

History of
Dale Lee Bradshaw

1947 - 2006

I was born June 2, 1947 at 2:00 a.m. in the Logan, Utah hospital to my parents, Robert Baugh Bradshaw and Ila Gessel Bradshaw. My mother at that time was 26 years old and my father was 30 years old. I weighed 8 lbs 14 ozs and was apparently a healthy, happy baby. At the time I was born, we were living in Logan in an apartment next door to my Grandmother and Grandfather, my mother's parents. At the age of about six months, we moved to Smithfield, Utah into a home purchased by my parents. My father was a school teacher and part time farmer. My mother was basically a stay at home house wife.



I have two older brothers, Lynn, four years older and Don, three years older. I have one sister, Margo, three years younger and another brother, Bart, eight years younger. These are siblings still living. Mothers first born, Sidney, died at about age eight months of pneumonia.

My youngest brother, David, twelve years younger, had a difficult birth and consequently had learning disabilities and also physical disabilities. His disabilities were not severe enough to require institutionalization, but they were severe enough to require special education in the regular school system (mainlined). It was extremely difficult for David to achieve social recognition in this system. He was demeaned and castigated because he was a little different. To his credit, he completed high school and attended two years of college. But life was hard for David, especially in the areas of love and employment – both eluded him despite his best efforts. At the age of 25, David committed suicide. Although I think I understand his reasons, his death was very painful for me. Perhaps I, the family, or the doctors could have done more to help David and preclude his death – or perhaps not.

My other siblings are all fairly successful. My oldest brother Lynn is an Electrical Engineer living in Palo Alto, California. He works for a small engineering firm developing computer related hardware. Brother Don is an English teacher at Clearfield High School. Sister Margo is a business woman operating the Millstream Motel and the Yellow Taxi Company in Ogden. Brother Bart is a CPA and business owner in Winthrop, Washington.

My parents are still alive and live in Pleasant View, Utah. Mother, age 82, fractured several vertebrae due to osteoporosis in December, 2000. She is doing better but not very mobile at this time. My father, age 85, spends several hours a day collecting food discarded by Smiths Food King in North Ogden. Twice a day, he collects food thrown out by the store, takes it to his garage where it is sorted, and then gives much of it away to friends and neighbors; and also delivers much of it to various charity organizations in the area. Dumpster food we call it. It is amazing the amount of food discarded by grocery stores. This activity gives him a valuable purpose in life and also keeps him in extremely good health.

I lived in Smithfield, Utah from a very early age until I graduated from high school and joined the Navy. Smithfield is a small community seven miles north of Logan. It is, of course,

predominantly Mormon; and church activities were a major source of my social life. There was Church on Sunday, Primary on Wednesday, Mutual on Tuesday, church dances on Friday, and various other activities going on all the time; as well as Boy Scouts with summer camps. In a small LDS community, the social life pretty much revolves around the church

My early years were pleasant, from what I can remember. Mother was a stay at home mom, so I stayed at home until I began school. My two older brothers were closer together in age to each other than to me. They were somewhat autocratic and bossed me around a little. Sometimes it's tough being the third child. But they also protected me, helped me out, and taught me much. Margo was three years younger than I, and being a girl, I didn't associate with her much after adolescence. She had her own group of friends. I would help her with projects and protect her from bullies; however, I was possibly a bit of a bully to her myself. I would sometimes tease her until she cried, then I would feel bad and try to make it up to her. She had to be tough being the only girl in a family of boys – and she was. In our very early, preschool years, Margo and I were quite close. We would build a pretend school and read, or pretend to read, stories to each other. Mother would also read to the both of us quite often. One thing I remember resenting Margo for – her birthday is May 26 and mine is June 2. I could never understand why, even though I am older, her birthday is a week before mine, and therefore her birthday party. I remember being quite upset about this – and I still tell her I am. Brother Bart was eight years younger than I and I can't remember associating with him much until we were older. David was twelve years younger, so he was just a baby for most of my school years. I do remember, however, that because of David's problems, he took up a considerable amount of our parent's time – primarily mother was responsible to take him to doctors, specialists, and speech therapists.

My father was a school teacher and also a part time farmer. He worked in Cache Valley schools until I was in the 5th grade. He then worked in the Ogden School District and commuted from Smithfield to Ogden during the school year. When he got home, he had farm chores to attend to. This requirement for work kept him away from the family from early morning to late evening for much of the year. In the summer, he raised beans, corn, sugar beets, potatoes, alfalfa, and other crops on land in Smithfield and Wellsville. He also worked for other farmers in the area during the summer. Therefore, I also worked during the summer to help him. From a very early age I hoed beans, picked beans, thinned beats, hauled hay, and other various farm chores. I drove a tractor and farm trucks at age 12. Our home was not actually a farm, but it was on a large lot with room for a garden, pasture, and shed where we usually had one or two milking cows.

