abilities along with all the

normal rodeo events, roping, wild horse riding, and hog tying, etc.. For the young kids

there were young calves to provide a challenge. Events like braiding the May Pole, chasing after greased pigs, and climbing a greased pole were offered. The picnic lunches were extraordinary, of course.

In September of 1948, my father became bishop of the McKinnon Ward. I was eleven years old and having been exposed to bishops who were pillars in the community, whose material possessions exceeded ours greatly, and men who I had looked up to and admired, I was in shock. I thought, this is going to be embarrassing... how am I going to face my friends? Well, what a turnaround! When my father got up to conduct his first meeting, it was like the spirit just struck me across the face and said WAKE UP, and the feeling hit me this is the most humble, most honorable and best bishop that McKinnon has ever had. I have never been prouder.

I was ordained a Deacon by my father on 13 Nov 1948.

In 1949 ground was broken for an LDS chapel. For several years LDS services had been held in the school house and before that in the homes of members. Let me relate here one story incident to the building of that church.

My father, being bishop, called for a work party for the purpose of building forms for the foundation. No one showed up. Then along came Orson Behunin on his horse. Orson was not a member of the church and seldom constructed a sentence that did not contain expletives that should have been deleted. He was a friend of my fathers and kind of a go to guy in the community when things needed to be done. My father was setting there with his head in his hands and tears in his eyes. He said to Orson, "The people here don't want a church". Orson said, "Oh yes they do, and I'll see that it #\$\$@\*&\$ happens". It was seven years before the chapel was completed and dedicated and Orson was a driving force in getting it done. Skip forward about 30 years... my father is now living in Salt Lake City; he gets a call from the Stake President in Wyoming, "Reulon", he says, "We are going to be baptizing Orson, and he wants you to perform the baptism". My father was not in good health and my mother said, "No, you cannot go" and she got the backing of their doctor, who also advised my father that he should not attempt any traveling. "Well", my father said, "I am going, I have to, Orson has done so much for me."

My mother later reported that after the baptism my father and Orson embraced for the longest time. She was astonished. My father passed away a couple of months later, and Orson was killed in an automobile accident at about the same time.

*"We lived 3 miles from the school and I had to walk to school in the mornings after having milked the cows and cranked the separator. The wind was in my face in the mornings and then changed directions for my walk home in the afternoon. The snow was up to 3 feet deep at times and in the spring my feet would sink ankle deep into the mud. Oh, and let me not forget, it was also uphill both ways. Chores and the milking of the cows in the morning and the evening meant beginning the day's chores in the dark not getting into the house in the evening until after dark."*



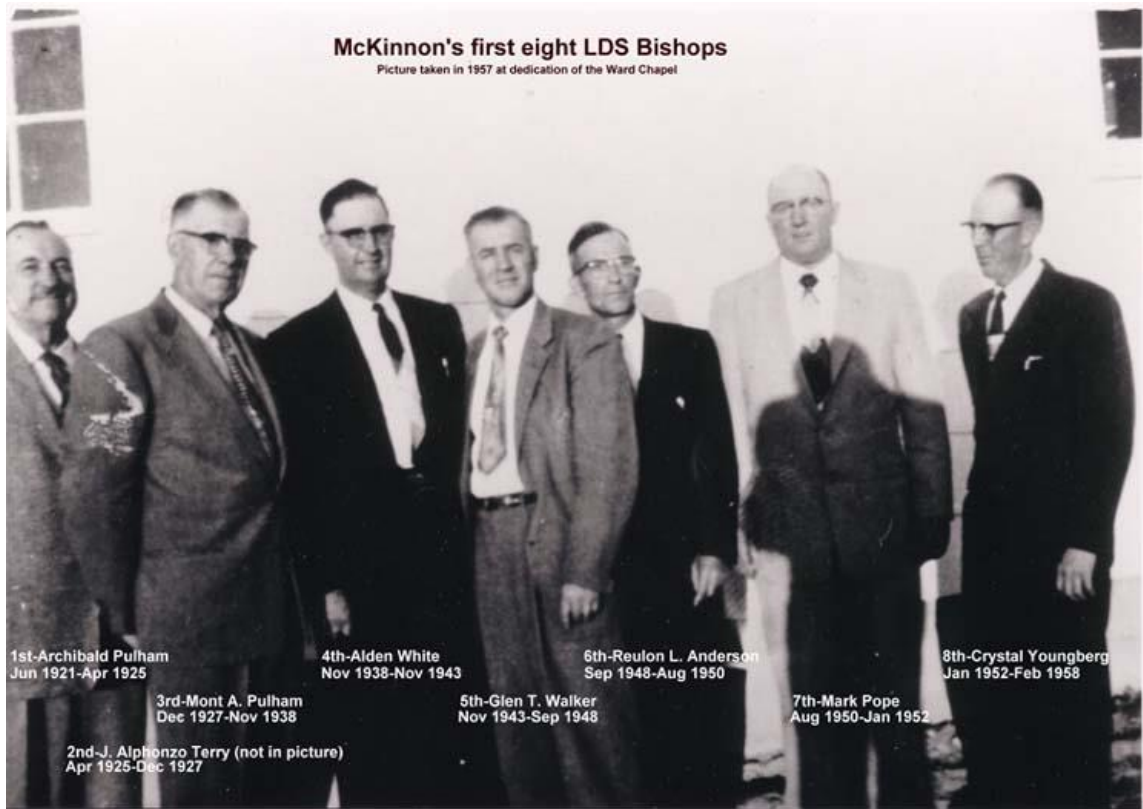
What a neat story to tell the grandkids...none of it true of course. Oh, wait a minute... yes, some of it is true! We did live about 3 miles from the school and I did walk it on occasion (my choice). I did have to milk in the mornings before school and in the evenings after school and in the shortest days of the year, it was well after dark before chores were finished. Snow on the north slope of the Uinta's was much less than on the south slope, but the winds were constant and harsh. The winter of 1948-49 was the intermountain area's most severe winter ever. It was the coldest winter on record and with record amounts of snowfall. The snow in McKinnon accumulated to well over 3 feet, and stayed on the ground for a very long time – the drifted crust (in places over 15 feet) supported the weight of both man and machine. Mud, ankle deep would have been hard to find anywhere on either my grandfather's or my father's homestead... much too rocky.

School bus service was provided. The bus was sometimes an open, horse pulled, hay wagon, but most often a pickup truck with a shell and benches along the side of the truck bed. The Briggs boys, the Pulham boys and my brother and I and, at times, others that I can't think of now, were the passengers (now that I think about it, it is peculiar that there were no girls in eastern McKinnon to be bussed to school, boy, did I have a deprived childhood). Gene Briggs, I believe, saved my life one time when I started to get out of the back of the pickup and the truck started backing up. If Gene hadn't pulled me back into the pickup, I probably would have been run over.

In 1950 my Father sold the ranch/farm (whatever you want to call it) and took a job with Union Pacific in Green River, WY. I had completed grades 1 through 8 in McKinnon and that's as far as the McKinnon School went. You had to leave McKinnon if you wanted to continue with schooling.

The population of McKinnon peaked out at about that time, as homesteaders realized that self-sufficiency was not possible in that environment, and has decreased steadily over the years. In 2010 there were only 4 students in the McKinnon elementary school. There is no longer a Post Office in McKinnon – goodbye zip code 82938.

Every year, for quite a few years, the previous residents of McKinnon would gather for a reunion at Pine Tree Grove. This was called the "Woodtick Reunion" and was quite an event with a fairly large turnout each year. I initially attended with my parents and continued to attend even after my first marriage.

