



**Life History of
Hazel McKee McMullin**





History of Hazel Ruth McKee McMullin

Written by Hazel and compiled by daughter, Bernice M Payne



Hazel Ruth McKee was born 15 July 1928, the ninth in a family of four boys and five girls. My birth was attended by Elizabeth Ann Rowbury, a midwife. My middle name, Ruth, is after my father's mother, Ruth Chase McKee.

My father, James Albert McKee, Jr. was a tall, lean man. Fat couldn't stay on someone that worked so hard all day. He was born on 3 Aug 1882. Married my mother Eliza Mae Sherman on 25 Jan 1905 and died on 1 Mar. 1967. He was born and died in Huntington. Dad was hard of hearing for as long as I could remember.

And because of this disability he was not able to work in the coal mines which was the main source of income in our area other than farming. My father was a very honest man. My oldest sister was born just 4 months after my parents were married. When their anniversary came along we would ask mother how long they had been married and she would always add a year. Dad was always honest, saying "two wrongs never did make a right as far as I'm concerned". He was a strict disciplinarian. When he told you to do something you better do it or answer to him. But he was very loving.

My mother was born on 8 Dec 1884, in Huntington. She died on 27 Nov 1959 in the Price Hospital. She was short, about 5' or less and in later life became quite stocky. I am sure she did the best she could with what she had to do with. I well remember her baking 8 loaves of bread every other day--all in one big square pan. She did some sewing--mostly mending and made herself aprons on a treadle machine. She always wore a dress and apron. Her shoes were ordered from a catalog--"2" heels worn off more on one side than the other. She must have been really uncomfortable but money was so scarce, she wore them that way until they wore out. I can't remember her having any church or public jobs. She was always home.

My parents were 45 and 43 when I was born. I was born at home in a two room house. At the time only 1 sister, Jean and 3 brothers, Elden, Dick and Floyd were home.

We were quite inactive as far as religion goes. I can't even remember my mother and dad going to church. They'd encourage us to go. I think dad would have gone, if mother would have showed any interest to go with him. He always blessed the food.

We all seemed to have good health. It was a good thing as there wasn't money for a doctor. Because the home was very small the sleeping arrangements were that my mother and dad had a bed in one corner of the living room/bedroom. Jean and I had one in another corner, and a cot was brought in from under a tree in the yard for the boys to sleep on.



During the day the bedding for the cot was piled onto Jean and my bed and the cot had to be moved to the yard to have room to live. It had two drop down sides much like a drop leaf table. The sides were lifted up to make room for 3 in a bed—but even then it was very small. In the summer time the boys would leave their bed out underneath one of our two apple trees. It was so much easier than moving it in and out of the house every morning and night.

The beds were straw ticks. That is--the mattresses were like a large pillow, filled with straw. Every fall at harvest time they were emptied and filled with fresh straw, readied for another year's use. Mother and dad had a mattress for their bed, but it would be considered very poor in this day and age. No box springs, just bare coils springs. (See drawing of home on opposite page.) It shows the placement of the beds, radio, fireplace and a tall, crank-up phonograph. In the kitchen there was a bench where the water and basin sat. No warm water, only cold. We heated all our water on the coal stove. When Saturday night came it was bath time. We heated our water and dumped it in a big #3 tub which was by the stove. We had to hurry and bathe since everyone else had to stay in the other room. There wasn't time for a nice leisurely soak. Besides, we probably all used the same water. The later bathers probably didn't get very clean, considering how dirty boys get farming all day for a week. Thus came the old saying, "don't throw the baby out with the bath water." It was so dirty you could lose a child I guess.

We can't forget our old outhouse. It was a ways down from the house, for obvious reasons. Dad had built a two-holer. That was pretty uptown you know. The toilet paper was the Sears and Montgomery Ward catalog. Just ½ page at a wipe because it had to last until a new one came. It was a trip out in the cold, sometimes in the dark with the light of a kerosene lantern.

We had an old Maytag wringer washer. My mother heated the wash water in our bath tub on the coal stove. We pushed the washer into the middle of the kitchen floor and dipped the water from the tub into the washer. Then we'd bring a bench in from outside and sit two tubs on it. We'd take the clothes from the wash tub, after they were washed, and wringer them into the rinse tubs to be rinsed twice. (The wringer squished all the water out) Then back through the wringer and stacked on the table. Then we had to take them outside to be hung on the line. There would be maybe five loads of wash and they would all be washed in the same water. Starting with the whites and going to the darkest clothes. It was long and hard and usually took most of the day to finish.

There was a cellar by the back corner of the house where we stored some bottled foods and potatoes, carrots. We once had a cellar down by the coral and we raised some stock beets and stored them down there for the cows.



On one wall of the kitchen were rows of shelves, this was a closet for clothes. There was a curtain to cover them. There was no rod, only shelves to put our clothes on. There was a wooden flour bin, and cupboard that held our few dishes and utensils. In another corner was the milk separator. You would pour milk from the bucket through a strainer, into the separator bowl. Cream came out one spout and milk out of the other. In those days milk that had the cream taken off of it was not considered fit to drink and was fed to the pigs. Nowadays you buy it that way at the store.

A man would come around once a week and pick up the cream and take it to the creamery, and we would get a small check for our cream to live on during the week. We also sold eggs. If the cream check or the egg check didn't come, we were out of luck as far as money goes.

The little wood box that sat behind the stove has quite a story that is very dear to me. Each night my dad would kneel down beside the stove and spread some newspaper on the floor to make his kindling pile. He would make two little piles of kindling. One was just little tiny pieces and the other was a

a little bigger. So when he got up in the morning and it was cold he could start a fire real fast and jump back into bed until it got a little warmer in the house. He would put a piece of paper in the stove and his little pieces of kindling, then the pieces that were just a little bigger on top of that. A few pieces of coal were added and then he lit the paper. It sure worked good.

Each fall dad and the boys would take the team and wagon out in the hills and haul a big pile of cedar wood. Then they went up Huntington Canyon to Mr. Howard's mine, (now Dear Creek) and got a large pile of lump coal. In the winter, large rocks or bricks were heated all night in the oven and put in the bob sled to give them warmth when they went for more coal.



My oldest sister, Vivian was born 9 May 1905. She was 23 years older than I. My earliest memory of her was their visits on Sunday afternoons. Her husband William Yates and their 2 daughters Joyce and Lorraine would come. They lived in a mining and railroad town called Hiawatha. Will worked for the mine. I was always glad when I came around the corner on she would always bring some food for dinner--a real treat. She was also a very good seamstress. And did sewing for many people.

After Will retired they bought a home in Cleveland. We enjoyed having them live close by. Will had a love for baseball. He could tell you all about the batting average of all the players. Who they used to play for and all that made watching the world series baseball games with him very interesting. He could fix anything. A very intelligent self-educated man. They lived in Cleveland 8 years and then he got sick with cancer and died. Vivian continued to live in their home for about a year and then remarried and moved to Price, Utah to live in her husbands home, Loren Stevens.



Herald was the next member of the family. He was born on 8 May 1907. He married Anna Belle Guymon, in the Manti Temple, and lived in Orangeville. They had 6 children--2 girls and 4 boys. Delores, Marjorie, Reese, Larry, Earl, and Jim. It seemed that after Herald moved his family to Salt Lake City, he could never quite leave the country behind. He had a very strong love for horses and was an active member of the Palomino Posse for a number of years. He was a very artistic and creative person. He created many wooden articles, especially using twisted cedar wood. He made unusual lamps, shelves and many many things which made his home very unique.

