



1306 So. Redwood Road. No. 4 home.



777 South 4th East. No. 5 home.

Our first home was at 1306 South Redwood Road in the two front rooms of Paul and Ella Putscher's house. Joe's first job when we were married was cutting grass at the cemetery. We were only married two weeks when he was put on a part-time basis of two weeks a month. After we had been married a month, he was laid off altogether. At first he had made \$90 a month, then \$45, and then nothing. We had to move in with mother and my sisters at 777 South Fourth East. I worked at the United Grocery Co. as cashier, but I was pregnant and could only work until school was out. Virginia took over my job. We prayed all that winter for snow because Harold B. Lee was street commissioner and Joe would be able to shovel snow off the city streets. But wouldn't you know, it only snowed one day that whole winter so that job was out. In the spring of 1935, Joe was able to work for the Parks Department. When he cut the grass over at Liberty Park, I would walk over with his lunch to the Park. It was just around the corner from 777.

All that early summer, Joe kept going to the Cloverleaf Dairy to try to get a milk route. Finally, the manager gave him a job to get rid of him. He had Route



Joe, the milkman.

#23 and used a horse and wagon. Sometimes he made \$12 or \$15 a week, depending on his sales and how well the customers paid. His horses knew the route better than Joe did. He worked hard for the Dairy and moved up to a wholesale route in town, making \$200.00 or so a month.

As I have said, my mother was very opposed to our marriage. Virginia told me afterwards that the main reason mother didn't want us to get married was that Joe didn't have any money, but then, neither did anyone else, so we got along just fine. Joe often remarked that we got married on a "broken shoestring," owing money to

several people, with no furniture or prospects of employment. But Joe was a good worker and ambitious, and he always had plenty of food for his children, a clean and comfortable house, and love and understanding for all of us. He was a strict disciplinarian, and the sons still remember the times that he spanked them for not obeying him. Never in their whole lives did any of the boys ever sass or talk back to their father. They were taught to respect and love him, and they knew that he loved them very much. He had three jobs for several years just to make sure that the boys had plenty of good food and clothes to wear. We were very happy and always regarded our marriage as a union blessed by Heavenly Father. He has always given us many things and always helped and blessed us.

On July 13, 1935 at the L.D.S. Hospital, Carl Joseph was born. Joe recorded this experience as follows:

This morning, July 13, 1935, at 3:00 a.m., Gayle started with her labor pains. We called the doctor. Dr. Stobbe came about 5:30 a.m. and said she was to be sent to L.D.S. Hospital.

I took Gayle to the hospital arriving at 6:30 a.m. Gayle continued having pains all day. I stayed at the hospital most of the time with my wife and fanned her with a magazine. I also held her hand while she was having labor pains.

At about 6:00 p.m. she was taken into the delivery room. I witnessed the delivery and I cannot express in words the feelings I had at that time. The baby was delivered at 6:56 p.m.

Today, August 4, 1935, our baby was blessed by its grandfather, Carl Alois Nemelka. The blessing was given in the Poplar Grove Ward of the Pioneer Stake.



1235 Indiana Ave. No. 6 home.



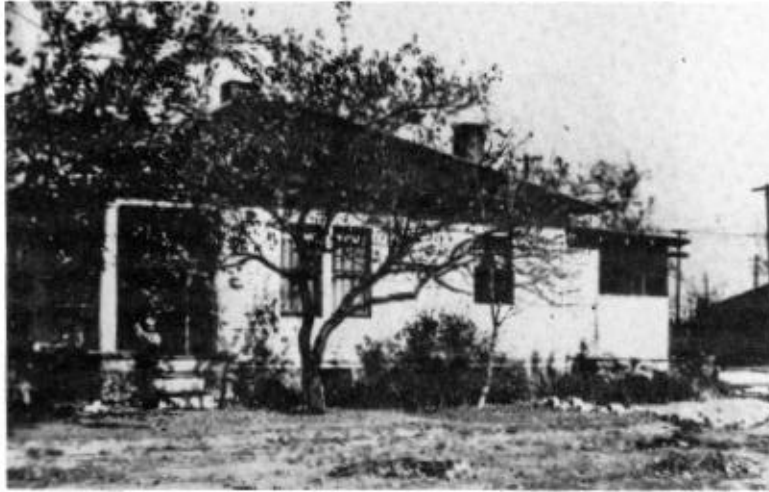
1940



1939, Carl, Larry, Duane

The babe was given the name of Carl Joseph Nemelka. The outstanding blessings given to him were that he would grow up and be a blessing to the world, also that he should have a love for his fellow men.