I went to school in Smithfield (or vicinity) from Kindergarten through high school. I had many friends throughout this time in my life. For the most part, I got along well with my friends and school mates. I got into a couple of fights during the junior high years, and they were with friends – and pretty much ended up in a standoff. To some extent, school kind of bored me. I always got good grades, but I probably should have put more effort into it.

From the time I was age 12 through age 16, I had a paper route delivering the Herald Journal. This provided me with spending money. Most days, this required that I come home directly from school to deliver papers. I would also have to get up very early on Sunday mornings. My paper route was usually about 50 papers scattered in the north-west side of Smithfield. I delivered these



on my bike and sometimes if the weather was very bad, mom or dad would take me in the car. While I was a paper boy, I won several contests held by the newspaper. I once won a shotgun by getting the most new subscriptions. I also won a trip to the 1964 World's Fair in Seattle by getting 54 new subscriptions. I worked hard to get this many new subscriptions. Several times mom took me to the "new married housing" area at Utah State University in Logan. I would go door to door asking people if they wanted to subscribe to the paper. This resulted in most of the new subscriptions.

Summer employment consisted of working in the fields thinning beats, hoeing corn, picking beans, hauling hay, and other farm field labor. When I got older, I worked at the local canning factory (Del Monte Food plant) canning beans and corn. I also worked at the Smithfield Cattle Auction yard driving cattle into pens. I never got an actual "allowance" from my folks. We were always expected to make our own money. I always seemed to have enough money – if I really needed something, Mother would usually have a nest egg of money squirreled away. We were certainly not wealthy, in fact we were probably quite poor – only we didn't know it.

When I was very young, I would often go to spend time with my grandmother in Logan, Grandma Dine – mother's mother. She was a very loving lady, but her husband grandpa George, was an alcoholic. Nevertheless, Grandpa George treated me well. He would often take me fishing down in the Logan River. Grandpa George would often come home drunk, and Grandma Dine would cuss at him and then he would usually just go into the bedroom and go to sleep. I don't think he was physically abusive to her, but he was probably verbally abusive – he could cuss up a storm when drunk. Grandma Dine died when I was about 14 and Grandpa George died about a year after that. My father's mother, grandma Bradshaw, was a widow and lived in Ogden. We would visit several times a year, but I was never very close to her. About a year before she died, she came to live with us when we were living in Pleasant View. I got to know her better at that time. We would talk and she would tell me stories of life in the old days.

My best friends in early life were Delmar, Scott, Billy, Russell, Keith, LaRon, Michael and several others. Most of these friendships continued through high school. The friendship with Scott probably had the most significance, and that friendship continues to this day. With Scott and Billy, we would scout the hills and fields around Smithfield. Once, when we were about 13, we decided to hike to one of the mountain peaks up Smithfield canyon. When we got to the top, it was getting dark. So we built a big fire and thought we would just spend the night on the mountain. Although our parents knew where we were going, they didn't think it would be a good idea for us to spend the night on the mountain, and after it got dark they came looking for us. The fire was visible for miles around, so they didn't have a problem finding us. They yelled at us from way down in the canyon, so we had to hike off the mountain in the dark. They were pretty angry (although I now realize they were very relieved to find us not hurt) and we all got grounded for a long time. We tried to tell them that we were OK, that nothing would have happened to us – we were invincible. We would also go exploring in the west fields, down in the Bear River bottoms. We would also go fishing in the Bear River or up in the canyon streams.

I played sports – softball, baseball, basketball, football, tennis, and other team sports. I was never real good at any of these, but I was OK. I was on the little league team, school softball team, church basketball teams, and others. We would spend time in summers playing tennis in the park. When I was about 14, I started to ski. My first skis were old army surplus with bear trap bindings. We would get a ride up to Beaver Mountain in Logan canyon and ski whenever we could during the

winter. Sometimes we would go up into the canyon and climb a hill and ski down. With this type of equipment, it is a wonder we never broke any bones. Later, I got some better equipment – the skis at least had steel edges with safety bindings. A number of us kids enrolled in a ski school, and we would take the bus up to the resort on Saturdays.