Anna Belle died of heart trouble after the children were all raised. He simply couldn't stand to be alone and married Pearl Pace just 3 months after Anna Belle's death. During this marriage they enjoyed going to dances. Herald had taken dancing lessons and was the only boy in our family who carried on the desire and ability to dance that Dad possessed. Pearl passed away in 1990.



Herald spent several of his later years in an assisted living home. And passed away in Nov. 1993. Aleen was the third child, born 9 Jan 1909. She had a daughter, Doris while married to Wayne Snow. They later divorced and she married his older brother, Seymour. She had 3 more children, Albert, Ella Ann And Gail. Aleen spent her later years with Doris's family in Michigan. Aleen was creative. She liked making crafts as much as finances

would allow. She didn't have a very happy life. There didn't seem to be very much love for her at home. Seymour was a cripple and used a crutch. I'm sure they just survived on welfare. She took a bad fall while living in Michigan and broke both her hips and died on 31 Oct. 1991.



Elden was next in line. Coming to this world on 11 Aug 1910. Most everyone called him "Red", because he had red hair. He worked in the coal mines and farmed a farm north of Wellington, Utah. He married Madrel Brotherson Murray. She had 3 children, Leah, Ronald and Nancy.

Elden had an alcohol problem. He also smoked for many years. He suddenly quit smoking--cold turkey. Then he had very little patience with people who smoked. It was rather funny. He had an unusual sense of humor. His ordinary vocabulary was more swear words than anything else. Elden died on 8 May 1986.



Velma was number 5 -- the middle of the flock. She was born 24 Oct 1912. She married Neldon Anderson at the ripe old age of 16. She had 6 children - 3 boys & 3 girls. Jerry, Ramona, Hal, Harry, Marlene and Sandra. They lived in Huntington while they were having their family.

They operated a tavern and café on the north end of Huntington. Neldon's health wasn't very good so Velma took care of the business property in Carbonville, Utah (north of Price) and Neldon built them a lot. Eventually they bought some very nice poems.



Velma has suffered terribly from arthritis for many many years. She researched the "natural food way of living" and found "barley green" and it has helped her for a while. She has also written a number of very nice poems.

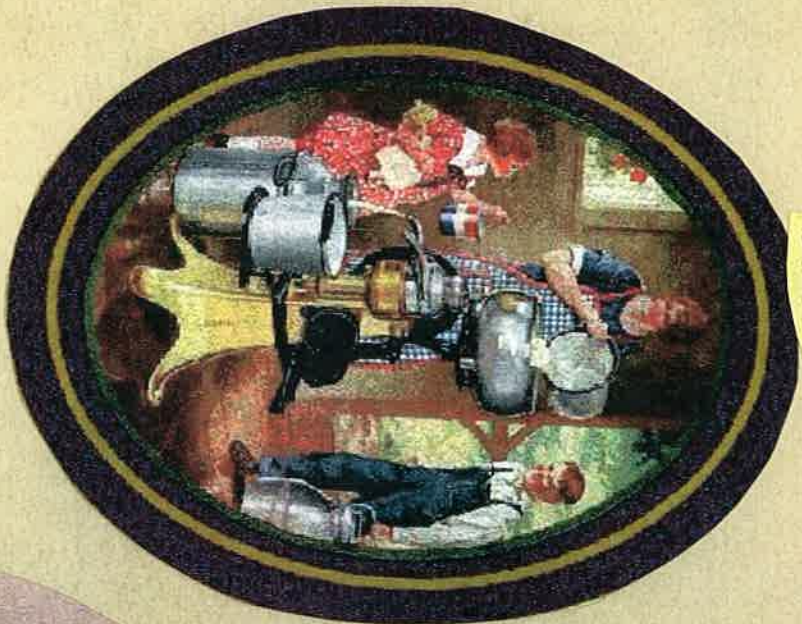
Jean was the next to come alone. She was born on 6 Dec 1914. She was being the only girl still living at home when I came along, made us closer. I remember her working at the Geary Mercantile Store. Jean gave me the prettiest doll one year for Christmas. She had ringlets in her hair. It cost \$5.00. That was a big present.

She went to Salt Lake to find employment and met and married Glen Johnston. She had 2 boys and 2 girls, Betty, Larry, JoAnn & Dennis. She work very hard and tried her best to raise her children well. Glen set a very poor example for them.



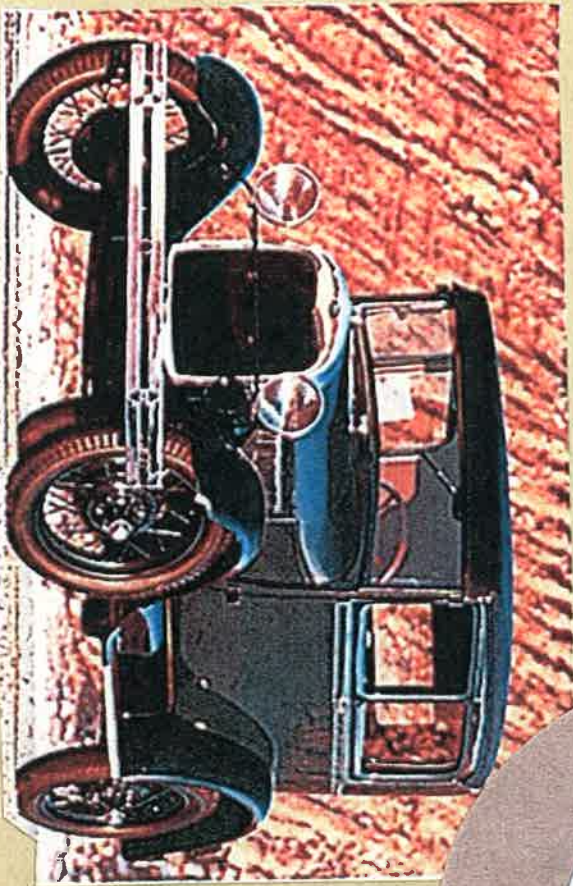
She was an exceptionally good seamstress, working many years in sewing factories. Her eyes and ears were always open for classes and tips that came her way. Things she could learn and share with others. Since my interest were similar she could hardly wait for the opportunity to share them with me. Dick was number 7--entering this world on 3 Sept. 1918. He was 10 years older than me. He joined the CCC's. This was an organization giving young men some work experience and a moderate pay check during the depression years when employment was so hard to find. Dick was in the army in World War II. When he returned he married Betty Lou Browning. She had a daughter they named Linda and they

CREAM
SEPARATOR



The family farmed with work horses

Model "A" Ford



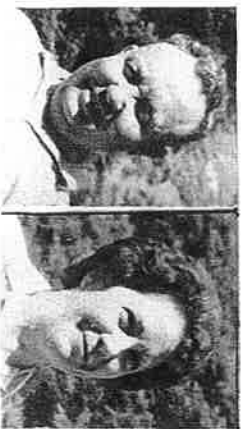
Hazes riding



Hazes as a teen

soon moved to California. They had a daughter together named Susan. They lived most of their married life in California. Dick died in California of lung cancer in April of 1988. He was a heavy smoker. He is buried in Huntington.

