

Briggs, Linda Martha

NICHOLE BRIGGS' FAMILY STORIES

NICHOLE BRIGGS
April 13, 1995

ENGLISH 4TH PERIOD

Briggs, Linda, Martha. 5 December 1952. Los Angeles, CA.
Personal Interview. Salt lake City, UT. 3 April 1995.

My Mother is Linda Briggs, and she lives in Salt Lake City. But back in '65 she lived in Los Angeles and she was thirteen years old. Her father was a police officer, and he was very protective over his three daughters, because he had lost a sister to a man who murdered her. And he did not want that to happen to his daughters. If they were one minute late he would beat them until they said they would never do it again. If they did it twice, he would beat them until they couldn't sit down. No one knows what would happen the third time because no of them ever tried to chance it.

When my mother was young she liked to go out with her friends and with guys. She was thirteen years old so back then if you had a boyfriend then you were cool. She really liked a guy named James Caloway. He was tall, dark, and handsome. He had a really cool car and really cool friends. His family was rich and so he had everything she ever wanted. She liked everything about him. His hair, his eyes, his face, even his smile. He was everything she ever wanted. She wanted to marry him and she was only thirteen but she had her heart set on it.

"Dad, please let me go. He is the nicest guy. He can come meet you if you want. PLEASE!" she begged.

"All right. But he has to come a half hour early so that I can meet him and see if he is good. If I don't think he'll do, you will not go with him tonight." Her father told her.

"Yes, that is agreeable." Her mother said from the other room.

"Thank you father." She said running over to kiss him on the cheek.

"Remember. If I let you go you have to be home at nine. Not nine-o-one." He said.

"Yes, I promise."

James showed up that evening at six, instead of six thirty.

And that impressed her father. The three of them talked for awhile and James had mentioned he was going into the Law Enforcement. That also Impressed him.

Her father let the two go out and made sure she knew when to be home. The new couple went to dinner, then to a movie. She said she had had a lot of fun and that she would do it again if she was younger.

The tides had turned that night. She was dropped off at nine thirty. A half hour after the time limit. She asked James to stay for a little while and he did they stayed out side on the porch swing until ten then he had to leave. She walked up to the sliding glass door and saw that her father was talking to three other police officers and they had a picture of her in their hands.

She was scared. She walked in the door and they all looked up and her father said go to my room and wait for me their.

She found out later that she should have been home at the time because she couldn't sit down for the next week.

The moral of the story is, always be home at the time permitted.

Briggs, Michael, Stewart. 22 March 1953. Palmdale, CA.
Personal Interview. Salt Lake City, UT. 3 April 1995.

My father is Michael Briggs, and he lives in Salt Lake City. But back in '71 he lived in Palmdale. He was eighteen then and a big "Party animal" as he used to say. But he made sure he never crossed paths with his father because his father was a drunk, and he beat everyone if they messed up once. My dad was a senior in high school and he always hung out with four friends, so if one got in trouble all four did.

When my dad was in high school, he was a "party animal", he used to say. But his partying got out of hand one day and disaster struck.

His father was an alcoholic, and his mother is a smoker. "My father never put up with crap from snotty little teenagers." He used to say.

He had three friends, Greg, Frank, and Sam. They all hung-out together and they went every where together. They ate together and sang together in a band. They sang all kinds of songs from the Beatles to the Birds.

They all were straight A students. And they always got into trouble for just about everything. And the teachers would say "how could a bunch of nice kids like you create such havoc?" My father would always say "easy. Just do it."

One beautiful day the three friends and my father decided on that spring day they should go for a little ride in Franks brand new car. They were going to be right back just in time for school.

All four of them got into the car, and they took off.

"Frank? Are you sure we will be at school before the bell rings?" asked my father suspiciously.

"Of coarse, have I ever told you a lie?" he said in a sarcastic voice.

"Yeah, you have, so I think we should go back now."

"No, we'll be back in time I promise."

Meanwhile, as they were traveling down the highway. Sam's mother called the school to find out about his little brother and see if he had any homework that day.

"I'm sorry to here that Sam is sick today." said the secretary who worked at the school.

"Sam isn't sick today? Is he at school? Is Frank, Mike, and Greg there too?" his mother asked getting very angry.

"Why no, they aren't. I thought they were at home?"

"Well they aren't. Thanks a lot anyway."

They both hung up and his mother called everyone of their parents and told them they were sluffing. My father got into trouble, and so did Frank and Greg. But Sam was worst of all, he had to clean his sisters room, moms room, and the garage, during spring break, instead of going to Palm Springs with the others.