Joe was so good to me when I was pregnant, giving me anything that I wanted and taking such good care of me. After our children were grown, he was just the same—giving me whatever I wanted and always making me comfortable. He was the most tender and sweetest of lovers, always my beloved sweetheart. He often told me that he had never wanted to divorce me or had never even thought of other women, and he was so spiritual that I truly believed him. He had a hard time telling me that he loved me, he would when I insisted, but his actions spoke louder than his words with the love and protection that surrounded me.

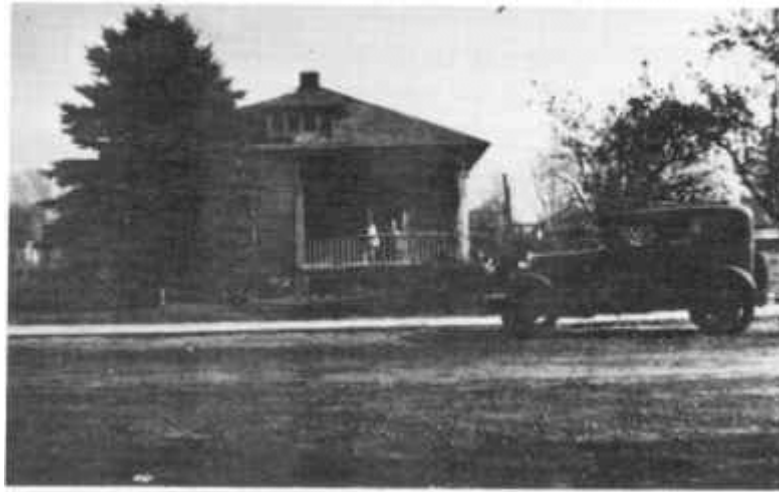


611 South 12th West (before).



Summer 1946

One time we were playing with the boys in the back garden at 611 South Twelfth West. Joe held out his fist (I never could remember how I connected with it, but I did) and I got a black eye. I had it for a week. I always teased him afterward that he had hit me, but I can truthfully say



611 South 12th West (after).



that never once in our almost thirty-seven years together did Joe ever make a threatening gesture toward me or indicate that he was going to. I was the mother of his children and he treated me as though I were precious and fragile, especially when I was pregnant. President Harold B. Lee, who interviewed us Sept. 30, 1934, for our temple marriage, told Joe to treat me that way, and he ever afterwards did.

The year before we were married, Joe was made a counselor in the bishopric. After Carl was born, I was

made Second Counselor in the Primary. Ruth Nemelka and her two babies lived with us from March to July, and I tended them while she went to work. Needless to say, we were a very busy family.

Our second boy, Lawrence Paul (Larry), was born July 27, 1936, at L.D.S. Hospital. Doctor L.H.O. Stobbe was our doctor for all sicknesses and pregnancies.

In 1936, the year Larry was born, President Heber J. Grant admonished the Saints to immediately start the food storage program preparatory to the great depression and famine that was to come. Joe went immediately and bought some turkey red wheat, about ten sacks, and stored it in our bedroom at 611 South Twelfth West. For several years I had to clean around it because it was too heavy for me to lift. One day, I was cleaning and noticed many little worms crawling around the tops of the sacks. I called to Joe, and he discovered that the wheat was full of weevils. What a horror! He took it out to the chicken farm. We didn't store wheat in our bedroom again. The stuff was literally alive with weevils, I had been pregnant a couple of times and would often get nauseated with the smell. Well, that was our first experience with storing, afterwards, Joe stored things in cans in the basement, not in our bedroom. He always bought ahead. When he died, we had quite a good supply of food in the store room.