My youngest brother Floyd was born 7 April 1922. We have always been quite close. As young fellows, Dick and Floyd had the Deseret News paper route which they delivered on their little black horse named, "Shortie." If you would try to get on him in the normal way, he would reach around and nip you. But if we went over to a fence or a ditch bank and hollered "come here Shorty," he would come and side up to the fence or get in the ditch so you could get on. The boys trained him well. This paper route gave them a little money of their own--which in those days was very scarce. They would share with me when I needed it. When ever I see a handful of change it reminds me of Floyd's hand. If I met him in town



somewhere and asked him for a quarter or what ever, he'd reach his hand in his pocket and pull out a handful of change--extend it to me to take what I wanted. As if to say, "take a little, leave a little. It took Floyd a while to find the right lady for him. But when he did, it was a good match. Floyd married Reva Marshall. Her husband had been killed in a logging accident. She had 3 children, Robert, Donna and Pam. Together they had a son, Kim. Floyd had a good relationship with all the kids.

I will always be grateful to Dick and Floyd for helping me. Dick said once, "you're sure a spoiled little snot, but I wonder who did it?" I certainly didn't have very nice clothes or much of anything else. But I'm sure it was even harder for the older ones in the family.

It was like Christmas to get a box once in a great while of hand-me-downs from my cousin in Ogdan.

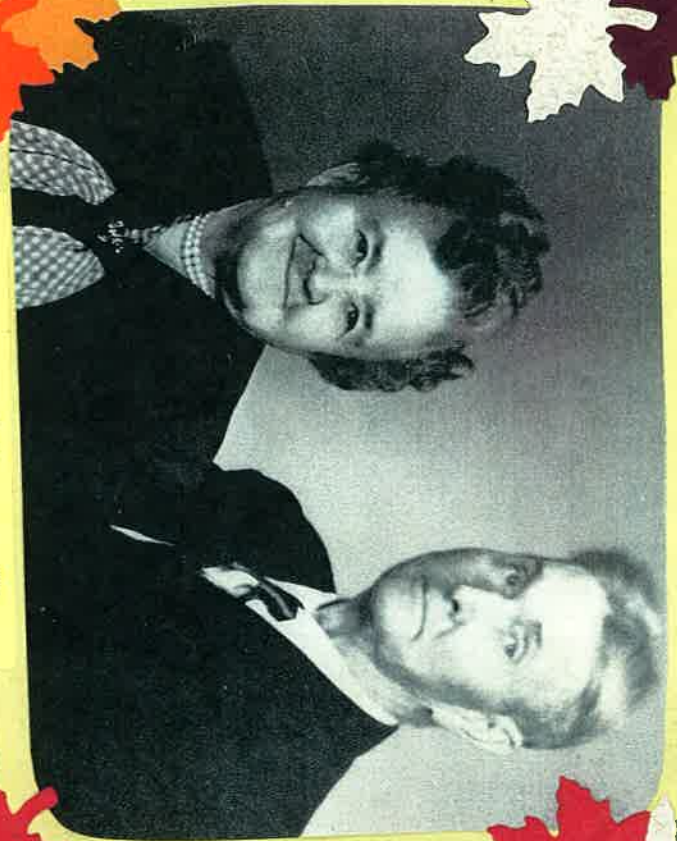
Once when Floyd came home I had on a pair of his levis, shirt and socks. He said, "Good hell, I'll come home one of these days and you'll have on a pair of my shorts. You would if they were pink." In those days, all the girls undies were pink.

None of us kids had bikes. We farmed with horses. We didn't get a car until I was about 10 or 12. It was a Model A Ford. I remember Durands, who lived out on a farm by the airport. They'd come in to town, Louis and Louise, and their kids, Emery, Fred and Isabel. The radiator was just a steaming and smoke just a puffing out of ol' Louie's pipe. It was quite a comical site. These cars had to be cranked to be started. You inserted an "L" shaped piece of iron with a handle, in a slot in the front of the car and cranked it as hard and fast as you could. Hopefully it would start before your arm gave out.

Floyd had a motorcycle which was such fun when he would take me along for rides. He sold his "motor" before he left for the service. Of course I tried to convince him he should leave it for me, but he said, "No way! The first letter I'd get would be...Floyd, Hazel got killed on your motor."

My first 16 years was spent on what they called ½ lot. In Huntington the blocks were divided in 4 lots. Grandpa Sherman had owned the north half of the block. They "gave" mother her half lot, but there were bad feelings over it. We never did have a good relationship with Grandma. Grandpa Sherman died when Dick was a baby.

Grandma would come to the partition fence and holler "Mae" when ever she wanted something. I can never remember her coming to the house. Mom's sister, Aunt Laura lived up in the south west part of town. We called her "Aunt Lol". We visited her when we could. But we had to walk everywhere.



Parents: Mae & Bert



Grandpa Albeby Wm.
Sherman



Grandma Ann Eliza
Pogson Sherman



Grandpa James Albert
McKee Sr.



Grandma Ruth
Chase McKee



First Grade 1934 Teacher: Mrs. Vivian Smith

My grandmother McKee died before I was born and I can barely recall seeing my grandpa only a couple of times. He had a heavy mustache, and dark black hair for his age. He lived in Logan with Aunt Lora

My folks couldn't afford overshoes for us so when it snowed Dad would shovel a trail for us to get to school. He'd shovel a trail for us at least 1/2 block. Then someone else's father would go a ways. Until we finally got to the school. We got new shoes and a dress for the 4th of July and Christmas. Not much in between.

My first playmates were Wyonna Allen and Nida Mae Howard. The Howard's were a well-to-do family. The father owned a coal mine up Huntington canyon. My dad would borrow money from Byron sometimes. He was sort of the town banker. Nida Mae had a bike. That's how I learned to ride one. They would also have a whole box of bananas in their back room. Wow, what a sight that was. We couldn't even afford a few.

If we wanted some spending money, sometimes they would spare us an egg. We could then take it to the store and trade it for some candy. Sometimes we could get a pennies worth of candy for our egg. Sometimes we had to have two eggs to make up a penny. On the Fourth of July, Wow!!! We thought we were really well off if we got a quarter to spend. We would spend a dime in the morning and fifteen cents in the afternoon. There weren't any theaters to go to. Once in a while they would show a movie in the church on Saturday nights. I believe the tickets were about 15 or 25 cents.

My dad was always, for as long as I knew, quite hard of hearing. I can remember dad cupping his ear with his hand and getting up close to the radio to listen to the boxing matches. It was real descriptive. Blow by blow. We had to talk very loud for him to hear us. I was at least 12 maybe older before he was able to afford a hearing aid. Because he couldn't hear, he couldn't get a job in the coal mines. And that was the only job around at that time that paid good. So he just worked for people on their farms or rented one.

My school years were usually pleasant. I had good friends. I took my classes serious and received good grades. We were fortunate to have teachers that were disciplinarians. We were not allowed to wear slacks to school. I think that the way we dress effects the way we act. It was law and gospel that we wore dresses to school. If we were caught in pants we were really in trouble.

The behavior that is common in schools today, was unheard of back then. We were expected to behave and parents usually supported the teachers. There was a juvenile officer in town, (Jody Johnson) who checked up on any sluffers and made sure they were back in school.

