

## A History of Clarence Bassett Hansen as Told to His Wife, Mary Ann Hildreth

I was born August 6, 1920 in Lago, Bannock County (now Caribou), Idaho at the Lago saw mill site at the mouth of Ant Canyon to Alfred Peter and Adelia Dubois Bassett Hansen. When I was four years old, we moved to the William Henry Bassett ranch, which Alfred purchased from Adelia's father using Adelia's inheritance. The house had been divided earlier (1918) between Grandma and Grandpa and Uncle Ross (Adelia's brother) and Aunt Inez. Ross and Inez moved out in about 1923. Alfred and Adelia moved in.

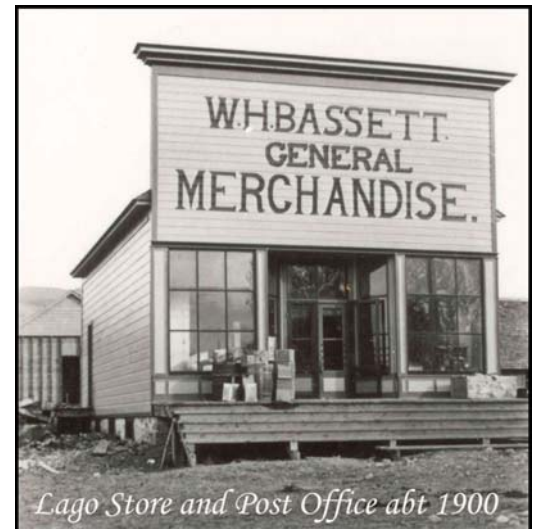


I was sixteen months younger than my older brother, Dallas Alfred Hansen. A sister, Dorothy, followed me. Us boys started plowing, mowing hay and driving the "bull rake" while only six or seven years old. Horses were used for the heavy work. Dad kept about eight head. Some of their names were Min, Snap, Dime, Nerve, Harms, Butch, etc.

I remember the November day in 1928 when Ma (Adelia) came and got Dallas and I from the field where we were plowing. She had an extra set of clothes with her. We went with Bishop John Sorenson to Cleveland to be baptized. There was a natural hot springs there and a place to change. This is where Dallas and I became members of the LDS church.

The WH Bassett store sold farm implements and parts, leather, yard goods, shoes, socks, Levis, coveralls, jackets, shirts and gloves, canned goods and candies, but nothing fresh. It also sold garden supplies, gasoline, coal oil and bullets, no guns, but they could be ordered. People would bring in wheat and oats and Grandpa would weigh them and give store credit. Our clothing was bought from the store. We had coveralls when young then Levis, a good coat and one for chores. Unlike many others we had shoes. We had an aviator cap which we would line with a woman's stocking to keep us warm.

Dallas and I gathered eggs to sell to the store. We bought groceries and sometimes a candy. In the winter the store sold oats for the horses. Mostly I remember that the top shelves held rows of hats, straw and Stetson's. Grandpa would use a hook to pull the boxes down. The gas pump sat to the side of the store and they would hand pump gas to the cars from a buried tank. The lights in the old store were also gas. Grandpa would light the end of a long stick and reach up to light them.



*Lago Store and Post Office abt 1900*

Dad (Alfred) would take the model T Ford truck to Grace once a week to pick up supplies for Grandpa Bassett's store. I remember Harry Bassett building egg crates. The crates held about 12 dozen eggs and they would be sent to Grace and shipped out.

The first store sat south across the road from the new store. It was wood construction and had a canvas ceiling. WH ran this store until the new one was built. The new one was about 25 feet by 60 feet. It sat on a rock foundation and had a basement with a dirt floor. Dad traded the old building to Don Clegg in return for Don (who had a new caterpillar tractor and plow) breaking up and plowing a piece in the north end. Don moved the building to his place upon the Bench.