We received notice to move from 1235 Indiana Avenue (our third home), and as we had a little money saved, we paid \$100 down on our home at 611 So. Twelfth West and moved there August 13, 1937. I was made President of the Primary and surely had my hands full.

Early in November I went to my mother's and stayed in bed until Nov. 28, 1937 when Antone was born. As he was a premature baby (seven months), he

lived only two and a half hours even though Dr. Stobbe had him in the incubator under the oxygen tent.

I was released from Primary and Joe was released from the Bishopric Dec. 12, 1937. He was made chairman of the genealogical Society, was on the Advisory committee of the High Priest's quorum, and did baptism and confirmation work once a week in the Salt Lake Temple. He also did endowment work.

On November 15, 1938, Robert Duane came to stay with us. He was a dear little curly-haired baby. After Duane was born, Joe decided that he wanted a more secure job to feed his growing family. He decided to try to enter the Police Force. He took all the tests and passed as number eleven. He was appointed to the Salt Lake City Police Force on October 1, our fifth wedding anniversary, starting at \$100.00 a month. The Chief of Police thought that that was all a rookie cop was worth. This was to be his salary for one year. We moved to 611 South Twelfth West in the fall of 1937. We had a house payment of \$17.00 a month, \$10.00 a month that we sent to Esther on her mission, tithing and church dues, and lived on the rest. We had no furniture in the front room except a cedar chest that Joe bought for me on my 18th birthday and a floor lamp that was given to us for our wedding. On Indiana Avenue, we had bought a little radio, a stove, and a kitchen table and chairs. Our bed was an iron bedstead that Joe's mother gave to us. When Carl was born we bought him a crib.

For several years, I had no washing machine, but I would put the diapers to soak in the bathtub and Joe would come home and wash them on the scrubbing board for me. I can still see them, snowy white, waving in the breeze. The other clothes I sent to Peerless Laundry. With some babies, I believe Jody and Johnny, I had a diaper service for several months after they were born. That's why their bottoms are so soft even to this day.

The house at 611 South Twelfth West was ugly and the garden was full of weeds. But by Joe's hard work, he transformed it into a lovely green garden. Elizabeth Nemelka liked to sit out on the patio. She said it was just like having a mountain summer cabin.

Michael James was born July 1, 1940. By this time I had my hands full with four little ones, a house, and church work. Sometime during this period, I was made Primary president again.

Mark Stephen was born November 14, 1941. Pearl Harbor was bombed December 7. I remember I was really afraid my boys would have to go to war. They were just little fellows and very precious to me. Mark was such a good little baby, never any trouble. Richard Samuel came along on October 1, 1943, and I gave up hope of ever having a little girl. He was born on my ninth Anniversary. Seven children in nine years was a pretty good record for someone who was supposed to be too sickly to have any babies at all. I know I wanted them badly. When Grandpa Carl Nemelka came to visit me in the hospital when my Carl was born, he told me he was very surprised that I had had a baby because he hadn't expected me to have any. I guess he was happy in heaven after he knew I had ten children.

My little daughter was born May 20, 1945 on Sunday afternoon just in time to have her birth announced at Sacrament meeting. We named her Elizabeth and decided to call her Beth. She was so darling, and I loved her more than I can say. I always get a lump in my throat when I try to put into words the depth of feeling for my daughter. I remember I made the intern prove to me that I had a little girl as I just could hardly believe it.

Joseph Nephi Nemelka Jr. came to our home on January 27, 1949, the year of the heavy snows. When Joe and I would walk over to see a friend before Jody came,

the snow was piled up above our shoulders. Joe announced to the people when he blessed our baby that he had waited all these years to have one named after him. I was a little embarrassed because I hadn't known he wanted one called by his name.