My teachers in school were: 1st grade, Vivian Smith. She was a heavy set lady that demanded discipline.

Mrs. Arnold was our 2nd grade teacher. I remember she was really strict about chewing gum in school. I must have got some gum from my egg, and went to school chewing it. She made me put it on the end of my nose and there it stayed all day during school. After school when I tried to take it off, some of the skin came off with it.

In the third grade, Miss. Williams was our teacher. We really liked her. That crazy Dean Young was madly in love with her. He was going to marry her when he was 10. However, Lund Leonard beat him to it. He proposed before Dean became of the marriageable age. We made bread and churned butter that year and played post office and made letters. Miss. Williams brought jam. All the grades knew we had the very best teacher in the building.



Our 4th and 5th grade teacher was LaVar Green. He was a crippled man and walked with a cane. But he sure could get down the isle and shake somebody up that was doing something wrong. He'd start down the isle and we would all sit there and shake wondering which one he was going to grab around the neck with his cane. He had arthritis and was quite crippled.

I joined 4-H quite young. Ruby Rowley was our teacher. We went up the canyon a ways to have a camp out. We saw an alfalfa patch and made our bed in it. We left our grub boxes by the trees. In the night we heard some noises by the food and got scared and walked clear down to Ruby's place and slept all over her house. The next day Mr. Rowley took us back up and the coyotes had been in our food and eaten our bacon and things.

Since "necessity is the mother of invention" it is also a means of motivation. I soon learned what money I had for clothes went further if I bought material and sewed than if I bought ready to wear clothes. I learned quite a bit about sewing in 4-H and our dear neighbor Jenny McElprang would also help me when I asked her.

One summer some of us girls would get up at 4 a.m. and walk about 1 ½ to 2 miles out to Murray's to pick strawberries for 10 cents a crate. If you stayed and picked through the whole season you got a bonus of 5 cents a crate. --No, I didn't hang in there.

I added more close friends, Emma Green, Valaine Jones, Lois Wilson, Bonnie Palmer, Phyllis Rowley, Diane Thomas and Geraldine Lister. When we were in the 6th grade Camille Chipman moved to Huntington. She joined our class and became a good friend too. Camille could play the piano well, and she also tap danced. But she soon had to stop dancing because she had a bad heart. She and I learned to sew quite well and we got along good in school. Once we read a note left by our Home Ec. teacher for a substitute. It said, "You won't have any trouble if Hazel and Camille are there". Camille was the valedictorian of our graduation class. Her father was Emery County School Superintendent.

In the 6th grade, Mr. Conway Oveson was our teacher. The 7th and 8th grades were considered jr. high which at that time was in the high school building. We went *clear* across the street to the High School Building. The kids from Cleveland and Elmo joined us--that was neat--some new boys appeared on the scene. We had fun activities like dances in the afternoon and potato roasts. A neighborhood bonfire with potatoes or corn to roast was our main entertainment, accompanied with games of hide 'n seek or kick-the-can. The potatoes were really good. No foil to wrap them in, just put them in the fire. They'd come out coal black--but we'd just peel the black off and tell ourselves it was good. Usually it was raw in the middle and the outside was burned. Sometimes we'd roast corn that way too. The shucks kept it cleaner.

I was in the eighth grade when World War II broke out and all the fellows were being drafted into the service. It was on a Sunday when Pearl Harbor was bombed. At school the next day, Mr. Hone our teacher explained a little to us about what had happened. And that we were all in war now.

My sophomore year was when Mr. Peterson came. That was the first year the band had flag and baton twirlers. He wasn't very strict about the playing. Lots of band members were horn carriers not players. But he really worked out cute marches and it was a showy band.

I played a clarinet, but after Mr. Peterson came, it was more glamorous to be out in front of the band than playing a clarinet. So I gave up the music part of it and twirled baton.

Also during this year, many of the boys we were dating were getting drafted. They were seniors and some were juniors.

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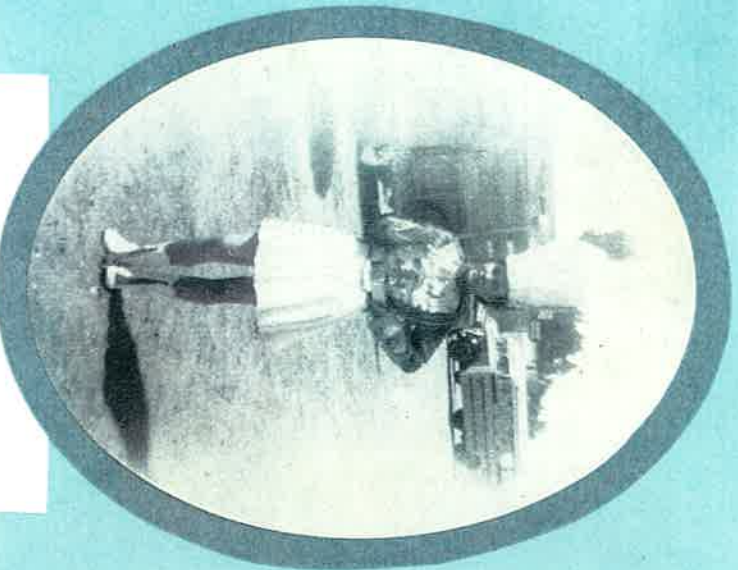
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United States Office of Price Administration

IMPORTANT: When you have used your ration, salvage the Tin Cans and Waste Paper. They are needed to make munitions for our fighting men. Cooperate with your local Salvage Committee.

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Drum Major's



Hazel & best friend, Camille

When I was 16, my parents attempted to move to Salt Lake. Dad worked in a brick yard. He bought a piece of ground on the east side, and built a basement, and we moved into it. I enrolled at Granite High School. That was quite a change for me. I was so lonely among the thousands of students. I soon was able to convince my parents to let me come back to Huntington to school. I first lived with my friend, Emma Green. The boys didn't like it either and wanted to come back to Huntington. Dad didn't ever think he could get enough money to buy the farm on the northeast side of Huntington. But they looked into it and decided that they could. So they sold the place in Salt Lake for \$3600.00. (I can remember he thought he was really rich for a while. He had 36--\$100.00 bills.) He paid it on what was called the old Kilpack place down by the Huntington river. So we moved back the end of my junior year.

Mr. Harry Mortensen was another outstanding teacher. He taught us algebra and biology. I remember him saying, "I didn't think you'd last very long in Salt Lake Hazel, being



a little fish in a big puddle, because you've been a big fish in a little puddle too long."

We had tryouts for drum majorette and I got it. I did that for my junior and senior years. I was also a cheerleader. Me and Edna Davis and a boy named Reed Truman. He was a year younger than us.

When my junior prom came along, Dick told Jean to take some money out of his bank account to buy my dress and shoes. My formal was a very pretty one--light green and it cost \$25.00.

I was chosen chairman of our Jr. Prom. The theme was called "Call of the Canyon". We went up the canyon and cut down truck loads of pine trees and decorated the whole auditorium with pine trees. Imagine doing that now days. If we needed a Christmas tree--you just went and cut one.