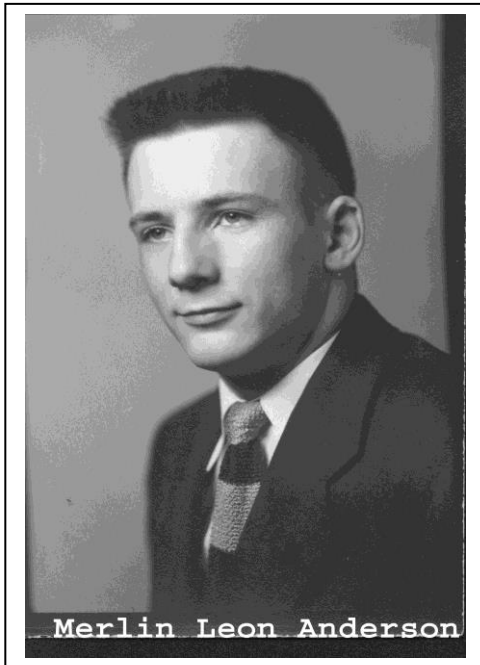


## GREEN RIVER/PROVO -- (High School years)

In the spring 1950, when I was 13 years old, we moved from McKinnon to Green River. That summer, prior to the 9<sup>th</sup> grade, I had my first wage paying job. I worked at the Green River Stockyards, sometimes helping to load and unload railroad cattle-cars, but mostly shoveling manure.

I was happy to be away from the chores that were a part of life in McKinnon

Starting High School in Green River (Lincoln High School) as a freshman was somewhat of a culture shock (all those people). I don't know how it happened but I was elected as class president.



I only attended one year in Green River, but I made a lot of friends and didn't want to leave when my dad transferred on the railroad to Provo, UT.

In Provo we first lived in a basement apartment (368 North 600 East). I started the 10<sup>th</sup> grade at Provo High School. I wanted to try out for football but I had a congenital heart murmur and the doctor would not give me clearance. The heart murmur was never a problem, in fact I later learned that during a physical exam a doctor would not detect the murmur unless you told him you had one; then he would say "Oh, yes now I hear it". My brother (one year ahead of me in school) was very popular at Provo High and was on the football team and was elected as the King of Boys Day. I never regained the popularity that I had enjoyed in Green River and was known primarily as Merlin's little brother.

After a short time in the basement apartment, my Dad bought a home at 939 East 460 South in Provo. We were there for only a short time, when Dad decided he wanted to have a few acres, so he sold the home and bought a place on the Provo Bench (Orem). It had fruit trees and stuff.

It was while we were at this place that Merlin, who had just graduated from high school (class of 1953), went swimming with some friends in the Spanish Fork Canal at the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon. He and one of his friends were drowned. This was on the 24<sup>th</sup> of July 1953. He had a job, I don't remember where, and was planning on college in the fall.

Shortly after this, it must have been in August; I became ill and was hospitalized for a couple of weeks. I was diagnosed as having leukemia. This, of course, extremely depressed my parents. Well, the diagnosis was wrong, what I had was infectious mononucleosis. Of course, no one is hospitalized for mono anymore, but back then it was very rare and not easily diagnosed.

My dad sold the place on Provo Bench and bought a home at 453 South 400 East in Provo. It was a fairly small one bedroom red brick home with a basement. I had my bedroom in the basement.

Provo High School had already been in session for a week when I was released from the hospital. I already had all the credits I needed for graduation and the Central Utah Vocational School (CUVS) had not yet began their school year. So my senior year of high school was spent at CUVS – I took Diesel Mechanics and Welding. I graduated with the Provo High School class of 1954.

I had jobs each summer between school years.

1. I set pins at the Regal Bowling Alley.
2. I picked cherries and peaches
3. I worked at three different canneries
4. I worked at Hammond Iron Works – errands and cleaning, also I helped the manager move into his new home.

While still in school, prior to graduation, I signed up to join the U.S. Navy.

## NAVY YEARS

On 16 June 1954, I was sworn into the navy at Fort Douglas, UT. We, there was a group of 9 of us, were then taken directly to the U.P. Railroad Station and shipped off to San Diego for 11 weeks of boot camp. Three were friends from Provo – Ronald Day, Dick Johnson and Gary Rasmussen. The others I got to know real well since we were all assigned to the same boot camp company.

Boot camp Company 155. What a great experience that was! The Navy Training Center San Diego no longer exists. It was adjacent to the Marine Corp Training Center which is still there.

In formation the tallest were in front and the shortest in the rear, so I was initially in the very last row. However, they commonly chose someone short and with good coordination to be the “right guard”. I was selected to be the right guard and was hence placed in front of the entire group on the right and ahead of the tallest person. It was my



duty to set the cadence and the pace whenever we marched, and we marched everywhere. The right guard was one of the recruit petty officers. As a result, I was exempt from many of the more onerous duties such as the watches and mess duty. I was in charge of supplies for the company (cleaning gear, toilet paper, etc.) so while the others were swabbing the decks, cleaning the bathrooms, etc., my sole responsibility was to obtain and issue supplies and to keep the supply closet pristine.

Toward the end of boot camp, a list was posted of specialty schools available. They were referred to as “A” schools and were typically about 3 months in length. Everyone was asked to select their first, second and third choices of schools they would like to attend. On the list was Submarine School. I chose as my first choice Sub School, second choice Sub School and third choice Sub

School. I guess they thought I was being smart-alecky and not able to follow instructions. I was the only one in my boot camp company who did not go to a school upon graduation. I received orders to go directly aboard a destroyer (that was kind of ironic since the primary mission of a destroyer is to destroy submarines). I was devastated.

The USS Bausell (DD-845) was to be my home for the next three plus years. Upon reporting aboard, I was assigned to be part of the deck crew (swabbing decks, chipping paint, painting, etc.). After being aboard only about two weeks, the executive officer (XO) approached me and asked, “What are you doing down here with the deck crew? You have some of the highest scores I’ve seen”. I responded with, “I didn’t know I had a

choice". He then asked me if I'd like to be a radioman. I had no idea what I might be getting into but responded with a resounding "Yes".

So, I was assigned to the radio shack and became a radioman. Learning the morse code was a challenge, but I did pick it up fairly quickly. I was glad I had taken typing in high school because when receiving morse code you sat at a typewriter and typed what you were hearing through the earphones. Eventually, it became so routine that it seemed that the code seemed to automatically transfer to your fingers and you could type out what you were receiving without really thinking about it. Keying the morse code also became routine and easy.

About 4 months after I was assigned to the radio shack, two new radiomen came aboard directly out of the radio "A" school. I was much better trained than they were and I no longer felt that I had really missed out by not going to a school straight out of boot camp.

A full complement of radiomen aboard a destroyer was six. While underway three radiomen were on duty at all times. Port and Starboard duty is what it was called -- four hours on and four hours off -- around the clock. When in port, two radiomen were on duty at all times, with twenty four hours on and forty eight hours off.

The Bausell was home-ported in San Diego; usually tied to a buoy in the harbor and seldom dockside. When liberty was granted, you had to catch the liberty boat to go ashore. The liberty boat was what it was called when enlisted and junior officers were aboard. If the captain was aboard, it was called the Captain's Gig. If an admiral was aboard, it was called the Admiral's Barge. Also operating in the San Diego Bay were water taxis that cost 25¢ and made the rounds from the dock to all the ships in the harbor.

Over-seas our home port was Yokosuka, Japan. The liberty boat was the only option there if you wanted to go ashore.

The Korean War: You commonly hear that the Korean War period was 1951-53. There was really no armistice and tensions were extreme. The USS Bausell was assigned to patrol the Formosa (Taiwan) Straits that separated mainland China from the island of Formosa. Mao Tse-Tung and his forces had been successful in forcing Chiang Kai-Shek and his forces from the mainland.



The US committed itself to patrolling the straits and to assure the safety of the Nationalist Chinese under Chiang Kai-Shek. The Bausell in accomplishing this duty would sail from Yokosuka, patrol back and forth in the straits and then sail to Subic Bay in the Philippines, replenish and then go back to patrolling. Then go to Yokosuka and replenish. We were sailing back and forth between Yokosuka and Subic Bay with the primary duty of patrolling the straits. Since the mainland Chinese were supporting North Korea and the US was supporting South Korea and Formosa, this was all considered part of the Korean War. The crew of the Bausell was awarded the Chinese Service Medal. An act of congress declared that military members serving during this period and prior to 1 February 1955 were to be considered Korean War Veterans.

