

Family Group Record

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Husband **Albert Edward Woolley CHISHOLM**

Born	12 JUN 1880	Brixton, Lambeth, Surrey, London, England	Bapt	14 SEP 1888	
Blessed			Endow	4 MAY 1904	SLAKE
Died	8 MAY 1980	Murray, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealP	27 MAR 1907	SLAKE
Buried	12 MAY 1980	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealS	4 MAY 1904	SLAKE
Married	30 SEP 1903	Salt Lake City			

Father Henry Edward CHISHOLM

Mother Mary Ellen Jane ROBERTS

Wife **Lovina FITZGERALD**

Born	24 APR 1876	Draper, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	29 JUN 1884	
Blessed			Endow	4 MAY 1904	SLAKE
Died	10 JUN 1955	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealP	BIC	
Buried	13 JUN 1955	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealS		
Father John FITZGERALD			Mother Sarah Ann WILLIAMS		

Children

1 M	Harrold Fitzgerald CHISHOLM	Spouse Martha Irene CLISSOLD			
	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			
2 M	Ralph Valentine CHISHOLM	Spouse Ruth Beatrice WILKINS			
	Born 14 FEB 1906	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	5 SEP 1914	
	Blessed		Endow	24 JUN 1926	SLAKE
	Died 26 OCT 1997	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealP	BIC	
	Buried 29 OCT 1997	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealS	12 APR 1934	SLAKE
	Married 12 APR 1934	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA			
3 F	Lois Marie CHISHOLM	Spouse			
	Born 17 JUL 1913	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	27 AUG 1921	
	Blessed		Endow	6 MAY 1964	SLAKE
	Died 13 DEC 1956	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealP	BIC	
	Buried		SealS		
	Married				
4 F	Florence Vera CHISHOLM	Spouse David Raymond GARRETT			
	Born 30 MAR 1917	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	Bapt	22 JUN 1925	
	Blessed		Endow	6 DEC 1940	SLAKE
	Died 18 FEB 1994	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealP	BIC	
	Buried 23 FEB 1994	Wasatch Lawn, Salt Lake, Utah, USA	SealS	6 DEC 1940	SLAKE
	Married 6 DEC 1940	Salt Lake, Salt Lake, Utah, USA			
	Other spouse James Ralph HARDMAN (married 5 JUL 1952)				

Prepared 6 NOV 1997 by:

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Comments:

Albert Edward Woolley Chisholm



ALBERT EDWARD WOOLLEY CHISHOLM

I was born in London, England on June 12, 1880, but my father brought us to America when I was seven years old and my sister, Florence was five. The only thing I remember about that trip by ship was when there was a big wave; and I went with the wave. I almost went over the edge, but the man who tended the hold of the ship grabbed me and said, "Now will you stay down in the hold when I tell you?"

We landed down South. I remember there were a lot of colored people where I was. Our father said, "You stay right here until I get back," but when he got back it was closed and everyone was gone. We managed to stay put at the gate outside so he found us quite easily; but he was scared to death. They have quite a "bull pen" they herd you into and you stay there until they tell you to move.

We came on the train right to Salt Lake City, Utah (16th ward). We lived with my father and his sister, Aunt Emily, for a while. My father was a stage manager and dyed clothes. I was about nine years old when he passed away. I continued to live with Aunt Emily, who had four children at that time. She had several more later, several boys I believe. My sister went to live with Aunt Lottie (Giles) in Provo. I went to school in 16th ward, but not too many years (8th grade education). I didn't like it. At age 13, I had typhoid fever and lost the hearing in my left ear. We moved around half a dozen times as I remember. Then finally I went to Provo and went to school there.

When I was 13 or 14 I got my first job with a photograph gallery on West Temple and First South. I polished the pictures and also carried picture equipment up to take pictures of Angel Moroni on top of the temple.

One time I was sick and Aunt and Grandma didn't know I had something like walking pneumonia. Grandma took off my shoes and that's the last thing I remember for three months. Grandma gave me whiskey and nursed me back to health. Everyday I would just drink the whisky and two doctors would come out to check me. When I was

getting better I got in the Alfalfa field and sat in the sun. Grandma gave me some new clothes and shoes.

After going to school in Provo for a while, I returned to Salt Lake City. By that time, Aunt Em's was getting quite crowded so I got a job at a floral--Evans Floral--the wife was a grey-haired lady, and he was a grey-haired, very strict Englishman. He used to give me a dime and send me to do the deliveries. He said "If the car (street car) comes you take it and if it doesn't come you walk." I would walk to save the dime and run to get there faster. I also helped to design wreaths, and earned \$1.50 a week. They had coal-burning heaters for their greenhouses. Later they moved to Tenth East and Fourth South to a bigger floral there, then to Denver.

I moved back to Provo, where I lived with Aunt Lottie and went to public school at the old depot. Whenever I got a chance, I would draw. I would draw everything. My teacher would walk around the class, take my picture, go to the front of the class and say it was perfect. My favorite treat was Morrison Meat Pies with sauce. I used to be a fry cook at one of the restaurants there, too.

A man by the name of Jepperson in Provo had a couple of sons--I used to go with those sons sometimes. They made guitars. This man was an artist--painted ships on curtains for when they came down in the Opera House. They let me watch them making guitars and I got interested in what they were doing.

I quit Provo and moved back to Salt Lake City and started making violins. I read books and watched people and that's how I learned to make them. I lived on North Temple and Sixth West at that time with Aunt Em. Then she moved out toward Redwood Road. They bought a lot there, and he bought some lumber and his sons put together and built a house. They built it all in one day just about.