Since World War II started when we were in the 8th grade and continued until just before school started our senior year, there were many things we didn't have during our high school years. Such as, yearbooks & school sweaters. The buses could only run once or twice a month for extra curricular activities because of the gas and tire shortage. (These things were needed for the war.) Our band got to go clear to Price for competition. We had to have stamps to buy gas and sugar. Each month you'd get your stamps to buy those things. Without stamps--no gas. Not to mention all the boys older than us were off to war. James Mangum, Mar Grange, and Belmont Anderson were some of our "good friends". We seldom paired off, just had a good time in Mar's Model A Ford.

Even though gas was rationed, people with tractors could get extra gas stamps for farming. One night Mar, James and Carl Young proceeded to steal gas at Carl's place while he was in the house keeping his folks entertained. The gas cap on those Model A's were right in front of the windshield. It was a dark night and Mar lit a match to see if James was hitting the hole with the gas. Well, needless to say, the Young's soon knew what was going on after James threw the can into the street all a flame. Mar took off his coat to beat out the flames on the car. It was a 2 door car and the back of the front seat folded down on the seat to let the back passengers out. Lois and I were in the back seat and must have folded Carl's date, Pat, up with the seat for she was the last one out. Luckily no one was hurt, unless it was Carl.

During the summer before my sophomore year, I dated some guys from Cleveland. Jim Ward just a little, mostly it was Aubrey Ottestrom. We doubled with Lee McMullin and Fawn Allen.

Lee was drafted and went to boot camp at Tyler, Texas. While he was gone a guy came home from the service and married Lee's girlfriend. Lee was at boot camp for 6 months. He came home on furlough in the last part of February, before they shipped him overseas. At that time I was official chore boy as Dad had fallen on a job out at Horse Canyon and broke his neck. He was in a cast from the top of his head to his seat. Dick and Floyd were off to war and Elden did so much drinking he was not dependable so it was up to me to feed and milk the cows, feed the horses and pigs, and get the coal and



The handsome guy in uniform



Nickelodeon



wood in. Well most people wouldn't understand what a mess corals can be in the spring when the snow is melting and the frost is coming out of the ground. It seemed knee deep and again I was wearing whatever clothes Floyd had left home, including coat and overshoes.

When Lee came to the house, Dad just said, "she's down to the coral. I'm making a chore boy out of her." And here he came. I could have died.

A few nights later I was at a Relief Society Party. They used to have such good programs and dances--the whole family went. Lee came and asked me for a date for the big basketball game that Friday night. It was a play-off game between North Emery and South Emery at Centrals floor in Castle Dale. Well, my friends went to the game and I waited for my "date" and waited and waited. When they got there Lee was already there. They asked him where I was and told him I had a date with him. I guess he had had a few too many drinks the night he asked me and he didn't remember.

He went out to come after me and there was such a crowd that he couldn't get his car out. After the game he called me from the drug store and said "are you mad?" NO--that wasn't the word for it!!!

But I ended up giving him a picture of me and soon he left for California and then on to the Pacific Theater (it was called) Islands in the Pacific that were involved in the war with Japan.

My brother Dick joined the service in 1940 and was stationed in Tucson Arizona. He asked to be transferred to Fort Douglas so he could get home once in a while. The fellows that joined the same time as he did--stayed in Tucson. He had only gotten home 2 or 3 times when they shipped him out to the Philippines. The two fellows he joined up with never left Tucson. The ones that were shipped to the Philippines were only 6 days east of Pearl harbor when it was bombed. They detoured to Australia and New Guinea where he spent 34 months before getting back home.

This was a very worrisome time--especially for mom and dad. I didn't sense the danger as much as the folks did. They'd listen very news came on the radio. The area of the Philippines was a very hot war. Lee spent time in New Guinea also.

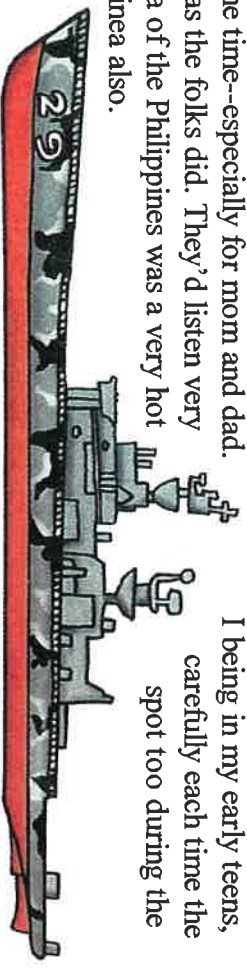
Floyd was drafted too.

And so to keep from going into the army, he joined the navy.

It was considered a little bit safer than the army. He spent his time in Columbia, So. America with the blimps.

Between my Jr. and Sr. years I worked in Price. Diane Thomas and her sister Estella were working over there and I stayed with them. I got a job at a café in the front of the bowling alley. Diane was working at a drug store but she soon quit and joined me. That was in the day when you had pin boys to set up the pins. No machines to do it for you. After the bowling alley was closed at night we could go in and bowl. It was a lot of fun. I was working when V. J. Day came in August. There was a false alarm that came first. We turned on the radio to see if it said anything about it. Somebody said it must not be true if it isn't on the radio. I said, "Heavens no! When it actually happens it will even be playing on the phonograph." (the nickelodeon in the café) We could play the phonograph and dance on the front part of the alley. And when it really was announced on the radio, Victory Polka was playing on the phonograph.

It was January my senior year, when the fellows started coming home from the war. Lee came home in January of 1946. We dated for quite a while then thought maybe we should break it off because we were 2nd cousins. Well, that didn't work and we got back together.



I being in my early teens, carefully each time the spot too during the





Miss Angela Weston



South Emory High School

Commencement Exercises

Friday, May seventeenth

Thirteen hundred forty-six

at eight o'clock

Huntington, Utah

WORLD WAR II HAS ENDED



Hazel in her band uniform



High School Classmates

The high school band went to Price to a band day competition in Apr. or May. We received a drawing, a map of the street of Price and so we had figured out how we were to do our maneuvers. (I was Drum Majorette) But when I looked down a couple of blocks, I saw that there were cars parked where we were supposed to some of our maneuvers. I went to the carnival to find Mr. Peterson. And I said to him “What are we going to do? There are cars parked where we’re supposed to do our thing.” He wasn’t even worried. He just said, “Oh just have them do it someplace up the road.” Well, by the time we were done doing what we were supposed to do in the march, we were almost to the intersection. So I had to do a counter march (turn the band around) and bring them back down the street a ways to have room to do our maneuvers for the judging. And as I marched through the band there on the back of the band were Lee and Jim Ward just goofing off. We were being judged and I was so mad I could have bopped them with my baton and felt good about it. I met Mr. Peterson after the march and he said, “You did fine Hazel.” My involvement with the band made Mr. Peterson more special to me. He always worked out such clever maneuvers for our competition.

After we got through marching, we went into the school to change our clothes. Some of the guys that were with Lee came looking for me and said, “Hazel, come and see what you can do for Lee.” He was crying, just sobbing. They’d been walking by some cars and somebody had set off some fire crackers and when they looked around for Lee they couldn’t find him. He was under a car just crying. He had been wounded twice in the service and when you heard a noise like a shot you dove for cover anywhere.

It was a natural instinct. You jumped into a ditch or under something for cover. I sure felt sorry for him. There were 36 kids in our graduating class. Probably about 30 were girls and 6 boys because most of the boys were in the service. .

