

RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON AND ALICE MAGDALENE LOADER



History of Richard George Jacobson and Alice Magdalene Loader

This history will try to describe who Richard and Alice Jacobson were, and are. Their children will be noted in most of the narratives, but this is not about us. We are to create our own life histories as separate families, but of course, we recognize that we are loved very much by parents who built their own lives around their children. Their history is our history, too. This document may never be complete, as we intend to add to it occasionally as we remember incidents about our parents' lives.

Richard G. Jacobson was born on October 19, 1908, in Vernal, Utah, the 4th son of Daniel and Sophia Jacobson.¹ His siblings include Vera (1900), Peter (Jake, 1901), Mae (1903), twins Keith and Curtis (1905) and Virginia (1910). He never knew his father, who was killed in a tragic logging accident on Thanksgiving Day in 1910. Because of their tight situation, Sophia talked Daniel into going to work that day, and she felt a great sorrow for what happened. The family was left destitute as there were no worker's compensation or formal welfare plans available at that time. The family was not active in any particular church and could not count on the kindness of others, although I would imagine there were many who helped. I heard that Dad's Uncle David's family was a great help to them, but they still experienced great poverty.

Dad left us a brief hand written history which reads as follows, with his original corrections, etc.:

"Born Oct. 19 1:30 am. Midwife Abigail Oaks. Mother 32 last July 9th, Dad 33 last month, Vernal, No. Ashley.

"Set pins at Orphium Alleys in Salt Lake spring of 1925. Curt and I got in car wreck in winter of 24-25. Walked to sixth North from 17th South Jefferson St. to save car fare. While going to school ninth grade So. Junior new Lincoln. Lived with Uncle Nels for 2 months. Mother and Vir. came from PG rented a place next door.

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“Best school year ever had was 1924-25, was on first team basketball and baseball. Played clarinet in orchestra. ~~That summer went to Vernal took care of place alone that summer.~~ (sic)

“Worked summer for Tom McKaney in hay, drove team in field. Road horse on derrick, earned one large hay rack of hay and \$15 cash.

“Moved from Vernal Spring, 1923. Picked berries for Nat, went to 8th grade at PG. Virginia and mother went to Frisco that winter. Jake (Fall) and Keith (Spring '24) went to work at Ut. Copper. I worked for Helmer Nelson that winter.

“Sister Mae died in Ephraim in 1904. Between 1904 & 1905 mother and dad moved to S. L. Keith and Curt were born Mar. 6, 1905 in S. L. Between 1905 and 1908 they moved to Vernal. Dad apparently went out first. I was born in a little house in the field of Batty's Oct. 19, 1908. Between 1908 and 1910 they bought the place where I lived. Virginia was born there. As I remember it was just one room made of adobe with lean to for kitchen.”

He also left the following information, again in his own hand:

Jacobson, Daniel John	Ephraim, Snpt Cty	Born 13 March 1895
Marr. 23 Nov. 1898	“ “	
Died 23 Nov. 1910	Vernal, Uintah Cty	
Place Maeser Cem	Vernal, Uintah Cty	PG 10-19-48
Father:	Jacobsen, Ole Johan	
Mother	Fredrickson, Caroline	

Schwalbe, Anna Sophia		
Born July 9, 1875	Rockford. Ill	
Died Dec, 31, 1968	Pleasant Grove, Utah Cty	
Internment	Pleasant Grove Cem. Utah Cty	
Father	Schwalbe, Hans J	1848
Mother	Jacobsen, Marie Antonette	

Children

Jacobson, Vera Antonette	Ephraim, Snpt. Cty	7 Jan 1900 – 2-18-1915
“ Peter Schwalbe	“ “	28 April 1901 – 5-20-34
“ Mae Helen	“ “	9-1-03 – 1-7-04
“ Curtis Daniel	SLC, S Lk	3-6-05
“ Keith David	“ “ “	
“ Richard George	Vernal, Uintah	10-19-08
“ Virginia Mae	“ “	11-9-10

On December 31, 1928, Dad married Alice Loader.² They were married for almost 57 years before he passed away in 1985.

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Dad played the clarinet and saxophone when he was younger and actually wrote a song called "My Love of Golden Dreams" which was published in the late 20's. We had an old piano at home, but I can't remember if any of us took lessons. Dick and I played in the school bands and orchestras. He played sax and clarinet and I played the trombone. We had a lot of old 78's at home with show tunes and semi or light classical music, and we usually listened to the opera on Saturdays, so there was an exposure to good music in our home.

Dad's health turned bad the summer of 1984 and in February, 1985, he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. Six months later, on August 8, with his family at his side to tell him of our love, he passed away in the hospital in Heber City, Utah.³ He remained positive about his recovery right up to the last few days. He was buried in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery on August 12, 1985. He has been missed so much by his family.

The following are memories we children have of our father. Not all descriptions of events may agree with the descriptions made by others, but what can we expect. We all have our own perceptions of what we remember, and no one is wrong.

BETTY'S MEMORIES:

My brother Paul sent me our dad's birth certificate. I think of him as a newborn squalling baby boy. I think of him as a two year old who loses his father. Of a boy finding arrowheads in the mountains of Vernal. Of a young boy tending the sheep or planting fruit trees. Of carrying water for grandma to do the washing for various people to earn a living. Or playing basketball with his school. Or walking a young girl to and from school who later would be my mother. Or losing a sister who was only 16 or a beloved 32 year old brother who was like a father to him. But these are his memories.

My memories started when I was a small girl who said "No Santa Claus, Daddy buy." Dad went across the street to a kind man who was Santa for the church and asked him if he would come over and see me. From then on I believed. I remember the trips to Pleasant Grove to see grandma and Curt and my grandpa and grandma Loader. Dick and I must have been a trial for him. More than once he would say "I'm going to stop this car!" It worked for a while.

The fishing and camping trips to Mirror Lake. I thought my dad must have been the smartest camper in the world. It turned out he was. He would take us on many hikes. Short ones, but so much was love was given.

We took many trips to Vernal. We would go on picnics at Remember the Maine park. The breakfasts and lunches were great. We would do this all in one day.

When I was 9 and Dick almost 7, we took a vacation to California. What a trip. It was wonderful. We stopped and watched the Indians salmon fishing. Dad bought one and of course it spoiled and had to be thrown away. When we arrived in San Francisco, Dad bought me my first shrimp (yuk). Now I love them. He took us to the world's fair. Such memories. I loved the ocean.

