

Oral History of Alice J Martin

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Mrs. Carter
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ALICE J. MARTIN

Alice J. Martin was an interesting lady she was born on June 4, 1907 she died on December 27, 1945. She married Edward Alfred Martin on August 20, 1926. I interviewed some of her children so that I could find out more about her than what was written in our family history book.

Elaine:

"I was born april 15, 1929, in Salina, Utah, the second of five children born to Edward A. Martin and Alice Jensen Martin. My oldest brother is Lionel A. Martin and my youngest brother Ronald E. Martin. I had two sisters: one was Renee, a twon to Ronald, who died at the age of three. My younger sister is Colleen Christiansen.

We lived sometime in Magna, and I graduated from Cyprus High School. Later I attended beauty school in Champaign Urban Illinois.

Our childhood was very hard on us as our mother was sick and in and out of hospitals most of her life. We had to fend for ourselves the best we could. Even though our mother was sick, she tried to do everything she could when she was able. I remeber when she used to crawl around on her hands and knees at times to take care of the twins and Colleen, who were only

thirteen months apart.

She was the sweetest mother anyone could ever have, an angel. There was no one who could cook any better than she could. SHE always tried to see that we had a nice Christmas -- that always meant so much to her. We were very young when the Lord took her away. She was only thirty-eight years old, and it was the saddest day of my life. I was at the age when you need your mother the most, 15.

Our father was a hard worker and sometimes worked three jobs a day in order to make ends meet and to pay the doctor and hospital bills.

The times I remember most were when we used to go to Black Rock Beach swimming and for a picnic. Always on the fourth of July and the twenty-fourth we would go to Salt Lake and stay with my Aunt Ada and Uncle Will and cousin Carolyn. My Aunt Ada was good to us. She would always make us girls a new dress for the fourth of July, and we would go to Liberty Park for the parades on the fourth and twenty-fourth.

My father was a very good fisherman and every chance he had, we would go to Salina and go fishing and camping. He would always catch his limit and then some. My father became ill with asthma when he was fifty and suffered for ten years. It developed into emphysema, and he died when he was sixty.

Mother was such a good cook and I, as well as Colleen, picked up some of her talents. I remember how she likes to look just so. She always liked to get her hair done and buy a new

dress. It was important to her that all her children looked their best, too. Every time we would go to Salt Lake, if she could afford it, she would buy us a new outfit. I remember one fourth of July she bought me a beautiful two-piece dress with a green hat and shoes and gloves to match. I really thought I was special that day.

Her children were her life, and I know that she tried hard to live so that she could take care of us. She fought to live until she couldn't walk or function anymore. All these years I still remember that sweet smile and the love she had for all of us. I can't wait until the day comes when I can be with her again. I have missed her. I know she is in God's presence. I wish everyone could have known her. She was truly an angel."

Colleen:

My mom was the most loving and kind person I can ever remember. Even with her illness and fighting for her life, I can never remember her complaining. She loved her family and loved to do things with us whenever she was able. Whenever any of us kids performed anywhere, there she sat in the audience with a sweet smile and loving kind face. On the first day of May we would always pack up a nice lunch and go to Liberty Park to see one of us perform. Usually in the fourth grade, we danced the Maypole or another assigned dance. Sometimes Aunt Ada and her family would come join with us.

I can always remember mom making a feast somehow, even though she had very little to work with. Before we would go

fishing in Salina Canyon and stay in a tent for two weeks, she would prepare for a week: goodies, cookies, homemade cinnamon rolls, etc., to take with us. She would love to cook in her camp stove and could bake in it like she was at home.

In the summer we would go to the beach after Dad would get off work, and mom would pack a picnic lunch. We did enjoy being together on our outings. My mom was probably one of the greatest cake makers there ever was, and she loved to make her cakes for anyone she knew and loved.

I can remember a lady across the street from us. We called her Grandma Walker. She was an onery older lady. But my mom felt sad that she was all alone, and she would send us kids to help her or run errands. Mom was always wanting me to take her a dinner over that she had prepared.

Mom made every occasion special. She would prepare for days to get ready for any holiday or birthday - busy baking or cooking.

Mom had to go to the doctor often. We would catch the Bamberger train about one-half block south on Spencer Avenue and ride to Salt Lake City. One day I went with her to see Dr. Weggeland, and he said he had just seen a miracle; he had just seen a dead woman waling (meaning mom). She loved her life; she wanted to see her family raised. But she was very sick most of her short life, and yet every moment I shared with her was precious.

Mom lover all of her family and was so pround of each of

them - her mom and dad and brothers and sisters, and equally all the in-laws. They were all so very good to her. She told me that whenever her family was down they would take us kids and care for us. So they were each so special to her.

Mom also loved the church. Whenever she was well enough we would go to church. We - Mom, Elaine, and I - belonged to the choir. We would stay after sacrament meeting to practice. One Christmas I remember we put on a cantata. We had to be at the church at 5:00 in the morning. It did impress me. My mom loved to sing.

When ever mom was sitting she would be crocheting soem pretty dolly or something else pretty. My mom was making a beautiful beadspread when she died. She had it almost completed except for a few squares. We never found that after she died.

Just before Thanksgiving Mom would make the families traditional fruitcakes. She would decorate the tops for hours. They were a work of art. My father said he was offered \$25 for one of mom's fruitcakes. She was also known for the light and delicious waffles she made. My cousin Carolyn said, "Aunt Alice had to close the windows because her waffles were so light."

I remember when she would come home from the hospital, and she would call me her nurse. I loved to be with her. She taught me to be her nurse. I would give her a bed bath like she had in the hospital. She taught me to change the sheets while she was still in bed. I would give her a rubdown.

I wanted, I can remember, to be right next to her no matter

if she was cooking or sick in bed or even asleep. I was just like her shadow. somehow I must have realized or had intuition that each moment with her was so special. I can never remember her even being cross with me. I feel very blessed to have such a beautiful angel mother.

Ron:

I remember mother as being kind and patient with everyone. She was very mild mannered. She enjoyed doing things with me, but I always enjoyed doing things for her more because she always seemed to appreciate it so much.

She always tried to send the children to school in a clean manner, and also she helped us so much when we came home from school with our homework. She was always helping me with my spelling and math.

In the spring I remember how she loved fresh vegetables from our garden to make salads and can for the winter. I would always stick my fingers into things, and she enjoyed seeing me liking it so much.

I always enjoyed her cooking and baking regardless of what she was making. She seemed to make something out of nothing and we had delicious dishes.

I can remember her sending me down to the White Lily Bakery for pineapple malts and then eating her rolls with them. That was our favorite thing to do as well as listen to the programs on

the radio.

She tried to make dad as happy as possible all the time. She would usually let dad do as he pleased. He would take us fishing all the time in Salina Canyon, and mother would have everything prepared for our outings.

I really missed mother after she died. In high school I missed all of the help she gave me. Whenever I asked for it she was there.

After mother died, I lived with dad by myself as Lionel was in the service and Elaine and Colleen were living with our aunts.

Dad tried to help me and cook for me whenever he was home, but he was working all the time, and I learned to cook for myself. He would always tell me what was to be cooked for that day.

In the summer we would go fishing a lot and hunting in the fall.

In high school I played varsity basketball and baseball. I led the state in hitting in 1949. I don't think the record has been broken yet - 1 hit .516.

Also, I remember Dad when he went to the games I played. He would say he wasn't there, and one of our would tell me differently. So, that would make me happy knowing he would be there.

These are the things I remember about my parents, and I believe that they know that I love them very much and miss them.