After my senior year I worked for Jensen’s in their store in Huntington. It was on the corner of 1st North and Main. I didn’t dare ask Maurice for a job because I had stolen a box of cookies from him once-- years before. I hardly got any sleep that night. My bed was by a window and I thought every car that went by was Jody Johnson (the truant officer) coming to take me to jail for stealing those “coconut macaroons”. Then one day not long before school was out, Maurice ask me if I was going back to Price to work again. I told him not if I could find something else. It turned out that he needed someone and I started to work the next Monday after school was out. I wrapped meat, stocked shelves or what ever until the latter part of July when I landed in the hospital with appendicitis.

I had a backache one day at work. My stomach ached too. When I got home that night I really didn’t feel good, so I went to bed early. In the middle of the night my stomach was hurting really bad and I was crying. The boys asked me what was the matter and I told them that my side hurt. Floyd asked me which one and Dick said it didn’t matter because he had had appendicitis and it hurt in the opposite side than it normally did. So one of them got an ice pack and the other one went for Dr. Hill. But Dr. Hill was in Cleveland delivering a baby. Dick went to Cleveland to find him. Dr. Hill gave him a pill to give to me and told him to bring me to his office in the morning. It was about dawn then. By the time I got up I thought I felt good enough to go to work. However, I went to Dr. Hill’s office and by the time he got done poking around on my side I didn’t feel too good again. He told me to go to Price and get a blood count at the hospital. I went shopping first and played around. Then went up to Dr. Hubbard’s office and he took blood and did a count. He said, “Ya, Dr. Hill is right. It is acute appendicitis. We can’t let them break. You’d better get to the hospital.” They operated on me as soon as I got there. In those days there was no penicillin. If they’d have broken, it would have been too late for me.

Dick went back home and called Lee and told him. Lee came over and ended up giving me an engagement ring while I was in the hospital. After that, which was the last of July, I didn't go back to work.

Lee and I got married on the 23rd of August 1946. Bp. Perry Wakefield married us at Lee's home in Cleveland. Our honeymoon was a weekend up Huntington Canyon in a tent. We lived with Lee's folks about 6 weeks while he was working at the mine in Wattis and then we moved up there in some flat top homes that they built during the war to house the miners. But they were quite nice. Cement block walls and cement floors. They were quite like a chicken coop in design. I don't think ours had been lived in. They built them and didn't use them all. The floors were painted. Our first furniture was a kitchen set, a couch, and a bedroom set. I went over to Hiawatha to wash at Vivian's.

We went to Salt Lake to buy me a new sewing machine. But the guy just laughed at me because they had not started making them again since the war. But he had one. It had been used at the camp where they put all the Japanese people during the war. The government said they had to move the Japanese people there for their own safety. The machine was a treadle machine, but they had put a motor on it. While we were up there we bought a washing machine. Somebody asked Lee what he was most grateful for. He said it was the washing machine--but knew I liked the sewing machine the best. But he was glad that I didn't have to drive over to Hiawatha in the winter to wash. Floyd told Lee, "don't buy her a sewing machine or she'll starve you to death." I'm glad he didn't listen.

There were quite a few couples at Wattis our age that lived in the flat tops. We lived there from October until March of 1947. We then moved back to Cleveland and lived in ½ of the Bob Lister home. (It is across the street from the park) This is where we lived when our first child, Bernice was born. She weighed seven lbs. 7 oz. and was born on 4 August, 1947. We lived there a little over a year.

I was thrilled to get a girl. Lee thought I had sabotaged him because he wanted a boy. I guess husbands always do. He had hay fever so bad that summer. Lots of restless nights. He'd cough so bad that he'd vomit day and night. His Grandma Davis had given him a sleeping pill to take that night, so needless to say, I had very little support from him.

Lee and his dad built a beer parlor called Mac's Club. That was the main reason we moved back to Cleveland. We could soon see there wasn't enough in that for both families so Lee's dad bought our interest in it and we bought (with a GI Loan) the Cleveland Coop in June of 1948, from John Thorderson for \$4500.00. He was an elderly man and he had dogs and cats living in the store with him. We really had a job to clean it up and ready to open.

While we were in the process of cleaning the place up, Bernice slipped past our watch and went down a full flight of stairs in her walker to the cement floor in the basement. We all flew after her knowing she was badly hurt or worse. Some how she managed to ride it to the bottom, not tip over, and was fine--just scared to death.

Our home was an apartment built on the side of the store. There was a bathroom, but no fixtures, so there we were back to the out-house again, which I had experienced all my life. Thank goodness we could soon get a slab of concrete out of the end of the room and installed a nice bathroom.

At first we only had an old refrigerator to keep the meat in. I tried to keep the place warm all day by carrying lumps of coal in and ashes out. Then we had the furnace installed for the second winter.

Bought the store and
attached home for \$4500.00



B



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B



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SALUTE TO 4-H VOLUNTEERS



Each year the Utah 4-H Volunteers Association recognizes outstanding 4-H Volunteers from each county. These people are really BLUE RIBBON Volunteers.

HAZEL MCMULLIN
EMERY COUNTY

Hazel enrolled her first 4-H Clothing Club of eleven members in 1948, and in 1991 she will have served as a 4-H Leader and/or Advisory Council member for thirty-nine years. During this time, over 250 4-H members have been taught a variety of projects including clothing, home improvement, home grounds beautification, first-aid and foods. Hazel has superior skills in the area of clothing and textiles and has attended many training sessions given by Extension as well as the sewing industry. She has shared this knowledge with youth and adults. Whether teaching an individual or a community club with over 40 members, Hazel has gone the extra mile to make sewing enjoyable. Hazel's reputation as an outstanding 4-H Leader extends beyond Emery County. She has been recognized by the Utah Farm Bureau as one of the state's outstanding 4-H Leaders as well.



During the time that we lived at the old store we were blessed with three more children. Lee thought he was so smart to get the first boy among his friends. Mark Lee was born on 15 June 1951. He was such a cutie. People often said, "he's too pretty to be a boy." With our family growing we needed to add on to the house. We also needed a stock room for the store. So we added on to the back of the store and did a bedroom for Lee and I on top of the stock room and another small bedroom.

On March 26th 1954 our 3rd child, Bruce Floyd was born. At the time I wondered if Floyd would ever have a son and because of the special place he had in my heart, our second son was named after him. He has always been a son to be proud of. He served a mission in Sydney, Australia.

Annette came along to bless our home on the 1st of October, 1959. She was the only one who didn't get us out of bed in the middle of the night to make her arrival. Bernice was so thrilled when after having 2 brothers, she got a little sister. Lee and I had already talked about naming the baby Annette--if we got a girl. Then one day Bernice said, "what are we going to name the baby?" I replied, "Oh I don't know. What name do you like?" She said, "let's name her Annette." So what else could it have been.

I really missed Bernice when she went off to college. She was a good helper for me when I had to put in so many hours in the store. She was always a good example to her brothers and sister. I joked with her that she'd have to live close enough to me when she got married so I could clean her toilet, because she'd always forget that at home. But I never did clean hers.

Annette has always been so dependable and was her dad's right hand man (girl) after Mark graduated and left home to work up north and Bruce left on his mission. She has always handled responsibility very well.