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I remember dad taking us to the Utah Copper mine to see the engine he operated. Then it was so big. And taking Dick up to the mountains to get a Christmas tree. And the look of horror on his face when Dick shot an arrow into the tree and it fell over right on top of my sedate grandmother Loader. But we all had a good laugh, even grandma.

The move to Union. How happy he was to have his own place. Our cow Bossy. He had to milk until Dick and Paul got older to milk. The barn with its hayloft, the rabbits, and the chickens. It seemed we had everything.



Pictures taken about the time Dad bought the place in 1944

Some evenings we would have a picnic at Storm Mt. Dad would fly fish in the little reservoir. Such peaceful times.

Then we had our baby sister, Dick Paul and I. Dad was so proud. It seemed our family was complete. Dad enjoyed her so much as we all did and still do.

Dad was so talented he could play most any instrument. He even wrote a song for our mom, "My Love of Golden Dreams." I'll never forget it. I remember in

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Copperton the shop he had in the basement. So many things he would build for our aunts; coffee tables, book cases. He had a good time. In Union he refinished furniture. He was very slow but it was done well

He also opened a confectionary, of course with so much help from our mom. I remember sneaking ice cream with chocolate topping on. When Dad found out it wasn't nearly as good.

I remember when he was baptized and confirmed by my brothers. It was a happy time.

I remember the move to Midway. His flower and veggie gardens. They were as pretty as the ones in Copperton and Union. I remember the day they said he had six months to live because of cancer. How so sad for us all. He did live for six months and he worked almost to the day he died. The place was beautiful. He left us a legacy of love for family: our grandparents, our uncles, our aunts, our precious mom, and for each other. He was known as the candy great grandpa or the fishing and camping grandpa to his grandchildren. He left us with all his love. Goodbye Dad, we will all see you soon. Thanks Dad, I love you!

DICK'S MEMORIES OF BOTH MOM & DAD:

My sister Betty was born in Bingham Canyon. Our parents then obtained housing in Copperton, a company housing community at the mouth of Bingham Canyon where I was born February 8, 1935, and almost three years and eight months later my brother Paul was born. My dad was a faithful employee of the Utah Copper Mining Company. My first memories were of how our life was based around his work at the copper mine. He did shift work as an engineer on the trains in the huge open pit mine. We lived there until 1944. I remember our house, square, blue stucco with a basement. In the front there was a porch which was in front of our parents' bedroom. I remember so well because when dad worked graveyard shift we had to be so careful during the day to not play on the porch.



Copperton House, about 1940

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I have loving memories of his shift work. Mom always put more in his lunch bucket than he would eat, and he brought the rest back as a treat for us. On the graveyard shift we waited for his coming home to have breakfast together—Wheaties, home canned peaches mom had put up, and milk. Dad's work was always in the forefront, Mom in the background. She always prepared us for what dad had planned, and made sure we did not interfere with his work and sleep.

In the basement we had a coal burning furnace and a coal room. In a small area off the furnace room was an undeveloped area with dirt floor we called the "cubby hole." When dad made root beer and maybe other beverages as well I suspect, this is where it was stored until ready to drink. In a small room just off from the stairs dad fixed a bedroom for Paul and me. Further in was a large room where mother did her washing and ironing, and in what others used for a fruit room, dad had a wood shop. He loved wood work, and made beautiful furniture, like coffee tables with veneer inlaid tops. Dad was never idle. We had a victory garden, as they were called during the second war. He loved working on his car, a four door green 1937 Pontiac. He loved camping. He made a cabinet for the trunk of the car that was a real portable kitchen with places for dishes, a gas Colman stove, lantern, and a hinged door that opened to make a surface for food preparation.

According to something mother had written in her "Grandmother's" book that I found while looking for mother and dad's death certificates, dad was fifteen when they came to Pleasant Grove making it about 1923. They came to pick fruit, and grandmother bought a house on four acres of land. I would guess this was the old rock house we remember. I guess the whole family came out including Uncle Jake. She and Virginia went back to Vernal after the crops were over, but the boys stayed in Pleasant Grove, or at least according to what mother had written, dad did. She wrote about the first time dad visited their house. She said she just stared and stared at him. He acted very shy. When they left Grandma Loader scolded her for making him so uncomfortable.

The sheep's name in the picture was Toby. Grandma said it was a mean animal that would butt you if you were not careful. Since the picture was taken in Vernal, according to mother's story, dad would not have been more than fifteen. I must have



been about that old when Grandma Jacobson gave this picture to me because at the same time she also gave me a press like device that held a 'just developed' photograph between two pieces of glass. This was so the picture would have a glossy appearance and would be flat rather than curled up after it dried. I remember her telling me how Uncle Otto was into photography and this was his.

That started my interest in developing pictures. If you remember I turned our bathroom into a dark room. I

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had an enlarger and everything. I use to dump all my chemicals down the toilet, and when our septic tank lost its “action” dad accused me of killing the anaerobic bacteria in it that made it work. I was always doing something like that so it wouldn’t surprise me if that were true. One of the pictures I took and developed into an eight by eleven picture that I really loved was of Grandpa Loader with a large German Brown trout he had caught. Look at dad’s hands in the picture. You can tell they worked hard when he was a youth. Actually as an adult dad’s hands were fair looking and not large.

He loved fly fishing. He never made his own flies, but I remember during the winter he would sit at mom’s sewing machine while working on his fly rod. He first cut off the ties that held the eyes through which the line passed. Then he carefully stripped the old varnish from the pole, and then carefully with colorful threads wrapped the eyes back to the pole, and finally re-varnished the pole. Long before we moved to our home in Union, when the springtime came we would drive across the Salt Lake valley past the home we later moved to, to the little reservoir in Big Cottonwood Canyon. Dad was so patient because he was so dedicated to his fishing, but while his leader made of catgut was soaking he would fix us –Paul, Betty, and me I guess, with lines too. Mother of course was busy preparing a picnic. But dad was fine tuning his mind to outsmarting the fish. He loved the lure of fishing.

Dad and mom did not belong to any organizations, except of the course Dad’s union. Before the unions dad told us how he would go to work each day during the depression not daring to miss showing up, but they had work for him only two or three times a month. They sent him home with full lunch bucket, but no pay. If he were not there when they wanted him he would be replaced. So dad had a great loyalty to the union and to the Roosevelt New Deal who changed the plight of the working man and gave them hope.

