

Elva's Story



Elva Eugenie Hales

I was born in Salt Lake City while my family lived in Clear Creek. Mom went to Salt Lake for awhile so that she could have some help with Monte while I was being born. Soon after we returned to Clear Creek. Before I was two years old we moved to Salt Lake and have remained there since. Grandma and Grandpa



Elva

Hales and Aunt Fern also lived in Salt Lake at this time. My parents had moved from the mining camps in Carbon County to escape the life associated with the coal mines and to provide a better environment to raise their family. We lived in this house for a couple of years.

My earliest memories go clear back to when Uncle Edgar's first wife died in 1933 and I was only two years

old. When she died Uncle Edgar came to Grandma and Grandpa Hales home over on Gale Street with some suitcases. He felt real bad – I know he felt real bad. He had things in the suitcases that belonged to his wife. He was giving them to people and he gave me a little round dish. I thought it was real neat. Later I found out it was just one of those souvenir dishes from Price that had the Carbon County courthouse on it.

Soon after that we moved from the house on American Avenue where Ken and I were born a block north and a half block east to Washington Street. Charlene Holmes lived on the corner and was my friend when we lived there. We called her "chickie." In one of the other small houses near us on Washington Street

the Updyke family lived.

On Washington Street there was a lady that was deaf and dumb that babysat for us. She couldn't talk but she taught us all how to say, "bread and jam" in sign language. We lived in back of a house on Washington Street in a small house and she lived next door. She was a very nice lady. We would hold one hand flat and use our other hand like we were cutting something. Then we would hold one hand flat and use the other hand like we were buttering something. That's the only thing I can remember about her, but I believe she probably taught all of us a little more about how to communicate with her.

About 1934 there was an earthquake while we lived on Washington Street. I was laying in mom and dad's bed and thought it was real big because I was so little. Mom was cooking something in the kitchen and daddy was outside. The house started shaking and the bed started jumping up and down and I said, "Oh, momma, what's that?" She said, "Oh, it's your dad up on the roof." She thought it was. She wasn't a bit scared through that earthquake, she really thought it was dad doing something.

Then Earl and Verl Curtis were born. I remember when the twins were born because dad was called next door to the phone. When he come back he said to mom, "Vesta's had twin boys and they're so little that you can put them in the sewing machine drawers." It took a while before mom believed that Vesta really did have twins.

We needed more room than we had on Washington Street so daddy bought the house on American Avenue. He took us all over there to see it before we moved in. It was a real small house but because we were so little it looked big. It was arranged so goofy.

It had a pantry off the kitchen – the part that daddy turned into the basement stairway. The pantry had a little railing that came out into the kitchen and every time you tried to go outside the back door you would end up in the pantry. He did a lot to it before we moved in because when we moved in the railing was gone.

After we moved into the house on American Avenue daddy completely rebuilt it. He lowered all the ceilings and plastered them. When the trains came by all of the plaster fell down on the floor and we had to haul it out in buckets. Then he put sheetrock on the walls.

Next door to our home was a large lot with a house and a barn that belonged to the Ballard's. We were told to keep out of the barn because there was a coyote in it, but we went in anyway. We just stayed away from where the coyote was. We used to wander around in the barn and jump out of the second story window or loft door in the back. The Ballard property came to within a few feet of the west side of our house.

Later daddy agreed to tear down the barn and stack all of the boards up in exchange for enough property on the west side of our house to put in a driveway and make a garage. That moved our property line to about fifteen feet to the west of our house. While tearing the barn down, old Grandpa Hales and I were up on the roof throwing the shingles off. Daddy saw me and he said, "Elva, you get down here on the ground." So I got down on the ground. I leaned over to pick up a board and Jack Labbe stepped on the other end. The board flipped up and cut my forehead up through my eyebrow. It started bleeding like crazy. We had no car so daddy had to take me to the doctor's office to get my head sewed up on the bus with a towel

wrapped around my head because it was bleeding so much. I told daddy it was because he made me get on the ground. All of us helped with the tearing down of the barn and stacking the lumber up.

When I was young I was a little precocious. I know that Grandpa Hales was quite cautious with me. I don't think he knew what I was going to pull next so he kind of kept watching me. He didn't turn his back to me. I didn't know whether he liked me very well or not.