I made three Western Pacific (WestPac) Cruises (the Bausell's 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> Far West tours). Following is an account of the first of those cruises from the USS Bausell Wikipedia site.

“The warship made her sixth western Pacific cruise between November 1954 and April 1955. Although initially operating out of [Subic Bay](#), *Bausell* received orders sending her north after [Chinese communist](#) aircraft engaged [Chinese nationalist](#) shipping at [Ichiang](#), in the Tachen Islands, on 10 January 1955. The destroyer patrolled the surrounding seas for the following three weeks, while diplomats tried to resolve the crisis. In early February, when the decision was made to evacuate the Chinese nationalists from the islands, she stood by in support of that operation. Following a port visit to [Hong Kong](#) and a short repair period at Sasebo, the destroyer returned to the United States early in April 1955.”

In April 1955, the Bausell cruised back to the States for an overhaul at Mare Island Naval Shipyard and then returned late that year for her seventh Far East tour. She then assisted

in various operations with the Seventh Fleet, the Japanese Navy and the Chinese Nationalist Navy.

My third WestPac cruise was the Bausell's eighth Far East tour, which began in 1957, the Bausell participated in Operation Beacon Hill, a Pacific Fleet training Exercise, off Luzon, P.I. and returned in July. During the competitive year of 1957, the Bausell was successful in retaining the Battle Efficiency Award "E" in Gunnery, ASW Operations, Engineering and Support for outstanding performances during the year.

On three different occasions, twice when I had leave and the third time when I was discharged, I hitchhiked home to Provo and except for the third time, I turned around and hitchhiked back to San Diego. It was kind of a dumb thing to do, but hitchhiking was much more common back then and people were generous in picking up someone in uniform.

Speaking of uniforms... aboard ship there were no civilian cloths allowed and you were never allowed to go ashore except in a dress uniform; dress whites in warm weather and dress blues when cold. So, from enlistment to discharge I wore only navy uniform items. In the berthing quarters, the bunks were three high, with three footlockers under each column of bunks; som you had your bunk and your footlocker. All personal stuff must fit into the footlocker.

I was honorably discharged in August 1957.

My expertise as a radio operator did not translate well into a civilian occupation.



## PROVO / OREM

After discharge from the Navy, I worked for the rest of the summer for Del Monte Cannery in Spanish Fork. I had previously worked for them the summer between 11th and 12th grades. When the fall semester at BYU commenced, I quit the cannery and enrolled in college.

I remember the GI Bill at that time paid \$300.00 per month for veterans attending full time.

After my freshman year, I thought it was time to get a job, so from that time on all of my schooling was part-time. Between 1957 and 1977 (and between BYU and Weber State) I accumulated 140+ credit hours; more than enough hours to qualify for graduation, but I never properly put together a major and a minor—just taking classes that appealed to me, so I never got a degree.

While attending BYU, I had two different part time jobs.

1. I worked for food services, filling and servicing vending machines. Have you ever tried cleaning and Ice Cream vending machine after the power has been off for a day or more?
2. I worked at the campus bowling alley.

My first full time job was as a Provo City Fireman. A written test was part of the qualifying criteria. I applied and took the test. I received the highest score on the test, but when interviewed they said, “Sorry but you must be at least 5’7” to become a fireman”. I suspect some of the others turned down the job when offered, anyway after a couple of days they got back with me and said they were able to get a waiver and I was offered the job even though I was only 5’5”. The pay was \$250.00 per month. The one event that sticks out in my mind involved a fire at an old abandoned lumber yard. I was manning a hose up close to the fire while others were training their hoses on me.

While working as a fireman, I took the Postal Clerk test, scored well, and was offered a job as a Postal Clerk at the Ogden Terminal. The pay was a bit better so of course I accepted the offer.

I rented a little one room (a converted garage) apartment on Lincoln Street in Ogden. It was in this one room apartment that I began my married life. I had met Arleen Ferguson while I was attending BYU full time. She was working for the Barbizon Corp. in Provo (a sweatshop type environment where she sat at a sewing machine all day trying to meet impossible goals). We had met at the Riverside Roller Rink in Provo and of course I was immediately attracted to her. So, when I moved to Ogden, I didn’t like the separation so I asked her to marry me. We drove to Elko, Nevada and were able to get a marriage license on the spot (14 October 1958) and were married by a Justice of the Peace at the

County Courthouse. Our witnesses were another couple who had also just dropped in to get married.

After a couple of months at the Ogden Terminal, I requested a transfer to the Provo Post Office and it was approved. So we moved to Provo and bought a home at 382 East 400 South.

Initially at the Provo post office I was a temporary employee. As a temp they could work you as many hours as they wanted without having to pay overtime. So, for the first year there, I worked 12 hours a day 7 days a week without a single day off. After the first year I became a regular employee. I was there for a total of 9 years – the one year as a temp; 5 years on swing shift as a clerk; a year on graveyard; then I became a window clerk and worked days for a year; then was promoted to supervisor and went back on graveyard.

I had a part time job at the Central Utah Lumber Company in Orem until they went out of business. I was there about 2 years.

While living at 382 East 400 South, our first child, also the first child of the New Year in Utah County, was born. A beautiful daughter Kari Denise was born on 1 January 1962.

We sold the home in Provo and bought a new house at 155 South Campus Drive in Orem. While living there our second child Reulon Guy was born on 8 September 1964. What a joy Guy was – just the best disposition and cuddly. Both Kari and Guy were born at the Utah Valley Hospital in Provo.

The Federal Service Entrance Exam (FSEE) was used to select individuals for what they called Middle Management positions. In order to take the exam, you had to have a college degree or have served at least one year in a supervisory position. My supervisory experience qualified me so I took the exam and scored well. A passing grade qualified one for a GS-5 position and an exceptionally high score qualified you for a GS-7 position. I qualified for a GS-7. I started getting offers from government agencies I'd never ever heard of before. One of the offers was from the Department of Defense (Air Force Logistics Command) at Hill A.F.B, UT.

I accepted the offer (it was for a Computer Programmer position) and started to commute to H.A.F.B. from Provo. This was before the I-15 freeway was completed and the commute was not fun. So, we started looking for a place in Layton. The year was 1967.

## LAYTON

While looking for a home in Layton, we rented an apartment in Woods Cross, UT. We looked at a lot of homes and decided on one at 342 North Colonial Ave. It was across the street from the E. M. Whitesides elementary school making it convenient for the kids to go to school.

As I said, my position was a Computer Programmer, so I had to learn programming. I'm not going to bore you with the details of the hardware and software that I had to become familiar/proficient with. Suffice it to say there was a bunch in the over 20 years I spent with the Air Force Logistics Command.

The Data Automation Directorate in the East Area (bldg. 100) was where I began my H.A.F.B career. Over the course of my career, I relocated many times to different buildings in both the East and West areas.

In a year, I received a promotion to GS-9, and a year after that to GS-11.

I was involved in three different large scale development efforts. The first one was called the Advanced Logistics System (ALS) which was driven by HQ AFLC at Wright Patterson AFB in Ohio. There were 88 developers working on this system, some from HQ and some from each of the 5 Air Logistics Centers (McClellan AFB California, Warner Robins AFB Georgia, Tinker AFB Oklahoma, Kelly AFB Texas and Hill AFB Utah). The effort was supposed to support all of the Directorates in the Command. We were directed to use a new concept referred to as Top-Down Design. Simplistically that meant that you document the system and then you build it. It was kind of like building the roof of a house first and then working down to the foundation. Of course, after a few years of effort and millions of dollars the project failed. There were congressional investigations and heads rolled.