On one occasion I remember, I must have been only six or seven, he took me up to the Gemmell Club, this was a building that had something to do with the workers and the union and maybe even the company, I really don’t know. I remember how in awe I felt as we rode the tram up the hill side to the building that instead of having a pediment façade it had a large arched structure in the middle and then smaller one on each side—kind of mission style I think with just smooth curves. I vaguely remember a pool room, and they let me make a couple of shots, but I was hardly big enough to see over the table. Dad seemed to know everyone. Except for the several times he took us all to see the engine he operated that is about all I ever knew of his job and work.

Dad’s brother Keith and his family lived just down the block from us, and they had friends, Ray and Lou Olsen who they camped and fished with. I don’t know how regularly but they played pinochle with the Olsen’s, and were very loyal friends. Even before Betty and I were born they had camping trips together to the Uintas at Mirror Lake, which later Betty and I enjoyed too while we lived in Copperton.

Another acquaintance and dear friends of our mom and dad even long after they moved to Union was Ralph and Caroline Murano. Ralph became Major of Bingham. They were real Italians, and I remember Ralph waving his arms and exclaiming at the top

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of his voice, "Momma Mia," and then he would just roar with laughter and say, "Oh my God," as he pounded his forehead with his hand. When mom and dad were first married they lived in an apartment owned by the Murano's in Bingham. Before Betty was born Ralph not yet married to Caroline took them to LA where they stayed at Long Beach several months I guess. Mom, when we took her many years later to visit her brother, our Uncle Russ, in Redlands, CA would tell us stories of that time. Every time we approached Beaver Mountain, UT we knew by heart the story of how dad and Ralph in a winter storm dressed for sunny California nearly froze to death as they pushed their car to get over the mountain in a snowy winter storm.

I don't think dad went past the eighth grade, but I guess his work on the hill (this is how the workers fondly referred to the copper mine) gave him time to read. He read some pretty heavy stuff like Homer's Odyssey and The Iliad. I never knew my dad, or mother either, to have even stepped into a church until I was nearly twenty and ready to go on a mission. We didn't pray at anytime together in our home, but dad probably knew the bible better than I did even after my mission. He particular loved the Gospel of Mathew, and the Christmas and Easter holidays were very special to him. My dad was very skeptical and felt most religious people were very hypocritical. It was easy to understand why mother was not into religion because she came from an apostate family, and suffered accordingly as she grew up, but actually dad whose father had been killed when he was only two, and whose mother raised six young children, the youngest just born when grandfather was killed, had nothing but good experiences with neighbors who were mostly Mormon. They were very good to them. There was never any doubt that my dad believed in a creator the universe.

We were never encouraged to go to church or preached at, but dad taught me many moral lessons. I know he believed in the Ten Commandments. One day we were driving somewhere together and there arouse a terrible smell. Dad said, "Dick do you think you need a laxative?" I said "no," of course. "Well that doesn't smell too good," he continued, and I said well I didn't do anything. He simply said, "There is only two of us in the car, and I know I didn't do it so that means you did." And then he taught me a lesson on telling the truth, and in the end it is so much easier than trying to cover up a lie. Another time, it was Christmas time because that is the only time that I remember we went to Salt Lake, fifteen miles away. I stole a small penlight and I couldn't wait until I could see how it worked. I waited for dad and mom to leave the house that night to visit Uncle Keith and Aunt Eileen. The door had hardly closed and I turned the lights out to see how my new flashlight worked. Turning back and seeing the house was dark dad knew I was up to something. So he returned and found me flashing the light all around the room. He never spanked nor scolded me or even quizzed me. He just said that isn't yours you can't have it. He took it from me and rejoined my mother outside. That was it. He never spoke of it again nor did I ever see the flashlight again, but I now knew for sure that stealing was wrong.

Dad was not always right. Most every weekend, or whenever his days off were, we made a trip to Pleasant Grove to see our grandparents. Both dad's mom and mother's parents lived barely a mile from each other. We came over the flats from Bingham on what we called the "rusty" road. There were wheat fields on both sides.

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Dad had a twenty-two pistol in the trunk. He would stop, get the gun out, and make one shot. Sure enough he had killed a pheasant for his mother. One time when he went to get the pheasant it was a hen with a new brood of babies. That was the last time I ever saw him shoot at anything living.

Another life lesson dad taught me. When dad, Paul and I would go camping in the Uintas we always took the pistol and did a little target practice. It was understood that I would get the gun when I was old enough, but we were never to get near it without dad. I was always very contrary, and I began to take the gun with me when I went on scout outings. Dad found out, and I was scolded. He told me that I would never see the gun again. We have no idea what he did with it, but we never saw it again. Many years later mother gave dad another pistol because she knew how much he had loved his gun. He made it clear from the get go that Paul would get this gun – not Dick. Dad wasted no words in his lessons. You just knew what he was teaching very clearly.

Oh yes, hiking and camping. When we moved to Union (East Midvale) my friends and I never missed going on a hike to somewhere like Little Willow in the mountains east of us. We had a large raspberry patch on our little farm, and last year's deadwood had to be cut out and the tops trimmed each spring. I was getting old enough to do this so dad gave me that chore to do. As usual I procrastinated, and by Easter time the patch was not cleaned. My friends came to go hiking and dad said, "Where are you going Dick? Not until the raspberries are cleaned." I missed my Easter hike that year, but the raspberries did get cleaned that weekend. Like I said dad was not a preacher, but he was a teacher.

Our family life centered on dad's work. He was loyal to it. He always left for work early enough to fix a flat tire if needed on the way. On his time off he loved to garden and work on projects. He was always busy. On his days off we usually made a trip to see our grandparents, or my Uncle Curt and grandmother, Aunt Virginia, Donny before he died, Ken, and Robert would join us for a picnic at Lagoon or Liberty Park, or in American Fork Canyon. Sometimes when he worked day shift we would go up Big Cottonwood to the reservoir so dad could get a little time fishing. Mom would have a picnic prepared for when he got home from work. All we had to do was put everything in the car and we were gone.

In those days fishing season always opened on the Saturday before Father's Day. Dad always took me camping, and when Paul was older just the three of us together for the weekend. The Soapstone Bridge on the upper Provo River was as far as you could go. Then the first of July the lakes in the high Uinta's would open. Even before Paul or I woke up in the morning dad would have been out on the stream to catch fish for our morning breakfast. I guess we didn't realize it but dad was a really dedicated family man. We did these kinds of things into my high school years. I think both Paul and I remember with great fondness our trips together with dad to Trial Lake. Dad did everything just right setting up camp, cooking our meals, building a fire, taking us on hikes. We were never bored even as we grew older, and most important of all he was never bored with us.

