


Hettie Ann Haslam Nelson

Personal Data	
Born: 11 October 1889	
Died: 16 March 1985	
Husband: Henry Charles Nelson	
Father: Robert Howarth Haslam	
Mother: Esther Catherine Williams	
Siblings: Robert, Evan, John, Sarah, William, Margaret, Clarissa, Byron, Leone, David	

I was born the sixth child of 6 boys and 5 girls in the family of Robert Howarth and Esther Catherine Haslam on Oct. 11, 1889 in Salt Lake City, Utah. I was blessed on Dec. 5, 1889 by Bishop Kesler in Salt Lake City, Utah. The children were, in order of their births: Robert, Evan, John, Sarah, William, Margaret, Clarissa, Byron, Leone, and David.

I remember our family and home life to be very happy and secure. We worked together as a family in all the chores that had to be done around the house, helping our mother, and helping our father in his store. My father, Robert Howarth Haslam, was a kind, loving father, but he was also very firm in what he expected of us as children and in discipline. There was one thing he would never put up with - sassing mother; Esther Catherine Haslam was very loving also, but it was a little easier to get favors from her although she would always abide by what father said. Mother had a black leather strap hanging up on the stairs leading downstairs, and all she needed to do was to mention using the strap on us and we soon straightened right up: Seldom did she have to use it on us.

Our little sister, Sarah, died of the measles when she was only nine months old. Our dear brother, William, contracted Diphtheria when he was a young single man of 28 years. The disease paralyzed his throat and he passed away on March 12, 1916. Then our brother, John, left home one day with his friend, the Emertson boy, and it was two years before John came home again, although he kept in touch with the family. He first stayed in Nevada and then went to California, where he learned the carpentry trade that he used the rest of his life.

As children, we congregated either in the kitchen or in the dining room, doing our studies around the dining room table. There was no central heating, so we had a stove in the kitchen and dining room and a heater in the parlor later on. We seldom used the parlor in the winter except for special occasions. I remember when my brother, Evan, paid for the first electrical fixture we ever had in the parlor.

Christmas time was a special time. We always hung up our stocking and got the wonderful treat of an orange. My brother, Rob, would always put a piece of coal in all of our stockings when he got older. Our first Christmas tree was one brought all the way from Kaysville by Brother Webster. The trip was so long that he always had to stay overnight with us. Our decorations on the tree were candles, which we always lit, strings of popcorn and cranberries and several homemade paper chains.

Mother had an old washing machine that had to be turned by hand. It had a wooden dolly to hold the clothes. Be-cause it was such hard work, Brother Betts, who was the janitor of the 16th Ward was hired to turn the washer for mother. He was small of stature, but he was strong, and he would take the handle and turn it right and then left and back again, while he sang hymns the whole time. He knew the batch was done by how many verses he had sung.

Mother always cooked on a coal stove. She never did have any other kind of stove in her entire life. It had a reservoir on the side and with this and every kettle in the house; we heated water for our weekly bath on Saturday night. Mother would put a big washtub between two chairs and fill it with clean water and bathe three or four little ones, empty the water and refill with clean water and start the procedure over again until everyone had a bath.

Because my father had a grocery and meat store, we never went without good meals. Many times on a Saturday night, my father would bring two or three roasts that had been left over and my mother would line them up in a large roaster and cook them together.

My father was originally a carpenter and built our first home. It was on 5th West between 1st and 2nd North and he built the store right next to it. There were two or three bedrooms, a parlor, dining room and kitchen in the home and then over the store, three more bedrooms were built. There was no indoor plumbing in those days; so we had an outhouse. It was years before we had a bathroom in the house. Aunt Mary Jeremy had a house on the corner of 5th West and 2nd North. My mother looked after many of the needs of Aunt Mary, and we children used to run errands for her also. Because of my mother's goodness to her, Aunt Mary left her home to Mother when she died. They had the house torn down as it was very old and father built a house and a duplex on that corner. Dave and Erma lived in the duplex for some time and the family lived in the big house. When the house got too big for the folks, they moved into the duplex; Dave and Erma moved into the big house.

My brother, Robert, married Miriam Taylor and they had a little baby girl, Esther, but Miriam died of kidney trouble when the baby was only six months old, so my mother and father took her in as their own and raised her as our sister.

House cleaning time was a time of lots of hard work on the part of everyone. My brother, John, would get in one corner of a room, and I would be in the other corner. We would clean on our hands and knees until we met in the middle. Mother always made new carpets each year at cleaning time. They were made from old rags that were kept for this purpose. We girls had a lot of ironing to do to help our mother. We had heavy irons that we heated on the coal stove and lifting them wore us out. My father wore butcher aprons in his store every day, and they were made out of white linen. We had to boil them to get them clean, and then I can remember ironing ten to twelve each week for him.

The mode of transportation in those days was either horse and buggy or the streetcars that went down 5th West to town. Because we were so close to town, we generally walked. But on

special occasions, we would as a family in our horse and buggy to Liberty Park for a picnic. Mother would make a huge lunch and pack it in a big wash basket. There was no waxed paper or foil to put the sandwiches or cake in; so we would wrap them in a clean dishtowel. My father also had a delivery wagon pulled by a horse to deliver his groceries to his customers.

