

This is a personal history of Albert L. Lyons transcribed by his daughter Carolyn L. Engstrom on April 23, 1994. Albert gave this recording in 1975.

"This is a history of Albert L. Lyons. I'll make this in 5 separate areas namely childhood, schooling, occupation, family and church.

First childhood. I was born at my parents home about 849 West 3rd South Salt Lake City, Utah, on July 17, 1909 and was the 3rd of 4 boys. The first being Harry James Lyons, who was born in Salt Lake City on Nov 24 1905. Next George Emery Lyons Jr. who was born June 5 1907, also in Salt Lake City. Then a younger brother, Harold Vernon Lyons, born Sept 14, 1910. My parents were George Emery Lyons, my mother was Ruth Hazel Sainsbury Lyons. As a child I remember my two grandmothers, my grandfathers had passed away before I was born. My grandmother Sainsbury lived in Salt Lake and with us part of the time. She used to tell us stories of the hardships of the days old west and how it was to live in the days of the pioneers. She being one of them, she also told us stories about the indians and how they used to come to the homes asking for food. It was a treat as children to hear these stories. Some were pretty scary and she was a good story teller. She lived to be 90 and was very sharp.

My grandmother Lyons lived in Los Angeles and each summer as school let out mother packed our clothes for the 4 boys and herself and we went to Los Angeles and spent the summer months there. It was always a treat because we loved the train ride, and we always went down by train, in as much as we had free transportation because our father was an engineer on the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad. It was a treat also because she lived in a modern home that had inside bathrooms, and we could take a bath anytime we wanted in warm water. At home we had an outhouse and our bath consisted of a Saturday night tub in the kitchen by the old coal stove, where we kept warm while we took our bath. Going to Los Angeles would take us approximately 3 days going through Provo, and Lendel and Milford and down that way and it took us that long to get there. As of today it is only a short trip the way the route is now. At the time it wasn't until later that we appreciated how much fun these summer vacations were. They seemed to make us enjoy our stay at home after we got back and make us look forward to the following year when we could go down again. We enjoyed swimming and doing things that boys enjoyed doing at that time very much. My grandmother had an old touring car and we used to go to the beach and to different places in her automobile it was a real thrill to go out and visit different resorts and she always made it interesting she had something for us to do all the time and we really enjoyed it. There was community swimming pool close (within walking distance) and we used to do a lot of swimming. In those days it was a real fun time.

When I was 6 we moved to Popular Grove, which was on the west side of Salt Lake City. We moved to 915 South 13th West. We were excited at the time. The house was a lot larger, but it was in real sad condition, in fact the children in the neighborhood called it the haunted house. We loved it there, there was a large potato cellar in the back yard with several fruit trees and chicken coops. So we had chickens, pigeons, rabbits, dogs, and cats. Speaking of cats, Dad got the idea that there was big money in raising cats at this time and selling them. There were times when we had as many as 20 or 30 cats around the house running everywhere. Each one had a name and record, we would get \$10 for the male and \$15 for the female, that is when we could sell them. There were periods of time when we didn't sell hardly any so they were stacking up on us. They were a special breed of cats called Persians with long hair. Dad loved animals and was always bringing home stray dogs. We'd feed them and then give them away. We were never without a kind of pets. Dad enjoyed working around the house at this time. A house that was run down at first became a showplace. We had the prettiest flowers in the

whole neighborhood.

When I was 12 years old I joined the Boy Scouts and it was exciting because my two older brothers were in the troop at the time. We didn't go to the troop in the ward our meeting was held in the Neighborhood House so we had to ride the street car, usually we would walk home as it was a couple of miles. It was always dark and there were the 3 of us and we would see who could scare the others the most. We enjoyed our Scout experience very much. Like any other kids we all grew up with our troubles Emery and I used to fight a lot. In fact I had very little trouble staying out of fights in the neighborhood because of the way we would go at it. We always shared beds and just about everything else.

When I was 13 years old we moved to 56 Van Buren Ave in Salt Lake. The house there was brand new, in fact it wasn't even finished, we had to paint, put in sidewalks had to be do several things before we could move in. But it was sure a beautiful place. It had inside bathroom, inside plumbing and this was our family home until I left to get married. We had a large sleeping porch built on the back of the house. This give us 2 bedrooms in the home and a large room, Mother and Dad had the front bedroom, Grandmother Sainsbury had the middle bedroom in the house and we had 2 double beds on the porch. So all four of us boys slept in the back room. This was not a regular room it was just a wood porch with windows in it. During the winter, there were ice cycles hanging from the ceiling. During the summer it was so real hot that we could hardly stand it. But we got used to it and it was real fun.

I will close this chapter by saying that very few have a better childhood with the love and understanding that we had in our home. We always had plenty of food and never wanted for anything.

The second part of my history is schooling. I started school in kindergarten in the Franklin School which is located about 7th West and 2nd South at five years old. Then we moved, at the age of 6 I started the first grade at the Edison School at about 13th West and 7th South. I completed, went through the 7th grade there.