Alma John, our caboose, was born January 25, 1952. We almost lost this little fellow as he wanted to come shoulder first. Doctor L. H. O. Stobbe was in the Middle East on a government assignment so we went to his son, Doctor Joseph Stobbe. He had to turn Johnny and bring him feet first. As a result, Johnny spent too much time in the birth canal. He was quite blue and had swallowed a lot of phlegm, so he was put in an automatic lung for a while to help him cough up what he had swallowed. After a time, he was fine, and he is definitely my baby as he still loves and hugs me after all these years.

Joe called his children "number one son," "number two son," and so on. Beth was called his "one and only."

When the children were young, we belonged to a group of basketball players and their wives called the "170 Club." We gave it this name because the men couldn't weigh more than 170 lbs. We met in different homes several times a year and most often played the game "Mah Jongg." We enjoyed that companionship very much. We also had costume parties in that group. When we lived at 1235 Indiana Avenue, Joe was working for the Cloverleaf Dairy and had to get up at 3:00 a.m. for his route. We had been the hosts this particular evening. The group kept talking and talking and just wouldn't go home, so Joe took his little black clock, walked in among the guests, and wound it up and set the alarm. I was embarrassed but the group took the hint and, amid much laughter and joking, finally left. Joe was subtle about it, anyway.



1947



1956



Mom's Instruction Board

Joe and the boys, when they were little or teenagers, often had a wrestling match in the house at 611. Mark would jump high and press his hand flat against the ceiling in the contest that they always staged. I would get so angry, start to cry, and leave the house, usually taking Jody and Johnny with me. As I left, Joe would jokingly yell, "Make mine strawberry," someone else would yell, "Make mine chocolate," and everyone would laugh at me. After I had traveled around in the car with the two boys and forgotten my anger, I always brought the boys and Joe the milkshake they had ordered to show that I wasn't angry anymore.

Joe would tell me just previous to his death that he knew I would miss him because I had no one else in whom to confide with my troubles, just Joe. He always listened to and supported me in what I did, especially in school teaching, activities, and productions. When I produced my play in the summer of 1971 for my Masters Degree, the first question Joe asked after viewing it was, "Was that my old pink wheelbarrow?" Of course, it was!



I had borrowed it, and Joe was really surprised to see it on stage

Whenever we attended a wedding reception or similar function, the people would always have difficulty repeating and understanding our name, Nemelka, so sometimes Joe would say, "Just call us the Smiths," unless the ushers happened to know Dick. As soon as dad would say, "I'm Dick Nemelka's father," then all the reception line would be able to pronounce our name and would be most knowledgeable.

Joe taught all the older boys to swim and played ball with them. We also learned to play 4-square, and he painted the square in the driveway at 611. When Jody and Johnny were little, he was busy being a Bishop so they didn't get to know him as well as the others, but whenever any of the children played in sports or was on a program, Joe always went with me to see or hear them.

Most often, he went alone to the ball games. He supported his children 100 percent in their righteous endeavors, and during the games, if he didn't agree with the umpire or the referee, he'd yell loud enough for all to hear him.

Joe's recreation consisted mainly of various sporting events. He liked nothing better than watching a ball game whether it be baseball, basketball, football, or any kind. When we were first married, we played tennis quite a bit, but he had to start working nights at the police station so we had to stop. He was very good at basketball and was an excellent swimmer.

We had a pile of lumber in the back of the garden at 611 and, if there was nothing else for them to do, the boys had to move that pile of lumber around to different places. They are all good workers if they have to be, and they learned that virtue from their father. Joe didn't believe in letting children just sit their way through life. Of course, we didn't have television when the boys were little, so we played a great many games, the favorite of which was the game of Rook. The Nemelkas formed their own rules for that game, and they still enjoy playing it. Most of their children know how to participate in a game of Rook, too. All of the boys and Beth are good cooks. Their dad was a good cook, and they have followed his example.

