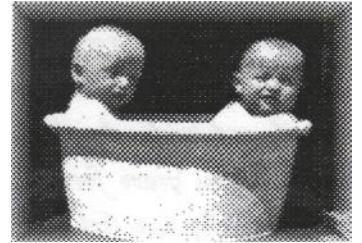


Life of Earl Isaac Jacob

In the little southern Utah town of Hinckley on a cold wintry December day. Isaac Ellis and Nellie Maude Badger Jacob became the surprised parents of twin baby boys. They were born at the home of their grandparents, Nathan Bradley and Nellie Jane Theobald Badger. The new parents had not been prepared for two babies so father had to go to their home in Sugarville for more cloths. This is the way I made my entrance into this world just fifteen minutes ahead of my brother, on the 12th day of December 1923. On February 3rd 1934, at the Sugarville ward, in the Deseret Stake.

My father gave us a name and a blessing. & even as tiny babies we didn't look much alike. I was the thin little one, while "Verl" was round and chubby. We were not identical twins, but what are called fraternal twins, twins by accident only. Only one who has been the mother of twins can know what it is to have two babies, two times the work, two times the trouble, but also two times the fun. Naturally when one would cry, so would the other one, so at night it was Father with one baby and Mother with the other one.



As we got older we led Mother a very merry-go-round kind of life, Ralph was old enough to think of things to do, and Verl and I would follow right along with him from one mischievous scrape after another. There are four of us in our family, children that is, Ralph Richard our older brother. And our baby sister, Darlene who is ten years younger than Verl, and I. Father's parents lived in Sugarville for a while two. They were Isaac and Matilda Gerber Jacob. They made quite a fuss over Verl, they said he was the cute one. This made Mother angry, and a little more protective of me. Grandfather Jacob was a rather hard and gruff man, and I was afraid of him. So when I was around him I clung to Mother. This along with the fact that I liked a little doll, made him call me a sissy. Needless to say I was never very fond of my Grandfather Jacob.

The family moved to Provo while I was still quite young. We made our home on the second farm on the east side of the Provo airport down by Utah Lake. As youngsters, we herded sheep, thinned beets, and learned the work necessary around a farm. Herding the sheep was Verl's and my job from about the time we were about five years old.



But as little boys will. We sometimes forgot the sheep and we played, the sheep didn't mind, as this left them to wander where ere they pleased. Verl and I would be completely oblivious to this until we would hear the chug-chug of a model T Ford coming in our direction. This would bring us sharply back to earth, and set us immediately in motion getting those sheep back where they belonged. It wasn't all, work though. For fun there was the lake for swimming and fishing in the summer, and ice skating in the winter, while we weren't working we spent most of our time there. We would catch frogs, carp, and just have a good old wet time. Our cousins, Forrest and Clint Jacob would come down from Salt Lake City to spend part of the summer with us sometimes and we really had some good times. Of course we weren't always in the water. Mother tells of the time



Verl and I were about four years old. The had us all cleaned up and dressed in little white sailor suits to go up town, but when she had her self-ready, she couldn't find us anywhere, we were nowhere in sight Soon after she had given up looking for us, we came in and said, look Mom, we're Niggers. We had covered ourselves with axel grease, and were we a sight, she didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or spank us, or all three. Verl and I attended Kindergarten and half of the first grade at Franklin grade school in Provo. We had to walk two and a half miles broth ways. Here I meet a little blond headed girt named Louise. I don't remember her last name, but what a strange coincident that the girl I was to meet later and make my wife was also a blond and also named Louise. The first Louise was my first girt friend, the second Louise my love. It was here at Franklin that I had my first fight. There was this bully that picked on me but I didn't want to fight. I would go home and tell my folks about it. My father told me when I came home the next day if I hadn't stuck up for myself he

would spank me. The next day the bully got me in a window box at school and I gave him one big punch in the nose and it was all over, after that we were the best of friends.

In my first grade of school, we were forced, while circumstance beyond my father's control! To move from our home on the shores of Utah lake. We moved to Orem where Father worked for one of his cousins, in return he let us live in the home on the corner of twelfth north and state street. We then moved to ten fifty four north and twelve hundred west, here father worked thirty-five acres of land that belonged to his cousin AV Watkins for fifteen years for one third of the land and the home. There was a well on the property located near the house that was about fifty five feet deep lined with cement casings, but it was dry. Dad had to dig it deeper, down to about sixty five feet deep. We had to take the sand out by rope and a bucket and lower the cement down the same way. While digging deeper, one day as we pulled the sand out with the bucket, the bail, on the bucket broke and the bracket fell, narrowly missing father, which could have been fatal. Before digging anymore the bail on the bucket was reinforced. There were many other things to do to make the place into a real home. In order to get water we had to let a bucket down into the well, and pull it back up full of water, this was really a big job on washday.