WH never farmed. Charlie Bassett's boys did or the Sorenson's and later Dad. WH was a champion pool player and won the finals held in McGammon, Idaho. He was also a champion marble player and took part in the competition in SLC when he was a boy. WH, Charlie and Julius were the Bassett Brothers that ran the stagecoach company in Yellowstone. To get there from Lago they had to travel through Grey's Lake. The Snake River was too difficult to cross and there were Indians to worry about. For a while WH and Charlie had shares in the Gem Valley Cattle Assoc. and sent their cattle north of Soda to summer, but they sold their shares.

Julius, WH's brother, had political aspirations. One time he and WH were in Malad, ID where WH was trying to get votes for Julius. He came up two short. However WH noted that one of the delegates was "into his cups" so when the meeting came to order WH sat by this person. When Julius's name was called WH nudged the delegate and told him "Two votes for Julius Bassett". The delegate roused and jumped up yelling "Two votes for Julius Bassett". So Julius moved to Boise. I think that may be why he didn't prove up on his homestead.

There were a lot of squirrels in those days, and they needed to be controlled, as they were a plague to the crops. Dallas and I used 22 rifles to shoot them. We were given 1 cent a tail so we could continue to buy shells. I got my 22 rifle from the store. Dallas already had one.

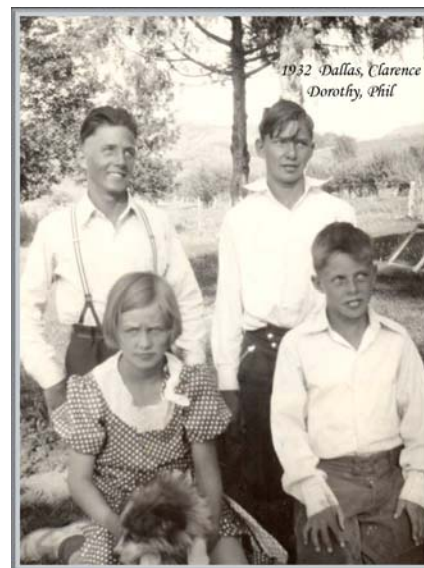
One time we were sent into the field to put out poison oats for the critters and came upon two baby owls. We gathered them up and took them home and put them in the chicken feed box for safekeeping, but we neglected to tell Ma. She went out for feed and was badly frightened by two owls peering out at her. We were instructed to quickly take them back to where we had got them and turn them loose.

Dallas and I built two tree houses, which we played in, and sometimes slept in. We set up a telegraph between the two houses with a wire running between and a hand held telegraph key.

Many times the farm work was left for Dallas and I as Dad was at the pool hall. Ma and I were usually the first one's up. There was a swinging door between the kitchen and dining room. Ma would let the kitchen fire go out. At night she would get it ready to start in the mornings. I would go after the cows, which were in the field in summer and in the barn in winter. If Dad was not available Ma would sometimes help with the milking. I remember one special request, "Please get hobbles for the cows". I did not like getting hit in the face by dirty swishing tails. I tied their legs with a rope. Ma did get me the hobbles. Dallas ran the separator and fed the calves. When we came in from doing chores Ma usually had wheat or germane mush for breakfast with plenty of milk.

The first grain harvesters were "headers", a mower that went in front of the horses. Spokes took the grain back into the header boxes, which were mounted on wagons. Dad had gone down to Rodebacks when they sold out and bought their headers. The first year Dad drove and the second

year Uncle Emil did. I remember riding the header box for a few years to harvest the grain. Later there was a combine, a No. 8 International Harvester with a twelve-foot cutter bar. James Oleorenshaw helped get the combine operating. It did the whole job from cutting, to separating the straw and chaff, to running the separated grain into grain sacks. A "bagger", a person, filled and tied the sacks. The grain sacks were dropped on the ground in rows, then hand thrown onto wagons or trucks, and hauled to the granaries where they were again hand carried and dumped into the bins. At first eight horses pulled the combine. Later, an International Harvester T20 crawler tractor was used to pull the combine and to plow the fields. The combine had wood block brakes around a big bull wheel. Since the fields were mostly hills, the brake was used a lot. Its howling noise could be heard for miles. Grain was cut until the snow fell. Dallas and Dad would combine and I would put up the hay. One year Grandpa Hansen took me into WH's store and bought me a Stetson hat for the work I had done. I still treasure a Stetson hat.