By this time Grandma and Grandpa Hales had moved to Gale Street a little south of Ninth South Street. The Wiley's lived on the corner of Gale Street and Ninth South. Next to them on the south was the two story red brick home owned by the Hansen family where Aunt Vera and Uncle Alfred lived. Grandma Burgess lived behind the Hansen home with Aunt Fronie. Next to the Hansen home was a triplex. For a while Grandma and Grandpa Hales lived in the north part of the triplex with Aunt Fern. Aunt Marguerite and Uncle Ferron lived in the middle of the triplex. Aunt Marguerite had a sister named Elva that used to come and stay with them when they lived in the triplex.

When I was real little I would go to mom with a newspaper and tell her that I was going to make my doll a dress. I would hand her the newspaper and some scissors and ask her to cut me out a pattern. Mom cut out the pattern and I grew up thinking that was the way that you did things.

When I was in the first grade Aunt Emma and her two children, Pauline and Jack, moved in with us. Aunt Emma worked and mom tended the kids for her. Mom sewed all of our clothes and Pauline and I were dressed alike quite a bit. All four of us, Pauline and Jack and Monte and I took dancing lessons. Pauline

and Jack did quite well, but Monte and I didn't really like them. When Grandma and Grandpa Hales had their fiftieth wedding anniversary, we had a party for them. Karl Quilter and I were dressed as a bride and groom and marched down the aisle. I gave the flowers to grandma. Afterwards Pauline and I did a tap dance.

After a while Aunt Emma moved into the Hansen home and Aunt Vera and Uncle Alfred moved to a little house on Sixth South. It always seemed like no matter who lived in the Hansen home, whether it was Karl Quilter or Pauline and Jack Labbe, that we had a telephone and they didn't. They always came over to use our telephone. First it was Karl that would come over and later it was Jack so we saw them quite often. Karl was two years older than I was and I saw him quite a bit. I don't remember a lot about them when they were young except that Charles was always drawing pictures. He was a real artist. I went to school with Karl so I saw him more.

Later Aunt Marguerite and Uncle Ferron moved down to Seventeenth South and I used to go there to tend Blaine all the time. Aunt Marguerite used to have a cake every time we went there. She baked one every day. Uncle Ferron used to joke, "The first day that she doesn't bake me a cake, out she goes." Uncle Ferron liked his desserts. After Aunt Marguerite and Uncle Ferron moved to Springville I kind of lost track of them.

Aunt Fern was always my favorite aunt. She had a sense of humor and she was always the one I liked the best. I thought the world of Aunt Fern. When we were little she used to baby tend us and she would sit and make up stories. She would sit for hours if you wanted her to and she would make up stories as she went along. They were Alice in Wonderland type stories with everything thrown in. And she would scrub your

face so hard that she would take all of the skin off of it. If you'd get dirty you had to get cleaned because she wanted you all nice and clean. But she would take the time to sit and play with you when she tended and she would tell you stories. She was always my favorite aunt and I just didn't go for the ones that didn't treat her well.

Monte started school while we lived on Washington Street, but I started after we moved to American Avenue. I kind of remember school. I remember first grade better than kindergarten. I did not like my first grade teacher, Mrs. Allen. That's probably why I still remember her. I remember Mr. Limb. We had a play at school and he played, "Peck's Bad Boy." He was the mean little kid with the black eye. The school teachers put on the play and did all of the acting. Little Lord Fauntleroy was played by Mr. Arbogast, the principal.

Mrs. Marshall was the music teacher. She was a good music teacher and always had a bugle corps that played for the flag to go up and down at the school. Monte was in the bugle corps when the children's monument, the city and county building flag pole, was put up. He played for that ceremony. I was never a musical person. I can't carry a tune. Whenever I walked into Mrs. Marshall's class she would say, "Elva, do you have a paper and pencil with you today?" If I said that I did she would take it away from me and put it on her desk. She would tell me that I could have it when the class was over. I wouldn't sing. I'd sit and draw pictures all the way through the class. She was one of the few teachers that wouldn't let me draw pictures. Then there was the art and science teacher, Mrs. Bridwell.

I have this little footstool that is made out of

evaporated milk cans that Wendy thinks is really neat. It is also a booster chair. One can is in the middle and a couple of rows of cans surround it. It is about six inches high and is covered with a little bit of padding and some cloth. I made it when I got Tiffany. One of the few things that I can remember about my Grandma and Grandpa Hales is that they always had one of those booster seats or footstools made out of cans. Grandma used Sego milk cans. She used it as a booster on a kitchen chair so that the little kids could sit up to the table. We used to put it on the floor and play with it. We used it when we had some of grandma's homemade bread and jam. Oh that jam she made, it was kind of apple – apple jelly, it was delicious.