With Scott and Billy, we got into some minor trouble. Once we stole some gas masks (old world war 2 type) from a feed and grain store (we were about 13 at the time). They had been left in an open building where grain was stored. We took these up into the canyon while hiking and happened to run into a skunk. We put the masks on and therefore couldn't smell anything. But we were running through the grass chasing the skunk and the smell got on our clothes and shoes. Afterward, we really smelled pretty bad. The gas masks also smelled bad – we couldn't take them back so we buried them. Apparently we had been seen around the feed and grain store and the owner came looking for us. We took him to where we had buried the masks but they still smelled pretty bad and he was mad at us. Mother was also pretty mad because my clothes and shoes smelled so bad. As a consequence of this, I spent one day picking up potatoes in the field, for no pay, for the store owner.

One of the things we did quite a lot of was hunt pheasants, ducks, and other game in the west fields – usually with shotguns but sometimes with 22s. I probably did this from the time I was about 13. Most of the time we only hunted during hunting season and with a license, but sometimes we would go hunting for crows or magpies and a duck or pheasant might get in the way. One time I had reloaded some shotgun shells and took them into the fields to check out the powder loads – I loaded the shells pretty hot. Some geese were flying far overhead, so I just sort of shot into the middle of the flock. One of them fell, and about that time I looked up to see a Fish and Game Warden watching me from the road above. Oh darn says I – I knew I was in big trouble. Well, the Fish Cop took away my shotgun (the one I had won by getting the most new subscriptions to the Herald Journal) and I also got a ticket that I had to pay to Juvenile Court. Obviously, Mom and Dad were not pleased with this, but as I recall, they weren't as mad as I thought they would be. Some months later, the Fish and Game Department held an annual sale of confiscated weapons, fishing poles, etc. at their offices in Ogden. With Dad and my two older brothers, we went to this auction to try and buy my gun back. When the gun came up for auction, Dad was on one side of the crowd and said, "This shotgun was confiscated from my son for doing a really stupid thing, but he would like to get it back and he doesn't have much money." The bidding then started and I made bids which got up to about \$20. At this time, my brothers on the other side of the crowd yelled, "Ah, let the kid have his gun back." "Yeah, let the kid have his gun." Everyone then stopped bidding, and I was able to get my gun back for \$20.

When I turned 16 I got my drivers license, and of course this opened up a whole new scope of excitement. Although I didn't have my own car, I had general access to a 1954 Nash and a 1960 Renault Dauphine. We would load up the Nash with friends and go "drag main" in Logan. A couple of times I ran out of gas while on the way home, and we had to push the car to a service station. The Renault was a very small car with a small engine in the rear and I probably didn't take very good care of it. I treated it more like a toy. Once, when loaded with five friends, I took a corner too fast when one yelled from the back seat, "Turn here!" The car slid on loose gravel and ran into a tree. No one was hurt, we weren't going that fast. But the front end was severely damaged. Again, Mom and Dad were not very happy with that. I also got a ticket for reckless driving. When I was 18, I bought a 1955 Ford for \$500. I only had this car a short time until I went into the Navy.

I actually joined the Navy Reserve while I was still a senior in high school. This was during the time of the Viet Nam war, and the chance of getting drafted into the Army was real. I figured that the Navy was a better opportunity than getting drafted. My friend Scott's brother had already joined the Navy Reserve, and he took Scott and me to talk to the recruiter. Shortly thereafter, both Scott and I joined the Navy Reserve. We went to drills once a week in Ogden and shortly after I graduated from high school, Scott and I left for boot camp in San Diego. Since we were in the reserve, we only had to go to boot camp for two weeks. After boot camp, I came home for about six weeks and then left again for San Diego for Electronics School – my rate was Radioman. Again, Scott and I were in the same class and traveled together. We spent the summer in San Diego at the Naval Training Facility. In our spare time, we went to the beach, Tijuana, and traveled around the San Diego area. This was my first time I had an opportunity to explore some of the rest of the world. We went to Tijuana a couple of times and drank too much tequila in really sleazy bars. But we also went to LDS church dances, where I met a very pretty girl named Diane. Diane and I dated several times during that summer – usually to church functions or to the beach.

After I graduated from Naval Electronics School, I got orders for Sigonella, Sicily. I was quite happy with this since many in our class got orders for Viet Nam – including Scott. I returned home for a short time and then traveled to New York City, where I stayed for several days with a friend I had met at Electronics School. We traveled around New York on subways, where he showed me how to Subway Surf – you get between two of the cars and balance a foot on each one as the train bounces along. I then traveled to Sigonella where I was stationed for 18 months.