In 1929 electricity was brought to the Valley, and that was a relief. We no longer had to turn the washing machine for Ma by hand. There were lights in the evening. We got water in the house about 1934. With that came a sink, then a hot water heater and finally a tub and toilet.

There was a bunkhouse beside the old house. For a while Harris Stephenson lived there. He milked the cows so he could go to school. Harris worked for Dad one year. He was Nellie Stevenson's oldest son and they had a large family. They lived in Grace. Harris "ran away" to Lago to work.

I remember driving cattle to Grace with Grandpa Hansen. I was about twelve and rode the horse. Coming back Grandpa went home in the car and I rode back with Day Mendenhall who had also driven cattle up there. I led Grandpa's horse home. I must have gotten hungry on the way because Grandpa told me to go into a nearby field and pick some peas for my dinner. Grandma Hansen also brought sandwiches later.

Loran and Deal Rasumssen and their three children lived in the old store for a while. Loran hauled milk to the cheese factory. In the fall he would unload the milk cans after completing his route and haul grain sacks to the granaries for unloading. They had moved into the Byron Harris home when I came home from the service. After the war he moved onto his mother's place in Lago and began farming.

Dad ran about 150 or more head of sheep in the early days. In the summer he would send them out with Leon Swensen. Everyone did. Leon's range was North of Soda Springs. Leon had borrowed money from Jim Swensen and when Jim died Dot needed the money so he sold those holdings to pay her.

There were four private power plants on Whiskey and Trout Creeks in Lago. They belonged to Joe Swenson, Harold Bassett, Willis Swensen and Hiram Swensen. Willis Swensen was killed when he got caught in the wheel when throwing the belt on.

Dallas and I went to grade school in a yellow brick two-room schoolhouse on the corner. When it was time for school we would walk over. In my class there was Max Bitton (Willard Bitton from the

Hubbard place), Dale Fowler (Jack Fowler place), Ruth Hulse (lived on the corner below Jim Fowler's shop). Her dad worked for Michael Mickelson. The Hulse's had a large family, Grant, Ruth, Merrill, Mary & etc. Adelia sometimes hired Mary Hulse to help her with the housework. Ralph Thorpe's mother, Ollie, was housekeeper for Norman Rudd and they lived there. Most of the students came to school on horseback or a covered sleigh in the winter. Donna came with her brother Grant and sister Marvel in a little cart or in the covered sleigh. Max and his brother and sister Daryl and Jack came from their place.

Dorothy remembers the teacher Arby McMurray as "scary". He kept a belt handy for discipline. There were times he would take it off and use it on the students if they came in with muddy feet. I also remember Mr. Foster who only stayed one year. Dallas's last year they had two teachers, Lorette Hansen and Althea Pond. Lorette taught the lower grades and Althea the upper grades.

Ed Meacham's house caught on fire. Arby McMurray was teaching at the time. He took the boys (Bud included) from his 5<sup>th</sup> grade classroom and formed a bucket brigade. The house was saved.

**Memory from Gordon Gatrell:** "I've been reading the histories, which are very interesting to me. I read Bud's' personal history last night, and found one little error, which you may or may not want to correct. I know it seems strange that I would have information about this, but strange coincidences do happen!

Many years ago, not too long after I married (which was over 60 years ago), Macoy McMurray moved into our ward, shortly after his marriage, I believe. He was a stalwart in our ward, and an excellent teacher. I don't remember who moved first, but we didn't see Macoy for several years. Then, perhaps 20 or so years ago, he moved into our present ward (where he still resides). We have been well acquainted since that time. For two or three years (a number of years ago), his father (Arby) attended our stake Fathers' & Sons' Outing two or three times with Macoy and Macoy's sons, where I became very slightly acquainted with him. It wasn't until two or three years ago (or so) that I became aware of their Lago experience. I discussed this with Grace (Bassett Newey) who remembered Macoy and his sister Barbara well. (She said that Macoy was a "brat," but that Barbara wasn't.)