Joe always had a meeting on Sunday morning, so on General Conference Sundays he stayed home with the family and we really had a feast. He didn't eat breakfast on Sundays except twice a year, in April and October. On these mornings, we would have pork sausages, hash brown potatoes, eggs, toast, milk, and sliced tomatoes. The children enjoyed this breakfast as much as we did. The morning after we were married, we ate pork sausages, eggs, and toast. We always commemorated



Cloverleaf Dairy Picnic



Poplar Grove Ward basketball team, Joe's activity after our marriage.

that breakfast, twice a year, thereafter. Joe would fix the potatoes because no one could fry potatoes like he could, and I'd fix the rest. After breakfast, we all listened to the morning meeting, in the early years on the radio and in later years on television.

Lifelong friends of the Nemelka family were Harold B. Lee and Fern Tanner Lee, his first wife. They were such close friends that Sister Lee gave me a bridal shower at her home at 1310 Indiana Avenue, and Joe and I were at their home several times on South Eighth West (now Ninth West). President Lee spoke at both Grandpa's and Grandma's funerals and came to Joe's funeral uninvited. Out of respect to him, we asked him to speak and he did. Several times, Joe and I met him at the Tabernacle when we would go to General Conference or to a special meeting, and he always spoke most kindly to us. I also have some letters that he wrote to me after Joe's death. I sent him one of the records that we had of the beginning of Joe's life story. The records were made for me by my sister, Virginia.

Joe was also on friendly terms with Bruce R. McConkie and President Gordon B. Hinkley. In fact, they were on first name relationships. Elder McConkie also spoke at Joe's funeral. Elder Howard W. Hunter was the one who administered to Joe when he lay on the grass at the home of Earl Olson in Bountiful. Earl Olson is a world known genealogist and archivist. We were unable to go any place without Joe speaking, shaking hands, and talking with many, many people. As a tribute to him at his funeral, the Poplar Grove Chapel and the Cultural Hall were full just as though it were a conference meeting. Governor Rampton also attended Joe's funeral because of his friendship with Carl, as did many of the members of the County Attorney's office and other governmental people.

Joe had great respect for the Patriarchal Order, when his father was still with us, he took the boys, Carl, Larry, Duane, Michael, Mark, and Dick, up to his father Carl's rooms in the old Constitution Building, lined them up according to their sizes, and had his father give each of them a Father's blessing. I wish I had recorded what Grandpa said, but I only heard from Joe what went on in those rooms that day.

We wanted and planned for all the boys to go on missions and to graduate from college. Joe especially wanted them to graduate from college because he hadn't even finished high school. Yet, he was one of the most well-read men you could ever meet. He could hold his own in almost any discussion, especially church discussions. He read all the church books he could and discussed them. Joe's father was very well educated but his mother wasn't. She could barely write. Consequently, his dad wrote almost all the letters to him on his mission.

Carl Joseph received a bachelor's degree and a law degree. He can practice law in Utah and Texas, and can try cases anywhere in the United States. However, he can only open up an office in Utah and Texas. His Bachelor of Science degree is in Sociology, and his law degree is called a Juris Doctorate. Larry has an Associate of Arts degree, and Duane had a Bachelor of Science degree, also in Sociology. (Duane Nemelka passed away July 11, 1974).

Michael has a Bachelor of Science degree in Police Science and a teaching certificate to teach remedial reading in high school. Mark was attending the University of Utah when he left us (Mark Nemelka passed away August 25, 1965), and he had applied for entrance at the University of Mexico. Dick has a Bachelor of Science degree in Psychology, a Master's degree in Psychology, and a Juris Doctorate for the state of Utah. Joe has a

Bachelor of Science degree in Social and Behavioral Science and is currently working for a Juris Doctorate at the University of Utah. John will receive an Associate in Transportation when he graduates from Trade Tech. Thus their dad's dreams for their educations are fast becoming realities.

We were fortunate in having three of our sons complete missions for the Church. Larry went to the German Mission, Mark went to the Central American Mission, and Dick went to the New Zealand mission. All three boys were honorably released. Joe loved his grandchildren and started a savings account for each first born grandson for a mission. So far, eight of his grandchildren have been called on missions.