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Dad did not want Paul or me to follow him working on the “hill.” He wanted us to get an education more than anything. He and mother gave up a very nice home, community, and life in Copperton, and we moved to a little farm in the community of Union east of Midvale in the Salt Lake Valley. Dad loved it very much. We had a cow, chickens, rabbit, a great old barn, and plenty of land that dad could till with a hand cultivator. He loved the earth and growing an outstanding garden. We also had a large raspberry patch I mentioned before that only he and mom could pick the berries from. They were perfect and we had annual customers who looked forward to getting berries from us each year.

Two years after we moved to Union our little sister Virginia, we all fondly call her Ginger, was born. It was a hot April day on a Saturday—the day before Easter. Ginger was the only one of the four children mom and dad had that was born in a hospital. Can you imagine, in those days they kept women in the hospital about 10 days after giving birth. While dad visited mom on those days we kids played on the hillside in back of the hospital. That year Easter fell on April 21. What a coincidence, the year I was born Easter was on April 21. Easter was the same day in both the year that mom was born, and that Betty was born—March 27. This is almost impossible, but Paul and Dad missed being born in years when Easter was just two days apart—April 19 Dad and April 17 Paul. Easter can come on any one of thirty-four different days.

Dad also was a craftsman. He made beautiful coffee tables with a diamond design top. He even ground smooth the edge of the glass himself to cover the top. When we moved to Union he converted a garage into a shop where he made and refinished furniture. He added a room on it to do the finishing work. Dad loved music, and so he took an old upright piano and restyled it into a fashionable piece of furniture with a shelf with mirror back. People who saw it liked it so they asked him to remodel their piano.

As I said he loved music. He played the saxophone when he was in school I guess. When he first started working on the Copper he spent many lonely nights thinking about a girl he loved so far away in Pleasant Grove—she later became our mother. So he took a correspondence course in music, learned a little music theory, and wrote her a love song – “My Love of Golden Dreams.” —1st Verse and Chorus:

Sitting alone just dreaming of you.
Just dreaming of a pal so true.
Wondering if you are thinking of me to
As the shadows are falling.

My love of Golden Dreams
When moonlight softly gleams
It seems your love is calling
As the shadows are falling.
Though you're so far away
Your love will always stay

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It makes me feel blue
When I'm dreaming of you
My love of Golden Dreams.

Yes, he even had the song published, and Betty has a framed copy of it. It also was scored for a full orchestra. Dad always whistled while he worked – warbling like a song bird.

The company and union, which dad strongly supported, had a disastrous strike in the late forties. It lasted a long time. Dad resorted to his craftsman's skills to survive. The man who was building what was called the "first million dollar home" on Butler Hill at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon, hired dad to paint the finished wood work in the house. Dad actually painted the wood grain pattern in the trimming. He also built and upholstered a breakfast nook off the kitchen. The house actually had an indoor swimming pool, which at that time seemed very far out. He took me with him several times while he was working on the house.

Dad was very industrious. He next painted the exterior trim on a house in West Jordan that took several weeks to do. I went with him and became friends with a Mexican foster child there. I remember wishing I could have darker skin like Freddie. Dad was more determined than ever by now that he didn't want Paul or me to go for the easy money jobs at Bingham. He quit his job and opened a furniture refinishing business. The only problem, he was too much of a perfectionist, and couldn't finish enough work quick enough to make it pay. So once again he went to work for a company, this time at the Geneva Steel plant in Orem, UT. Again he was very faithful to his job there and to the union as well.

During this time he took an old wooden garage we had which was about ready to collapse. Dragged it over to the road front on Union Ave, and he build a most attractive little café called Dick's Place. If that were not enough, the old house we lived in had twelve foot ceilings. He had dreams of turning this place into a rambler style home, which he did. Working at a job, trying to operate a small café, remodeling a house, and keeping a manicured garden and yard put a great strain on mother and dad's relationship. When I returned from my mission they were on the verge of a separation. For the sake of the family I believe, they didn't.



Dick's Place c. 1949 to 1958

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In our growing up years we didn't have TV – not until about 1956. By then I was on my mission in Montana. Before my teens we listened to Sunday serials on the radio like Captain Mid-night, The Green Hornet, and Jack Armstrong. We had our Saturday evening baths, and afterwards listened to the Grand Old Opry before bed time. This was all before Dick's Place, and then our time was spent helping in the café.

Mom and dad were both very industrious. It seemed they were always busy, Mom mostly in the house. Our cellar was filled with canned fruit, vegetables, jams, jellies, and the like. There was always delectable smells in the kitchen like homemade bread baking, and especially in the fall when she would make relishes and chili sauce. Dad loved his garden. The rows were straight and evenly separated, and nothing went to waste. He even composted the discarded stuff that wasn't feed to the pigs or chickens. We lived across the street from the old two story white brick church house known as the Union Ward house. The ward was divided into two wards just when we moved there in 1944. We didn't go to church much on Sundays, but when dad was off and we didn't go to see our grandparents, mom always fixed a special meal and dad would sit on the floor across from us, and we would shoot marbles back and forth. They were very special marbles that had belonged to my dad's oldest brother Schwalbe (known after they moved from Vernal as Jake). Many of the marbles were made of clay rather than glass. A great treat on those days, was a bottle of soda water for each of us. Coke, 7-Up (dad's favorite for various reasons) and Dr. Pepper all came in 7 oz bottles and cost just a nickel, and we looked forward to this as if it were something very special.

We were actually poor, but didn't know it. Oh yes dad had a canvas bag he got from the Copper about 12 inches high and maybe 5 inches wide that dynamite came in. In one of these bags he saved pennies, and each Sunday that we were home we would count the pennies. The total didn't change much from week to week, but it was fun to count anyway. It broke my dad's heart when our sister Betty got married, and all he could give her to buy a new dress to get married in was that sack of pennies.

I think sometimes when he brought home those powder bags they were not completely empty. Early one Fourth of July we were all awakened by a gigantic bang. On our little farm we had a large potato cellar made of granite stones from the quarry where the granite blocks for the Salt Lake Temple came from. There was a cart on railroad tracks that ran down the middle of it. The roof was made of timber covered with clay dirt. We kids liked to play in the cellar on that cart, but dad was afraid we would get hurt if the roof were to cave in because it was getting quite old. So that Fourth of July morning he blasted a huge hole in the stone wall with dynamite he had taken from the "hill" – this is how the Kennecott Copper Bingham Mine was fondly referred to.

