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Brown eyes, auburn hair and a pretty soprano voice on a thin five foot five inch frame made up the outward appearance of Carol Jeanne Cline. Inwardly was a young, radiant, alive, barely sixteen years new girl that July 3, 1955 when we met. She was going out double-dating with my cousin, Sarajane. I saw her briefly as they left.

While Carol and Sarajane were on their date, I had Aunt Virda call Carol's mother and make arrangements

for her to accompany us on a trip to San Francisco to see the sights the next day. Twenty-four days later she became my wife in Reno, Washoe County, Nevada. I had been overseas for two years and had lost my family while away. with no home of my own I wanted to get married.

Carol Jeanne was born on April 27, 1939 at Grass Valley, Nevada County, California to Reuben Ray and June Cathren Bevard Cline. A lean six foot two, her father had worked in the gold mines there. He had studied to be a school teacher, but never used his education as his occupation. I really enjoyed this nearly bald, brown eyed, good natured, good man. Her mother was a brown haired five foot four woman from Madison, Wisconsin. They made a temporary stop in the Northwest where they met. What brought them to Grass Valley I don't know. At the time of our marriage Carol's family also consisted of a sister, Jeri, and two brothers, Bruce Richard and Timothy.

I was in Sacramento at Sarajane's request to bless and name her new daughter, Pamala Ann Mullins. I took Uncle Alfred, Aunt Vera and Jo Ann with me and drove directly to Sacramento from Salt Lake on the second of July. Sarajane had separated briefly from her husband at this time. On the fifth of July I drove the Quilter's back to Salt Lake and remained there for about a week. Then I decided that I would return to Sacramento.

Carol's mother worked nights for a telephone answering service company at this time and her father was in the hospital recovering from some surgery. I met her father at the hospital only once before we were married. They did not protest when we requested permission to marry in spite of Carol's young age. They always seemed to have a tough time making ends meet

and this would mean a little less responsibility for them. Also, a young Mormon Elder with a new car and a sergeant's rank in the U. S. Air Force was not too bad of a bargain.

Aunt Virda, Sarajane, Leland and his fiance, Jeanne Javalet, as well as Carol's mother made the trip from Sacramento to Reno with us. We picked up the license, was married by a protestant minister named Carswell and left Reno in separate directions all within a couple of hours. Carol and I headed for Salt Lake City and the others headed back to Sacramento.

Carol stayed with Monte and Hanne for a month while I went to my new Air Force assignment at the Yuma County Municipal Airport at Yuma, Arizona. The air force used this part of Arizona for their air-to-air gunnery practice and later changed the name of the airport to Vincent Air Force Base. I worked the month of August in the communications center doing shift work and tried to sleep during the day in a tent. The first two weeks were over 110 degrees Fahrenheit each day. It was impossible to sleep in that heat. We went to the servicemen's club, which was air-conditioned, and tried to sleep on the couches or in the chairs, but they would soon make us leave. I was motivated to find a place to live as quickly as I could.

I located a place for us to live in an apartment built over a garage behind the house at 740 Second Avenue. During the month of August I sent \$100 to Carol and asked her to save as much as possible of it for our trip to Arizona together. Then in the first part of September I hitchhiked to Salt Lake City to pick up my wife of five weeks and my new car.

The money was gone when I got to Salt Lake. Spent for fun at Saltair. The realization of how young Carol was became apparent then. It was with some

difficulty that we arrived at Yuma with only seven dollars in my pocket and some time yet until payday. We learned how to open up charge accounts and somehow survived. Everyone makes mistakes, Carol's were because she was just sixteen.

Carol had to learn what it meant to be married. She did learn, but at the first there were some trying times. To help her learn to keep the apartment neat I purchased a very nice necklace and earring set and put them under some newspapers in the living room. She found them after a few days and newspapers didn't seem to be a problem any more.

That winter in Yuma the crickets invaded. They came from the desert and were so thick on the sidewalks against the buildings in the mornings that the storekeepers had to sweep them into the gutters to open their shops. It was difficult to walk in the cool of the evening without crunching them beneath your feet. One evening a cricket somehow got under Carol's blouse. How fortunate for her that the evening was dark or eyebrows would have been raised as she peeled it off.

Just before Christmas I received \$9,500 as a result of a settlement on the accident that claimed my family. My sister, Nikki, received approximately \$40,000 in the same settlement. I would just as well have paid to see my parents enjoy my yet to be born children, but that was not to be.

We had a happy Christmas that year, if happiness can be measured in things that can be purchased. We paid off all our debts, sent \$100 cash and a present to Carol's parents, bought a new thirty-five foot, two bedroom mobile home and a new 1956 Pontiac. Indeed, when all the merchants in town found out we had all that money, we could have purchased anything

we wanted on credit. We took a trip to Los Angeles to see the sights. Saw the movie Guys and Dolls and went on a tour of the yet undedicated temple of the church.