Do you remember when we used to get the keys to my dad's shop and go out there and use the power tools? He would get mad. He would hide that key and we would find it before he would get to the bus stop. He'd leave to go someplace and tell us not to go into the shop. We would say that we wouldn't. He would start going down the street and we'd start looking for the key and we'd have it found and we'd be out there running his power tools before he got on the bus. He would let us use them when he was there. He just didn't want us to use them when he wasn't there. I used to make wooden shoes. They were like what is called "thongs" now, only instead of going between your toes they would just be a flat board cut out like your foot with a strap across the toes. I always made wooden shoes. We used to help daddy make screen doors. I used to make the oblong holes with the drill press with that special bit. Ken, Monte and daddy would put them together and put the screen on them.

I can remember the day Monte got his bicycle for

Christmas. That was funny. Daddy hid it under his coat in the bedroom next to the living room. The bedroom was so small that the bike and bed seemed to take up the whole room. Monte looked so disappointed when he couldn't find a bicycle for Christmas. Then daddy asked him to fetch him his coat because he was cold. Monte got the coat and then started playing with his new toys again. After a few minutes daddy said he was too hot and asked Monte to put his coat back on the rocking chair in the bedroom. Monte put the coat in the bedroom and got half way back into the living room before he realized that he had gotten a bike.

Because we lived near the fields there always seemed to be black widow spiders living in the corners of the house. Sometimes they would get inside. We used to light a match and burn them up. Once Ken tried to torch one in the house and caught the curtains in the living room on fire. The curtains were gone so fast we didn't even have time to react to what was happening.

Nikki was born while we lived on American Avenue. When Mr. Drury saw Nikki he said, "If I didn't know better I'd think I was just watching Elva grow up all over again." Apparently we looked quite a bit alike.

I was the railroad track guard. Not necessarily because I spent all my time watching the railroad tracks but because all the little kids that ended up on our side of the tracks. When they'd start going up the street and get too close to the trains I had to go up there and get them down or stop them. I can remember when that littlest Johansen got up there by the track with a stick. The train was going real slow and he was letting the stick hit the train. I yelled at him to get off the track. I don't know if he could understand me but he didn't move so I marched out. I

walked up there, grabbed him by the shoulder, flipped him around and booted his little seat end with my foot. I looked up and there was his mother and I really felt stupid. She didn't say anything though because he shouldn't have been up there by the train. I don't know if he didn't understand me or he felt like he didn't have to listen because I really wasn't that old either. I was just a teenager, about fifteen or sixteen. All the kids had to be kept off the track if they were on our side. Ours was the last house and we made sure that they stayed off the tracks or that they didn't get too close to the train when it was there. I really had to keep a lot of kids from going up there.

I ran around with Barbara Luckau a lot. Then as I got a little older I ran around with Trudy Vermaat. She was Dutch. Then there was Catherine Kammerman and Beverly Jones. The Joneses lived in the same house where the Diamonds lived. The Diamonds were first because I ran around with Beverly Jones when I was in my teen years.

Aunt Fern wanted to visit Aunt Leona for a few weeks and I went with her on the train to help her with her kids. We were kind of out in the country at Spokane, not downtown, so I just remember talking about the Second World War ending as we sat on the front porch. I was fourteen years old when the war ended. I was in Spokane, Washington, two weeks before my birthday. So the war ended in August of the year I was fourteen.

I must have been quite a bit like my dad because sometimes we clashed a bit and Monte would stick up for me. I was kind of a tom-boy; you know that. I put that long rope swing up in the tree. We used to have the whole neighborhood over there all the time. Then we made those dugouts. When I was learning to drive

the first time, daddy went with me and let me drive on that road through the field. He thought I was going to drive into one of those dugouts, one of those holes, and he would never ride with me again. The next time he let me take the car he told me he would wait. He thought I'd wreck with him in there so he wouldn't go with me. It was because I scared him going through the field on that little dirt road that went there. I remember the first time he let me take the car. He said, "Here's the keys. Why don't you take a ride?" So I took a ride and I went up to Second West. I was afraid to go out on Second West because it was a busy street so I tried to back up, turn around and come back. I backed into a tree. So I walked back and told him that the car was down at the corner against a tree.