We moved when I was 13 years I began Jr. High at South Jr High School, after that I went through South Jr. High , then through the West High School, graduating in 1928. I was never an outstanding student, however I was what you might call ordinary or average. I did get my share of A's and B's and was able to go through school without trouble. I liked shops and sports and History in school and Geography . I was always good in shops and took as many as I could. I was good with my hands at wood work and auto mechanics, and steel work I took just about all the shops they had to offer at the West High School.

At that time West High was the nearest High School, there was only the 2 high schools in the city. That was East and West, West being on 2nd West and 2nd North, and East being on 13th East and 9th South. So we lived just about half way between the two schools, being on Main Street and 17th South. We decided most of the people in that neighborhood went to West High School anyway so that is the reason we decided to go to West High. I had an opportunity at the time I was at West to become athletic manager of the sporting teams, the football, baseball and basket ball, and track teams and got some valuable experience in this line, as to taking care of bruises and things of that sort.

I did go out for football, I was small and had a lot of ideas that I was as good as the next one and so I went out for football, I tried out for end at first but I was 5' 6" and that was not tall enough to get an end position so

they moved me to the backfield I ended up being a substitute for the fullback, so I became a fullback of the team. The captain of the team was the regular fullback so I was his first substitute. In 1927 our football team won every game they played so we went to the State Championship and we won that by a big margin, we did have a big team that year, I however was only 135 pounds and was the smallest one on the team. I played on the 1926-27-28 teams and enjoyed every minute of it. The year we won the State Championship they gave us gold footballs and a sweater, the sweater wore out but I still have the gold football.

I did have a part in the school play my senior year. I took a part in that and was able to enjoy that very much. I did enjoy my schooling in High School I enjoyed every bit even to the R.O.T.C which was the army part of it. It was enjoyable and a lot of the fellows got out of because they played football but I didn't and still wore the uniform and enjoyed that. This is as far as I went through school, through High School, graduating from High School. I didn't go to college because I had no means of doing so, I went from High School right into work.

While I was going to school, during summer vacations while I was going to High School I worked as a section hand on the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad, this was for a two fold purpose. First to put more strength in my muscles to withstand the shock of playing football and the other purpose was the money that came out of it. The work was very hard and we worked for 10 to 12 hours every day, six days a week. The second purpose was to help buy my school clothes for the coming year. This was the hardest work I every had to do, but it taught me to appreciate what it means to put in a good day's work, my pay was .36 an hour but at time it was good money. We worked out of Salt Lake most of the time and spent most of the time putting in the rail in what is now called the Roper yards.

After I graduated from High School jobs were hard to find but a friend and neighbor of ours, Mark Bell was working for the Union Pacific Railroad as a messenger boy and asked me to work with him, and take his place while he was on vacation. That 2 weeks extended into 45 years with the Union Pacific Railroad. I started March 11, 1929 as a messenger boy for \$.56 an hour, I worked 10 hours a day six days a week and after I had been there a short time, in fact my seniority date starts July 2, 1929 I had my first A class assignment as a train checker and it paid me \$1.19 an hour, my first raise. I held several different jobs during the depression years but most of the time as messenger boy, during this time I worked in Montpelier, Grace, McCamon Idaho, and Caliente Nevada, and even put in 6 months in Pocatello Idaho. I worked every clerical job in the freight office, and also the north yard office during the depression years.

I transferred to the passenger office during the depression and was a ticket clerk in 1943 I transferred to the transportation office in the Hotel Utah. In 1958 our offices our offices were moved to the new First Security Bank Building on 4th South and Main. In 1959 I was made head reservation and information clerk I held this office until Amtrak too over the railroad, passenger wise, in 1970. With there being no more passenger service, I became a general clerk in the freight office, freight traffic department, our offices were moved to the old depot. On July 20, 1973 I took a disability pension, at the age of 64 just one year early. I was glad and appreciated all those I worked with. I remember good and bad times spent with my many friends I had made during these years.

My early life was reviewed at the first of this tape so as I think of a family life, now I think of the courtship and marriage I had with my wife Cleo Hansen. A marriage which took place January 29, 1936 in her home at

1475 S. 3rd East Salt Lake City. There were just a few friends and members of the family present and the ceremony was performed by Cleo's bishop Fred W. Swendiman. Six months before our first child was to be born. I was transferred to Pocatello Idaho so we stored all our furniture, and planned to get back to Salt Lake before the big event took place. But on June the first I was bumped of my regular job in Pocatello and came to Salt Lake to see if I could get another job.

On June the first we went to the doctor to see how she was doing and it was at that time the doctor said that we were to have twins but not to worry for a couple of weeks anyway. But as would have it, that night Cleo went into the hospital and had twin girls. One was born at 5:04 and the other at 5:08 on June 2nd in 1938. It was a surprise to everyone and as we had no apartment we moved in with my parents on Van Buren Avenue until the babies were 4 months old. Then we got our furniture out of storage and moved to an apartment.