When the mobile home we purchased arrived we had it moved to a mobile home park on the northwest side of Yuma and moved in. After a few months in this location we moved a couple of miles to the east, closer to town. We stayed at this location until my enlistment was completed and I was honorably discharged from the United States Air Force.

Since Carol was not a member of the church, her activity was limited to attending meetings and singing in the choir. We attended regularly all of the meetings during the week. Carol was raised a member of The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Since they use the Book of Mormon and have a version of the Doctrine and Covenants in their organization, many of the teachings of the church were familiar to her.

I was called as second counselor in the Sunday School presidency while we lived in Yuma. I also had some responsibility in preparing the program each week. At four in the morning on July eighth we hurried to the church and ran off the program before I took Carol to the hospital for her date with the stork. The church played a big part in our lives during our stay at Yuma.

Our firstborn son arrived on Monday morning July ninth. He was called the Heavyweight Champ of the Week on the radio. Carol was in labor for nearly twenty-eight hours and by that time all kinds of thoughts were racing through my mind. I prayed silently that all would be well and that the baby would be healthy, and at 7:11 a.m. we were parents of a nine

pound six ounce baby boy. We named him Kenneth Gregory Hales. His size was a bit unusual for parents who were as thin as we were. While looking at him in the viewing window in the hospital nursery some nurses passed by and I overheard one say to the other, pointing my way, "That's the father." And the other nurse exclaimed, "Oh, no!"

Our first year of marriage was drawing to a close. My enlistment with the air force was within two weeks of being over. We were now about to enter a new phase of life as a family.

Carol's mother arrived on the bus to accompany us to Sacramento and help with the baby. My term of enlistment ended on July twentieth and on the next day, Saturday the twenty-first, we started for Sacramento. We had hardly started when we had problems. First the trailer tongue bent and we limped into Los Angeles. We had to tough it out till Monday morning until we could get it fixed. Then the car overheated on the way to Bakersfield. But we continued on and finally reached Sacramento, where we planned to make our home. We rented some mobile home space on the Stockton Highway just south of Fruitridge Road and I started looking for a job.

Carol was now back in her home town and I began to meet her relatives. Her father had healed from his surgery so I was able to get acquainted with him. We made trips to Grass Valley where Carol's grandmother, Nettie Bevard, lived, and to Vallejo to visit her Aunt Genevieve "Gen." Carol idealized her Aunt Gen. She had been married three times and this created a lasting impression.

I went to Carol's church and met some of the leaders of it. They tried to convert me to their way of thinking. They arranged an interview for me with one

of the Reorganized Church's Apostles. I met with Reed Holmes and asked him many questions regarding that religion. Afterwards I wrote letters directly to the historian of the Reorganized Church for answers to my difficult questions. But the answers I received did not satisfy my questions and our stay in Sacramento was coming to an end.

Carol's ancestors had joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in New York in 1844, the same year that the Prophet Joseph Smith was killed by the mob that stormed the Carthage Jail and shot him. It is not surprising that they chose to remain behind when the body of the church removed to the west a few years later. With Joseph Smith gone they were too new in the church to understand what was happening and they were confused by the men who were trying to divide it up without the divine authority required to do so. They followed the apostate organization of James J. Strang which was later organized into a new religious movement by Zenas H. Gurley and Jason W. Briggs.

Several years later, to gain support for their movement, Briggs and Gurley enticed the son of Joseph Smith the prophet to head the organization they founded and called it The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Harriet Jane See Stevens, Carol's great-grandmother, wrote the following sketch in 1931.

“My father and mother joined the church in Jefferson County, New York, six years before I was born, which was eighty-one years ago. They came west the spring before Brother Joseph was assassinated. I have heard them tell of the years which followed when the church had no real leader,

and they followed Strang to Beaver Island. However, when he brought home his first plural wife, they left Beaver Island and went to where Charlevoix now stands. My father could not dispose of his property on the island and so left my older brother to care for it until he could sell it. Mr. Strang was killed the next spring, and then mob law ruled. The property was sold, and my folks went back to their old home in New York.

“For many years they saw no other Latter-day Saints, but they did not lose their faith in the work; they waited for Young Joseph to take his father's place. They taught us children as much as they could, and I can remember many stories mother told of the perilous times.

“Father came to Wisconsin a year before the close of the civil war and heard of the Reorganization. He sent for the Herald and sent their names in as old members. Father held the office of elder under Joseph the Martyr. My husband and I joined the Madison Branch as charter members and he was ordained a priest, then an elder, and was pastor and branch president for many years. He died eleven years ago.