The second large scale effort was called Project MAX. The MA is for the Maintenance Directorate and the X represents the unknown. Coincidentally, the Chief of the Directorate was Max Kennedy. Project MAX was a scaled down version of ALS with the purpose of supporting only the Maintenance Directorate. I transferred from the Data Automation Directorate to the Maintenance Directorate and was promoted to a GS-12. The Project was less top heavy and successful.

The third project was dubbed the Integrated Logistics System (ILS); more about that later.

While in Layton our third child, the wonderful Jennifer Kay was born on 19 Dec 1970 at the McKay Dee Hospital in Ogden.

The LDS church had what they called the Indian Placement Program enabling Indian children to be placed in a good LDS home where they could supposedly receive a better education than what was available on the reservation.

Ronnie Begay a Navajo from Shiprock, New Mexico joined our household and attended school from the 2<sup>nd</sup> through 6<sup>th</sup> grades at the E. M. Whiteside Elementary. He had been previously placed with another family where he had attended the 1<sup>st</sup> grade.

In 1976/1977 our marriage fell apart. Ninety-nine percent of the fault was mine. Kari was already married (she married young). My biggest regret is not being there for Guy and Jennifer. Guy was 11 and Jennifer only 7. Excessive TDY, part time jobs, and being on called 24/7 to take care system/program crashes were a combination that made me a poor excuse for a father, even before the divorce.

On 23 Nov 1979, I married Rebecca Ann Tallon Olsen – we had met at a church dance. I mentioned my biggest regret in the previous paragraph. Well, marrying Ann was my biggest mistake.

Earlier in 1979 an opportunity arose to become part of a project supporting the Egyptian Air Force in the development of a Logistics system to support the aircraft that the U.S. had sold to Egypt as a result of the Camp David Accords in 1978. I was accepted into the project and received a promotion to GM-13.

There were five of us. 1 person from HQ AFLC, 1 from Warner Robins AFB, 1 from Kelly AFB, 1 from Tinker AFB and myself from Hill AFB. We were to be advisors to a group of Egyptian Air Force Officers who were tasked to develop that Logistics system. Thus, I became involved in a third large scale computer system; the Egyptian Integrated Logistics System (ILS) as mentioned earlier.

The first year of the project, the Egyptian Officers co-located with us at Hill AFB. A contract was negotiated with Computer Sciences Corp (CSC) located in Herndon, VA and they came on board as part of the development team; so the next six months the whole team co-located with the CSC folks in offices next to the Dulles Airport. I rented an apartment in Sterling Park, VA fairly close to the airport.

While in Virginia, we spent every weekend visiting the various historical sites, the Smithsonian, the Capital, the White House, the Civil War Battlefields, etc. One weekend we drove down to Burkes Garden, Tazewell Co., VA where my mother's family (the Heningers) came from. What a beautiful area that is. I love Virginia.

It was now time to move the project and the team in-country to Egypt.

## EGYPT

6 October 1981 Egypt's president Anwar Sadat was shot. I arrived in Egypt very shortly after that event. There had been a bomb go off in the Cairo Airport the day before and security was over the top. I was on a Boeing 747 Pan American flight. The flight was full—about 500 passengers. I was seated in the very last row and so was about the last passenger to disembark. When I reached to doorway, I was able to look down and see all of the passengers were encircled by Egyptian soldiers with their rifles pointed at the passengers. I joined the group. They then unload all of the baggage onto the tarmac. Several busses arrived and the passengers were directed to select their luggage and board one of the busses. When everyone had collected their luggage and boarded, there was one suitcase left on the ground. A couple of soldiers then started to force the suitcase open. The only thing I could think of was “Whoa, let's get these busses out of here first.” It wasn't a bomb of course, but I was thinking that I had just witnessed one of the dumbest acts ever.

After a short time to get somewhat established, I was able to go back to the States and bring back my family to Egypt. My family at the time consisted of my wife Ann, her adopted Korean son from her first marriage Michael Olsen and my daughter Jennifer. As Air Force employees our personnel records were maintained at Hellenikon Air Base in Greece. Hellenikon was the closest U.S. Military establishment to Cairo. In Egypt of course there is no military presence, except for the Marine guards at the Embassy. So Hellenikon was a stop enroute to Cairo. We stayed in the Officer's Quarter, just outside the base, which was next to a beautiful beach on the Aegean Sea. We walked over to the beach with Jennifer in tow. It was a topless beach. I should have done my homework. We also processed out at Helenikon at the end of the project.

While in Greece we were able to visit Athens and went to a Sound and Light show at the Parthenon and also visited the Acropolis.

Housing in Egypt was provided and it was exceptional. The U.S. State Department had a large complex to primarily house embassy employees, but was made available to employees of other government agencies. Maadi, a suburb of Cairo is where we lived. Also in Maadi was the Cairo American College. This is where Jennifer and Michael went to school. College is somewhat of a misnomer as it was a combination elementary school and high school covering grades 1 through 12. It was a school primarily serving expatriates. Jennifer was an awesome student getting straight As. Some of the people thought she was Egyptian because of her complexion. There were very few Egyptian students attending as the tuition was very high.

We had four bedrooms, with a balcony off each of the bedrooms, and a maid's room. The furnishings were top rate. We did not have a live- in maid but did have a maid who came in three times week to keep the place clean.

The Egyptian Air Force main supply base was Basatin on the outskirts of Cairo. Here is where we were to establish a computer center and complete the development of the ILS. A large Quonset hut type structure had been set up inside a huge cave dug into the side of a hill. We brought in a computer (an IBM System 34) and a generator for back power. Power outages in Cairo were very common.

The five of us who were employees of the US Department of Defense had embassy privileges and were able to get our groceries from the commissary at the embassy and use the embassy restaurant and swimming pool, etc. (Jennifer and her friends used the pool extensively). The CDC contractors who were part of the group had to live off the economy so to speak. There was bus service provided from Maadi to downtown Cairo where the embassy was. The embassy was fairly close to Tahrir Square and the Egyptian National Museum.

We worked six days week with Fridays off. Friday was the Muslim holy day. There was an LDS Branch in Maadi which held services on Friday also. The LDS church rented a Villa and that's where the church services were held. No proselyting missionaries were allowed in Egypt. There were two missionaries, however, who lived at the Villa – an attorney and his wife. The sole purpose of their mission was to lobby the powers that be in an effort to get permission for missionaries to proselyte in Egypt. The Villa was watched closely especially on Fridays when we had our services. They wanted to make sure that no Egyptians were attending.

Egypt has more national holidays than any other nation and generally they are more than one day holidays, plus during Ramadan the work day was shortened to two or three hours so we had plenty of time to do the touristy things.

On one occasion, the Egyptian Air Force, made available one of their C-135s and a pilot and crew and flew the five of us (with spouses) to Upper Egypt. We visited the temples at Abu Simbel (the ones that had been relocated when Lake Nasser backed up behind the Aswan Dam), the city of Aswan, the Aswan Dam, and went sailing on the Nile below the Dam. The Russians had assisted Egypt in the construction of the Dam. There is a statue of Anwar Sadat at the Dam. It is interesting that the statue looks more like Lenin than Sadat.

On other occasions, we had opportunities to visit Luxor, the temples at Karnak, the Valley of the Kings, Thebes, Alexandria, and of course many pyramids. The pyramids of Giza and the Sphinx are right on the outskirts of Cairo and we could see them across the Nile from where we worked at Basatin. They had a wonderful Sound and Light show spotlighting the Sphinx and the Giza pyramids. We also had attended a Sound and Light show at Karnak. We did a cruise on the Nile from Cairo to Armana in middle Egypt. Of special interest were the archaeological digs in the Faiyum Desert.