I finished my first grade at London school. And next year we attended Union school in Vineyard.

And here I finished out my grade school years. One day at school some of the guys were riding their bicycles down the steps, I thought that looks like fun, I said to myself, I guess I'd try it too. I did, but something went wrong, and I ended up with a broken arm.

I liked sports but my career as a baseball player ended one day when my glove seemed to have a hole in it, The ball was coming straight toward me, a high easy fly, I reached up to make the catch, but the ball went right through my fingers and hit me in the eye, breaking my glasses, this coupled with the fact that while living in Provo Verl accidental broke my nose with a baseball bat, convinced me that baseball. Was not for me. I never paid much attention to the game until much later when my sons started little league. I went to all of their games and enjoyed it very much.

Until I was nine years old, I never really knew what this old world around us looked like. It wasn't until my folks discovered that I need glasses. Dad used to scold me when I would hold my work so close when I would read, I never realizing that it was the

only way I could see. At school it was very difficult to distinguish things written on the chock board. People a block away were just vague shapes, When I got my glassed the world came alive for me. The leaves on the trees would shimmer and shine as they gently waved in the soft summer breeze. I could see, as well as hear the roar on the waterfall. I could look out the window and I could tell from that distance whether the person passing on the road was a man, a woman or a child. Games became more fun and that is when my school work improved greatly. I loved what my glassed did for me, but I didn't like my glasses. My frames were ugly old metal rimmed. I thought they made me the ugliest person alive. This is about when our baby sister Darlene was born. 1933



I had the usual childhood diseases, neither being any sicker or less so then any other child. I brook broke my arms, once as stated here previously, the other one about a year later, I had the usual amount of dogs and cats, rabbits, turtles, lizards, and frogs. Mother was never quite sure what she would find in our pockets on washday.

Our farm in Orem was located down in the sand hills. From this type of soil, is grown the best tasting fruit and vegetables that are produced. Our peaches were the best on the fruit market in Salt Lake City, large, sweet and juicy. Dad kept a bushel or two set aside just for tasting purpose, and he would offer each customer a half a peach as they looked the fruit over. Ours were always the first to go. Dad also took first place in the state and county fairs one year with his watermelons. Many times I went with Dad to take a load of peaches to Delta and out to Vernal. It was times of togetherness like this that a boy really learns to know and appreciate his father. I attended Junior and high school at the old Lincoln high in Orem, Utah, It was during my high school days that I meet my second Louise. Her name was Louise Omer, and although she went to school in Pleasant Grove, we both lived in Windsor ward where we both attended church. I had seen her many times before, but this time was different somehow. Although she was sitting with a group of other girls, she somehow stood apart from the rest, and I knew that she was the one for me. I didn't dream that she could feel the same, not about ugly old me with my ugly glasses, but she did. Anyway after that I was always, bumping into a little blond, to my delight. I would see her every night when I was part way through my paper route. I had a customer one house to the south of her place. I would get going so fast that I