Joe always planned that each child would have 10 children. He would sit back and say, "Just think of all our posterity!" As of August 31, 1984, we have 44 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren.

For the first year that we were married, Joe didn't say one word about my terrible cooking; he gave me exactly one year to learn how to prepare a good meal. I thought that at the end of the year he would forget about what he had told me, but, no sir, when the second year started, and for many years afterwards, I got the dickens if the food didn't taste good. I eventually developed into being a good cook. Both he and his mother decided that my plum cake was better than her cake. That was really a wonderful compliment. She cooked for the rich people in Germany and knew about flavors and food preparation.

I think the meal that made Joe decide he would have to take drastic steps about my cooking was the soup that I tried to cook. My mother and my grandmother could both make good soup, so I tried. The first meal I prepared after I was married was pork chops, and,

although Joe didn't care too much for pork, he did like my meal. But each meal got progressively worse until "The Soup." I had seen mother put vegetables into her soup, but I had no idea how much to use. I cooked the first part all right, but when I put uncooked macaroni into cold soup and brought the whole thing to a boil, I had the strangest flavored soup I had ever eaten. I suppose the macaroni was the cause, but it was terrible. Thereafter, I had to learn to cook.

Joe disliked hunting and fishing, would very seldom eat trout, and would never eat deer meat or wild game. He felt sorry for them—he couldn't tolerate cruelty in killing. I don't know what he would have done as a Pioneer. He occasionally ate beef, liked chicken and turkey, and would eat very little pork because of the Bible reference to swine. He did, however, enjoy bacon, ham, and sausage when he ate breakfast—which was seldom. His likes and dislikes were contradictory, but to him his reasons made sense and that was what mattered most.

He took his sons fishing maybe three or four times when they were little, but he allowed them to go with others to fish or hunt as they wanted. Carl, Duane, Michael, Joe, and John are all good fishermen, and Duane, Joe, and John have always hunted. In fact, Duane went fishing in June just a month before he died. Ron, Joe and John are now a threesome enjoying that sport together. Dad would never have denied them that pleasure even though he wouldn't participate himself.

When Carl and Larry had a light case of scarlet fever, before Duane was born, I was quarantined in the house with them. Joe had to stay at his mother's house. We had so many tomatoes in the garden that Joe would pick the green ones and leave them in a bushel basket by the back door. I made green tomato preserves until I

thought it would come out of my ears. After that siege, I didn't make anymore, but it was like Joe's lumber pile—the tomatoes kept me busy.

When our children were young, Joe did all the shopping, but gradually I took over. During the last years, he went shopping very little. He was always so amazed and surprised at how expensive things were. When he did go shopping, he would compare each item with former prices. When I shopped for our groceries on Saturday, he usually met me at the back door and took the sacks from me. He would go with me to buy the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, however. He loved to buy different kinds of cheeses, Polish dill pickles, green chili peppers, mushrooms, and tomato paste for spaghetti. He was an excellent cook, always tasting and flavoring whatever he cooked. I miss his soup. He could take a small beef shank, put every kind of vegetable in it, and serve the best homemade soup in the world. When the children were all at home and I was Mutual President, Tuesday night was spaghetti night. When I'd get home from school, there would be a large kettle of spaghetti for our supper. Also, the floor was always scrubbed and the house, clean.

Joe bought fruit by the bushels, and the children could eat all they wanted as long as they didn't waste any. He used to bring home large crates of lettuce and radishes from Grower's Market. We would sort over them, and what I didn't keep he let the boys sell to the neighbors. He insisted on a fresh vegetable and a cooked vegetable at the table. I didn't have to do much with desserts as he didn't care for a sweet ending to his supper. If I did make a dessert, he would eat it several hours later. His favorite desserts were jello, applesauce cake, banana cream pie, and puddings. We always ate whole wheat bread, and he would never let the boys use pepper

until they were twelve years old. I used to make the best whole wheat bread but gradually stopped baking it when I started to teach, and now I can't remember the recipe.