I had a car shipped to Egypt – it was a 1979 Datsun – so we had transportation. It was quite an experience driving in Cairo. Very few cars had rearview mirrors; they had all been knocked off. Drivers, it seemed, looked straight ahead and if something was not directly in front of them it didn't exist, so you always had to be ready for someone to veer

into you. Traffic lights were rare and totally ignored. Traffic was such that high speeds were impossible and minor dings were acceptable and no one stopped unless it was a major accident. It wasn't long before my car became infected with what were known as "Cairo kisses".

If someone had a flat tire, it was common for them to get a large rock from the side of the road and place it behind the car to protect them while repairing the tire. It was also common for them to then drive off and leave the rock in the road.

You could ship a car to Egypt, but you were not allowed to ship a car out of Egypt so I had to sell it when we left. Buyers were readily available.

A very popular place that we visited often was the Khan El Kalili souk (bazaar). Here is one description of the bazaar.

*"A charming labyrinth of narrow alleys -- shop owners calling you to their stalls, the scent of spices, the hustle and bustle of trade, and the many beautiful objects that can be purchased will have you lost among alleys for hours. Haggling is expected."*

Another favorite place was the Camel Market on the outskirts of Cairo. They had all kinds of handmade stuff. At the time the camel market was a trading place for the local people. I have found out since that it has become a major tour bus stop; too bad.

There was a weekly C-141 airlift from Ramstein Air Base in Germany to Cairo. Commissary and other Embassy needs were supplied via that airlift. Also, it was available for space available travel for DOD employees. On two different occasions we flew to Germany for a week each time. We would stay at the officer's quarters at Vogelweh next to the town of Kaiserslautern and would rent a car and tour Germany. Germany was so beautiful, especially after spending time in Egypt. We visited the Military recreation areas at Edelweiss and Garmish and we had the opportunity to see a production of "The Student Prince" at the Heidelberg Castle. On one occasion we drove to Paris, stayed one night and drove back through Luxemburg. The Air Force exchange at Ramstein had an auto sales department and since I was now carless, I bought a car through the Exchange (a Volkswagen Golf) to be picked up in Virginia.

We were able to book a tour with the very first tour group allowed to travel from Cairo to Jerusalem following the Peace Accords. The group was mostly Coptic Christians anxious to visit the roots of Christianity. I don't think there were any Muslims in the group. It took a long time to get through security at the border. There was a double fence with a kind of no-man's land in between. The Cairo bus was unloaded and the luggage was searched and then loaded onto an Israeli bus on the other side. We spent Christmas Eve that year in Bethlehem Square.

I had committed to the Egyptian Air Force project for four years. Including the time on the project in Utah and in Virginia my time with the project came to a close in 1984.

In planning my itinerary for the return to Hill AFB, I arranged for a couple of weeks leave and we were able to visit England, Scotland and Ireland in route home.

We flew into Heathrow and took one of the London Cabs to a hotel. We stayed in London a couple of days and just looked around and took walks. I had been collecting sticks in Greece, Germany and Egypt. My favorite shop in London was a three level store specializing in sticks (canes, staffs, swagger sticks, billy clubs, shilelaghs, etc.).

We then took a train to Scotland (Glasgow). In Glasgow we rented a car. One of the suburbs of Glasgow is the town of Baillieston; this is where my Scottish Andersons emigrated from. They were coal miners.



**Dean standing on the street in Baillieston Scotland 1984**

We drove to Edinburgh and toured the castle and king street. I think Edinburgh is the most fascinating city in the world. Then driving back to Glasgow we stopped at Loch Ness and did a cruise on the Loch looking for Nessie.

From Glasgow we flew to Dublin Ireland and did an organized tour of the Emerald Isle; kissed the Blarney Stone, etc.

We flew from Dublin back to the states, picked up our car in Virginia that we had purchased at the Air Force Exchange in Germany and drove across country back to Utah.



## LAYTON again

We arrived back in Utah in August of 1984. We were homeless, and stayed in a motel in Clearfield for 77 days while looking for a home. We made several offers and finally one was accepted – the home was at 425 South 775 East in Layton.

I had been promoted to a GM-13 when assigned to the Egyptian project, but now reverted to the top step of a GS-12. I had the opportunity to keep my GM-13 by accepting a position at the Navy's computer development center in Crystal City, VA, but decided against it. My father had passed away in 1980 at the age of 82, and my mother was reaching a point where she needed assistance, so that was a factor in returning to Utah as well as my children being there.

My mother passed away in 1988 at the age of 90.

Back at HAFB, for a while I was assigned to the Supply Directorate, but was soon transferred back to the Data Automation Division where I accepted the position of Chief of the Small Computer Technical Center (SCTC). The SCTC was a new concept in the Air Force Logistics Command and a center was established in each of the five Air Logistics Centers. The SCTC provided support for all of the small computers (now known as personal computers (PCs) on base (both hardware and software support). This was a challenging position and I only had a staff of six people.

A combination score of 80 qualified one for retirement. In other words, if the number of years of service plus your age = 80 then you can retire with full benefits.

So in 1987 at age 51 with 33 years of service, I retired. 3+ years active duty with the Navy, 9 years at the Provo Post Office and 20 years at Hill AFB were all qualifying federal service; also unused sick leave entitled me to another year of service for retirement purposes.

I had a couple of part time jobs while working at Hill. I think there were more but I can't remember.

1. I acquired a realtor's license and tried my hand at selling real estate.
2. I worked 3 years at JC Penney in Bountiful as a Suit Salesman.

My marriage to Ann lasted 10 years and ended in divorce in 1988.

So far, I haven't mentioned my Military Reserve service and so now I need to regress in my story to include that part of my life.

In about 1975, I learned that the Utah National Guard was going to establish a computer center at their location on 8<sup>th</sup> south just south of the U of U stadium. I thought it would

be good to get in on the ground floor in a newly established unit, so I talked to recruiters and they sounded like it would be a wonderful opportunity. Well, of course, it was just a planned new unit and they suggested that I affiliate with a current unit and then transfer to the new one when it was established. So, dumb me, I joined an artillery unit, and they soon had their 2- week summer camp, it was at Camp Irwin (kind of West of Baker, CA and north of Barstow, CA) in the Mojave Desert and close to Death Valley. Everyone should have that kind of experience. There were rattlesnakes everywhere and the temperature reached 125 degrees. Anyway, it was only a short time after that that I learned that the computer center was probably never going to happen so I started to look for alternatives. The Army Reserves did already have a computer unit that used the Bureau of Reclamations computer center in the Federal Building in downtown Salt Lake City on their drill weekends. I was able to transfer from the Utah National Guard to the Army Reserves and then started doing my weekend drills at the Federal Building. I was only there about 4 months when that unit was dissolved and I was assigned to a recruiting support unit in Ogden, UT processing paperwork. Never being satisfied and deciding that I was really a Navy man, I started looking for opportunities in the Navy Reserves. In 1977 I learned of the Navy Reserve Airlift that flew to Alameda Naval Air Station once a month allowing Navy Reservists from Utah to affiliate with one of the many units there. I jumped at the chance and was able to wrangle a transfer to NAS 3087 one of the Navy Reserve Units at Alameda and started flying the airlift. I loved the Navy, but this adventure was cut short due to my Egypt project for which the Navy released me.

In 1984 when I returned from Egypt, I again affiliated with the Navy reserves and started flying the airlift again. This time I was assigned to an A3 squadron (VAQ 308). The A3 was a bomber and was the largest plane able to take off and land on an aircraft carrier. Its wings folded so more of them could be parked on the deck of the carrier. The A3s in VAQ308 had been converted to refueling tankers. I was an AZ (Aviation Maintenance Administration).

Early in 1985, I was classified as obese and was unable to pass the Navy's semi-annual physical readiness test (PRT), part of which was to run a mile and a half within a prescribed time period. I was advised that if I couldn't pass the test the next time it was given that I would be discharged as unfit for duty. So I mapped out a 1.5 mile course and my sole goal at the time was to be able to run that course without stopping. The first day I ran about 50 yards and walked the rest of the way. I was determined to run a little bit farther every day. It was three months before I was able to run the entire 1.5 miles. Then I increased the distance to two miles then three miles. I was able to pass the next PRT with no problem.