Then I went to work for a man named Dyer-- a very staunch church man. He let me run the greenhouse while he turned to other things, so I learned to tend the greenhouse rather well. I remember one time he told me to clean up the room so I cleaned the desk a put all the white, all the blue, all the pink paper together and the boss didn't want it because he couldn't find anything.

In 1908, I built the home I now live in and have always lived in since. (1759 Fourth East in Salt Lake City.)

I learned how to play violin, clarinet, baritone trumpet, trombone, harmonica, and Auto harp. The first band I played with was the farmers Ward band for children. We played at different wards, poor people's homes and went to the old prison on 21st South. Later I played in a band but didn't get paid so I started my own band. This was the Chisholm Concert Band and we worked for the city playing in the park.

When we were at Camp Slone, we had an orchestra. We used to go down the street and serenade; the people would feed us cake and things. This was Burt Rand, Charlie Walker, myself, and one or two others that would come and go all the time. We also used to play at Saltair. I learned to play by instruction books. I never had any lessons. We used to call Saltair Spiderville because there were so many spiders in the pavilion. They used to fall down the ladies' necks. My son Ralph used to go with me many a Sunday Afternoon. The bandleader was John Montgomery, and then I took over for eight years. This was in the "Twenties" or before--before the depression--plenty of money and life was plenty good.

I led the Post Office Band and in 1915 went to Los Angeles and San Francisco by train for the "Federation Days" held by the National Federation of Post Office Clerks. (The men were quite wayward.)

I played at the dedication of the Capital Building with 145 people. After that, I went to the Mayor and said "I won't be playing anymore because I'm going on the farm". That was a bad decision.

I did some plowing in Scipio when Ralph was eleven or twelve years old. Did it for seven years while I lived in a tent and just about broke even. I remember thinking how funny it was that down there when something was bad they said it was a piece of cheese instead of a piece of cake. I bought a tractor from Twin City (brand name made in Minnesota). It had big metal wheels and I had a lot of trouble with it. (It seemed it would only go on the road.) I plowed 1200 acres, breaking hard ground there in Scipio. I plowed 20 acres with a car pulling the plow. I mortgaged my home to buy the tractor, and even though the tractor wasn't any good the mortgage stayed on.

I was a cook for Knutsford Hotel until one of the cooks took a cleaver and struck the other cook with it so I left there. He hit him broadside against the face, but that was enough for me.

Then I went to the Bismark on 30 West and Second South for years until 1916 when they passed the Prohibition Act. It was a Cafe and Bar where I was a cook and then a bartender until Prohibition closed the Bismark down. My boss there was Mr. Sigmund Simon, a German Jew and a very nice man. He had bartenders from all over the country that he would send for because he wanted good me to handle the bars. Later he opened a different place. My sons, Harrold and Ralph, as children, used to go in the Bismark many times for their oyster crackers.

When I left the Bismark, I took up a job setting up bowling pins downstairs from the Bismark. I was originally hired for that, but they found out I knew about cooking and soon I was in charge of all the cooking. In 1917 during the First World War, I worked as a time keeper on the Garfield-Bingham Railroad. I worked the Railroad for quite some time. I quit that and started my own cafe in 1922 on first South.

I met my wife, Lovina Fitzgerald, in Provo when I was 19. She was coming around the block, and I saw this woman coming around so I went around the other way because I didn't want to meet her. Then her sister wanted me to come and meet her at her home, so I brushed up and went out to her home. Lovina lived in Draper but was staying with her Sister Delia Fitzgerald Bonnett in Provo. Her mother was working at the insane asylum and I was carrying the food around. Her husband, Jack Bonnett, worked in a silver mine up Provo Canyon. When we returned to Salt Lake City, I would ride a bicycle from town to her home in Draper--3/4 hour on cow trails. I married Lovina at the City and County Building when she was 27 and I was 23. (Sept. 30, 1903) Laura, Clo, and Grandma went with us. We were later sealed in the Salt Lake Temple.

One time I worked as a cook up Provo Canyon for the crew who were working on the power plant. Two fellows were the ones who started electrical energy from water in this area. They started Telluride Power Company. There still is an outfit in Colorado that

carries the Telluride name, but at the time it was all through southern Utah. They had this hydroplant in Provo and I cooked for their crew. I was probably under 20 at the time.

After they were through, I was persuaded by some guy to go over into Colorado and sell clothing. I sold suits up in Silverton, Colorado, and through that area and made more money than I had in my whole life.

I've been driving a car since 1913 when I had a Model T Ford--with straight fenders, brass radiator, window curtains, and fold-down top. When it didn't run right you would fiddle with the coils in front. The coils intensified the spark. To start it it had a crank. I remember once my son, Harrold, pushed down on the crank instead of pulling up and broke his arm. It barely got healed before he did the same thing and broke it again. I then had a Dodge, and then an old black Ford--I remember I had trouble with the radiator so took it into a place to have it soldered. They soldered it up so there was no return. I got about a block away and it blew up--like a steam engine. I never had a new car.

Now I have a red, '53 Ford. What gets my goat is that my next-door neighbor, when I ran into their house by mistake and scraped a little paint off, had me arrested. The policeman came, and I told him I did it. He told me I would have to take some driving instructions. The man didn't give me any instructions, just drove me around and said I should take my car home and leave it there. Then I got a letter saying I was prohibited from driving.

I worked in toys, lamps, and ran the stock room at ZCMI for about 25 years from about the beginning of Second World War. I worked as custodian at night for them before I went into the stock room. I retired in 1960 at age 80, I now get retirement from them. (\$25 per month).

We had four children--Harrold, Ralph, Lois, and Vera--of which only Ralph and Vera are now living. Lois died at age 43 from cancer; and Harrold suffocated when he fell into a storage bin of insulation where he worked, one year just before Christmas.

As of this date, I have 13 grandchildren, 53 great grandchildren, and 6 great, great grandchildren.