He helped me bottle fruit every year; I never had to do it alone. He peeled and peeled, and sometimes we would bottle as much as 600 and 700 quarts. One year, counting tomatoes, we bottled over 700 quarts, but that was the only year. We also stored many sacks of potatoes and carrots in a pit out in the back garden. Joe liked to put up all kinds of pickles and chili sauce. "Just experimenting" he'd say.

Joe was always busy at something, especially in our early years together. He started collecting articles, writings, and sayings of the children right from the beginning of our marriage. There are many things in the boys' and Beth's books—interesting things they said and did—that they had completely forgotten about. Joe had saved these for many years.

Joe always said that he liked women to look nice when the men came home from work. I tried, but sometimes my days were full of problems. But even so, he never failed to hug and kiss me, especially when I was standing by the sink washing dishes. He would come in the back door, and the first place he would look for me was at the kitchen sink. He always came in the back door. I hated to have anyone come in the front door.

Whenever Joe had something to talk to me about, no matter what we were doing, he would call me to him and have me sit down and listen to what he had to say. When we were first married and had so many little children, it didn't matter that I had a sink full of dishes or a huge washing. When he wanted to teach me, we would sit down and talk about the Gospel. We would often argue because I couldn't understand. I was quite stubborn about my views, but with his patience and

understanding he would try to enlighten me and teach me. I usually gave in because he was so much smarter than I about Gospel discussions. Many of my ideas were first planted in my mind by Joe. He and his mother and father were always discussing Gospel Doctrine.

Joe never made any decision without first praying to Heavenly Father, then he would do what the spirit directed him to do. Many a suggestion I had, but if he didn't feel right about it, he wouldn't do it. When we were in our first years of married life, I depended on intuition, but he decided the spirit was the safest judgment.

Whenever I got upset and scolded, he would say, "The Lord bless you," and I would get over my anger. We never had a fight before the children when they were little, but we did kiss and hug each other a lot.

When the children were little, Friday night was my night out. Joe got passes to the Utah Theatre when he worked for the Police. Charletta, my sister, would babysit for me. Carl and Larry would run after the car crying for us until Charletta could catch them and take them back home.

Joe always took me away from the house on Friday night. How I loved to go with him! Once I noticed a large ring of empty seats all around us. Joe confessed afterwards that he had eaten a large garlic sandwich. I didn't notice the odor, but everyone else did! His favorite sandwiches were red onion and tomato on whole wheat bread, or cheese and Polish dill pickle.

When we built 683 South Twelfth West (now Thirteenth West), Joe let me plan the whole inside of the house, and he planned the outside. I had to wait twenty-eight years for it. He always said it was my house so I could have it the way I wanted. But his personality has so permeated every bit of it that even now it seems that he is still here and will walk around the corner of the



614 Concord Street, No. 7B.

house coming from church carrying his briefcase, or coming from work carrying a stack of papers under his arm. If I tried to make suggestions about the outside, though, he would say, "You do the inside and leave me alone out here." I did! He had such good ideas, and his garden always looked so lovely. He told me anything would grow if it just had enough water. At Joe's funeral, Larry gathered the produce from Joe's garden and had Brown Floral make him a funeral piece. The ribbon had on it the words, "To Joe, From His Vegetable Garden."

We always found time on Sunday afternoons to sit at the piano and sing duets. I played the hymns and sang alto while Joe harmonized with me singing tenor.

Joe's life was often a very sorrowful one. When he lost Mark, he told me that he missed him more than he could ever tell me. Mark worked in the Police Records Bureau and Joe was in the jail. Mark would call him on the phone in the middle of the night and say, "This is your number five son, will you eat some ham-fried rice with me?" Dad would say "Yes," and Mark would go to

the Chinafood Kitchen on State Street, pick up the rice, and he and his dad would eat their supper together in the middle of the night. It was the loss of experiences like this that made Joe's life sad. His love for his family was best revealed by the sorrow he felt when painful experiences occurred in the lives of his children. He always did all he could to help them be happy and to live righteous lives.