I was very happy on American Avenue. I just think it was a real neat place to grow up.

One of the sad things that I think of now is that I really wish I had gotten to know Grandma and Grandpa Hales better, especially Grandpa Hales. I got acquainted with Grandma Hales, but it never ever seemed like I was that close to Grandpa Hales. Actually, now that I get reading the family history, he is the one that fascinates me the most. In all the history he's the one that I wish that I had known. Grandpa was too quiet.

I remember some good parties they used to have over at Grandma Burgesses home. It would just start out with a little family gathering. George Owens would get out his concertina, and sometimes Uncle Alfred would be there playing the piano. They would start in just a whooping it up with their little band. It really was fun.

In our younger years, before we were teenagers, we used to have those big Fourth of July celebrations

at Clear Creek. Practically the whole town would get out in the square in the middle of town and have really good, great big parties. We would have to go stay a couple of days because of the distance when we went to Clear Creek to see Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson. There was a water tower up on the hill where we used to hike all of the time. We really liked to go hiking up in the hills back of Grandpa Pettersson's house. It was a real, real treat when we got to go there. I got a wood tick in my head while at Clear Creek when I was little. It was up in the back of my head, and daddy picked it out with his pocket knife. Later, when we were a little bit older, Grandma and Grandpa Pettersson moved to Price. Then we used to go there and spend a couple of weeks with them on our own during the summer.

I met Jackie Brundle (formerly King) when we visited our grandparents in Price. She lived next door to them then, and she is still one of my best friends. We've been friends now for many years. When some important event happens in each of our families we see each other. When she first moved to Salt Lake I think I saw her every single day, but I don't see her as often as I'd like to now. Our first three kids are all the same ages: Wendy and Nancy, Linda and Kay, and Kathy and Sharon.

We used to go to church every single Sunday and pass Potts Drug Store on the way. On the way home we always stopped. We would have a sundae or a cherry-coke, whichever we had enough money for. They had one of those old soda-fountains. Vern Potts owned the store and his son was Tommy.

I don't remember when Don and Que were born, but when Que was young he was always getting hurt. Once when I was tending him he went out in the field

and fell down running a rusty wire into his hand. After that he burned his feet jumping into a pile of leaves that was smoldering. His tennis shoes caught fire.

Bill Marcroft went to school with me and I used to double date with him and now we see him on the news all the time. He was in all of the school plays. There was a play about a German boy right after the Second World War called, "Tomorrow the World." Skip Holmeyer came in for the play which was done at the Lyric Theatre. He still plays in the movies at times but he was just a young man then. Bill Marcroft played the Polish Boy. After that he was always going to be a movie star. I've always thought that it was kind of neat that of all the people that I knew when they were younger that he came fairly close to being what he wanted to be. He's not exactly a movie star but he does the news well. Some people never even get close.

After Julie was born and was only a couple of weeks old, when I was sixteen, mom got a blood clot. Mom was sitting at the bottom of the stairs when we went to bed that night and when we got up the next day she was still sitting at the bottom of the stairs. She called to us to get up, told us to get ready for school and sat in that chair all the time we were getting ready. She told me to go to school and I told her that I thought I'd stay home. She said, "No, you're going to school." I said, "Are you going to get up out of that chair and make me?" She said, "No, I'm not." So I stayed home.

When the others had left for school Lativida "Tivi" Ortega came by and called for me to go to school. I hardly ever walked to school with Tivi Ortega, but this one day she came by. I said, "I'm not going to go." She said, "Okay, I won't go either." She came in the house and we called the doctor. Mom was sitting where she

could reach the phone so she talked to the doctor to tell him what the problem was. I didn't know what the problem was, just that there was a problem. When I got on the phone he told me to put her in bed and prop her up on pillows and not let her move.

Tivi Ortega lived on Second West (now Third West) in a white house across the street from Potts Drug Store at Eighth South. I never walked to school by her house, it was out of the way, and it was very seldom that I even saw her. She had a little brother that used to get in our way. He was a little boy that got a "get away" or "get lost" from me. Now I work with that little boy's wife. Tivi was younger than me, but every once in a while we would be in the same crowd. It was real odd that she stopped by that day.