We raised 2 girls and 2 boys while working extremely hard in that store every day. We made many improvements on the place. Remodeled several times. Installed indoor plumbing immediately. Built a laundry and sewing room on the back and the upstairs bedrooms. It was nice and very comfortable.

4-H has been a big influence in my life. I started teaching five years before Bernice was old enough to start. I thought I should learn "the ropes" so I could help her more. Some of the first girls I taught were: Marilyn Arnold, Connie Lister, Colleen Bishop, Eldyth Alfred, Foresta Gilson, and Caroleen Larson, just to list a few. They did projects like make and upholster foot stools--from scratch. We even made the frames, tied springs, put on padding and made the slip covers. Also, closets of orange crates, telephone benches, and upholstered chairs.

Bernice and her friends started when they were 10 years old. They did lots of different projects. Of course clothing--also foods and home improvement. They won many many blue ribbons, and lots of their things went to the state fair. The state fair became a family tradition. We were always anxious to get up there to see what color ribbons we had. She rated really high in the finals of the Style Dress Review her last year of 4-H. But the topper was a trip she won to Michigan. The only girl from the State of Utah.

The boys, Mark and Bruce, also had their projects in 4-H. They did woodwork classes. They had a good leader--Frank White. He instilled in their hearts a love for wood and an ability to create with it. They have both done the majority of work on their own homes.

All of the kids had their livestock projects. This made the stockshow in Ferron also a part of family tradition.

Annette also did many different projects in 4-H. They qualified her for a trip to Japan the summer after her graduation. The prior year we had a Japanese student spend a month with us. There would be a huge gap in the lives of all our family had it not been for the things we have learned through the Extension Service.



**Bruce welcome's Hawaii
as our new state**

Mom's Parade Inventions



**Mark as an Indian
July 23th**



My Kids



Bernice



Mark

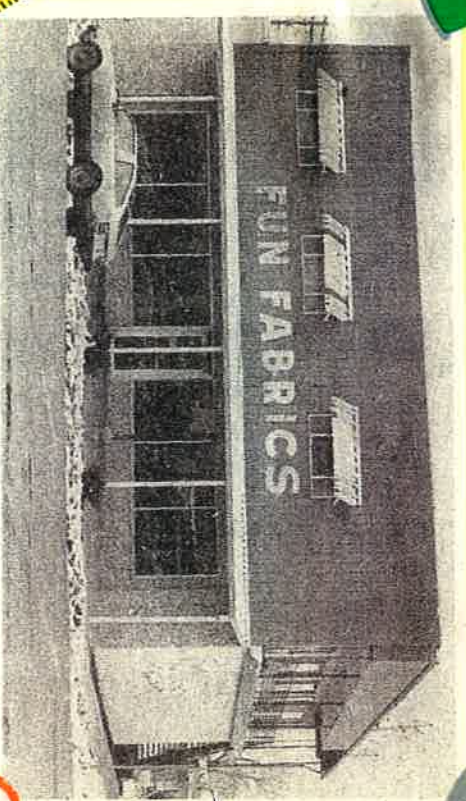


Bruce



Annette

**S
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w**





I taught 4-H for over 40 years. I have spent most of my life in acquiring sewing skills and sharing and teaching others what I've learned. My kids say I can build most anything. Either with a hammer, saw and nails, or pins and needles.

Ray and Donna Quinn had voiced a desire to buy the store which surely sounded good to me. I was so tired of those regular orders that had to be made to Associated Food Stores and all those cans that had to be put on the shelf. Lots of times Lee was off farming or something else when the grocery truck arrived. It was policy that someone be there to help the driver unload. One day a new driver was on the truck. He came in and said something about where his help was. I told him, "Fire away, I'll take care of it. (the cases were sent down a slide with rollers--you caught them on the other end.)"

In the late '60's, after living at the grocery store for 22 years, we sold the store and built a fabric store in Huntington. I continued to work and teach sewing lessons.

We did sell the store to Quimms, and took the trailer they were living in in Salt Lake as part payment. We put it on the farm north of town that we bought from Andy Easterbrook.

We built a fabric store in Huntington on some property we bought from Merlin Geary. It used to be their family store. "Geary Mercantile" on 1st North and Main Street. The old store was partly torn down, so we tied into that project. We finished the removal of all the old building, poured good footers and erected a 2 story building 45'x65'. There was a nice size store in the front with a supply room--office on one side of the hallway to the back door and a classroom on the other side where I taught lots of sewing classes. At first they were lecture-demonstration classes. Until I was able to afford 4 sewing machines. Then we had real sewing classes. We did all sorts of projects. Some of my students drove nearly 100 miles round trip to attend their class. Above the store we built 2 very spacious apartments. They rented for a good price. Sometimes rented for \$250/month during the power plant boom. They rented the power plant boom brought some very nice people into our area. I had lots more of them in my classes than I did the locals.

Running the Fabric Store and helping Lee farm when he needed me and raising kids, cows, and horses, took up most of our time.

My involvement in the National Machine Embroidery organization made it possible to do some traveling to other states for week long seminars in the summer. One trip to Portland I went alone, then Lee, Dean & Edna Young came and got me and then we took a trip to visit California. After that each year Lee went with me. We always had a nice trip out of it. Twice we went to San Diego, CA. Then when the class was in Nashville, we took a whole month to make that trip. The first 2 weeks we toured Arkansas. Stopping first at my nephew's place, Jerry Anderson. Then made another visit to Bill Dalton's home. He was Lee's main army buddy. We had been to see him once before and as we drove up his road I recognized the tree on his lawn where he and Lee "shot so many Japs" during their last visit. We saw other interesting things through Oklahoma and on to Lake Charles, LA, to visit Bruce and Mary Landers. They were friends we had met the year before at the Park City class. At the Park City class I went in a wheel chair. I had had my foot operated on and had fallen and broken my arm. Lee got me everywhere I needed to be. We have kept in touch with the Landers through the years. Especially at Christmas time. We went on to the Grand Old Opry in Nashville.

On the way home, we visited Nauvoo. It was so hot and humid in Nauvoo, Edna and I found a Laundromat and did our laundry as the perspiration dripped off our chins.

They were having a dress rehearsal that evening for the production "The City of Joseph". We bought some lawn chairs and planned to watch it but it was rained out.

Bonnie & Clyde



**Clyde doing his mating
Dance for Bonnie**



Hatching process



Ostrich chick with Teddy friend

**Shed that later became
"Bird House Quilts"**



Award winning quilt

Quilting Machine

We went on to Carthage Jail and saw where the prophet Joseph Smith was killed. How can anyone doubt the truthfulness of the LDS Church knowing what Joseph Smith and his faithful followers went through. All they would have to have said was that it was all a fairy tale or pipe dream and the persecutions would have stopped, but they could not deny the truth, so their trials went on and on.