“Although I am aged and cannot do as much as I would like to, I try to be of service whenever I can.”

Jeannette “Nettie” Stevens Bevard also wrote a sketch in 1954.

“Old Brother Hackett, an old soldier friend of my father Hub D. Stevens, lived at North Freedom, Wisconsin, north of Madison, where we lived. He told my sister, Kate Johnson, he had known my

mother, Hattie See Stevens, when she was a little girl and that she was born thirteen miles east of Madison after Joseph Smith was killed.

“There were Latter-day Saints all through there and the Hackett's had come to a meeting held at Grandpa Adam See's farm. Some came from Stoughton and Beloit, Wisconsin.

“The saints being more or less confused after Joseph Smith's death, the See's and Hackett's too, I think, followed Strang to Beaver Island in Lake Michigan. Because Strang became a dictator and also went into polygamy, they left the Island and crossed on the ice to the mainland of Michigan. They moved to the east end of Lake Erie where Grandpa See was a cooper and a fisherman. When Hattie See was about fourteen, they moved to Adams Center in Wisconsin. At twenty-one she married Hub Stevens, my father. My sister Anna and brother John and I, Nettie, were born in Friendship, Wisconsin. Kate, Marshall and Chester were born in Michigan. Nellie and Hub were born in Friendship, Nellie a few miles out in Flint District.

“Grandpa See and Grandma See joined the church before Joseph Smith died. That is why they moved from Lake Erie to Wisconsin to find out what the church was doing then. Grandpa died at Adams Center around 1892. Grandma Eunice See broke her hip and never walked again. She fell down three steps, the doctor being a country one did not set it right. She went to Chicago to live with her son and got in touch there with Brother Pitt who told her there were saints also at Oregon, and at Janesville, near Madison, Wisconsin.

“Brother Hackett told an incident when

grandma was thirteen. She went to see an aunt through the woods about one mile away. Half way a wildcat started to follow her. She ran and dropped her cookies and hollered. My father, who was feeding cattle near a well on their farm, ran to help her. It followed her clear to the fence then disappeared.

“Grandma's maiden name was Eunice Linnell. Her brother, Uncle Jeff, was father to Louise and Theresa Linnell. Many years later, I left Wisconsin to go to Oregon State to teach, in 1910, and met and stayed a while with Theresa, who was then sixty years old. Her father was ninety-eight when he died. My grandmother was eighty-three and my mother was eighty-six and my father was seventy-four when they died.”

Carol's father was ordained a priest in the Reorganized Church and worked at the Sacramento Wheel Service as a mechanic. The business was owned by the pastor and presiding elder of the Sacramento Branch of that church. The Cline family attended their meetings regularly and were active members of their religious persuasion.

I enlisted in the air force right out of high school. Now I had a family to support. I needed a job that had some meaning, one that could support us throughout life. I answered an advertisement in the Sacramento Bee for someone to service electro-mechanical equipment. Four years in the air force had not provided me with training. At least I was not available for the draft, having already served out my military obligation. Perhaps the in-depth, good high school training I had would be sufficient.

I have often reflected about how much guidance

California at the Lenzen Avenue site, I was assigned to the Salt Lake City branch office by a rather fortunate sequence of events. When it was my turn for the assignment interview I was told that my assignment was in San Jose, but that Jerry Duquette was assigned to Salt Lake City and had requested to trade assignments with me. He knew that it was my home town through our four months association while we were in training. Naturally I agreed to the trade.

We sold our mobile home in San Jose and moved to Salt Lake City into an apartment at 565 I Street. We attended church regularly while at this location and while there Carol requested to be baptized into the church. I baptized and confirmed her a member. We only lived there a few months and then moved into the Biesinger Apartments at 599 East Thirty-third South.

There were several young families in the Grant Ninth Ward and we had a good association with them. I was called to be the superintendent of the Mutual Improvement Association in the fall and selected as my counselors Richard Durfee and Reed Ricks.

After attending Mutual on January seventh in 1958 our nights rest was cut short by the arrival of our second son. We left for the hospital at about three-thirty in the morning and in less than three hours, shortly after six in the morning on Wednesday, Jeffery Que Hales was born at the Cottonwood Maternity Hospital. He weighed in at eight pounds and thirteen ounces, another big boy.

On the twentieth of August in 1958 Carol and I took out our endowments in the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed as husband and wife the same day. Kenny and Que were sealed to us on that occasion also. Carol was expecting our third child.