The bedrooms were all upstairs. Tivi and I went upstairs and took a bed apart and hauled it downstairs. We put it up in the front room and put mom in bed. We didn't hardly let her move at all, but we got her in bed and propped her up on pillows. About ten minutes after we got her in bed the doctor came to the house and called the ambulance and took her to the hospital. She was there about a month. Charles and Leola moved in with us to take care of Julie and the family while mom was in the hospital.

When I was about sixteen mom worked cleaning offices at night. After school I met her at the bus stop and talked for a few minutes before going home to tend Nikki and Julie and helping to fix dinner with Dad. Sometimes Monte would go with mom to help her.

Eunice Brown lived in the end house that was south through the field from our house and around the corner from Third West (Now Fourth West}. She was engaged to Glen Norman. I met Glen at her house. I went out with Glen's brother, Leonard, a few times

before Eunice and Glen broke up. Then I went out with Glen.

While going to high school I worked for awhile at Engh Floral. When I was a senior in high school I worked for a half day at the state capitol building with Uncle Charles. We wrote receipts for business licenses that were being renewed. Now that is all done on the computers. After graduation I worked for Purity Biscuit packing cookies. I didn't work there too long. Then I became an elevator operator at the Hotel Utah. Once I took up George Albert Smith, the prophet of the church, in my elevator. That's where I was working when I got married. My father-in-law worked there too. He was a cook in the coffee shop in the hotel for forty-five years.

I graduated from high school when I was just sixteen. I graduated in May when I was sixteen and the following August I had my seventeenth birthday. At the end of grade school, the seventh and eighth grades were combined and called the articulating unit. You went from the sixth grade into the articulating unit and then you went right into the ninth grade. A year of school was skipped. The kids were getting out of school at too young an age so the next year the seventh and eighth grades were separated. Ken had to take them both.

I got married at home when I was seventeen. Mom was really nervous because right after the ceremony there was going to be a family dinner at our house that she prepared and she knew that Glen's dad was a cook. Mom didn't like to cook because she didn't feel that she did it very well. She cooked because she had to feed the family, not because she enjoyed it. But she really liked to sew. She did a lot of hand work and could do all of the hand work crafts. I took a ceramics class with her and also a class where we learned how to make

paper flowers.

When we first got married we had a little 1936 Ford coupe with a rumble seat. I took it one day when Glen was at work and Eunice Brown and I went around in it and broke an axle. We had it towed to my dad's house. While it was there the wind came up and broke a limb from the tree next to where it was parked and the limb came down through the roof. There was an attempt to rebuild the engine and fix the roof at the same time but the car never ran after that.

After Glen and I were married we lived in a little apartment on Vine Street. We were married on a Friday night because we only had Saturday and Sunday for a honeymoon. Glen had to be back to work on Monday. Leonard and all his friends used to think it was great that we had an apartment and they used to come up and party all the time. Then Wendy came along.

Our apartment was at the other end of the bus line from mom and I would tend Nikki and Julie every Tuesday and Thursday. Mom put them on the bus at her end and called me on the phone. Then I would go get them off at my end. I tended them until after Linda was born.

We had lived there about a year and a half when Wendy was born on Memorial Day. Mom told me to be sure and tell her when I went to the hospital. I told her that I would but I didn't. She tried to call me on Memorial Day and when I didn't answer the phone she told Daddy that she knew I was in the hospital and for him to take her up there. He said, "Well, we've got to go up to the cemetery anyway, so on the way back we will look to see if we can see their car." They went to the cemetery and drove past the hospital on the way back. They saw the car so they stopped. When they

got to the elevator the door opened and there was my doctor. My doctor said, "Hello, grandma," and it was all over. While I was still in the recovery room and I was starting to wake up, I could hear my mother saying, "I knew she was going to do this. I knew she was going to do this." I thought, "I wonder how she got up here because I didn't tell her." Daddy said, "That was the easiest one that I ever had." He didn't have time to worry about it, pacing around up there at the hospital, because he didn't know about it.

We had Linda about a year later. She was a premature baby, really thin and skinny and my mother worried about her all the time. There was really never anything wrong with her but mom worried about her. We still lived up on Vine Street when we had Linda. We moved to an apartment on Twenty-third East shortly after Linda was born.

Grandpa Hales died the first year that I was married in October of 1949. Glen had just left for a deer hunting trip. It was a Saturday and Monday would have been their sixty-third wedding anniversary.