In July 1985 at age 48, I entered my first race – a 5K and then started entering a race just about every weekend. I completed my first marathon (the St George Marathon) in 1987 at age 51.

I've run 28 marathons. Fourteen consecutive St George Marathons. Five Deseret News Marathons. Three Park City Marathons and one each of the following, Las Vegas, Antelope Island, Shiprock, Phoenix Classic, Seattle, and the San Diego Rock and Roll.

I've run innumerable Half Marathons, 12Ks, 10Ks and 5Ks. One year I ran 52 races sometimes more than one a week; always choosing the longest run on any given weekend. It was never a problem finding a race although sometimes you needed to travel a bit, like from Fielding and Logan in the north to Hurricane and St George in the south. 12Ks were popular in California, but you wouldn't find one in Utah.

I was never very fast-- here are my personal records (PRs) all of which were set in 1992/93 after seven years of running. 5K – 20:53, 10K – 43:08, 5 mile – 32:20, Half Marathon – 1:39:35 and Marathon – 3:40:32.

In 1989 a most momentous event occurred. I was at the executive terminal in Salt Lake with all of the other reservists waiting for the airlift. In the waiting room there was a large fireplace at one end and the fire was burning brightly. On the ledge in front of the fireplace backlit by the fire sat the most appealing young lady I had ever seen. If there is such a thing as love at first sight, I experienced it then. I learned that she had driven down from Boise, ID, that she was in the process of being recruited and was flying to Alameda for that purpose. I didn't speak to her at that time, nor did I the next few times I saw her on subsequent flights. She was busy fending off approaches from the more aggressive sailors and didn't know I existed. Her name was Colleen Hollingshead.

Meanwhile, I was trying to change my rating from AZ to DP (Data Processor). I had already done all the correspondence courses for DP and that's where my expertise was in my civilian life. One of the Intelligence units had an open billet for DP so as soon as my rating change was approved, I was able to transfer to the Intel unit. I have the best luck in the world. That Intel unit was the one that Colleen had been assigned to. I'm really not sure how it progressed, but my dream came true and soon I was loading her luggage on the plane while she was saving a seat for me.

Shortly after becoming a DP, I took the Chief's test, passed it, and became a Chief Petty Officer.

Colleen was in the Intel unit for only a short time and then transferred to the airlift squadron (VR-55)

Colleen and I were married 22 Dec 1990 and two days later VR-55 was activated and Colleen was off to Desert Storm and was stationed at Sembach AFB in Germany.

Thus my 17 years of flying the airlift were over.

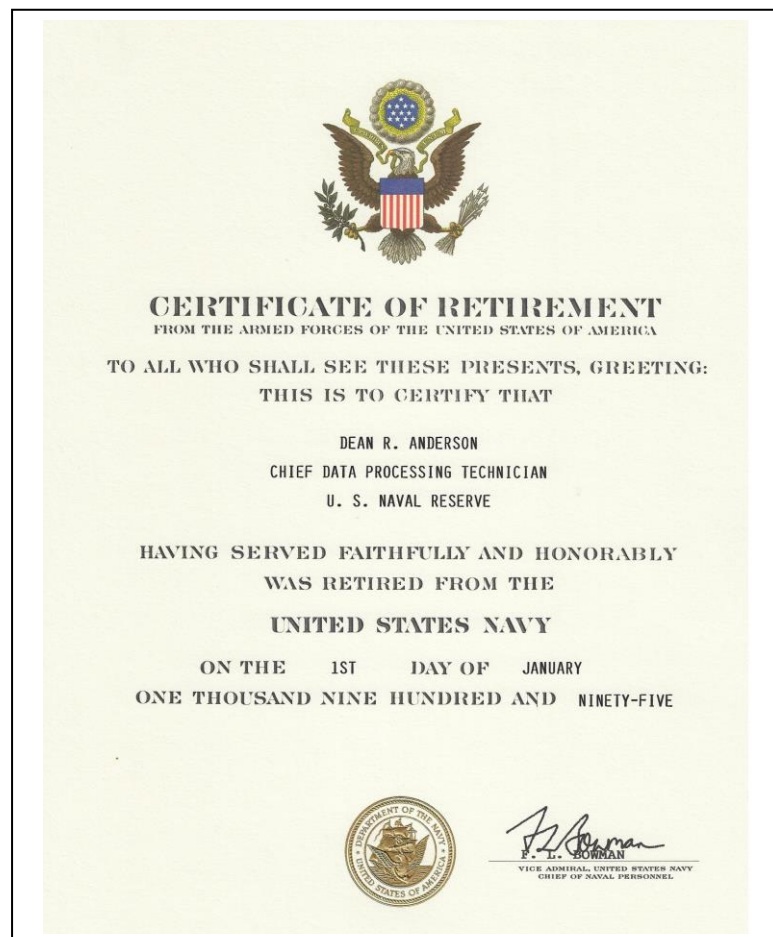
Because VR-55 had been deployed, there was no airlift for the reservists from Utah. At Alameda there had been three Intel units FP1187, FP1287 and FP1387. There were Utah



reservists in each of the three units. So, an Intel unit was established in Utah with the personnel from those three units. Arrangements were made to drill at the Army Reserve facility in Draper.



**Chief Petty Officer  
Dean R. Anderson --1991**



## Salt Lake City

Following my divorce from Ann, I moved to Salt Lake City and lived in an apartment on Redwood Road and about 400 South and then after marrying Colleen moved to West Valley City.

As I mentioned earlier, I had retired from HAFB in 1987. The word retired may be a misnomer. I have not been unemployed since.

In an effort to totally bore you, I'm going to list my post-retirement jobs.

1. Registrar for the Salt Lake City College (not to be confused with the Salt Lake Community College). Salt Lake City College went out of business after one year.
2. Kennecott Copper Improvement Project -- I did dBASE programming for one of the construction contractors
3. Microcomputer and Graphics Information Center (MAGIC). I returned to HAFB and worked as a contractor. MAGIC was in support of the Maintenance Directorate. I was there 3 years. Every year the contract was renewed and a different contractor was awarded the contract each of those years. So I worked for 1)Atlantic Research Corp (ARC), 2)Systems and Applied Sciences Corp (SASC), and 3)Modern Technologies.
4. Alta Health Strategies/First Health. I was there for 11 years as a programmer/analyst and then retired a second time at age 66.
5. Teltrust (Telephone Operator) – part time while working at First Health
6. Alamo Rent-A-Car (Reservations) – part time while working at First Health
7. LaQuinta Inn (Front Desk)
8. National Rent-A-Car (Reservations).
9. eBay (On-Line-Help).
10. Hunt-Leigh/Air Serv – customer assistance – I pushed wheelchairs and drove golf carts at the Salt Lake City Airport.
11. Ft Douglas Army Education Office. I was there 2 ½ years, again as a contractor – RCI, SERCO, Valdez International, and Dynamic Systems were the four different Companies that held the contract to support the Army Education Office consecutively while I was there. I left there when the Education support services were transferred to Ft McCoy, WI and the Ft Douglas office closed.
12. Hertz Rent-A-Car – part time while working at the Education Office.
13. Delta Airlines (Reservations)
14. Manpower and Kelly Temp agencies. Several different temporary jobs
15. State Trailer – Trailer and RV supplies—sales clerk.
16. Salt Lake County – ARTIX ticket sales.
17. UTA (Front Runner passenger counter) through Manpower.
18. US Census Bureau (Recruiting, Help Desk and Operations)
19. Nike Factory Store – Sales Clerk.
20. When voting machines were introduced, I worked on election days for quite a few elections assisting with the machines.
21. UTA Accounting Department – Revenue Processor.