School was close by. We walked to school each day. I went to Jackson School the first seven years, and then to the Union School, located where the West High School now stands. I graduated from the ninth grade there. I can re-member my graduation dress vividly - I hated it: My girl friend, Mary Watson, who graduated the same day, had a dress just like mine. It had a white yoke and the rest was made from ugly brown material. My mother didn't sew; so she hired an old-maid friend, Hattie Ershaw, as the seamstress, and she made many of my dresses during this period. We al-ways had just one best dress, wore high buttoned or laced shoes and dark stockings.

"I had many wonderful school chums at Union. There were about twelve of us, and we sewed, gabbed and gossiped away: Some of those friends were Ada Yard (Brooks), Ella Nielson, Hulda Nielsen (her sister), Edna Rawlins, and Mable Parry. We called ourselves the Gimmie Gang and really had fun together. The teacher that stands out in my mind at Union the most was Leone Horn. I kept in touch with her for years. My sister, Leone, was named for her. Our principal at Jackson was William Bradford.

As children, we had to make our own entertainment, as we loved to play Run Sheepie Run, Marbles, Hopscotch, and Tipple. Tippie was played by getting a stick or branch about 8 inches long and whittle both ends into points and then hit it with a long stick and see how far into the air it would go. We also had lots of firecrackers on the Fourth of July and our ward would have at least one celebration down at Liberty Park each year.

Seldom, if ever, did we have "store-bought" clothes. We shopped at the only good store at that time, ZCMI. Father also bought many of his groceries from either ZCMI or Utah Grocers, When my father retired some years later, my three brothers, Rob, Byron, Dave opened and ran a grocery store on 5th West between 1st and 2nd North.

I don't remember either of my grandfathers, but I do remember my Grandmother Williams on my mother's side, and my Grand-mother Haslam on my father's side. My Grandmother Williams was slight in build and warm and friendly. There were times when she would speak Welsh so the children wouldn't understand her. She lived on 6th West between North Temple and 1st North, it was close enough that we could walk to her house. I remember well one Decoration Day when my mother asked me to go to her home and ask her when she would be ready to go to the cemetery. She said about one, but I told my mother she said noon. At noon, I put in an appearance and found bsr on her hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor from a big copper bucket. She was very cross with me for coming at the wrong time. I had to admit I told a "fib." When we got to the cemetery, she knelt down to the side of grandfather's grave and said, "This is where I want to lay." I never forgot that: She died the following August. The whole family had been to Liberty Park to celebrate her birthday. She died suddenly a few days later.

My Grandmother Haslam, on the other hand, was very serious and sober. My Grandfather

Haslam was the storekeeper for Brigham Young in the Beehive House. When he took another wife in polygamy, my grandmother left him, and they never lived together again.

After going to Elementary School, I only went to West High School one year. It seems that father had to fire the girl who worked in his store, and he asked me to work until he could get some one else in her place, so I couldn't go to school until that happened, I worked out so well that father never replaced) and I worked in his store until I was married - about 8 to 10 years. I handled the grocery department taking orders, etc. al my father, brothers, William and Rob, worked in the meat department. David and Byron were too young at that time to work, and Evan worked on the railroad and John was in California. I can remember my father taking meat in the large wagon down to Redwood Road to sell from it. Redwood Road seemed such a long way away from the store.

My folks were very religious and always went to Church. The gospel meant a lot to them. Because there were always so zany little ones at home, with a family of eleven, mother and Father would take turns staying home with the little ones, while the other ones went to Sacrament Meeting. Because she ad too many little babies at one time, mother could never go ;o Relief Society, but I remember Rachel Folland, Emily Lewis and Mrs. Cottam, from the 16th Ward Relief Society coming over o the house often after their meeting and mother would serve hem m lunch, and they would visit.

When I was a young girl, I taught both Sunday School and Primary. I also remember being in two Ward operettas when T was Mutual age. One of them was the Mikado, and I still have a picture of myself in the kimono from that production. All of our pleasure and recreation stemmed from our Ward activities. We always went to the Ward picture shows on the weekend. The biggest majority of the young people were LDS in those days and we had much in common. I remember that every single one of our neighbors were LDS also.

Evan Stephens, who led the Tabernacle Choir in those days, was a friend of my mothers, and I can recall his being in our home on several occasions. I think of that every time I see 'his name in our hymnbook.

I remember how much fun we had as young people, and I always had a lot of boy friends, too. I can well remember a Ward Fair we had in the 16th Ward when I was between 16 and 18 years of age. I don't remember how I was sponsored, but several girls in the Ward were put up (or sponsored) for Most Popular ;girl in the Ward. My name was entered for the contest and chances were sold to determine the most popular girl. I remember well how my brothers would get the salesmen who came into my father's store (they were called drummers) to buy chances on me, and lo and behold, I won the contest! The prize was a lovely gold Elgin watch on a chain. I wore it for year's after-wards.

When I worked in the Sunday School, I well remember the trips we took to Saltair about twice a year. Joshua Selley owned part of a boat so he got 25 or 30 of us from the Sun-day School to take the train out to Saltair, where we would get on his boat and ride out to Bird Island and be gone all day.

We had to make our own pleasure in those days; so we had lots of Ward dances over at the 15th Ward.

When father built our new house, that put us in the 28th Ward, and many times we would take the train up Emigration Canyon to the lovely big resort hotel, Pinecrest. We were never able to eat in the hotel, as it was for the rich, but we would look around and then eat our picnic out in the canyon. My mother's brother, William, who ran the Williams Furniture Store next to ZCMI, owned a cabin in Emigration Canyon, and we took trips up there occasionally.