After Bert came back from Saudi Arabia he brought some records of guitar music and a musical instrument used by the people in that area. It was a hollowed out gourd with a skin over it and about three strings. He let us take the records. Later, he wanted to come out to our house and pick them up. He called daddy and asked him how to get to our house. Daddy told him that you headed up Mill Creek canyon and the first road you came to on the right you took and went on up and over the hill clear back up in the mountains and that's where we lived. After wandering around for about two or three hours on the east side of town, Bert finally found a telephone and called us to ask where we lived.

I can always remember Bert because he bought a house and they had to move it. He had the foundation put in and they moved this old house north of 3500 South, on the road just past the KDYL radio station antenna, near his in-laws, the Lowes. When they got it out there he had to put all the windows in so he called our house and asked daddy which side of the windows you put the putty, the inside or the outside? Daddy told him you always put the putty on the inside so the birds won't peck it out. Bert put all the windows in the house backwards. I don't know why he always believed daddy when he told him all that stuff.

After Aunt Fern and Uncle Michael were divorced, Aunt Fern went funny. She told me that she couldn't go out of the house because if she went out Michael would get in and then she would be on the outside and he would be on the inside. So she had to stay on the inside so he couldn't get in there. It was perfectly logical when she would tell you.

Daddy built a new home in Rose Park and I rented the old house. After we moved out Daddy sold the old house to Becky Florez and about two months later we had a flood in Salt Lake and it was flooded. There was too much water for the storm sewers that year so they channeled the water down Thirteenth South. They didn't have time to sandbag it all the way to the Jordan River so the houses on the west side of the train tracks were flooded. Some of the people lived in the Fifth Ward meeting house until the area finally dried out.

Afterwards Daddy was made guardian of Fern and all of the boys. He went and got her and brought her home and she stayed at our house for awhile but it was too hard on the family so they put her in a nursing home. He was guardian for all of the boys, but Kempton was the only one that was living with him.

Fern rented us her house. We paid the rent to daddy and he made the payments on the house. Kathy was born while we lived in Aunt Fern's house on White Avenue. She was six months old when the accident occurred.

After the accident Glen and I went to Reno to be with Nikki and Daddy. While we were there in the hospital, daddy was given a blessing. I reached out and took hold of his toe and he shook my hand off. I took hold of it again and held on while he was given the blessing. I knew that the blessing didn't take because I didn't feel anything. While they were giving Nikki her blessing I took hold of her toe and I felt the blessing so I knew that Nikki would get better and that daddy wouldn't.

After the accident Nikki came to live with us. Ken brought her bed tied on the top of his car. She came home from the hospital on my birthday, the twenty-fourth of August in 1954.

They didn't tell Aunt Fern when dad and mom died in the accident. That was what part of the problem was. One day she left the nursing home and went down to daddy's house. By that time Monte had already sold it to Thomas Pettersson. When she got down there nobody was home. She asked the neighbors where Frank was and they told her that Frank had got killed and she didn't believe them. They found her at the cemetery looking for the tombstone. Dad was one of the few that always treated her well. I thought that she should have been told.

Not too long after that Aunt Fern died. They went in to get her up for breakfast and she told them that she wasn't ever getting up again. They thought that she was just tired and she was going to sleep in, so they left her and went out. When they came back to

wake her up for lunch she was dead.

After Kempton grew up he came to see me when we lived up on Twenty-seventh East. We only had girls in our home and Glen wanted to have him live with us. He got along fine with him.

Nikki started school at Libby Edwards while we still lived on White Avenue. I kept Nikki in Libby Edwards for awhile. I would take her to school and pick her up. I would keep telling Nikki that if I was a few minutes late for her to go over to where we used to live on White Avenue to Mrs. Hoffman's who lived next door. She had always walked home before. One night I was late and instead of walking home she sat there and cried. She was sitting right by where you would leave the school yard crying because we had forgotten her. I was only five minutes late or something.



Nikki Mae Hales

When Nikki was in the fourth grade at Libby Edwards they gave her an IQ test as they often do with fourth grade students. I don't know too much about IQ tests, how accurate they are or anything, but they gave the test to Nikki and then they called and wanted me to come over. I went over to talk to them and they told me that Nikki had the highest IQ in the class and they wanted to know if there was any difference from before the

accident to after the accident. I know that they wanted to know if she had gotten smarter all of a

sudden. I just told them, "Oh, she has probably slowed down some, but not much."