Arriving in Sigonella, Sicily in 1966 was a definite cultural shock. Sicily is considered the “asshole” of Italy and, to my standards, was a poor and backwards country. I was stationed at a Naval Air Facility and our primary job was to support the air crews flying P2 and P3 submarine hunting aircraft. I worked in the communications center sending and receiving messages and maintaining the equipment. The enlisted club on base was the hub of social activities. Drinks were cheap and I was getting to where I really liked Seagram's and Seven-Up. After a few months, the thought of how much I was starting to like alcohol kind of scared me – so after that I stopped drinking so much. I would still have occasional drinks, but very limited. The shift change from days to swing to graveyard allowed us three days of leave every two weeks. Many times a bunch of us would head for Taormina, a local tourist resort on the beach of the Mediterranean. Here we would lounge on the beach and drink beer. Several times, we rented a Fiat, and traveled to some of the tourist sites in Sicily. I also took two weeks leave during the winter of 1967 and traveled up through Italy to Germany, Austria, and Switzerland where I went skiing in the Alps. At a club in Taormina, I met Alba. Alba was still in high school and lived in Catania. I started dating Alba, but dating in that culture was quite difficult. A couple of times, we went with her parents in a Volkswagen to see some of the local sites. Several times we just met downtown and wandered through the park and stores. Sometimes she would come out to the base with friends and we would dance. We were rarely alone.

When I returned home from Sicily in 1968, I was still in the Navy Reserve but only had to drill once a month and go on two week summer cruises. I started working at the IRS in Ogden and then was transferred to Hill AFB to work in the warehouse. I worked there for only about 6 months, and

then quit in order to go to college full time at Weber State. When I returned from the Navy, my folks had moved from Smithfield to Pleasant View so that he wouldn't have to commute so far – he was still teaching in Ogden. I lived at home with them at this time. With the GI Bill and part time work, I had enough to live on and go to school full time.

I started school in the fall of 1968 at Weber State College. Since most of my friends were still up in Cache Valley, I would drive up there on many weekends to socialize with them. Scott had also returned and he was living with another friend in an apartment in Logan, so I often stayed there on Friday or Saturday nights. We would party at the Frat Houses at Utah State, go to the Cactus Club or Bistro to dance and meet girls, or just hang around the apartment.

During my first year of college, I was living with my folks in Pleasant View. Margo, Bart, and David also lived there at that time. My two oldest brothers were by then married and moved out. During my second year of college, my dad bought the Millstream Motel on Washington Blvd from my uncle. He decided to get out of school teaching and go into business. We moved into a large home situated at the rear of the motel and I lived there for several months. I then decided to move into a small apartment – it was getting time to break the ties. I lived in this apartment during most of my second and third year of college. During this time I had several summer and part time jobs. I worked for dad at the motel. I worked at the new McKay-Dee Hospital in receiving. I also worked construction for Parson Asphalt. Since I was getting the GI Bill to pay for school, I didn't have a lot of money, but I had enough to subsist happily on.

Starting my fourth year of college, I made the decision to move to Salt Lake and go to University of Utah for my final year. This decision proved to be disastrous. My class workload was quite difficult and I had very little time for socializing. Housing in Salt Lake was considerably more than what I had paid for my small apartment in Ogden, tuition was more, food and other expenses were greater, and I therefore ran out of money after going for only two quarters. At that time, I quit school and moved back home.

I lived at home for a couple of months and then rented an apartment in Ogden. I got a job



Bottom: David, Dale, Don, Bart,
Middle: Julie, Margo, Velma, Top: KyAnn, Terra, Jenny.

selling cars at Ray Citte, Inc. on Riverdale Road. Selling used cars is an interesting job – everyone should try it once in their lives. I was also discussing with Scott (the same friend from my childhood) and his brother, Steve, about starting a small construction business – primarily doing asphalt paving. Scott and Steve had both worked in this industry for several years, and I had worked in it briefly as a summer job. We thought it would be possible to start our own business and be successful. So we did.

At about this time I was introduced to Julie Taylor by a mutual friend (Sue and Marty). Julie had a 3 year old daughter named Michelle, and she was living in a small apartment in Ogden. Julie had been divorced about a year, and

her ex had essentially abandoned her and her baby. I started dating Julie and we developed a good relationship. By this time I was 26 years old and about ready to settle down and get married. The future looked reasonably promising and Julie was definitely someone I loved and thought of as a good partner. I also became quite attached to Michelle – she needed a father and I resolved to be a good one. Julie and I moved into an apartment in Salt Lake and shortly thereafter got married.