Here's one story about working the elections. A young lady was standing at a voting machine. She stood there for the longest time appearing troubled. Finally, I approached her and asked if I could help. She burst into tears and said, "I can't decide on whom to vote for." Everyone should take voting that seriously.

In 1994, I retired from the Navy – 40 years after initially joining in 1954.

Colleen had two sons, Sean and Jarrod. I adopted the two boys on 23 Feb 2000 when Sean was 29 and Jarrod 27. Sean was married and already had three children, Chelsea, Bryce and Tyler and the whole family was there. When we went into the Judge's chambers, the Judge looked at Bryce and Tyler and said "So, this is a big day for you boys, and you look very happy". Colleen spoke up and pointed to Sean and Jarrod and said, "These are the two boys".

We've had some wonderful vacations: An LDS church history tour in 2006, a tour to Egypt/Israel in 2007, a Russian/Volga River tour in 2008 and a Japan/China Yangtze River tour in 2009.



**Colleen on Camel -- Giza Pyramids -- 2007**

We bought an acre of land in McKinnon with water (a good well) and electricity already on it. The acre is about half- way between my Dad's homestead and my Grandfather's homestead. In 2010 we had a manufactured home with log siding moved onto the acre.

Colleen had always wanted a cabin and she had been accumulating furnishings and cabin stuff for years. So immediately the cabin was completely furnished.

Quick Response (QR) codes have been around for a while first used by Toyota Auto in 1994 to track auto parts and have since gained popularity in the retail sector, for example, scan the code on an item and have displayed all kinds of information about the product. I first learned about QR codes in January 2012 when they were still unknown to the general public. The first thing that occurred to me was that this technology would be a boon to genealogists enabling them to preserve and pass on information about their ancestors. With that in mind, I created weatherproof QR coded tiles (porcelain and glass tiles with the design baked on and aluminum tiles with the design laser etched on) designed to be attached to headstones so that when scanned by a smart device the story of the person there interred would be displayed right there at the site.

I never had a desire to have my own business but this just kind of dropped into my lap and took on a life of its own. Beginning in April 2012, I obtained a business license, obtained the domain name StoriesInStone.biz, developed a website, registered the name StoriesInStone®, printed brochures and business cards and all of a sudden I was in business. I thought that participating in trade shows might be the best way of promoting the business so I obtained booth space at the following conferences/conventions:

- BYU Family History and Genealogy Conference in Provo, UT
- Federation of Genealogical Societies (FGS) Convention in Birmingham, AL
- Utah Genealogy Association in Salt Lake City, UT
- New York Genealogy Event in NYC, NY
- Northern Florida Genealogy Association Conference in Jacksonville, FL
- Northern Utah Genealogy Association in Ogden, UT
- RootsTech Convention in Salt Lake City, UT
- National Genealogy Association (NGS) Conference in Las Vegas, NV
- International Cemetery Cremation and Funeral Association (ICCF) Convention in Las Vegas, NV

A lot of interest expressed, but not a lot of sales; Still trying to hang in there.

A slight setback occurred on 29 Dec 2013 – a heart attack. I was in the ICU for four days prior to open heart surgery (quadruple bypass) on 2 Jan 2014. Recovery was quick and within six weeks felt back to normal.

I am appending a list of descendants. I want them all to know how much I love them and apologize for not being a better Father, Grandfather and Great-grandfather. With five children, 13 grandchildren and 23 and counting great-grandchildren, I realize the insufficiency of the list and that it will likely change every year for a while. Bless them all!





## DESCENDANTS

Dean Ray Anderson = Arleen Ferguson  
Kari Denise Anderson = Russell Barker  
Justin Dean Barker = Victoria Richmond  
Tyden James Barker  
Hadlee Quynn Barker  
Justin Dean Barker = Nicole Evelyn Bartley  
Ian Thomas Barker = Lindsay Nicole Campbell  
Dax Russell Barker  
Jonah Ian Barker  
Tess Isabelle Barker  
Laynee Pearl Barker  
Daisy Kaye Barker  
Mikelle Lee Barker = Trent Patrick Belliston  
Pierce Riley Belliston  
Brock Thomas Belliston  
Jaida Mikelle Belliston  
Allie Arleen Belliston  
Rex Alma Belliston  
Whitney Marguerite Barker = Camron Jones Allen  
Mia Grace Allen  
Jase Reed Allen  
Fin Thomas Allen  
River Jones Allen  
Reulon Guy Anderson = Catherine Ann Boynton  
Brooke Ellen Anderson = Eric Bruce Ashcroft  
Charlotte Brooke Ashcroft  
Emery Cate Ashcroft  
Collins Jensen Ashcroft  
Morgan Kellie Anderson = Nathan RoyalSpencer  
Baron RoyalSpencer  
Henry Jay Spencer  
Hayden Guy Anderson  
Jennifer Kay Anderson = Shad Simmons  
Sydnee Arleen Simmons = Patrick Michael Wilson  
Jennifer Kay Anderson = Samir Eligio Pelaez  
Kira Alesha Anderson  
Dean Ray Anderson = Florie Colleen Hollingshead Pickett  
Sean Anderson Pickett = Tina Parker  
Chelsea Colleen Pickett = Jordan Muhlestein  
Mckinlee Mae Muhlestein  
Berklee Muhlestein  
Chelsea Colleen Pickett = Michael John Hunter  
Halstyn Rae Hunter  
Sean Anderson Pickett = Cheryl Marie Silcox  
Bryce Sean Pickett  
Tyler Zachary Pickett  
Sean Anderson Pickett = Alison Barney  
Cole Micah Pickett  
Jarrod Anderson Pickett = David James Halliday

## Family picture taken on my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday – August 5, 2016



Left to Right

Back row -- D. J. Halladay, Russ Barker, Justin Barker, Whitney Allen w/baby Fin, Camron Allen, Cathy Anderson, Ian Barker w/baby Laynee, Lindsay Barker and Alison Pickett  
 2nd row from back -- Jarrod Pickett, Kari Barker, Jennifer Simmons, Dean Anderson, Colleen Anderson, Guy Anderson, and Sean Pickett -- Hayden Anderson is in front of Sean  
 2nd row from front -- Kira Anderson, Jonah Baker is in front of Kira, Dax Barker, Chelsea Pickett, Mike Hunter, Madison Hunter and Morgan Anderson  
 Front row -- Jase Allen, Berklee Muhlestein, Tess Barker, Mia Allen, McKinlee Muhlestein and Cole Pickett

Those missing in the above group photo are shown below



Mikelle and Trent Belliston with their children  
 Pierce, Allie, Brock and Jaida



Eric and Brooke Ashcroft  
 with their children Emery and Charlotte



Sydnee Simmons



Tyden & Hadlee  
 Barker



Bryce Pickett



Tyler Pickett

## **ORDINATIONS AND CHURCH CALLINGS**

### **Blessings – Ordinations – Sealings**

Blessed – 4 Oct 1936 by Clifford H. Vest

Baptized – 10 Sep 1944 by Reulon Lycurgus Anderson (Father)

Confirmed – 17 Sep 1944 by Thomas Reese Anderson (Grandfather)

Aaronic Priesthood/Deacon – 14 Nov 1948 by Reulon Lycurgus Anderson

Teacher – 24 Feb 1952 by Keith McFarlean

Priest – Date unknown by unknown

Melchezidic Priesthood/Elder 18 Jun 1961 by Reulon Lycurgus Anderson

Temple Endowment/Sealed to Arleen Ferguson – 28 May 1962 in Salt Lake City Temple