Although Macoy and I have spoken often about Lago, it wasn't until very recently that the Hansen family name came up, and he was very surprised that you are relatives of mine. Macoy remembers only Dallas & Bud from your family, telling me that he wasn't in Lago very many years. Anyway, all of this brings up the fact that Arby's last name was McMurray, not McMurty as Bud has thought.

Hope you find this interesting – I do.

Regards

Gordon"

(Note: Name spelling changed)

There was a dance floor in the basement of the school where weekly dances were held in the winter months. Dad was in charge of acquiring the band and taking the tickets. I only remember that they had big dances there every Saturday night in the winter time and it always bothered us

kids that Dad would dance with every one but Ma, never found out the reason. Dad was on the school board for 35 years. After Grandpa Bassett died Dad was the constable in Lago for about 15 years.

High School was held at Thatcher. Dallas was always outgoing and loved books. He excelled in the drama club. I went for football and basketball. I graduated in 1939.

The Lago schoolhouse was abandoned during the war due to lack of teachers and the students were bussed to the Thatcher school that had been converted into a consolidated grade school. The Lago building was allowed to go to waste and was finally purchased by Don Bassett. The ruins were still standing in 1951 when I was married.

For lunch Ma would prepare jam sandwiches; huckleberry, chokecherry, raspberry and occasionally strawberry from the wild strawberries that grew in the north end fields below the Billingsly ditch, or bread spread with cream and sugar and an apple. Ma would make eight loaves of bread at a time. The baking pan held eight and just fit in the coal-stove oven. When we got home from school there was usually soup on the back of the stove for us in the winter. Ma had ice cream almost every week in the summer. She would make the custard. We would get ice from the icehouse and turn the crank on the two-gallon freezer. Also, Dorothy and I still remember her raisin pie. Every time we go somewhere with Dorothy we always order raisin pie hoping it might be as good as Ma's. This year (2007) on our trip through Amish country we found one almost as good. Ma was a good cook. She cooked for threshers and frequently for Christmas and Thanksgiving family dinners. I remember she always bottled plenty of fruit. Will Fowler (Jim's son) who lived on the Blackie Thomas place and raised his large family decided to move to Utah and raise fruit. Dad and Ma would drive down there with Dallas and I to buy peaches, apricots and cherries. We had apples and pears at home. I remember they had a well in the basement and a pitcher pump in the kitchen.

One time Ma and Grandma Bassett had some chokecherry juice bottled in clamp top jars and stored in the basement. Dad had hired Joe Vandenacker to plumb in a bathroom. Grandma Hansen had given them the bathtub from her old house. He was to bring water from the well into the basement and up to the bathroom. Joe found the juice, which had fermented into wine, and drank enough to become disoriented. He fell down the basement stairs and lay there until he could get up and go home. Dad finished the plumbing.

Ma curled her dark brown hair with a curling iron heated over a coal oil lamp. In later years she went to Grace and Nellie Johnson would give her a permanent. Dorothy as a child always had a "Dutch cut". I don't remember if Ma did it, but Hiram Swenson cut many of the ladies hair in those days.

Ma would help Dad plow in the fall. This is one time I remember her wearing overalls and a cap. She was usually in a dress even when she helped with the milking. She always had a garden; she would pressure cook corn and bottle fruit to store for winter.

Dallas and I walked to church for Sunday school. Ma attended Sacrament meetings. When we got home she would ask what we had learned that day. I remember a Bible in the house and I think there must have been a Book of Mormon, but I never read it. Ma spent many years as the Relief Society President.

Eldon Fowler was once a hired man for Dad. He slept in the old bunkhouse. It was Eldon that dug the well just back of the back porch. Eldon was Will Fowler's son. The Fowlers lived on the Blackie Thomas place. This is the one that later moved his family to Utah and had a fruit farm.