On our farm we had a cow, which gave us a calf each year, chickens that supplied us with eggs and meat for our Sunday meals. Some years we raised a pig and rabbits too. The barn was huge. In the high center part we stored hay. The center beam high above the floor had a Jackson fork on a track to hoist the hay into the barn with. Across the back wall of the barn was where our rabbit hutches were, and on either side of the main barn were sheds with lower roofs -- one for the animals with stalls and mangers,

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and on the other side the shed was for machinery and equipment they used when they farmed using horse teams. It was filled with neat stuff all old and now useless. Just east of the machine shed was a granary and in front of this was the large chicken coop. We loved to play in these old buildings because they were filled with so many interesting things. This is where I had my first cigarette, which I made Paul smoke too so I wouldn't get into so much trouble. The second war was nearing an end, but cigarettes were rationed then. We lived next to Burgon's Market, and Morry who ran the store then would let us kids pick up dad's daily pack of cigarettes. Well one day I got dad's cigarettes. Actually two packs one for Saturday and one for Sunday. I think we only tried smoking one cigarette, and I hid the rest in the hay. Well, when dad sent Betty to get his cigarettes for the weekend, guess what. I saw him storming down the path to the barn, and I grabbed both packs and threw them in the ditch behind the barn. When dad got there you could still see the cigarette packs bobbing up and down as they flowed away down the stream. I did get spanked for this. More so, I think, because I threw them in the ditch than anything else.

Dad did give us spankings, but he was very cool about it. He would say to me go in the bathroom and take down your pants. And then when his anger had abated, which seemed like an eternity to me, he would come in and I would get a couple of swats. He first used his razor strop until one day I cut it up with his razor. Years later for Father's day I gave him a new strop and razor. I was never beaten or hurt, and I seldom got a spanking, but when I did I knew what it was for. I was a very obstinate child as you can tell, and how he controlled his anger I'll never know.

What I remember mostly about mom during my years at the Union school, 4th through 9th grades, was what a tease she could be. I'd ask her to drive us to school, which was less than half a mile away; and she would say, "Okay get me a stick." "No mom," I would plead, "I mean give me a ride." "Oh, I'm too heavy," she would comeback. On and on it would go until I just left and walked to school. Mom never hit us kids, but at times when we deserved it she would give us a spanking. She would say, "Okay you go get what you want me to spank you with." We had a weeping willow tree between our house and dad's shop, and I'd pick the smallest willow I could find, which really stung when she swatted my backside with it. I should have brought a two by four. She never would have hit me with that. Mom seemed to always have something good coming out of the oven near the end of the school day. It was fun to come home after school.

Mom would never miss a PTA or back to school meeting. She often was a room mother and for several years a PTA officer. She belonged to the Band Mothers who got us new uniforms. She even took a lead role in a comical play the PTA put on for our school. She actually was a pretty good actress. Dad never attended school functions, but both mom and dad supported the school. Dad often helped with homework especially with math problems. He never left doubt in Paul or my mind that he wanted us to go on to higher education after high school. Neither dad nor mom completed high school.

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They didn't have the money to send us to university, but dad said, "As long as you are in school you have a place in our home." Paul got a part time job with the US Post Office, which actually worked into a fulltime well paying job so he didn't go back to school one quarter. Dad said okay you are making good money you can pay board and room. Paul decided he would get back into school the next quarter.

Probably few know that dad was a good athlete. He was on the basketball team when he was in school at Lincoln in South Salt Lake. He liked boxing, and even was scouted for semi-pro baseball as a pitcher. When I first became a teen I played baseball in the country recreation summer school program. I wanted to be a catcher. Dad told me to bring home a catcher's mitt and he'd toss a few at me. I wasn't prepared for this. He threw hard and tricky. It kind of scared me. My two uncles, dad's twin brothers Keith and Curt, took me and Paul and our cousins Bob and Donny before he died, Dave and Ed to see a number of games each summer in Derks field when the Salt Lake Bees played in the Pioneer league – teams from Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Salt Lake and Ogden, UT. We always sat on the first base side behind the Bee's dugout. I remember Uncle Curt who was generally shy in a group of people could get quite agitated and vocal at the umpires when they made a call he didn't like.

Dad was a fun person to be around. Mom always played a supportive roll. Our life, Betty, Paul's, and mine in particular was centered around our nuclear family – camping and fishing with dad, nearly weekly a visits to our grandparents in Pleasant Grove, picnics and outings with our aunts, uncles, and cousins. We didn't know that we didn't have much money. We were expected to do some chores around the place, help pick cherries for Uncle Curt and grandpa when they were in season. We just lived a very simple and fun life.

I was the last to leave home when I got a teaching position in Vernal, Utah – 1968. This is where my dad was born. His dad was killed in a lumber mill accident at a timber camp just fifteen miles from their home when dad was two. Grandma, now widowed, raised six children on a small farm there until dad was in his late teens, except for a short period when they lived in Salt Lake due to an illness his older sister had. She died there.

A school chum of dad's in Vernal was a janitor at the school I taught at. He had a neat little 10 acre farm. He called me Richie. "Richie," he said, "Why don't you buy my farm?" When dad lived there his farm and Elmer's dad's farm actually bordered each other's. A teacher I taught with, who would later become my next door neighbor said Elmer has sold that place a dozen times. You'll never get it, and he laughed. But I did get it, and I'm sure it was because Elmer and dad were elementary school chums. A farmer who had leased the place for a number of years wouldn't speak to me for about two years because he wanted Elmer to sell him the place.

Dad fell in love the place, and spent many hours, days, weeks actually helping me. Together we totally remodeled the house. When I went to summer school at the "Y" for two summers, and again when I started working for the forest service in the summer, dad would say, "How can you not stay here and take care of your place?"

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Mother would take her turn coming out to spend a week or so with me. Other times they would come together with other members of the family. Richie was just recovering from a serious accident, and dad loved to bring him out to see the animals and play in the dirt. He thought Richie got stronger each time he came out. One year everyone came. By then even the grandkids had started their families. Dad was in his glory when all the boys who were old enough went with him on a white water float down the Green through Split Mountain George. We had one great thrill when our rubber raft nearly capsized in one of the rapids. Richard, Ginger's husband, grabbed Jack who was nearly thrown out of the raft. Dad never forgot that time together with all his boys.

