

Harold Fitzgerald

Family Group Record

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Husband Harold Fitzgerald CHISHOLM

Born	2 JUN 1904	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	2 NOV 1912	
Blessed			Endow	23 JUN 1930	SLAKE
Died	23 DEC 1959	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealP	BIC	
Buried	28 DEC 1959	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealS	25 JUN 1930	SLAKE
Married	25 JUN 1930	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA			
Father	Albert Edward Woolley CHISHOLM	Mother Lovina FITZGERALD			

Wife Martha Irene CLISSOLD

Born	19 MAR 1906	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	6 JUN 1914	
Blessed			Endow	23 JUN 1930	SLAKE
Died	31 AUG 1976	Sandy, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealP	28 JAN 1935	SLAKE
Buried		Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealS		
Father	Albert George Edward CLISSOLD	Mother Charlotte Irene THOMSON			
Other spouse	Elliott CARLSON				
Other spouse	C.J. WINSLOW				

Children

1 F	Martha Dorene CHISHOLM	Spouse Robert Irving ROWSER			
	Born 16 AUG 1933	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	31 AUG 1941	
	Blessed		Endow	13 FEB 1952	
	Died		SealP	BIC	
	Buried		SealS	13 FEB 1952	
	Married 14 OCT 1950				
2 M	Darrell Edward CHISHOLM	Spouse Marcia Drucilla DURFEE			
	Born 11 JUN 1936	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	2 JUL 1944	
	Blessed 2 AUG 1936	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Endow	5 JUN 1956	SLAKE
	Died		SealP	BIC	
	Buried		SealS	15 JAN 1960	SLAKE
	Married 15 JAN 1960	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA			
	Retired 31 AUG 1994	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA			
3 F	Mary Irene CHISHOLM	Spouse Eugene Tolman HINTZE			
	Born 26 APR 1941	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	5 AUG 1949	
	Blessed		Endow	10 MAR 1961	SLAKE
	Died		SealP	BIC	
	Buried		SealS	10 MAR 1961	SLAKE
	Married 10 MAR 1960	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA			

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A HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF



Harrold Fitzgerald Chisholm

WRITTEN BY HIS SON, DARRELL E. CHISHOLM

INTRODUCTION:

As far as I know, no one has ever written a thing about my father. As I am now 63 years old, I have watched his entire generation in the family pass away and realized that it is up to me to write his life story, if such is to be written. I have come to believe that everyone should have something written about him to honor him and make him more than just a name on a group sheet. I am finding that every life is an interesting story, whether the person in the story believes it or not. I begin this work with only my memories and those of my two sisters, Dorene and Mary, aided by a couple of documents and a history of his father, Albert Edward Chisholm.

BIRTH AND YOUTHFUL YEARS:

Harrold was born June 2, 1904, in Salt Lake City, Utah, the first child and first son of his father, Albert Edward Chisholm, and his mother, Lovina Fitzgerald. His parents met while living in Provo when his father was 19 and his mother was 23. They went together for four years and were married September 30, 1903, at the City and County Building in Salt Lake. They were later sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on May 4, 1904 - a month prior to his birth. Also born into the family were Ralph Valentine - February 14, 1906, Lois Marie - July 17, 1913, and Florence Vera - March 30, 1917. I have no record of where Dad lived when he was first born, but his father built a home at 1759 South 400 East in Salt Lake City, where they moved when he was 4 years old, and there he stayed until he married and left home. I show no record of him being named and blessed in the Church and by whom, but having just been sealed in the temple, his parents very likely did it or had it done. He grew up in that neighborhood and that ward and was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on November 2, 1912. He continued to progress in the Church and received the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained a Deacon on July 2, 1916, in the Waterloo Ward, Granite Stake. He was not ordained by his father, but by Gustave Hoaglund, a seventy in the ward. He was ordained a Teacher on June 22, 1919, by H. C. Mortensen and was ordained a Priest on August 6, 1922, by Frank Demke. I have no record of him being ordained an Elder, but I know that he was ordained a Seventy in preparation for going on a mission. The mission never happened.