The first time Dad and Ma took Dallas and I to see Uncle Ross it was in the Model T Ford. Dad was having problems with his eyes. I was eight or nine when Dad started seeing a specialist in Salt Lake City. In order to get over Wellsville canyon Dad turned the car around and backed up the hill. In those days there was always a problem with flat tires. We left home at 4am and got to Ogden at 8pm. We spent the night with Uncle Ross and Aunt Inez and continued into Salt Lake City the next morning. Us kids stayed with the Fowlers (friends from Lago) in Roy. We returned to Ogden and Dad bought a 1926 Overland from Uncle Ross. That's what we rode home in. It was a much better trip. Dad had glaucoma and did loose the sight in his left eye. Before he died glaucoma took the sight in his right eye and he was totally blind.

I remember going to Uncle Harry's for Thanksgiving one year. I also remember going to see Aunt Lois. We enjoyed those trips. Dallas and I had the run of Salt Lake City. We even got locked in the dome of the state capital one time. Once when we went down Aunt Leona was driving. I think she was going to visit Aunt Mary, her sister, wife of Enoch Peterson, mother of Keith.

**Memory from Mike Mickelsen:** "Bud and I used to go everywhere together. We were at the Mickelson reunion In Idaho Falls, and Dad and Alfred, and my brother Harris, wanted to stay, so Bud and I went home early to milk the cows at all three places. There were over 60 head total. I don't remember the amount, but more than 20 were by hand. Gladys Sullivan and Fae Williams, whom we were dating, came and kept things from being boring. After we were through milking, we went up to our house and made fudge and played cards.

One time in the winter, we took Gladys and Fae to Soda Springs to see the geyser. While we were waiting, some kids were sledding on the geyser cone. The girls borrowed a sled. They both sat on it and came down the hill. About half way down, they hit a bump, and Fae fell off the back. She was sliding on her bottom and the hill was icy. She wound up right next to us with her skirt up over her head, and her legs kicking in the air. We went back to my home and Gladys gave her first aid. She had lost a lot of skin, but was still in a joking embarrassed mood."

Dorothy remembers how her mother kept her at her side to teach her the "womanly" arts. She remembers learning how to iron and cook (Dorothy is a fabulous cook). It was Ma that encouraged the kids to get their educations. She steered Dallas to the army to further his career in electronics and Dorothy was encouraged to go into nursing. Ma checked with her friend Dr. Kackley and Dorothy was sent to Ogden to the Dee Hospital.

Dorothy and I remember the first radio we ever had as a family. It was operated on batteries. Batteries were expensive. In the winter months we would block up the car and bring the car battery in so we could enjoy the radio.

I remember when Grandpa Bassett died (1929). Ma received \$5,000 from the estate. Grandpa Hansen gave Dad another \$5,000 and Dad borrowed \$4,000 from Utah Mortgage and loan to buy the farm. During the depression they feared they would loose it. In about 1934 Dad went to the Federal Land Bank to borrow enough to pay off Utah Mortgage and loan. Sumner Pond was head of the Federal Land Bank in Grace and refused the loan. Ma, in speaking to Lenore Rudd, learned that the same thing had happened to Glen. Glen made a trip to Spokane, the head offices, and spoke to his brother-in-law Lyle Coburn (Irene Rudd's husband). After examining the finances he

determined that Glen had enough equity in the property to grant the loan. Ma came home and told Dad and he also made the trip to Spokane (Irene had been mother's girlfriend in her youth). Upon returning home he again visited Pond who told him the main office had granted his loan. He didn't know why. Dad later learned that Pond had blackballed him.

Dorothy remembers the situation slightly different. In 1934 during the depression Dad received a letter saying that his farm was to be foreclosed. Dad paced the floor and couldn't sleep for worry. Dorothy remembers that Ma wrote to State Senator Dubois to request assistance. The result was the same; a trip to Spokane secured a new loan with the Federal Land Bank. (I, Mary Ann, was always impressed with Adelia and how she was not only practical but also followed up and got things done. What a marvelous woman she was, also with a strong history of service in the community and it is obvious how she loved and guided her children).