couldn't get stopped until I got to her place. (That was my excuse) She stole my heart right from the beginning. Like she knew I was her man I knew she was to be my wife. I was attending a trade school in Provo as part of my schooling, for five month before I went to Remington Arms. I left school two months before graduation to take the job in Salt Lake. I got an apartment from my grandmother Jacob on 5th N 5th E. I would thumb my way back and forth to Salt Lake. Verl and I had half ownership in a car, so I didn't have a car. We dated until after my graduation, then we were married the day after. We rode the old interurban train to and from Salt Lake. Louise took a job at Remington arms and we both rode the bus to and from work. After a while we bought a 65 ford coupe, my sweetheart sure looked well in it. I worked at Remington arms for about a year. Then Uncle Sam said I need you. Verl was drafted about a year before and ended up in Germany. I went through the fort Douglas in Salt Lake. I did my basic training in Fort Warren Wyoming and Fort Lenard Wood Missouri. Louise was with me in Wyoming and very sick with morning sickness (what a sweetheart, she wanted to be with me no matter what). I sent her home before I went to Missouri. David was born while I was in Wyoming, I was given leave before going overseas. During that leave I needed to find some place that Louise could live. My dad was working at Geneva as a brick mason during construction and after. Louise's Dad was working in the coke ovens. My Dad and I went down to Geneva (they were building the steel plant then) and bought a shack that the construction was using for an office. Dad had a old hay wagon and we used it to transport the shack up to Omers farm and put it on the south west corner. I got electricity and water to it and heat. Then I had to report in California befor boarding ship for overseas. Louise and David went to California with me. We spent several hours together before I shipped out. Louise and David went home on the train. It took 35 days to get to the Philippines. On a top heavy ship (called a victory ship). When I was called by Uncle Sam I wanted the Navy but was turned down because I am color blind. (What did I do on the way over? I polled surface watch looking for submarines).The gave me the army (grave registration) I did get out of it in Wyoming by going to the machine shop, and they needed a machinist. I was put in the Army engineers In Manila, Philippines. I helped build the headquarters for my unit. Then I and one other were flown to Mindanao, as we were waiting for transportation at the airport. Two Navy pilots did a victory roll over the airport. One miss judged and plowed into the ground, burst on fire and ended up across a new graveyard. Later a sea plane came and flew his body out. I finally got to my outfit, a landing craft maintains unit. I worked in a mobile machine shop. A few months later the war ended in Europe, then the A bomb was dropped on Japan and the war was over. About a month later the decided that we were going to invade Japan. We boarded a LST with many other ships and headed for Japan. It's a good thing the war was over because the invasion was a flop. We set up camp by a boomed out dry dock. After a couple weeks a bunch of us took a truck and headed for Hiroshima. The closer we got the more destruction we saw in a seven mile radius around where the boom was dropped. All that was left was stumps of trees with corrugated steel raped around them like a wet rag. There was only one building left and it was cement and a steel structure all twisted out of shape. We don't want any more a balms. My Brother Ralph was on his way to Europe, and the war ended. He was then sent to Japan. He was stationed where the other boom was dropped. My twin brother Verl was in the battle of the bulge in Germany. I finally had an enough points to come home. It took 14 days because someone come down with a contagious disease, and we had to go to Hawaii for vaccine. I finely got to the good old USA through Seattle. I was then sent to fort Douglas in salt Lake to be mustered out. They gave me the opportunity to sign up but I told them NO. My sweetheart Louise met me there with David. David didn't want anything to do with me until on the way home he had to go to the bathroom, after that I was OK

I then took a little time off to get back to normal. I went down to Geneva and applied for a job as a machinist, all they had was a labor job, so I took it. I went to work in brick storage, unloading brick from a box car. We loaded brick by hand on to a roller conveyer that went from the box car in to the warehouse where someone would take them off and stack them. After that when a open-hearth furnace was to be rebuilt, we tore out brick and slag. Then an opening came up for a brick mason trainee so I took it. By the way all this time I was working for Pickas a real jerk, he just loved to make life miserable for everyone. After I left there everything was done with machinery. Then an opening came up for a machinist apprentice, boy did jump on that. We went to school every Saturday and worked in the machine shop the other four days. I just loved to go to work because I loved my job. I worked at this for 32 years. I was selected as the second best machinist in the state of Utah by governor Rampton. Any time a new machine came in I delighted in learning how to run it, such as bevel gear generator, gear hobs, metalizing equipment and etc. I designed and built a milling head for the planer that used single tools. I also designed and built a 90 degree head and a universal head for the horizontal Ingersoll Mill. Designed the table for a new horizontal mill, made out of steel slabs. I completely overhauled the Ingersoll mill. Then the bought to numerically controlled lathes and milling machine. I programmed

the mill for about four years and both the mill and lathes for one year. By then things in the steel business was looking bad. They called me in the office one day and gave me two choices. One retire two if you don't we won't guarantee that your job will be here. I retired at 62. Lewis & Roger were in the air force in Europe, Farrell was going to be there in a few months. So Lewis arranged it so we got a discount on airfare. Believe it or not I can't remember where we landed, I believe it was Germany. And Lewis met us there. We then took the train and headed down through Italy and back over to Spain. We got in to Madrid, Spain about 11:00 at night, not being able to speak the language. There were several lines to the telephones one of them English. Roger & Sandra lived in Madrid. We only had two phone numbers. My sweetheart was doing all the communication because they would just say to me "I don't understand" but when she ask they spoke perfect English. Louise had one heck of a time getting through and the telephone, but she finally did. It was the missionary's number across town. They got up and headed to Rogers and finally got him up and he came and rescued us. We stayed there for a few days, then Roger took us by car up to Lewis's in Germany. When it was time to come home, we went to the airport and the outfit we flew with was closed. Lewis went in to Frankfurt to consult them, they said the flight had been canceled. After several tries we finally made it home. SEE AMERICA FIRST. Louise and I worked in the Provo temple for five years until her back got so bad we had to quit. Her health continued to get worse. Congestive heart failure, primary arterial hypertension, which caused fluid on her lungs that killed her July 15, 2007. I am not the same without her. She is ninety percent of my life. I will live on until the day I will be with her again. Someone else will have to finish this after I am gone.