At this time, 1973, Scott, Steve, and I had started our construction company. We bought the equipment and name of an established company in Salt Lake called Wayco Asphalt Paving. We never had sufficient operating capital, but we had plenty of work and we managed quite well for several years. We started in Salt Lake but then moved the operation to Ogden in 1974. We had a crew of about 28 employees at peak times. We all started out on the crew doing very hard work, but I eventually gravitated toward managing the office operation and bidding jobs. We obtained two Small Business Administration loans to increase our equipment and provide operating capital. The company was reasonably successful until the recession of 1980. At the end of that year, we had paved three large subdivisions that we were unable to get paid for – First Security Bank put liens on all the building lots and the developer went bankrupt. We owed creditors for material and had no way of paying this off. We therefore decided to bankrupt the company, sell off the equipment, and pay off the creditors. Many companies went bankrupt during this period – it was a bad time for business. By selling the equipment and collecting what receivables we could, we were able to pay off all but about \$6,000 still owed to the SBA. Since Wayco was a corporation, the partners were not liable for company debt and the SBA wrote off this amount.

I had essentially quit college in 1972 with only 12 credit hours left to graduate. However, this turned out to be advantageous. Because of increases in the GI Bill, I was able to go to school during winter quarter for many years and make money doing it. I took a lot of business, English, and social science classes. I eventually graduated in 1981 with a BS degree in Political Science. At the time I graduated I think I had about 240 quarter hours accumulated – 183 being required at that time.

In 1974, Julie, Michelle, and I had moved to a rental home in Layton and Julie became pregnant with Nathan in 1975. Shortly after Nathan was born on August 17 1976, I was 29. We bought a home in Washington Terrace a year later. Although I was working hard at business and spent long hours at work during the summer months, these were happy times. We bought a travel trailer and traveled to many places. We went camping quite often and generally had many good family experiences. Julie and I were happy, and I was quite content being a husband and father. Both Julie and I were LDS and we went to church quite often, but not on a regular basis. Because of my work schedule, it seemed that Sundays was one of the few days we could be together and go play. However, we thought it important that the children be able to have the social experiences afforded by the church, and we tried to get them involved in church activities whenever possible.



Julie, Dale, Michelle, Nathan

In 1981, after the demise of Wayco, I started working at Hill AFB. I started in the hanger as a wage grade electrician performing wiring modification on F4 aircraft. After three years doing this, I got a job as a GS-9 in the Missile Division performing duties in the Operations Office – war planning

and security. In 1988 I was promoted to GS-11 in the Aircraft Directorate Quality and Evaluation office. I worked in several different divisions performing various duties, generally in the Quality field, until 2001.

During the time I was married to Julie, from 1973 to 1988, we were generally happy. We had a few arguments, but nothing really serious. Since Michelle was essentially abandoned by her father, I adopted her in 1975. Then about 1986, when Michelle was about 15, she fell in love with a kid named Scott Darley. By the time they were 16, Darley got kicked out of his house by his mother when he missed his curfew and came home late one night – or so he tells the story. Consequently, he ended up staying with friends and doing considerable quantities of various drugs. Darley had dropped out of school and Michelle was flunking out. Education was very important to Julie and I – both of us had college degrees. Michelle and Darley had a compulsive attachment for each other that were stronger than what Julie or I could provide and they eventually got married in 1988. By that time the strain between Julie and I was severe. In 1988, Julie was working at Defense Depot Ogden (DDO) and ran into one of her old high school boyfriends. Jack, the “old boyfriend” moved in with Julie and they eventually got married. They are still married and apparently doing OK.

After the divorce from Julie my feelings were of hurt, anger, and betrayal. With a concerted effort, I managed to get over these feeling. I wallowed in self pity for a time, but I almost immediately got involved with two divorce support groups – the Baptist Church in Roy and the Weber State University Divorce Recovery group. Both of these groups really helped me to understand the dynamics of divorce – and they also provided a very good social group. We did a lot of social activities – houseboat trips to Lake Powell, skiing trips to Targee, theater excursions, and social gatherings at local pubs. This group provided a safe haven where we could hug each other. We even had pajama parties – a lot of innuendo.

In 1989, after attending the Weber State group for about ten months or so, I started dating Janet, a recently divorced mother of four, whom I met at this group. We started out slow, just socializing within the group, but after a few months we started to become attached to each other. I didn't move in with her, as I had my own apartment, but I was at her house quite often. Her children at that time were David, age 14; Beth, age 12; Steven, age 9; and Jeana, age 6. I got along well with the children and we had a lot of fun together. We went on camping trips, trips to her mother in Seattle, ski trips to Jackson Hole, raft trips down the Snake River, hiking trips to Moab, and many other activities. My son Nathan was also included in all our activities.



Clockwise: Dale, Bart, Janet, Ila (mom), Lyn, Don, Robert (dad). 1994.

Janet and I had discussed marriage, but neither of us was quite ready to make that plunge again. However, Janet was not making quite enough money to live on and was going into debt. Also, her home needed considerable repairs. In the spring of 1991, we decided to try and find a home

for both of us and then get married. We found a very nice home in Riverdale – five bedrooms, three baths, a full sized swimming pool, nice neighborhood, etc., etc. It was a bank repo and the price was very reasonable. So we decided to buy the home and get married. We would later tell the story that we bought a house and then had to get married. We were able to sell her home at a break even price and moved everybody into our new home.