I worked the summer after graduating from high school on the farm fixing fences and making many trips to the canyon for wood, which Dad either sold or gave away. In the fall I could see there would be no money for my work so I left the farm. In November 1939 I caught a ride to Burbank California with Merrill Smith and went to see my friend from home, Don Mendenhall. I stayed and roomed with Don and Jimmy Miller for about two years. I worked for the Vega division of Lockheed Aircraft as a toolmaker. We formed a nice group and enjoyed many good times together.

World war II was declared Dec. 7, 1941 after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I decided to join the Navy, which I did Dec. 8, 1941. However, I was asked to continue on with my job at the aircraft company, as the need for planes was so great. I stayed there until February 1942 when I took time off for Ma's funeral.

I remember Ma was having trouble with her arms. She went to Pocatello to see a doctor and he said it was her deodorant. Later she saw Dr. Kackley in Soda springs. He found a lump growing in her chest. She went into surgery in Soda Springs to have it removed. She did not survive the surgery.

Ma died February 13, 1942 leaving Phil and her small son Stanley. Stan would have been about seven at the time. I was in Burbank, CA. working at the aircraft company when I got a telegram from Dad that Ma had passed away. I got word of her death thru Vega Aircraft. Don Mendenhall and I drove straight thru to get home. It was cold and there was snow from St. George all the way up. Dorothy was there from nursing school. Phil was there and Stan of course. Dallas was on a sealed troop train going thru Soda Springs the night she died, unaware of her death.

**Memory from Mike Mickelsen:** "As I remember, Bud had just joined the Navy. Adelia went up to the hospital and had breast surgery. She died on the operating table. Because I felt so close to the family, I went over to Alfred's to pay my respects and condolences. They were like my own family. My youngest brother was six years older than me. Dallas, Bud, Dorothy, and Phil, were like siblings because they were my age. Bud was there, and there were a lot of people that came. Adelia was one of the most loved women in the community. She had been Relief Society President, with my mother as a counselor, and had been a counselor to my mother when she was president. My brother in law, Vernon Mendenhall, tried to give Alfred comfort. He broke down and cried so hard that Alfred wound up comforting him. I remember that when we were crowded with company at home, I would go over to Bud's house to sleep.

One time Dorothy asked me to come to a dinner that she had fixed. It was a very good dinner. Some time during the meal, the cat jumped on my lap and a cat hair got on my napkin. After

dinner, it mysteriously got on my plate. Dorothy disappeared into her room, and Adelia came in and asked if it had been in the food, and said how embarrassed Dorothy was. I hadn't thought anything of it, but Adelia was so concerned and sweet that there was no choice but to love her."

Phil stayed on the farm helping that summer. That winter he went with Val Bitton to Ogden to work. Dorothy was in nurses training in Ogden at the Dee Hospital and Dallas was in Alaska. Dallas's group was sent back to home base in the mid-west and eventually to England where he was "ships crew boss" and flew many missions over Germany.

In November 1942 Dad married Lutie Bassett Swensen, Ma's older sister, and she helped raise Stan. Dad milked cows and helped Lutie with the post office during the war. Rex Bassett ran the place.

Phil married Madge Allen. Shortly after, he was drafted into the army. Madge died in childbirth while Phil was in basic training at Camp Roberts, California. He was there with his neighbor and friend, Mike Michelsen. Phil came home for the funeral. Madge and the child were buried together in the Grace cemetery. After basic training he was sent to the Philippines.

When I was working at the aircraft company before the war I accompanied Grandma Hansen to California so she could visit Clara. When Madge died Grandma wanted to come home for the funeral. This was during wartime and tickets were hard to get. Since I was in the Navy I had preference, so I got tickets for Mr & Mrs CB Hansen and brought her home.