I have no idea what Dad was like growing up. He never talked about his life the whole time I knew him. There were no stories that slipped out or experiences that he

shared. He was very quiet and not a talker. I do know that he went to school with Mom and her brothers, who lived in that same area. The Thomson house was on Coatsville Avenue, about a block away, and Mom's mother was a Thomson. I have in front of me a professional photograph of Dad when he was about 18 to 22, thereabouts. He was handsome, clean-cut, and no one in those days smiled for pictures. I know he was meticulous and organized and did very well in math and mechanics. He learned to play the saxophone and the clarinet, but he never talked about playing in school or wherever. His father was very musical and had his own band at one time.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION & MARRIAGE:

He graduated from Granite High School and continued on with his life until he was 26, at which time he married my mother, Martha Irene Clissold, aged 24, on June 25, 1930, in the Salt Lake Temple. I wish I knew why the mission didn't happen. I can only go by comments Mom made on occasions. According to her, Dad was his mother's favorite, and she couldn't bear to see him go away. Dad's younger brother, Ralph, went on a mission to England, but Dad was talked into not going. I truly believe that Dad's life would have been very different if he had gone on that mission.

Three years after the wedding, by sister, Martha Dorene, came along to make their union a family, and I, Darrell Edward, followed three years after that. It took another five years for Mary Irene to complete their family of three. The times were hard during the 30's, and the country suffered a great depression. Dad had to sell the car he so dearly loved to survive, and his little family was a great responsibility. He never did get another car the rest of his life. Work was hard to find, and my first knowledge of his profession was that of file clerk at Standard Furniture Company in Salt Lake City. This was where he was when I came on the scene, and it was here that he was introduced to alcohol in a big way. He had seen men drinking earlier in his life, for his father was a cook and bar tender at the Bismark on 30th West and 2nd South until Dad was 12. Dad and his brother would go there many times for oyster crackers. The Prohibition movement shut down the Bismark at that time. As far as I know, he got in with the guys at the furniture store and started to drink. Some people can hold their liquor and not have it bother them, but Dad couldn't. He became addicted after a time, and that controlled his life from then on. I don't remember Dad being abusive or swearing around us. I only remember him being gone a lot. He loved animals and would often bring home a stray cat or dog in his drunken condition. Mom would have to find another home for the pets, as we lived upstairs in Uncle Wil's and Aunt Ruby Summers' home. I only remember one activity we all did together at this point - a hike to the "U" on the hill above the University of Utah. We got up early when it was still dark and started up through the avenues to the foothills. Mary was about 2, so we carried her most of the way. I remember being cold and wondering if the sun would ever come up! We finally reached the big concrete "U" and looked out over the valley. On the way back, Dad picked up a cat that had been following us for a long time and took it home with us. It soon disappeared, too. Dad had 2 Lionel electric trains, which he would tinker with when he was sober at home. He ran them around a 4' X 8' table. I wasn't allowed to touch them yet.

THE CALIFORNIA DAYS:

Being a master mechanic that he was, Dad got a job with Pan American Airlines in San Francisco in 1944 and set out to his new job without us. He said he would send for us when he got settled. We moved to Coatsville Avenue to the Thomson house mentioned earlier. It was here that I was baptized as we finished our school year. We heard nothing from Dad for weeks at a time, and Mother was becoming suspicious that his drinking was still a problem with him, and he was avoiding the responsibility of his little family. Finally, Mom packed us up, and we head for California on the Greyhound Bus. We landed in San Jose, which is about 70 miles south of San Francisco and looked up a cousin of Mom's. We settled into an apartment and began the hunt for Dad. I don't remember how long it took to bring him home, but Dad was in the home again. He stayed in San Francisco during the week and came home on weekends. The trick was to get him home on paydays before he stopped in at his favorite bar in San Jose and lost all his money. I became pretty good, as a 9 and 10 year old boy, at finding him in town and getting him home. When he fell asleep, I would get his money from him and give it to Mother. As bad as his alcoholism was, it is amazing to me how he kept his job working on the huge amphibious Clipper Ships of the airlines. He was very inventive and could solve about any mechanical problem that came along. He was paid extra on one pay check for inventing a gadget on the pilot seat of the aircraft.

One day, he was drunk on the job and fell off a ladder onto the runway and hit on the back of his head. He was in the hospital for several weeks with a terrible concussion and came out of that injury with a considerable decrease in his sense of smell and taste. We lived in San Jose for 2 1/2 years and tried everything to help Dad quit drinking. It had to be his idea to be successful, and he wasn't cooperative. At length, Mom decided to leave him to his fate, and we caught the train back to Salt Lake. Mom filed for divorce, after 11 years of his alcohol abuse, and we became a fatherless family. Dad returned to Salt Lake shortly after we left and lived with his folks in the basement.