For the most part, marriage with Janet was very enjoyable. Janet was very funny and we laughed a lot. The children were exceptionally smart and well behaved – with few exceptions. After we had been married a couple of years, Janet decided to return to school and get a degree in



Allan Family 1998.
Steven, Dave
Nathan, Beth, Jeana,
Dale, Janet

Computer Science. I supported her in this endeavor, although she later claimed that I was not supportive enough. She worked a full time job and then spent many hours at school and studying. This was tough, but I was also working full time and maintaining the home, several vehicles, and involved with other projects – it seems like I was always busy doing something. I also spent considerable time running children around to various activities – I was a “soccer dad.” One of the problems we had was that I don’t cook. Food to me was not nearly as important as to Janet. She liked to have full course meals at predetermined times – with all family members present. For me, grabbing a sandwich and drinking milk straight from the bottle is a fine meal.

Janet’s ex had moved to Germany when we were first married and so he was not a factor in our relationship. He was in Germany for the first few years, and then moved back to Salt Lake where the children would visit him occasionally. My ex, Julie, was also not a major factor. We actually got along quite well after the divorce. I was able to get Nathan whenever I wished and I paid full child support for several years. I only saw Michelle occasionally. She had two children and then divorced Darly. She then lived with several boyfriends and had another child, Tristen. Finally in 1998, she and her three children moved back in with Julie and Jack. She got herself straight and went back to school. At present, she is living with a guy and her children are living with Julie and Jack.

Janet had been raised in Seattle in a fairly strict LDS environment. She was married in the temple to her first husband – she met him while both were attending BYU. When she got divorced, she stopped going to church. When we got married, we would go to church occasionally – she more than I. After a couple of years, she started going very regularly, while I still only went occasionally. After about five years of marriage, Janet decided that she was going to get very religious and go back to the temple. In the LDS religion, going to the temple is sort of the defining line between being sort of religious and very religious. I was still only sort of religious, but I made an effort and started going to church on a regular basis. Pretty soon I was a primary teacher, then a Sunday School teacher, then a young men’s teacher, then a Boy Scout leader. I was making headway and really getting into it. Yet I still had hesitancy about going to the temple. I believe now that this caused significant problems with Janet. Perhaps she believed that I would never make that commitment. I’m not sure myself. In many ways I wanted to – I firmly believe in the precepts of the LDS religion. But in other ways, perhaps I questioned if I was worthy enough to make that kind of commitment.

After about eight years of marriage, Janet became very critical of many things I did. Sometimes it seemed like I could do nothing right. I was restoring my old 4-wheel drive International Scout at that time, and spent many hours in the garage just to be away from her. Of course, by ignoring her, that probably only made things worse. We went a couple of times to our Bishop for counseling, and she would list off all the things that she thought I should be doing. If I suggested some things that she should do, she would get very defensive and make it clear that only my faults were the problem. Janet had always been extremely organized, but she seemed to become compulsive about this. The linen closet was labeled with what went where, and woe be it to one who put a bath towel where a hand towel should go. Our food storage area had some metal shelves, but she wanted this area totally revised with built in shelves. I didn't really see the need for this, but my difference of opinion only made her angry. I finally built the shelves. She was always angry at something – usually me. She had threatened several times that if I didn't change my ways substantially, that I might as well leave. Of course, if I suggested that she also could change some of her ways, she wouldn't hear of that. Whatever was wrong with our marriage was all my fault.

By the middle of 2000, Janet was working in Salt Lake as a Computer Scientist for the Utah State Tax Commission working on the Y2K project. I was spending extra time at work working on a special project. I lost my Hill Field job because I had viewed explicit material on my work computer. I figured that Janet had been looking for a good reason to divorce me for at least the previous year, and now she had a very good reason. First of all however, we had to sell our home. I couldn't really move out until this was sold, and the home needed a few things done to make it more marketable. I spent a couple of months painting the outside and inside, remodeling the upper bathroom, and doing other things to make the house look better. When we listed the home, it sold very quickly for a good price. At this time I moved out to an apartment and Janet moved into a "patio home." By this time our oldest boy Dave was married and Beth was living on her own and going to college, so only Steven and Jeana were living with Janet. Steven moved out into an apartment with some friends shortly after this leaving only Jeana, now a senior in high school, living with her mother.