If you didn't know better you'd think dad and mom were mad at each other much of the time. Not so. Dad used a lot of expletives when he talked. He could often say a lot with very few words. When they were outside doing yard work he would say, "Damn it Alice, put that #*/! hoe down before you ruin everything." That isn't what he was worried about. The year they celebrated their golden anniversary mom had by-pass heart surgery. She didn't know it, but she had walked right through at least one heart attack, and finally it got so serious that she could hardly walk at all. Mom had always loved cooking meals for the family even as it grew past twenty of us with all the grandchildren, and by then even great grandchildren coming into the family. The doctor told her she was not to put on these big dinners anymore. The stress was just too great.

Dad and mom decided that from then on they would have Thanksgiving dinner at one of the kid's places each year. I don't remember who they started with, but when it was our turn that was where they would be for Thanksgiving. Even though I was single I had to take my turn too, and of course I was always invited to go with them in the other years too. Dad would always buy the turkey for the feast. At Christmas time they would fix kind of a smorgasbord so as each of the families came by they could fix a plate of pretty tasty things. Of course there was ham that dad had doctored up himself, and naturally turkey, rolls that mom was famous for, and all the rest of the fix'ns needed, but no big dinners like years past.

The holidays were always special to dad including Easter when mom would cook dozens of eggs and spend time with us when we were kids and continued with grandkids and great grandkids coloring the eggs. Dad of course liked to make sure we had plenty of candy Easter eggs, especially chocolate ones filled with soft taste stuff inside. Christmas was always dad's favorite, and since they lived just a short distance from Ginger's when they moved to Midway they always shared Christmas morning with her family. They all waited for grandma to open the door and with a loud "ho ho ho" signal time to come down and see what Santa had brought. Afterwards we had a nice big breakfast together. Then it was home they went to get the smorgasbord ready for the rest of the family as they came one after another the rest of the day.

When we were small dad would spend hours decorating the Christmas tree. Everything had to be just perfect. First the lights were fixed evenly on the tree, then tinsel and the ornaments. Finally the ice cycles were hung one by one evenly spaced

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until the tree was stunningly beautiful—a master piece. One year when we still lived in Copperton I got a toy bow and arrow set, and I thought the ornaments would be a good target. I shot and why I don't know, the tree fell over right on top of our grandma Jacobson. I always was doing something like that even after I was old enough to know better. It seemed that I just would never grow up.

When dad learned that he was terminally ill and had but months left to live he was determined to finish the yard so that mom could take care of it. The greatest memory I have of both my dad and mom is the great love they had for keeping a beautiful yard and garden. Even the vegetables had to be perfectly arranged. Just a week before he died dad had finished putting in a watering system, and the fields that had been dirt just a few months ago were now showing green with new lawn. He bought a riding lawnmower because now they had probably half an acre of lawn to care for. He dug a large pond to hold irrigation water in to pump through his sprinkling system. He was ready to leave now because mom would not have to drag hoses around to keep everything watered.

Mom, with help from all of us of course, took care of the place for three years before she moved to live with me in Vernal. In that time her gardens were the envy of the community. She received a beautification award presented by the Governor of the State of Utah for what was a very outstanding and beautiful yard. The local LDS Church was furnished with beautiful flower arrangements all summer long from her garden, and at Midway's Swiss Days celebration flower arrangements from her garden won ribbons and prizes.

Another salient quality of our parents was their true love and devotion to family. It is truly impossible to treat each son, daughter, grandchild perfectly equally because each is a unique special person with qualities to be admired and others to be desired. Mom and dad met the needs of each of us as best they could. They left no doubt each of us was very special and dear to them.

I did not grow up until the day mother moved in with me. In those ten years she lived with me before she died I not only became close to her, but through her love for them, she brought me closer to my brother and sisters and their children and grandchildren than I had ever been before.

Even with all of their imperfections no family could have had better parents than we did.

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PAUL'S MEMORIES OF DAD:

When I was born in 1938 our family was living in Copperton, and we moved in 1944 to Union. I remember my cousins Dave & Ed and I used to get into trouble for running away a lot. I attended kindergarten for two days before we moved. Mom and Dad had lived in Bingham Canyon where Betty was born and Dick was born in Copperton.

Dad felt it was very important for us kids to have something to do to learn responsibility. He didn't like the sub-division environment of Copperton, so he bought a small farm (1 -1/4 acre) in Union, at 877 East Union Avenue (7200 So.). It was an old house, originally built in the late 1880's with multiple add-ons. It was drafty and during the winter of '47 and '48, Ginger's water glass would freeze solid during the night in her bedroom. There was a chicken coop, barn, apple storage cellar and raspberries, lots of raspberries.



My brother and his friends used to tell me how the house and the barn buildings were haunted by the ghost of Old Man Proctor, who originally owned the property. Our son Dave painted a picture of the barnyard in his senior year at Hillcrest High, and it was used for the cover of the graduation services program. When Dad saw the program at Dave's graduation, no one could say anything for a while as we were all overcome by the emotion. Dave was offered \$400 for the painting as the Jordan School District Purchase prize, but he refused it, saying it was his grandfather's painting.

Of all the things we had to do each spring, I hated cutting out the dead raspberry canes and then topping the new ones off. Then we spent all summer weeding them. However, the berries sure tasted good with my Wheaties in the morning. People travelled clear from Davis County for our berries and paid a premium price for them.

I remember being taught many things by my Dad. One of the biggest lessons I learned was the value of hard work. He gave us all certain tasks to perform and he was very consistent in providing the consequences for both performance and non-performance. I was spanked many times as a child, both physically and emotionally, and

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there were none that were not deserved. And I was never abused, either physically or emotionally. For example, before we would go fishing, he gave me things to be done. If they were done, we went fishing. If they were not done, we waited until they were done and his work schedule would fit in another time to go. We always had gardens and I enjoyed taking care of them, including the weeding and watering. I think I enjoyed it because of the respect I got from Dad for doing the best I could, even if it wasn't perfect.

Dad also taught us to be honest. One time when I was about 10, I was playing down on the school grounds and wanted a treat from a nearby store. I had money at home but two blocks was too far to go. I did what I thought was the next best thing, I stole some empty pop bottles from the back of the store and walked around to the front and cashed them in for about 8 cents. Well, Mrs. Walker knew what was going on and she called Dad, as she knew he would want to know. After I got home I found myself walking back to the store with 15 cents of my own money and to give them an apology. I have treasured that lesson all my life.