THE DIVORCED YEARS:

Dad didn't hold down a regular job after returning to Salt Lake, but found odd jobs as a handyman in the neighborhood. People loved him, because he was thorough and creative. He could fix anything. All through my teenage years, I would go, about once a month, and see Dad for a day. Even though Mom remarried, and we moved to Center Street down from the Capitol Building, I would go on by bike to see Dad. He was almost always home, down in his little basement apartment. We didn't talk about much, particularly the family, but just built things together in the shop. I watched him work with tools and how carefully he would pick them up and set them down. We managed to resurrect an old Pierce-Arrow bike that Grandpa Chisholm used to ride when he was 18 - making it almost 70 years old. It was weird looking, but it got me around for a while until I got something better. Dad would fix a Dagwood sandwich for lunch - his specialty. We would spend the day just hanging out and not getting into anything deep. I look back on this as a time Dad and I learned to appreciate each other as the persons we were - beyond our faults. We never talked about our problems or

what had happened in the family. We were just father and son, unpressured by time, enjoying our skills - his mature and mine developing.

His mother died June 10, 1955, which left only his dad and sister, Lois, in the house with him. Lois died the next year while I was on a mission to Western Canada. Aunt Lois had paid for my mission. That left only Dad and Grandpa in the house, and Grandpa was worse than Dad for being a recluse and never making conversation. The day I left on my mission, from the Greyhound bus station in Salt Lake City, I caught a glimpse of Dad, outside the crowd. He came to see me go. I didn't get to talk to him, for he left. I felt so sorry for him at that time and reflected on what he might be today if he had decided to go on a mission those many years ago.

THE LATER YEARS:

When I had been on my mission about six months, I received a letter from Mom announcing that she and Dad were remarried on January 26, 1957, in Henefer, Utah, by Dorene's Bishop Stevens. Apparently, Dad had become very ill, and it was reported to Mom, by Uncle Emerson, that he was not being properly cared for. Mom went to the house with her brothers, Emerson and Gene, got Dad from his room in the basement and took him to our home. It took about a month to nurse him back to health, at which time she decided that he couldn't go back to Grandpa's house again. They married so that Mom could take care of him for his remaining years.

When I returned from my mission, there was Dad in his place in the family. His alcohol problem had mostly subsided, except we could smell some on him ever once in a while. The next summer that I was back from Canada, Mom, Dad, Mary and I took the first trip we had ever taken together. We drove to San Diego, California, and stayed in a motel by the wharf. Dad and I took long walks along the water-front to see the boats and ships. It was a great time together, seeing new places and new things.

Dad still didn't have a job, so I offered him one where I had begun to work - at an insulation plant on 90th South and 6th West in Sandy. The company was owned by our bishop and our stake president. I was the foreman of the plant, and Dad was one of my workers. He was a steady, hard worker, and I saw him progress in his life to becoming the secretary of the Sevethes group in the ward and to actually handing Mom some money - something I had never seen.

HIS DEATH:

One of our duties at the insulation plant was to climb up into a large bin and help the insulation go out through an auger into the trucks. It was very dangerous, and Dad was instructed to never go up there and try to do it. The truck drivers were also instructed to not allow him to do it. The years of alcoholism had left him somewhat unsteady in physical situations. On the morning of December 23, 1959, we had loaded the trucks and sent them on their way. The manager and I left the plant to drive into Salt Lake for more materials for insulation. Dad was alone running the grinder and filling the bin, when a truck decided to come back after a small job and top off his load. Dad went up into the bin, and the driver didn't even think about what was happening. When the auger didn't turn on, he remembered and ran upstairs to see what was going on. There was no sign of Dad. He climbed down the ladder into the bin and found

Dad's hand just below the surface. He called the ambulance, they got him out, and rushed him to the Salt Lake County Hospital on 21st South and State Street. We soon arrived from town and learned of the accident. I rushed to the hospital to learn that he had died. He had a bruise across the bridge of his nose, which indicated that he had fallen and hit a rafter before entering the bin. Our bishop and part owner of the company had joined me by now, and we went to Salt Lake to the Telephone Building and informed Mom of the accident. Just two days until Christmas was really a bad time for such a thing to happen - as if there were a good time. And yet, if it were time for him to go, how much better for him not to die an alcoholic on the street somewhere. He was making great progress and doing things he probably thought he could never do again.

It was particularly sad for me to return the leather jacket that I had bought him for Christmas. I was just three weeks away from my wedding, and it's a shame he didn't get to know my kids. He was buried at the cemetery on 33rd South and Highland Drive in Salt Lake on the 28th of December, 1959, after a very nice funeral. He was 55. Thus ended a special life to me - he was my father. But, it was a tragic life that sort of had a happy ending.