I see these children occasionally, but I need to make the effort to see them more frequently. They of course had to side with their mother in our differences, but I think they still love me – I was a good father to them for more than ten years. But children grow up and go their own way – and these children will be OK. Both David and Beth went on missions for the LDS church. David is in pre-med studies and will become a doctor. Beth is a senior at Weber State and will become a teacher. Steven is still undecided and in a rock band, but he will probably start college this year. Jeana is a socialite at Bonneville High School with about a hundred friends she associates with.

My own son, Nathan, age 25, graduated from Weber State in Geography with a GIS computer mapping emphasis and is now working for the USGS. He and I are still very close. We see each other often and go skiing, mountain biking, and such. Nathan has accepted me with unconditional love.

Since I had previous experience in the construction industry, I got a job with a friend who had previously worked for me and now has his own company. The money is not nearly what I was making, but it is adequate for my purposes. It seems like when Jan and I were making over \$100,000 a year between us, there was never any extra money. I don't know where it all went, but that lady did have a knack for spending money.

I have now been living alone for about six months. I haven't dated during this time nor have I felt much like it. I think that in the future I would like to start dating, but I'm not sure that I am ready for another permanent relationship at this time. I'm reasonably optimistic about the future and putting all this behind me. It will definitely be an adventure.

(March 2002)

Nathan Lee Bradshaw (son)

After dad passed away in 2006, I came across this biography he had compiled about his life. I am so grateful that he took the time to compile these memories and I take the opportunity here to share his work and finish chronicling Dale's life, and try to remember some of his unique qualities that defined him and the remarkable life that he led.

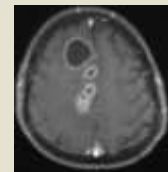
By 2004 dad was working as an excavator operator and dump truck driver but he had always talked about becoming a trucker. After completing his CDL qualifications, he began driving eighteen wheelers cross country, mostly Idaho potato's back east. He said he liked it, but that the glamour of trucking had quickly worn off. I began to wonder about these long drives, as I knew he liked to eat bowls of cereal (with milk) in his lap while driving or pull to the side of the freeway in the middle of rush hour traffic to take naps. The divorce and job loss really affected him. Dad was suffering from depression and consequently began smoking again. Really, who could blame him. By the end of 2005 he seemed to be content with life and would drop by our Condo whenever he was in town to visit and get the status on my wife Cristina's pregnancy with our first baby boy. The last thing he talked to me about at our condo before his drive east was what he could buy for the baby.

Dale really never talked to others about his own trials or ailments. I later discovered that by the beginning of 2006 dad knew something was physically afflicting him, possibly a small seizure, but failed to recognize its severity. I believe this caused a bit of depression to return. On Friday March 17, 2006 Dad left on a solo truck run to South Carolina hauling a load of french fries. Upon arriving at his destination late at night, dad was backing his trailer when, we believe, he had another seizure and suffered some memory loss and restrictive speech. He then became disoriented and backed his trailer over a small retaining wall and almost onto some railroad tracks. Some haughty local police arrived and found my dad in this disoriented condition. So what did these jackasses do. Threw him in jail, assuming he was under the influence, of what, I'll never know. Unable to verbally defend himself, a few days passed without so much as a phone call from the police. They said they were waiting for his blood tests to come back, which would have taken two weeks. Luckily after a few days, a woman at the jail figured out that something might be wrong with him and contacted Bart. It was a real blessing that Rachele, Bart's daughter, and her husband Mike, were living in North Carolina at the time and drove down and bailed Dale out of jail and cared for him for a couple days.

Back in Utah, as we got word of Dale's ordeal around the following Tuesday March 21st, Cristina and I were relieved to hear from him and were preparing to have our first baby the following Friday. So Thursday night Cristina checked into the hospital to start her induced labor. I also got a phone call that night from my dad saying he was flying home that night. He seemed in good spirits,

but lagged a bit in his answers, because of his illness. He said that “jail wasn’t too bad; the guys in there are just like you and me.” I doubt that, but I was relieved that his few days in jail were not traumatic for him. My dad was checked into the Huntsman Cancer Institute March 23rd 2006 in SLC, and I was “helping” Cristina with her labor of our first son at McKay Dee Hospital in Ogden. My dear cousin KyAnn Checketts stepped in and really became a huge support in helping us with the tangle of issues and paperwork I would soon be dealing with.

The next day Friday March 24th, dad’s doctors took an MRI. A mass was found in his left temporal lobe. A biopsy was quickly performed and their inspection indicated the presence of an advanced tumor with no chance of surgical removal. The lab results were returned the same day confirming that it was indeed a cancer called a Glioblastoma Multiforma.



Tumors clearly visible in left lobe.