Not too long after the accident we moved into our new home at 2710 East 4135 South. We transferred Nikki from Libby Edwards to Morningside elementary school. Across the street from our house lived a photographer for the Deseret News named Jones and he took Nikki up to the University to model for a photography class he was teaching. In exchange he did her portrait. She went up there and just sat around while they took her picture all night and then she got the pictures.



Nikki

Glen always bought things in multiples. Once we had twenty parakeets in our basement at one time. The parakeets didn't last too long because I think he was getting a little bit allergic to them. He was forever buying things. Then he got the tropical fish. He built a room in the basement and put fish aquariums in the walls around the room. He really liked that. They stayed there for quite a while. Finally we changed that room into a bedroom because the girls were growing up.

Just before Linda was born Glen started playing in a band. He played weekend nights, Fridays and Saturdays. During the day he was a plasterer and then on weekends he would play in the band. When more kids arrived, we needed more money so he started



The Norman Family

Nikki Mae Hales
Linda, Glen, Elva, Wendy
Kathy, Eugenie

playing six nights a week. He worked a good amount of the time. He was gone all day, then he came home between six-thirty and eight at night and then he was gone again. I had a lot of freedom. I got quite used to being by myself. During the times when he would quit playing for the band it was hard on me to have him around all of the time.

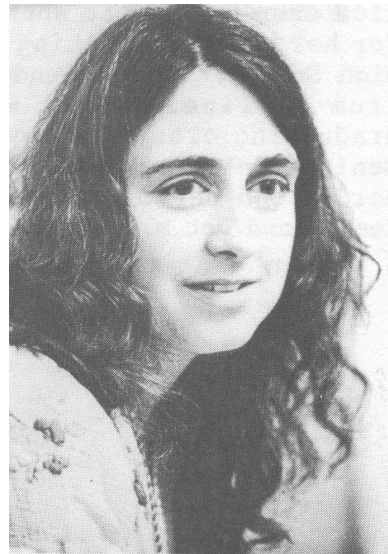
Glen has a beautiful voice. We used to have bands up there all the time practicing and he used to record in the basement. I think I had every cowboy singer from Salt Lake at one time or another in my house recording. For a while, I learned how to play the bass and played

on some of the recordings, but not too long. I didn't like it. Once I played with Glen's sister and her husband at their Elder's Quorum party at their ward. I was so scared standing up there in front of all those people that I never played again in public.

One Sunday morning when Wendy was fifteen years old, she was sitting in the kitchen practicing singing while we were still in bed. It was really pretty. We had to get up and go see who was singing because we had never heard her sing and didn't know she could. She has a really good voice. One Sunday morning she told me she was going to get in the concert choir when she went to high school. She plays the guitar real well too. She was always walking through the house with her guitar in her hands.

Even though her dad plays the guitar, he didn't teach Wendy how to play it. Nikki had a friend that was a banjo player. He taught Wendy how to play her guitar so she learned a different style than her dad. She finger picks and he plays western music.

Linda plays all of the instruments. She knows music because she majored in music at college for three years. Then she quit college because she had a chance to apprentice as an instrument maker. She thought she might like that better and she does real well at it. Right now she is doing miniatures of instruments but she has done the full size ones too. She doesn't sing as much as Wendy. She has a good voice



Linda Norman

but it is more of a backup type to sing with somebody.

Eugenie and Kerri were born when we lived on Twenty-seventh East. While we lived there I went to beauty school. Nikki graduated from high school and got married. After Barry was born, I tended him for Nikki so that she could go to beauty school.

Just before Wendy graduated from high school Glen and I were divorced and I moved to Thirteenth East and Thirty-third South with the girls. Linda was a senior and so we took her to school every day so she could graduate from Skyline High School. After she graduated Wendy went to San Francisco and a little later Linda joined her.

