



CHARLES STERLING BEAN

1897 - 1992

Charles Sterling Bean was the fourth child and second son born to Emilia Hardy Bean. "Stake" was born April 15, 1897 in Provo, Utah. His mother was the plural, second wife of James W. Bean.

He was preceded in the family by his sister Josephine Olive, born in 1886, a brother, James Horace, born in 1890 and his other sister, Elfie born in 1892. The family would be completed with the subsequent arrivals of the two younger brothers, Milo in 1898 and Marcus Hardy in 1901.

We don't know exactly when Charles Sterling acquired the nickname, "Stake", But he told his son Bob how it came about. Early on he went by "Sterling" and his friends began shortening Sterling to "Sterk" and soon Sterk evolved to "Stake".

Stake graduated from B.Y. High School in 1918. That spring World War I was raging and America entered the war, declaring war on Germany on April 6, 1918. After graduation Stake enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. After basic training, where earned a "sharpshooter" rating, he was sent to France with the American Expeditionary Force, (A.E.F.). The Americans saw their first major action in June of 1918.

While serving in France Stake was wounded by shrapnel which caused the loss of his left thumb. The wounding took place on November 11, 1918 just hours before the Armistice took effect, on the eleventh hour of the eleventh month of 1918.

Stake returned to Provo after discharge from the Marines and attended B.Y. Academy studying Accounting. He also considered a career in Law, taking courses by correspondence. His son Bob remembers seeing his father reading "Blackstone" books on the Law.

At one point during his time at B.Y. Academy, Stake and some of his friends were temporarily suspended from classes for attending a dance at the "Utahna" dance hall. He didn't tell his mother. During the suspension he left home each day as though going to class. On November 22, 1922 Stake married Susan Alfreda Nuttal. They had three children, Robert Sterling, born September 5, 1923, Donna, born April 13, 1926 and Charles Edward, born June 3, 1933.

In 1926 Stake suffered an injury that, like his missing thumb, would impact his life. One day he was in front of his car "cranking" it, (the way most cars were started in those days) when he saw a large Buick sliding, out of control, coming right at him. He jumped up onto the hood of his car trying to avoid the oncoming Buick. One leg however, didn't quite get high enough and his lower leg was crushed between the bumpers of the two cars.



He spent a year in the hospital recovering. It was a wonder that the Doctors were able to save the leg. However between the knee and ankle of the leg there was little but bone. In

addition, the Achilles tendon had contracted significantly and the Doctors were unable to stretch or lengthen it. It was shortened to the point that his heel was pulled up and his foot pointed downward to such a degree that he had to walk on toe or ball of his foot. This resulted in a pronounced limp throughout the remaining years of his life. As was typical of Stake he accepted the situation and adapted well.

Stake began a career as an Accountant During the great depression he had his own business providing accounting services for many clients, including Shell Oil Co. and Knight Investments Co. Perhaps seeking a more dependable source of income, or maybe just expanding his horizons and interests, Stake made changes in his employment. The exact dates could not be determined for each of the following positions, but they apparently came in the following sequence. He served as Deputy County Clerk of Utah County; then as the Provo City Treasurer. After this service Stake took employment with the U. S. Postal Service. While with U.S.P.S. he was in line to be named U.S. Postmaster. But these were the days when such appointments were highly political and the appointment went to another because Stake was a Republican, the wrong party at the time.

After many years working inside Stake decided he would like to work outside the office and he transferred to the R. F. D. (Rural Free Delivery) department of the Postal Service. He remained with R. F. D. until he retired in 1963 at age 66. Stake was an avid golfer and loved the game. Despite his missing thumb and his injured leg he was an excellent golfer. On one occasion he and his son Bob, who preferred tennis, teamed up in a Father-Son tournament and won the trophy. Stake scored three of four "holes in one" in his career. One time, neither he nor those he was playing with saw exactly where his ball landed. They looked all around the green without success, finally someone thought to look in the cup and there it was. He had his hole in one but didn't have the pleasure of seeing the ball go in. As he grew older Stake suffered from macular degeneration as did his sister Elfie and brothers Milo and Marc. To compensate for his diminished vision. he painted the tips of his golf clubs white to be better able to line up his shots. I had two memorable experiences with my uncle Stake on the golf course. He often played with my father and sometimes I would tag along. One time I was playing too and was on the green getting ready to putt when Stake stopped me saying I shouldn't have to putt with such an old ball

He handed me a brand new ball to use. I was delighted and lined up the shot with great care. As I hit the ball it rolled erratically all over the green. I had been given a trick ball weighted off center so it couldn't roll in a straight line. He and had had a good laugh at the look of dismay on my face. Another time, just after uncle Stake teed off his ball was flying right at the green, as usual, when as the ball had slowed to a roll, a seagull swooped down picking the ball up in its bill and



taking off toward the green. Uncle Stake shouted at the bird and it dropped the ball as if on cue and it rolled to a stop about fifteen to twenty yards closer to the hole. Uncle Stake was accused of having trained the bird. Throughout his married life Stake maintained a bountiful garden. He

found great satisfaction in making things grow and in generously sharing the harvest with his neighbors and family. He was equally generous with his time and talent. He was the gardening consultant and helping hand to the whole neighborhood, always ready to answer questions, pass along what he had learned, and to assist anyone who needed help. It was said that while he had only one thumb, it was a green one. Among my fond memories, both of childhood and later years are those of being at our home at 542 N. 1st. E. when Mother's brothers came to visit. For many years they would bring their families, park in our back yard and all walk the block to University Avenue to watch the 4th of July parade. Then all would come back for home-made ice cream and cookies and visiting. In later years the brothers would often drop over to see their sister. In addition it seemed that many birthdays among them were celebrated at our house. The conversations were fascinating and it was fun to listen to the reminiscing and stories. When Uncle Marc moved back west the four surviving siblings, Elfie, Stake, Milo and Marc were together, Josephine having passed away on July 18, 1931 and Horace on January 28, 1974.

Uncle Stake was not always the most talkative, but what he did say was worth listening to.

Charles Sterling Bean died on November 26, 1992 at the age of 95, rejoining Aunt Freda who preceded him in death six years earlier on January 28, 1986.

He is missed.

Richard R. Boyle

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