Little Mason Lee Bradshaw was born Friday night March 24th 2006, 9:14 pm, weighing 7 lbs 15 oz. KyAnn waited till the next morning to inform me of the results of dad’s tests. After nearly breaking my fist on a door jam, I, well, we got through it with the help of Mason’s bright little face. My son was born quite literally the same time dad was diagnosed with cancer. Dad was in pretty rough shape when I saw him that night. His memory and speech had been dramatically affected by the cancer and swelling. He could give yes, no and very short answers to simple questions. It was weird, we could talk to him fine and he would appear to understand questions, and even begin to



formulate answers, but they would fade at the last moment leaving him confused. He would answer yes when asked if his speech was frustrating him. His right side was also becoming paralyzed. He could hold your hand with his right hand and be completely unaware that his grip was tightening. He would actually pry his own fingers off. Thankfully he still had his rich sense of humor throughout the illness, that, I’m certain would require the use of a crowbar to remove. He would bite his lip and play “thumb war” even two days before he passed away. His prognosis was six weeks without treatment and possibly a year with radiation and chemo therapy. Dale was against treatment, but I had to be selfish. Chemo pills were pretty involved, so we stopped them, but the radiation treatments he didn’t mind, and for

me they did actually feel gratifying to watch the “gun” pointed at the cancer and take a couple shots. The radiation did not slow the cancer, but dad did have a few opportunities to see and hold baby Mason. His cancer advanced quickly and Dale Lee Bradshaw passed away on the morning of April 20th 2006 at the age of 58, four weeks after his diagnosis.

The family suffered another trial when Grama Ila Bradshaw, Dale’s mother, suffering from osteoporosis, broke her hip and contracted pneumonia. I remember her telling me over the phone that she, referring to Dale, “just want to take care of him” even in her weakened condition. She was a very loving and remarkable woman. She passed away on April 1, 2006.

Dale Bradshaw, for better or worse, was good at keeping life interesting. And like any one of the hundreds of novels that dad had around his house at any given point, his life was full of wit, intellect, family bonds, love, and sacrifice. There was never a shortage of conversation when Dale was in the room. It was remarkable how he could converse with anyone about anything, whether or not it got him into a little trouble, and would follow it with a mischievous laugh and shrug. Dale was

extremely intelligent and a good critic and mentor. Critiquing the “dipsnort’s” high school English papers were his specialty growing up. Dale was a very fun dad, wrestling with the kids till someone cried mercy or just cried, and constantly coming up with fun outdoor trips and activities. A race, of any kind, was never out of the question. He was very adventurous and always in good physical condition, as he was always a better skier than I. He honestly enjoyed just a hint of danger in about everything he did. Dale loved exploring the wilderness and always had to find out where some obscure dirt road ended or why a lawn chair was sitting at the top of some remote muddy trail. It nearly always ended with us sliding off somewhere and digging that damn Scout out of something. I think he held on to the '75 International Scout because of a 'hint of danger' it provided him. Other activities he enjoyed were: reading, snow skiing, Mtn biking, horseback riding, whitewater rafting, water skiing, hunting, 4x4 driving, hiking, and camping.

Because Dale was very thrifty, local pawn shops were his weakness, and broken electronics were his specialty. He was always coming home with some bizarre device or toy to fix up. Growing up I always had to coolest toys on the block but none were without epoxy, solder, and/or wire holding it together. Dad was also very proficient in auto mechanics and DIY repair. Dale was an expert at convincing someone to teach him how to become an expert. If he couldn't fix it he would immerse himself in literature on how to fix it. Then of course, he'd explain in great detail exactly how it works and how he made it function beyond what it was intended for. He took great pride in his work. He actually got a plaque for his mechanical expertise from Hill Field that read: “Designed and Built by Dale Bradshaw.” I suspect that he was not embarrassed to receive it.

Dale will always be missed and admired in our family. He was an enormous influence on everyone in the Bradshaw family. He remained close to all his brothers throughout his life through activities like hunting, horseback riding, and searching for abandoned mines. Activities which cousin Chris and I jokingly realized were most often without any of us kids. Family was a major and critical element in Dale's life. Reunions at aunt Margo's were events that dad never missed and dearly enjoyed. Dad was a very social person. I have literally never known anyone like Dale. I think there are volumes we can learn from him and the way he interacted with others. Without a doubt, Dale Lee Bradshaw absolutely led a fascinating and adventurous life. Yo Dude. . .



Cristina and I laughed when I later found a bag of fireworks in the cab of his semi truck, presumably for baby Mason.

Family Grave Plot: Wellsville Cemetery, Cache Valley, Utah.

[West end. Coordinates: N41.64690 W111.92723 Datum: WGS84]