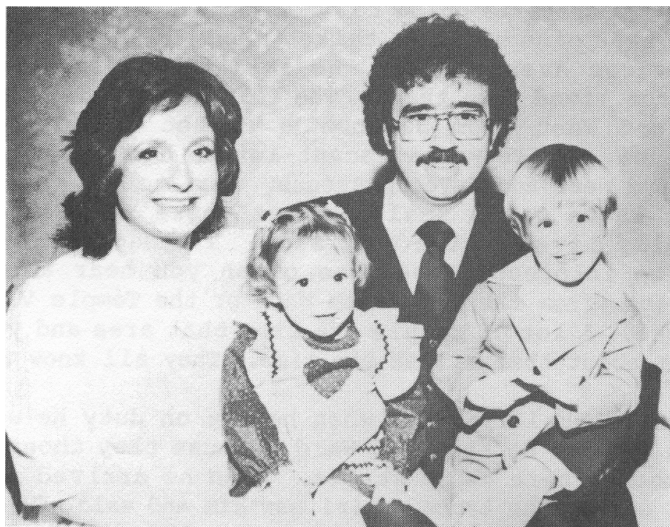
Kathy was the yearbook editor at high school. While Wendy and Linda both wanted to get in the singing end of it, Kathy has inherited all of my talent for singing and doesn't sing either. The kids even tell us to shut up. She got some awards for her yearbook editing when she went to Granite High School. Nikki, Wendy and Linda all graduated from Skyline. Nikki was in Skyline's first graduating class. Kathy graduated from Granite. Genie didn't graduate, but finished school after her second child was born.

I started working at Parker Seal and bought my home in Kearns. Eugenie got married to Dennis Wilson and they lived with Kerri and I. Kathy had moved into an apartment with her friends.

Apparently Kerri inherited the best of both of her parents. A bright student, she was chosen to represent Kearns high school at the American Legion's annual Girls State activities during the summer of 1978. Kerri graduated from Kearns and got a scholarship to Utah State.

Eugenie had Tiffany, my first grandchild, and they all lived with me for quite a while. It was nice, but I'm

afraid I spoiled Tiff.



Kathy and Skip Stark
Callie and Kollin

When Skip Stark came home from his mission, he and Kathy got married. Kathy worked until he got his degree in accounting and then Kollin was born.

A few months ago they decided to close the old Jefferson school and had an open house for all of the people that used to go to there. I read about it in the paper the last day of the open house and didn't have enough time to go. I would have liked to go to the reunion to see what it was like. Lincoln Junior High School is closed too. I don't know when they closed that, but it wasn't too long ago – a couple of years after they closed Jefferson. The buildings are still there but they are being used for some other purpose.

After living in Kearns for a while, we were assigned some new Home Teachers. One of the new Home Teachers is going to be a doctor and the other one that came with him talked about living in the American

Avenue area. He said his Grandmother Paxton lived down there. The Paxton's lived across Second West from Jacobsen's Market on Fayette Avenue. There was a vacant lot on the corner of Second West and Fayette Avenue. Next to the vacant lot there was a small duplex where the Paxton family lived in the East side. Mark Paxton went to Jefferson school and was one of Ken's classmates. I thought it was quite interesting because often you hear about someone from the old Fifth Ward or the Temple View Stake. A lot of people are from that area and you hear about them all of the time. They all know us.

Monte told me that when he was on duty he was called out to the Deaf Ward because they thought someone there had a stroke. When he arrived and got out of the truck a girl saw him and said, "Well Monte, I didn't know they were sending you." Her name was Madeline Peterson and she went to school with me. Monte didn't recognize her. I said, "Well it just goes to show that you kept your same good looks that you had in high school." When Kerri was born a lady walked past my hospital room door and looked in. Later she came back, looked in again, and then walked over to my bed and said, "Are you a Hales?" I don't know who she was, but she knew our mother, and there must have been enough of a resemblance that she thought so. Elder Monson speaks of that area frequently. He was bishop of the Sixth-Seventh ward when we lived down there.

Rudy Luckau was bishop for awhile in the Fifth Ward and then he moved to Price and was Grandpa Pettersson's bishop. There was a write-up in the newspaper about one of the Luckau boys that lived out in Tooele and operated a mobile shoe repair business. It was John Luckau and now he has some shoe repair

stores in Orem. You hear about people that lived in that ward all of the time.

Kathy, Eugenie and I opened a used book store in Kearns for a while, and, during that time, I was blessed with two more granddaughters. Callie arrived first and then Cory. Cory was born on my birthday.



Jon and Wendy Sievert
Melinda

Now all of the kids are married except Linda and the grandchildren are arriving. Wendy married Jon Sievert and has a daughter Melinda. Wendy and Linda live in California. Kathy and Skip Stark, and Eugenie and Dennis Wilson live nearby in Kearns. Kerri and Kevin O'Conner have just finished their schooling at Utah State.

Sometimes Nikki and I get together and reminisce about old times.



Kerri and Kevin O'Conner