Patriarchal Blessing – 31 Oct 1971 by Lynn W. Burton

Sealed to Rebecca Ann Tallon – 13 Nov 1979 in Washington DC Temple

Cancellation of Temple Sealing to Rebecca Ann Tallon – 11 Jun 1991

High Priest – 19 Jan 1992 by Bruce W. Hollingshead

Sealed to Florie Colleen Hollingshead – 30 Apr 2007 in Nauvoo Temple

### **Church Callings**

Elders Quorum President

Sunday School Teacher

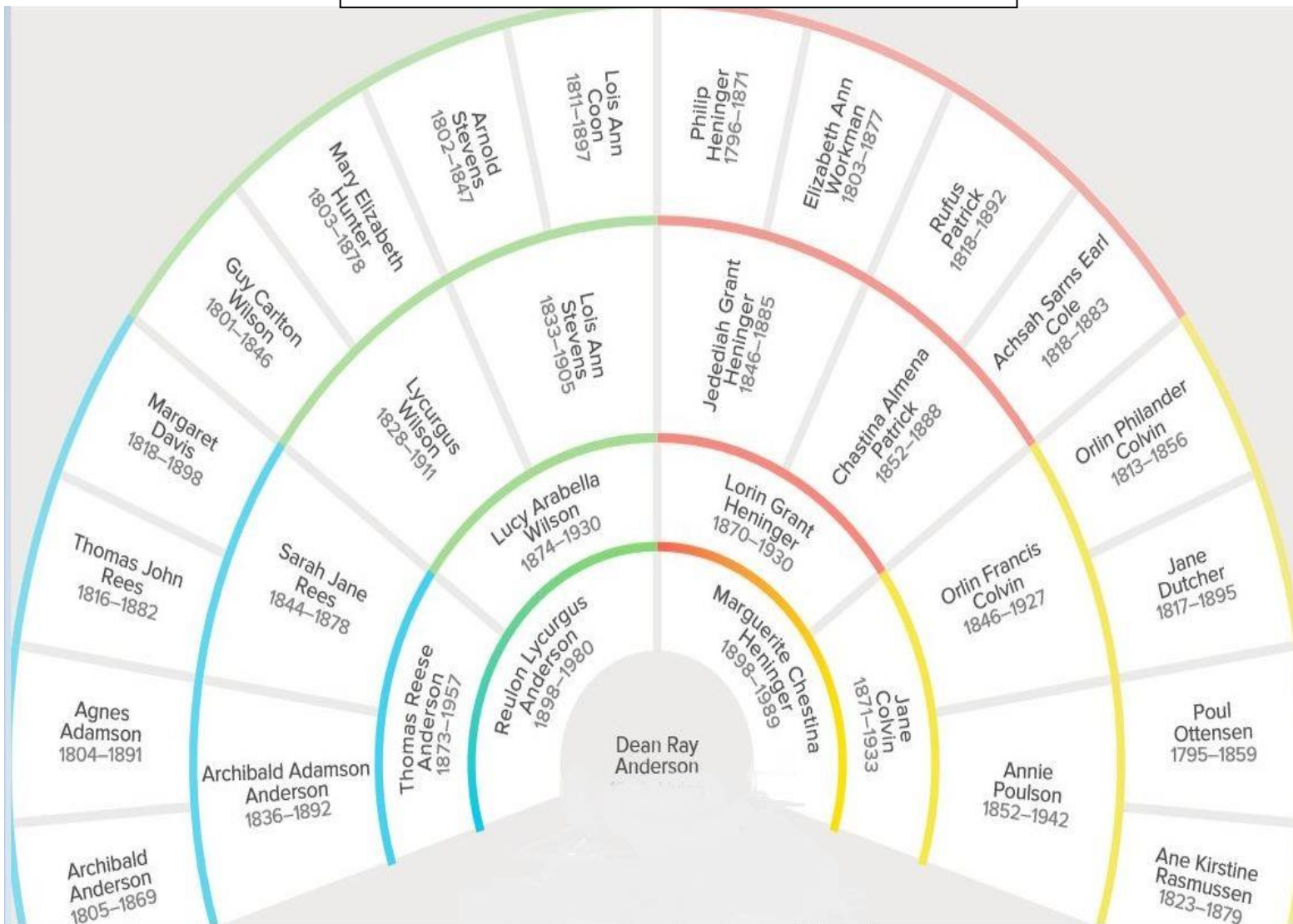
YMMIA 1<sup>st</sup> Counselor

Institutional Representative to the Boy Scouts of America

Finance Clerk

Membership Clerk

## Four Generation Pedigree (Fan) Chart



4<sup>th</sup> generation -- Archibald Anderson, Agnes Adamson, Thomas John Rees, Margaret Davis, Guy Carlton Wilson, Mary Elizabeth Hunter, Arnold Stevens, Lois Ann Coon, Philip Heninger, Elizabeth Ann Workman, Rufus Patrick, Achsah Sarns Earl Cole, Orlin Philander Colvin, Jane Dutcher, Poul Ottensen, Ane Kirstine Rasmussen.  
 3<sup>rd</sup> generation -- Archibald Adamson Anderson, Sarah Jane Rees, Lycurgus Wilson, Lois Ann Stevens, Jedediah Grant Heninger, Chastina Almena Patrick, Orlin Francis Colvin, Annie Poulson.  
 2<sup>nd</sup> generation -- Thomas Reese Anderson, Lucy Arabella Wilson, Lorin Grant Heninger, Jane Colvin.  
 1<sup>st</sup> generation -- Reulon Lycurgus Anderson, Marguerite Chestina Anderson.

## Places Lived

		<u>Address</u>	<u>Time span</u>	<u>Ages</u>
1	Ogden, UT	3131 Adams Ave	1936 - 1939	0-3
2	Ogden, UT	2250 Monroe Blvd - kindergarten	1939 - 1941	4 - 5
3	McKinnon, WY	grades 1-4	1942 - 1947	6 - 10
4	Green River, WY	245 W Flaming Gorge Way ( bsmt) - grade 5	1947 - 1947	10
5	McKinnon, WY	grades 6-8	1947 - 1949	11 - 14
6	Green River, WY	100 E 200 S apt (now Riverside Nursery)	spring/summer 1950	14 - 15
7	Green River, WY	465 W 2nd St (bsmt facing ally- grade 9	50-51 school year	15
8	Provo, UT	368 North 6000 East - bsmt apt - grade 10	51-52 school year	15
9	Provo, UT	939 East 460 South - grades 10 and 11	51-52 school year	16
10	Orem, UT	about 680 East 1600 South	1953	16
11	Provo, UT	453 South 400 E - grade 12 (Central Utah Voc School)	1953 - 1954	17
12	San Diego, CA	Boot Camp (eleven weeks)	1954	17
13	Pacific/Far East	USS Bausell DD-845	1954 - 1957	18-21
14	Provo, UT	453 South 400 E	1957 - 1958	21-22
15	Ogden, UT	Lincoln Street - one room converted garage	1958	22
16	Provo, UT	382 East 400 South	1959 - 1963	22 - 29
17	Orem, UT	155 South Campus Drive	1963 - 1964	29 - 33
18	Woods Cross, UT	756 West 1300 S - about 4 months	1969	33
19	Layton, UT	342 Colonial Drive	1969 - 1978	33-42
20	Kaysville, UT	Cherry Hill Campground (trailer)	1978-1979	42
21	Clearfield, UT	Marilyn Drive - (bsmt apt)	1979	42
22	Mt Green, UT	6387 Highland Drive	1979	43
23	Layton, UT	approx 2805 N. 1100 W. (Sundowner Condo)	1979	43
24	Sterling Park, VA	Apt close to Dulles Airport - six months	1979-1980	43-44
25	Maadi, Egypt	US Embassy Housing on Road 11	1980-1984	44-48
26	Clearfield, UT	Charin Inn 100 N. Main (Motel) - 3 months	1984	48
27	Layton, UT	775 South 150 East	1984-1990	48-54
28	Salt Lake City, UT	Apartment -625 S. Redwood Road	1990	54
29	West Valley City, UT	1866 W. Homestead Farms Ln #2	1991 - 2020	54-84
30	McKinnon, WY	43 Rocking Chair Lane (Cabin - weekends, etc.)	2006 - 2020	70-84
31	Murray, UT	196 W. Vine Street A-615	2020 -	84 -



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