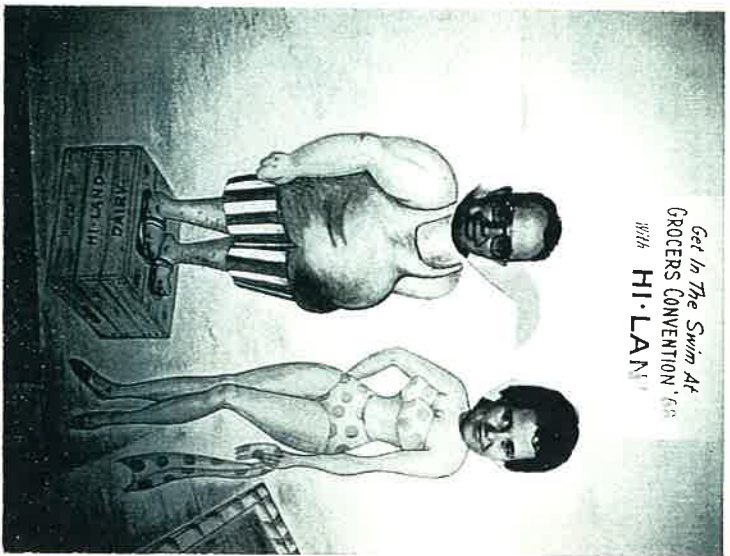
The entrepreneurial spirit caught us in the 90's and we decided to try our hand at ostrich farming. We built pens, sheds. Bought incubator & built hatching rooms. Everything imaginable to make this new venture work. It cost a lot of money and we didn't get near out of it what we put in, but we learned a lot and the hard work "kept us young??" Several years later we decided to cut our losses and sell the birds. (or give them away).

A family tradition that the kids and grandkids have enjoyed for many years is our Christmas Eve yarn chase. I make a name tag on heavy cardboard for each child. Attach a piece of yarn and stretch the yarn to where their Christmas gift is hidden. When they were small, it was close, like the clothes dryer, or the coal room downstairs, or a closet. When they got older, it needed to be more of a challenge. Out in the garage, in the old truck, sometimes clear out to the corral. They take their name tags off the Christmas tree and wrap the yarn as they traced it to where ever their gift was hidden. It takes a lot of yarn. But as the kids get older, I have to knot longer pieces on. But they sure enjoy it. I reuse them year after year.

At age 74 I decided to try my hand at a quilting machine. For years I have been piecing quilts together and teaching classes. Then several of us would take the quilts to a place to have them quite looked into getting a machine and decided I wanted to do it. With Annette's help, who has become quite a builder, we remodeled one of the bird sheds we didn't need any longer and it was perfect to house this large quilting machine. So "Birdhouse Quilts" was born. At the present time I do many many quilts a month, plus keep up with the quilting classes I help with.

We are grateful that all four of our children are close. Bernice lives just north of Lee's old farm he lived on as a child. Mark lives on the farm where Lee's parents lived. Bruce has built a home west, up the lane from us and Annette lives a little farther north of Bernice and Mark. We have enjoyed being a part of their lives and especially the grandkids lives.



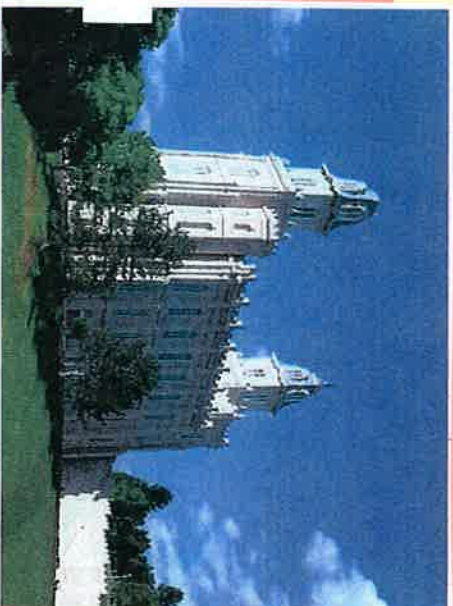


Get In The Swim At
GROCERS CONVENTION '64
WITH HI-LAND!

Lee & Hazel

At the Grocer's Convention

Manti Temple



McMullin Family
Day of Sealing
Manti Temple
24 Apr 1964



THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS



McMullin Family



Lee & Hazel's Temple Day
and
Doug & Luella's Temple Day



Utah 4-H

Over 40 years of service

4-H and Hazel McMullin

Hazel began her love of 4-H as a child when she was fortunate to have as her first teacher, Ruby Rowley. Ruby was a wonderful teacher and Hazel followed her example and became a teacher herself when she was a young mother.

She says, “4-H has been a big influence in my life”. She started teaching some girls in Cleveland when Bernice was only 5. She decided she’d better learn the ropes before she started teaching her own children.

Over the next few years she taught those first girls projects like making and upholstering foot stools--from scratch. They even made the frames, tied springs, put on padding and made the slip covers. Also, closets of orange crates, telephone benches, and upholstered chairs.

Bernice and her friends started when they were 10 years old. (She taught about 7 to 10 of them.) They did lots of different projects. Of course clothing--also foods and home improvement. They won many many blue ribbons, and lots of their things went to the state fair every year.

The State Fair became a family tradition. But Hazel usually took more than just family--her 4-H kids too. Most had never had the opportunity to go to the State Fair. They were always anxious to get up there to see what color ribbons they had.

Bernice qualified for the State representative’s trip to Michigan. She always said, “It should have been mom. If she hadn’t kept after me to get my record book done. I’d never have gotten anywhere.”

The boys, Mark and Bruce, also had their projects in 4-H. They did woodwork classes. They had a good leader--Frank White. But like typical kids, they needed encouragement to work on their projects at home.

All of the McMullin kids had livestock projects. This made the stockshow in Ferron also a family tradition that is still carried on today.

Annette also did many different projects in 4-H. They qualified her for a trip to Japan the summer after her graduation. The prior year they had a Japanese student spend a month with them.

Hazel said, “there would be a huge gap in the lives of all of our family had it not been for the things we have learned through the Extension Service.”

She taught 4-H for over 40 years. She has spent most of her life in acquiring sewing skills and sharing and teaching others what she’s learned. Her kids believe she can build most anything. Either with a hammer, saw and nails, or pins and needles.

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Please join our family
on this joyous occasion
when our parents
Doc and Hazel McMullin
will celebrate their

Eightieth Wedding Anniversary
on Saturday, August 24, 1996
from 6 till 9:00 p.m.

Redland 2nd Ward P.O.S. Meetinghouse
355 West 1st North
Cleveland, Utah

Your presence is the best gift of all
No. Gifts please

Beth Ann Wedding
Anniversary



Donated by Bernice Payne, daughter to Hazel Meeke McMullen ECR 2008, 027



HUNTINGTON ELEMENTARY 1ST GRADE 1934

1st ROW: Robert Sherman, Wadell Jensen, Andrew Sherman, Helva Mørsholl, Alton Jensen, Frank Turpin, Kay Sherman, Merrill Engle, Joseph Sherman, Teacher: Vivian Smith
2nd ROW: Art Sandberg, Teacher: Crystal Rosmusson, Lolo Anderson, Bonnie Pulmer, _____, Stella Jensen, Mertha Hansen, Elaine Jensen, Patsy Wakefield, Dione Thomas
3rd ROW: Phyllis Rowley, _____, Glen Brange, Dean Young, _____, Hazel Mæke
4th ROW: Virginia Nilsen, Volvone Jones, Wynne Allen, Helga Young, Jay Powell, Donna Jones, _____
5th ROW: Eileen Bennett, Thomas Wakefield, Leona Brown, Joan Jensen, Lynn Brickerhoff, Homer Engle
6th ROW: Val Young, Paul Tolstrup, Lavey Hardee, Ruby Day, Clara Wiksted, Ronald Jensen, Clyde Leimoster,