I returned to California for active duty. Boot camp was in San Diego. From there I went to the Naval training station where I learned to operate personal landing craft. I was shipped out to Treasury Island by San Francisco. It was a holding area before being assigned. From there I boarded the Monnacport to be transported to New Caladonia. This is when I was initiated into the Solomon Order Of The Deep and became a Shellback and in the Order Of The Dragon. I served on LCS Serv Craft Navy 3237, Navy 131 Boat repair unit (YO 234) Phib for Boat Pool #11 Boat repair unit Navy 158, USS APL 42 (Com Serv Div 102).

I served aboard the Alhena, which went to Guadalcanal where there was more training. From there we went to Bougainville. At that time I asked for a transfer. The Capt. sent me with 20 or 30 others to Parda about 1/4 mile from Bougainville on the first invasion, November 1, 1943. There was a lot of bombing and shelling going in, but most of my boatload made it. The whole group was 25,000 men and they were to take the Islands from 180,000 Japs. I felt very strongly that the Lord was watching over me when there were such uneven odds.

The first thing to be done was to build foxholes. They were lined with canvas, 8 men per hole. We cut down coconut trees for log roofs and sand bags for added protection. After the main battle on the small island I was on they built 20' by 60' Quonset huts with army cots and 24 men per units. Parda was the island where the food, gas, oil, shells etc. were stored. We had to dig a well for water, put up storage tanks, go to the other islands and pick up boats needing repair and bring them back to the shop to work on.

We did welding and repairing and generally kept the crafts sea worthy. One time my helper and I were called on to do some welding on a Merchant Marine ship. Being pleased with our work and thinking we looked like we could do with some fresh meat the captain gave us a hindquarter of



beef. We had made our own cookware. We cut the beef and distributed it when we got back to camp and everyone enjoyed fresh meat for dinner.

The first plumbing job I was called to do was to put in a bathtub for Carole Landis when she came with Bob Hope to entertain the troops.

One of my friends was Dennis Peterson from Newton Utah. Pete was also L.D.S. as was Gail Clifford. At times we would go over to the mainland (Bougainville) where church services were held. It was an odd meeting in those days. No one knew where to find the sacrament prayer. Pete had one of the few Books' of Mormon. I saw Ken Thomas there, Chad Westenfeller and Doc Kackley, all from home. There were men from Utah, Idaho, and Nevada.

There was bombing and shelling. One thing they did was take the natives in boats and let them go after Japs. The Americans would give the natives \$1 for each head. They would sneak up on the Jap patrols and always come back with heads. I bought one and then buried it. Every night from Nov. 1 to Christmas day the Japs came over Parada bombing and shelling. They blew up the mess hall, the ship fitters shop, gasoline barrels, and were killing our men. The jungle vegetation was very thick and there were caves where the Japs had their big guns. They would push them out at night and bombard the area and then push them back and camouflage them during the day. The Seabees worked very hard to get an airstrip built. It was completed on Christmas day. Our bombers started bombing that day at Manis which was about 500 miles north where the Jap planes were based.

On January 1 the Japs made their big push to get the Americans off the island. They came over the mountain and out of the jungles using their big railroad guns and machine guns. A small destroyer came in from behind, shelling the area and putting small boats out with troops to land in back of the men. There was a BLACK alert that night and the Americans knew they were in for trouble. Thousands were killed but the Americans held on.

The weather was another battle, it rained every night and water would pour over the tops of the men's boots. I remember my first rainstorm. My clothes were hung up but I awoke to find my shoes floating around in water that was almost even with the bottom of my bunk. The navy wouldn't let us eat breakfast until we had taken atabrine pills to prevent malaria. The mosquitoes were thick. Everyone had mosquito netting over their bunks and kept a lizard in the tent. I felt the Lord was again watching over me, as I was fortunate enough to not catch the disease. I came home "yellow" from taking the pills. In the mean time Dale Peterson was in another group, had been in Bougainville. After 3 or 4 months Quonset huts were built and "Pete" and I were in the same hut, 24 men per hut. In one conversation Pete stated he was only taking the minimum \$5,000 life insurance. I told him "Not me! They will be more careful with the man who is worth \$10,000". The next day Pete went down and changed his insurance status. One of the main ways we entertained ourselves was to play poker. I did pretty well. I sent home \$500 one time and Dad bought five \$100 savings bonds. When I cashed them in they were worth 87.50 a piece. I never sent any more money home. I just didn't draw any paychecks.

