

# Dean L Bolles

Interviewed by Judy Hansen  
December 2014



I was born in San Francisco, California on Sept 3<sup>rd</sup> 1935 to Reginald and Dorothy Mae Underwood Bolles. When I was a little more than 2 ½ my mother died (July 11, 1938) so my father shipped me from here to there and back & forth. I finally ended up on a farm in Menan, Idaho and then my father remarried Mary Elizabeth Satterburg on March 5<sup>th</sup>, 1945. We all moved into a little house in Hayward, California with my step-mother's grandmother. That added five people to her small house; my dad, step-mother, and three year old son, my older brother and me. The grandmother passed away shortly thereafter and the house fell to my father and step-mother so I was raised there at 21908 Foothill Blvd in Hayward. I even remember our phone number; LU1-6021. I attended third, fourth, and fifth grades at Markham Elementary; sixth, seventh, and eighth at Bret Harte Jr. High, and Hayward High School in ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth where I graduated in 1954. Because I was a high number on the draft list and didn't want to be drafted, after graduation I joined the Army on February 6, 1956. I had basic training at Fort Ord, California. They used to call me RA; regular army all the way through training because I had a 28 serial number; beginning with 28 which meant I had joined and was not drafted; #28194351.

Basic training was eight preliminary weeks and then there were eight more weeks of advanced basic training. I then went to a non-commissioned school in Fort Benning, Georgia directly out of basic training where I spent another sixteen weeks. After I completed the training, I was shipped to Fort Lewis, Washington where I spent almost all the rest of my time in the army; which was just shy of three years. I was assigned as a Forward Air Observer. Supposedly if we had gone to war I would have called in bombing and strafing runs<sup>1</sup> by being close to the action and radioing the coordinates of the targets to the pilots. We would go out into the field; they called it bivouacking, and we would play these mini war games for four or five days at a time. Everyone would practice their specialty. Being a Forward Air Observer I would go out and sit in a place where I could see the targets and call in the airplane strikes. That is what I would have done had we gone to war. On Dec 16, 1958 I was honorably discharged at Fort Lewis.

After I got out of the Army I worked for about nine months and then went on an LDS mission to Brazil on September 14, 1959 where I served until April 14, 1962. After my mission I met my wife Leonora (Noortje) DeVries and we got married.

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<sup>1</sup> Strafing is the practice of attacking ground targets from low-flying aircraft using aircraft-mounted automatic weapons.

Our first apartment was in San Leandro, California. I worked for a building specialty company. Soon we moved into my step-grandfather's home at 1212 Rex Road Hayward, California after the old gentleman died. Our first daughter was born there. Less than a year later we moved to our own home in San Ramon Village, California. After a year or so there we moved to Y-Mount Terrace near BYU Provo, Utah in the fall of 1966. I worked at Weinerschnitzel, McDonalds, and finally full-time as a postal clerk in the Provo post office. Eventually I graduated with a Master's degree in Public Administration. Two more daughters were born to our family while we were in Provo.

In 1970 we moved to Centerville, Utah because I had tested for, and was accepted as an air traffic controller at the Salt Lake City airport. Another little daughter came to our family in Centerville. My job ultimately did not work out for me and I returned to employment at the Provo post office. We then moved to Orem, Utah.

In 1971 I was able to obtain a position at Regional Postal Headquarters in San Francisco California as a budget and cost analyst which was more in-line with my education. We moved to San Jose, California where daughter number five arrived into our family. It was a two hour commute to work no matter rather you drove or took the train. We could not afford to move closer to San Francisco.

I decided I didn't want that any more so I transferred and we moved to Utah in 1974 and we added daughter number six and finally a handsome baby boy to the family. When I got to Utah I decided I needed to go back into the service so I joined the Air Force Reserve at Hill Air Force Base. I was living in Layton, Utah and this made it very easy to get to drills. I was in an aerial support squadron which is charged with the responsibility of loading and unloading military cargo aircraft. I did that for the next sixteen almost seventeen years. The Reserve is with the Federal Government and not the State Government. I had the chance to go a number of places because we were assigned to the Pacific. I was in Hawaii four or five times, Japan four or five times, and Korea once. When I would go I would be there for two weeks at a time. When we went we would simply augment the regular full time military. We would come in, learn, and assist so that hopefully when we would leave and go back to Hill Air Force base we were better trained and better able to do the job that the regulars were doing. It was always loading and unloading military cargo aircraft and warehousing materials that came in and preparing materials to go out onto the airplanes. I did this until I was transferred to postal headquarters in Washington D.C. in the beginning of 1989. I transferred to the Reserve Unit in Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland. What is interesting about this base; it is where they fly all the bodies of soldiers getting killed from Afghanistan and other places. They were tasked with the responsibility of unloading these coffins and getting them to the correct place; although I was never involved with that. In addition, Air Force one the U.S. Presidents plane is stationed here.

With my Army service, Reserve service and credit I got for working at the Post Office I had enough points to give me a twenty year retirement in September 1991 as a Master Sergeant. You can't receive military retirement pay until age sixty-two so I was actually out a number of years before I was able to start receiving military retirement. We've got Tri-Care for Life which is a military health insurance and I love it. It has saved our lives.

The interesting thing about my military career was I was too young for the 2<sup>nd</sup> World War, too young for the Korean War, and out of the service and not draft-able for the Vietnam War. After the Vietnam War was over and I'd went back into the reserves I could have gone to Deseret Storm except my unit was never activated. I avoided conflict and battle status for my entire life being either too young or too old; Nevertheless, I wove my way through the different conflicts but never had to go.

I retired as a Statistician from the budget office of the U.S. Postal Service Oct 2, 1992 and after selling our home in Woodbridge, Virginia in January 1993 we moved back to Layton, Utah and rented an apartment. We had lived in Virginia four years. We eventually found a home in Lehi and really liked the community. We moved to a home in the Sunset subdivision at 2298 N 700 W and lived there for four or five years. After that we took occupancy of our home here at 497 E Hidden Cove Lane on Dec 26<sup>th</sup> 1998 and have been here ever since.

While living in Lehi I worked for UTA as a bus driver, Alpine School District as a substitute bus driver, Anderson Lumber as a receiving clerk, administrator of Hutchings Museum (before leaving on a Recife Brazil Temple Mission), and driver for Enterprise Rental Cars.

I have seven children; Shiree Ann Best (Orem, Utah), Tamara Elizabeth Miller (Eugene, Oregon), Deborah Mae Ferris (Layton, Utah), Dena Lynn Ashton (Othello, Washington), Lisa Marie Brown (Bountiful, Utah), Kristi Noëlle Hill (Far West, Utah), and John Bolles (Orem, Utah); and twenty-three grandchildren. I enjoy working at the Mount Timpanogos Temple and faceting stones.