That November we moved into a larger apartment

at 458 Larnbourn Avenue. The move caused Carol to go into labor six weeks early and our son, Richard Don, was born at nine-thirty the evening of the twenty-third. He had a hard time coming into the world. He was born breach and his lungs were not fully developed. "Ricky" stayed in the hospital for two weeks before we were allowed to bring him home. His life was touch and go for awhile when he was first born and the doctor told us that he might not make it. Joe Knight, a member of the bishopric and friend since my delivery boy days for General Office Supply, and I named and blessed him while he was in an incubator the first day of his life.

In 1959 I was selected by IBM to attend training to service one of their newly developed computers. We left Salt Lake City for the several months training, first in San Jose, California and then in Rochester, Minnesota. Attending schools was a welcome break from the day to day routine and it also gave us an opportunity to see a little more of the country.

In Rochester we located a house a few blocks to the west of the small branch chapel. A short distance to the east of the chapel was the downtown section of the city and the famed Mayo Clinic. It was a unique experience finding a place to live for the few months that we would be there. Usually being an employee of IBM meant that housing would be fairly easy to secure – not so in Rochester. Most of the renters preferred the doctors that were in residence at the clinic and stayed in terms of years rather than the IBM people that would be there for a much shorter duration of time. It was difficult finding a place to stay and we felt that we were second class citizens. After only six weeks we had more difficulty when the landlord discovered that we had a small pet dog and we had to find another

place to live. The branch president requested that we move in with a family and help take care of them. The parents were gone for some reason and they needed some attention, so we moved in with them for the remainder of our stay in Rochester.

While in Rochester I had the opportunity to go to the Mayo Clinic to administer to Willard Marriott, the hotel magnate, who was about to have some kind of exploratory surgery. He was there with his wife. Brother Call of the branch and I went to the clinic and visited for a few minutes before performing the ordinance. I anointed and Brother Call sealed the anointing.

Our stay in Rochester ended and we saw a bit more of the country as we returned to Salt Lake City. We saw the beauty of Mount Rushmore and then crossed the northern part of Wyoming from east to west stopping at Yellowstone National Park. We planned to stay in the park for a few days but it got so cold that night and we were not prepared for the cold. We stayed in a log cabin with a fireplace, but we did not have enough fuel to burn. The bears kept us awake with the noise of garbage cans being upset. The next morning we watched Old Faithful, looked around a bit and then left for Salt Lake City. How fortunate for us that we left, because that night an earthquake struck, killed several people – nearly thirty as I recall – and created a new lake.

We rented for a couple of months within the same Grant Ninth Ward boundaries that we had left and then made an attempt to purchase a home of our own. I was assigned to service the IBM machines at the Hercules powder plant at Bacchus, Utah about eighteen miles southwest of Salt Lake, so we chose to look for a home in that direction. We purchased a home at 2140

Lindsay Drive in the Taylorsville Stake.

There were more trips and more schools. The most notable was one in Poughkeepsie, New York for a period of nearly six months. We locked up our home and made the trip by car in five days. We lived in some rooms of a large old colonial house about ten miles to the east of Poughkeepsie. The house had a large park-like yard and across the road to the south was a small lake. Carol took care of the family while I went to classes each day. The winter was severe and we were happy to leave the first part of February in 1961 for home. It was snowing when we left. Carol was driving. About fifty miles south of Poughkeepsie on the New York Freeway the car slipped on the snow, spun around 360 degrees and took out all four fenders on the guard rail. We drove the rest of the way to Salt Lake City with no lights, but no windows were broken and the inside of the car was warm and dry. The first night, in New Jersey, we were snowed in. I had to dig the car out the next morning. It was half buried. There wasn't any path to the street, and we didn't get on our way again until past noon. We felt like we were driving from the north pole to the equator as we left the east and arrived again in the Salt Lake valley. We were happy to get home again.

I don't remember when the problems with our marriage began. perhaps they were there from the beginning. There were the good times. The highs, the fun, the caring, the sharing, the tender moments. Then there was the responsibility and obligation and reality of being married. It is much easier to be carefree, light-hearted, and fun-loving than it is to work, toil and struggle with it all. Maybe I was not as attentive or loving as I should have been, but whatever it was, our marriage was soon to end.

The first part of May in 1961 Carol went to California to visit her mother. That was the last time that we functioned as a family.

In June I started traveling to solve problems with computer equipment for IBM. The first part of July I left for a long trip to the east for some advanced training. I was now alone. It wasn't sudden. I had known for several years that my marriage would not last. Carol's interests were not my interests. I had tried to make it work, but I knew that our life together on this earth was finished.

In late November I returned from my trip to New York. I had been living by myself now since the first of May. I traveled to Sacramento to visit with my boys. While there Carol told me that she was pregnant.