We named the twins Marilyn Cleo and Carolyn Ruth and they have been a great joy to us and have been wonderful daughters. We had trouble telling them apart at first but as they grew there was a lot of differences in their personalities both did well in school and both graduated from high school. Marilyn went on to college to become a registered nurse and later she went to New York University and received her masters degree in nursing and is now teaching at Brigham Young University. Carolyn went to LDS Business College after high school and did office work, went on a mission and married Donald Engstrom. They have 2 sons, Emmett and Wayne. While Marilyn also went on a mission but hasn't married as yet.

Our next child was a girl Bonnie Jean born August 27, 1940. She was a beautiful healthy baby and has brought much joy and happiness to us. She married soon after graduating from High School, to Darold Galloway, they were married in the temple June 12, 1957 and have 5 wonderful children, 2 boys and 3 girls. Randy age 15, Craig age 13, Wendy age 8, Vivian age 7 and Linda 4. They have lived most of their married life in Ogden Utah. They have their own home with a big swimming pool business, and Darold has worked very hard to provide for this family.

Our next child was another girl, Nancy Kay born Feb 29, 1944 a leap year baby. We really thought we would get a boy this time but she was such a cute little girl and so healthy that we loved her very much! As she grew up she had the normal trials of childhood. She had beautiful dark eyes and a friendly smile. When she was about 6 years old she contacted rheumatic fever and had a home teacher that would come to the home so she wouldn't miss out on her school studies, she tried real hard. She stayed with Cleo's mother for several months she was able to be promoted into 2nd grade. She was a friendly child and still likes to be with people. She graduated from high school and started to work for the telephone company and still is with them. She married Steve Anderson November 6, 1965 and they have one daughter Allison who is 4 years old, and Nancy is expecting another baby in April. They have a lovely home and Steve has been a good husband and father.

At last we were blessed with a son, Albert Lewis Lyons Jr., who was born December 29, 1948 and we were very happy. He was a good son and didn't cause us much trouble. He did well in his school work and graduated from South High School. He went on to college for 2 years and then he had to go into the army he was in basic training for 6 months and he spent 6 years out at Hill field one weekend a month. He liked anything doing with his hands like working on cars or motorcycles or doing wood working or anything like that he really enjoy them. He went to the University of Utah (this is where Dad's tape ends, I have finished this from my knowledge and from a short history

he wrote for the High Priest Quorum in the Crystal Heights Ward on 28 May 1978) for 2 years. He married Mary Sue Rollins and they have 1 child, Jane.

Our last child, Dianna was born Feb 24, 1953. She has been a good girl and an active person. She married Dan Kezerian Aug 27 1972, they are waiting for their first child to be born in April.

When I was about 10 my mother who was a member of the church, made arrangements to have us 4 boys baptized, but Dad wouldn't give his permission so none of us were baptized. She felt bad. Cleo and my brother Emery got me interested in the Church and we had the stake missionaries come to our home and on January 23, 1941 my brother baptized me and Cleo's brother confirmed me. In a short time I was advanced in the Priesthood and on Jan 4, 1942 I was made an Elder. On June 5, 1942 we went to the temple. We had three children at this time that were sealed to us.

A short time before I was baptized Dick Foreman came to me and asked me to be his counselor in the MIA. This was the beginning of my Church activities. We lived in the Whittier Ward, Wells Stake. Soon the ward was divided and I was called to be ward clerk in the new Browning Ward. I held this position for 7 1/2 years. On May 2, 1946 I was ordained a Seventy by Elder Milton R. Hunter. After I was released as ward clerk, I served as one of the Presidents of the Seventies in the stake until 1950 when we moved into Hawthorne Ward, Sugarhouse Stake. I continued my activities in the Seventies Quorum until I was called to be a counselor in the bishopric. I was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a counselor in the Hawthorne Ward on Jan 19, 1957 by Sterling W. Sill. I served in this position for 5 years. I have had the full support of my wife and family in every position I have held and each position has helped to strengthen my testimony.

We moved to 2004 Stratford Dr in July 1963 and I was called as Chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood in the Crystal Heights Ward which gave me the opportunity to get acquainted with the young people and their parents. I enjoyed attending the sports activities the boys were involved in.

I was then called to serve in the Sunday School Presidency which I enjoyed very much until my health made it impossible for me to continue.

My health problems began in about 1970, when I started falling down quite often. I went to the hospital for tests, the results of some of them were encouraging but the muscle biopsy tests they took showed I had a rare muscle disease called Poly-myositis, which means inflammation of many muscles. There isn't much they can do for it. I take Predizone for it, which slows it down, but it has its side effects also, such as ulcers, stomach problems and cataracts. We don't realize how important each little muscle is until the strength it gives us is gone.

Observations of Carolyn Lyons Engstrom, Daughter

I put a footnote on the short history and won't say the same things here. I finished this as if Dad had finished it in 1974. This was before he was so sick. He was so brave the last few years of his life and never complained but was so courageous. He was always appreciative of all that was done for him and up to the end his testimony of the Gospel was strong. He was a wonderful example to me and I will always love him and be thankful that he was my father.