Dad was baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church on September 25, 1955.⁴ I baptized him and Dick confirmed him. Dad's greatest criticism of the LDS Church was not so much about doctrine as much as with the members who were not living their religion, or who went at great lengths to look pious while also being dishonest or having other unfavorable characteristics. He felt that there were those who looked down on him because he smoked and drank, while they had some pretty bad habits of their own. I have always wondered if something had happened to Dad's family in the past and why they were not in the church. His grandfather was a member and he emigrated to Ephraim because of the Church. Dad told me a short time before his death that he did believe in Christ. His individual temple work was completed in 1991 and was sealed to his parents in 1992. He was sealed to Mom on April 20, 2002, with Betty and myself serving as proxies.⁵

Dad had a great sense of humor, and loved to laugh. He could also be very ornery at times, and we all learned quickly that if there was a need to talk to him about money for school or such, we always waited until he was at least half way through his second cup of coffee in the morning.

Dad wanted to be a businessman. I don't know if he was tired of working for "the man," or if he just wanted to do things his own way, or what. He started refinishing furniture and was a craftsman at it. He was such a perfectionist that it would sometimes take over a year for him to complete projects to his satisfaction. Many times I saw him apply a coat of varnish on a table and then curse it for a minor defect. He would rub it out again and apply another coat. Some pieces had 8 or 10 coats. He cut down an old piano and bleached the wood blonde, taking him about two years. He apologized for the time but the customer (Kel Kemp) said he would have waited another two years for the wonderful job he did. Unfortunately, such workmanship gets in the road of putting food on the table and he had to give it up and went to work at Geneva Steel.

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When Lily and I bought our home in East Midvale, Dad offered to refinish the front door. We were very appreciative of the beautiful job he did, even if we thought we were going to have to spend a winter without our front door.

In the late 40's Dad dragged an old garage from the back of our little farm in Union and turned it into a fruit stand, mostly selling fruit from Uncle Curt's farm in Pleasant Grove or our own raspberries. Later, he expanded the building with a cinder block addition and made it a café, called "Dick's Place." This was a family run situation, with all of us working there as much as we could. I used to cook hamburgers and make shakes during my lunch hours while attending Union Jr. High, as well as after school. Saturdays were spent cleaning and waxing the floors, etc.

Dad decided he wanted to remodel the old house we were living in and we used the café for meals, showers, etc. during the time it took to get those facilities installed in the house. Dad was working at Geneva Steel at the time and would work on the house for hours after he would get home each day. I had some real good times with him when I helped him on the house. He taught me many trades, from laying brick to plumbing, wiring, carpentering and swearing when things did not go right. He finally finished the house in about 1957 or 58 and it was beautiful. Mom was very proud of his work and appreciated the modern conveniences she now had.

Dad was quite a fisherman, especially fly fishing. He used the old bamboo rods and he rewrapped and refinished some. My grandsons have two of them and I have another. I remember one time when we went up Big Cottonwood Canyon to fish in the Storm Mountain Reservoir. At the top of the little lake where the road crossed the river just as it entered the lake, Dad popped fish after fish out of the water, just barely hooking them in the lip and throwing them up on the bank. Ginger and I stood behind him picking them up. His eyesight must have been incredible to be able to do that.

My sons all looked forward to the day when they would be old enough to spend a few days with Dad camping and fishing up at Cobblerest Campground on the Upper Provo River. It became a rite of age to all the grandkids. My kids say they learned far more about fishing on that 3 or 4 day outing than I could ever teach them in a year.

Dick and I had the pleasure of going camping with Dad on the opening of fishing season each June, usually Fathers' Day. We would take out the back seat of the old Pontiac and fill it up with the mattress off our bed and an old umbrella tent that weighed at least 100 pounds, and usually collapsed on us during our sleep. We would leave on Friday afternoon and after several stops for water for the car we would get to Soapstone on the Upper Provo River. The streams and lakes above there would not open until July. We would fish and hike. Dad would take his 22 pistol along and I remember him shooting a snake's head off with it. We would also go up to Trial Lake and camp and fish there as well. I took my sons up there and now we go with our grandchildren. Dad started quite a tradition for us. Dick and I had a lot of fun with Dad on a trip to Moon Lake shortly before he passed.

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Moon Lake



The infamous '47 Steady Acher

In 1952, we went to Yellowstone with Uncle Keith, Aunt Eileen and Dave and Ed. They had just bought them a nice new Chevy. Dad had a '47 or '49 Studebaker Champion which, to say the least, was gutless. We were going up a hill between Mammoth and Madison Junction and our car was going so slow the rangers pulled us over so traffic could pass. It took over half an hour for all the cars to pass. I, being 14 at the time, was more than slightly mortified! As you can see, it was ugly too. Dad later bought a '52, which was much better.

Dad quite liked to cook, experimenting as he went. He always figured that if a little spice was good, a whole bunch would be better. He made pickles that were somewhere between genius and kerosene, depending on the batch. Our son David especially loved them. Some years after Dad died, Julie was tired of carrying around those old two-quart bottles and proceeded to flush the pickles. Well, they had to remove the toilet from the floor to unclog the drain. Some of his Christmas fruitcakes were better used as doorstops. Dad used to get a lot of heartburn and usually took a spoonful of baking soda to relieve it. He also liked little green onions. He poured some salt on the table cloth and would dip each bite into the salt. My wife Lily thought that was pretty cool. Cool, but also strange.

They realigned Union Ave. in about 1972 or so and it took the back half of our property. The traffic became very noisy and in 1975 Mom and Dad sold out and moved to Midway, where Ginger was living at the time. He loved it there, although he was very upset when his tomatoes froze on Fathers' Day. He lived about 10 more years after that and gained the respect of many of the people there, although he was never active in the LDS Church. He kept a beautiful garden and yard. Mom always got after him for not

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fixing the front of our places up first, so people could see how nice they were. He said he didn't give a damn what others felt, he wanted his own view to look nice first. I think he felt very proud of his accomplishments, and didn't need anyone else to tell him about them.

Dad loved music. Grandma Jacobson's house had lots of old recordings back to WWI days, which Kenny Slater and I enjoyed playing on the old Victrola they had on the back porch. I enjoyed it when Dad would show me the chords on the piano, showing me the difference between the major and minor ones. When I returned from the Army, I brought home a portable record player I had bought at the PX. A couple of months later I bought a cord to hook up a radio to it for stereo. I had an LP of the sound track of "Around the World in 80 Days," and when I turned it on, Dad came in the room and said "What in the hell do you have there?" He sat there and listened to the entire LP, taking in the stereo sound that he had probably never heard before. If I recall, it wasn't long before Uncle Curt had a stereo player too.