I did not smoke or drink and never spent money that way. I made things to trade for what I wanted. Pete was with the first 24 who had the opportunity to go home. This took all of my close friends. They had more time in than me. The plane took off from the airstrip and made it to Guadalcanal. From there it tried to fly over the mountain. The plane crashed. It took five days for the rescue crew to reach it. They found only one survivor, Gail Clifford. He was injured. I never saw him again. He was from a town in Oregon, by Lewiston, Idaho. Again the Lord was watching over me. The

following month it was my turn. I boarded an aircraft carrier, which took me to Pearl Harbor. From there I took a transport ship home to San Francisco. My clothes were rotted from the island climate. I would wear them and instead of washing them just throw them away. When I got to Frisco they gave me a sea bag full of new clothes and all my back pay, \$2,200.

From there I was sent to Bremerton, Washington to report to a receiving station. I was assigned to a crew building airtight integrity training devices for new recruits to train on. When that was finished I was CO for the barracks while waiting for a new ship. In other words, I was in charge of checking 120 men in and out of the unit. Three came up missing: one AWOL, one died and another was found dead on the docks. After a month a ship fitter "went over the hill" and I was assigned to the battleship New Jersey.

This ship made raids on islands in the Pacific (Wake, Guam, etc.) and watched for any troop movement. The living conditions aboard were not bad. I was in a section that housed 24 ship fitters. The food was terrible. They shot down three or four Jap planes. After four months they caught the ship fitter that had gone AWOL. He was returned to duty and I was put off in Hawaii.

I was sent to the fleet recreation center in Pearl Harbor. It was my job to mop the floors every morning. There was dancing every evening. Joe Lewis, the boxer, came to Pearl Harbor to entertain the troops. I was next assigned to YO234 (yard oiler) that was doing its duty in Enewetak. It was the same harbor that the Japs had pulled out of to bomb Pearl Harbor. On this ship we ate well. I could go to the cook shop and get a T-bone steak for himself. The job consisted of keeping the ship full of oil and then delivering it to the larger ships in the harbor so they could be on their way. This is where I was serving on VE (Victory in Europe) day. Of course everyone was very happy, but the Pacific was still fighting.

VJ day was again a happy day. Everyone was looking to go home. They went by the point system. I had 29 points and needed 30. It took a couple of months until they said they would send those with 29 points home. I was on my way home on the cruiser Indianapolis heading toward Japan. They changed course and instead went to China up the Yangtze River. Then the ship was called to Alaska to help a troop ship that was stranded with a broken drive shaft. The weather was very bad with the ship listing 21 degrees and the ocean breaking over the bow.

A cable line was shot out to the other ship. It started at 1/4" and worked up until it was a heavy 3/4" cable of towing capacity. It was a very cold sleety job for someone just off the equator, but the ship was towed back to San Francisco. After several months I was discharged at Shoemaker, California Jan. 11, 1946. I had spent 3 years and 29 days in active service. I was rated as ship fitter, Second Class.

When the war was over Phil and I returned to the farm. We purchased the Elliot Place, leased part of Emil's farm, bought equipment and built the Quonset hut for weather protection.

I married Mary Ann Hildreth, daughter of Fay Edward Hildreth and Emma Marilda Beus, on 8 Jun 1951 in Soda Springs, Caribou, ID. We were sealed in the temple on 3 May 1965.



Our children are:

1. Cindy Fae Hansen
2. Donald Peter Hansen
3. Casey Dean Hansen
4. Jerry Clarence Hansen
5. William Ted Hansen



Cindy Fae

Casey Dean

William Ted  
Clarence (Bud)

Jerry Clarence  
Mary Ann

Donald Peter (Pete)  
Taken about 1993

This history is from notes made of conversations between Bud and his wife Mary Ann and comments by others as noted. It was compiled, edited and placed in digital form by Stanley D. Hansen in March 2008.