Like most fathers, I have tried to give my children what I did not have as a child. Thanks to my father, I hope I have also given them all the good times and teachings he gave me

GINGER'S MEMORIES:

Ginny! That was the name my father called me, and he was the only person who has ever called me by that name. That is my first memory of him. There are so many wonderful memories that it is hard to know where to begin and I can't be sure they will all be in chronological order or that I will be able to recall of them.

One of my earliest memories begins in the workshop next to our house where my dad refinished and made furniture. I remember sitting on the high wooden counter watching my dad sand and measure and varnish his work. He would always be patient with me letting me see all he was doing and answering my endless questions about why and what he was doing. I will always associate the smell of varnish with my dad working so hard in that shop next to our house.

Another very early memory is walking in our vegetable garden that he loved so much. He taught me all the names of the plants and would let me make little dams and make little leaf boats that we watched flow down all the rows. I know that my father planted a garden every year of my life, even the last year of his life, and his love of gardening became mine also.

There was never any doubt that my dad loved his siblings and mother. His dad died when he was only two so he didn't have many memories of him, but he remembered the house he grew up in very well. As a very young child I remember our yearly trips to Vernal and we would stop in front of that old house and he would tell all the stories of hardship and love he experienced with his mother and siblings. Each year it looked more run down and deserted but my dad's stories made the house seem alive and part of my life too. He truly loved Vernal and the surrounding hills there. He told many stories of his sheepherding summers, beginning when he was only twelve and he

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gave those shearers the credit for giving him his first cigarette. If my dad had one bad habit, smoking was the one that he fought but stayed with him his whole life.

Our yearly picnics and hikes at the National Park in Vernal will always be so vivid in my mind. Dad would always take time from our picnic and his family visit to go hiking and exploring with me. Once on our yearly hike we found a trolley that went across a ravine. We were all alone and before we went across the ravine he made sure that I knew the rules about pulling the rope to make the trolley go. He showed me how to put my hands on the bottom rope to pull so the metal pulley wouldn't go over my hand. He was showing where I shouldn't put my hand and the trolley cart started rolling, running over his hand and cutting it very badly. I remember screaming and he quickly found his handkerchief and wrapped his hand up. He kept telling me that he was so relieved that he had been hurt and not me as we made our way down the hill to the family. I knew in my heart he would have endured any pain to keep me safe.



When I was about twelve my dad would take me to the bank with him whenever he had any transactions to make.

He would even have me write out the deposit slips with him. I loved doing things with him, but not until I became older did I understand the valuable lesson of being independent and taking care of myself were the true lessons he was teaching me.

Never once in my life have I ever doubted he loved me very much, and that is the true memory I will never forget.

Alice Magdalene Loader was born on January 20, 1910 in Lindon, Utah, the oldest daughter of Hyrum and Zella Loader.⁶ Her older brothers were Glenwood Denny (Wood, 1904), and Russell (1908). She had a little sister Kate (1911), who died on her second birthday. Russell never had children, and Wood only two, Gerry and Patricia, which left us with only two cousins from this side of our family. Mom grew up in Lindon and attended school in nearby Pleasant Grove, graduating from High School.

Although the Loader family members were Utah pioneers and strong in the LDS Church, they ostracized her family because Mom's oldest brother was illegitimate and adopted by her father. She commented that she walked to school past her grandmother's house for 12 years but was not allowed to come through the front gate. As a result, with some exceptions, we had little contact with Mom's families, the Loaders and the Birds. No one I am aware of really knows both sides of the story, but Mother's immediate family would have nothing to do with the LDS Church. Mom was baptized on April 12, 1945 in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, but she was never very active except in her support of us. She attended many meetings with family in her later years.

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Mom & her Mother, Zella

Mom about 16



There has been confusion over what was the correct spelling of her middle name. We have one birth certificate from 1971 that uses “Madgdaline,” and another issued in 1989 that said “Magdaline.” She preferred the latter.

Mom also wrote her own history:

“Born in Pleasant Grove, UT, January 20, 1910

Alice, about 16

“My parents were:

Hyrum Willard Loader, born in Murray, UT, January 6, 1884, and died February 7, 1974, and,

Zella Bird Loader, born January 26, 1884 and died August 4, 1944

They were married in Springville, UT, January 7, 1908.

“I had two brothers and one sister:

Glenwood, born January 15, 1904, and died January 25, 1980

Russell Willard, born October 12, 1908, and died March 2, 1988.

Kate, born May 3, 1911, and died May 3, 1913.

“I was raised and attended public school in Pleasant Grove, UT.

“I married Richard George Jacobson in Salt Lake City, UT. December 31. 1928.⁷ He was born in Vernal, UT October 19, 1908. He, his widowed mother, three brothers and a sister moved to Pleasant Grove in 1924. We attended the last two years of our schooling together there.

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“Our first home was in Bingham Canyon, UT where our first child, Betty Alice, was born July 10, 1932. After two and one half years we moved to Copperton on November 15, 1934. Our two sons were born there, Richard Schwalbe, February 8, 1935, and Paul Willard, September 27, 1938.

“We moved to an area of Salt Lake County called Union, June 15, 1944. Our youngest child Virginia Mae, was born there, April 20, 1946. We remodeled an old home dating the turn of the century into a fashionable rambler home. We spent 31 wonderful years there. I was baptized a member of the Mormon Church, April 12, 1945, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle with my son, Richard.⁸ I was active in various P.T.A.’s in the Jordan School District while my children were attending public school.

“We moved to Midway, UT., July 1, 1975. My husband was retired after working 21 years at the open pit copper mine in Bingham, and 20 years at Geneva Steel, in Provo, UT. We enjoyed living there. Our children and grandchildren loved to visit us and enjoyed the beautiful mountain valley. I became active in the Relief Society, and enjoyed going to Church. I also enjoyed my D.U.P. Camp, Hawthorne. I also had been a member of the D.U.P. when we lived in Union. I was a member of the Culture Club and Garden Club in Midway. I had many friends and wonderful neighbors there. My husband, Rich, died August 8, 1985; and the community was so wonderful to me. We loved gardening and had a very beautiful yard which many admired. We took pleasure when Beverly Prince made such beautiful flower arrangements from our garden for Sunday church meetings.

“I stayed in Midway alone for four years with the help of my friends and family after my husband died. In 1988 I received the Salt Lake Tribune ‘Civic Beautification Award’ for my yard and gardens. While our home as a great pride to me, my family felt I should stay with them. I principally have made my home since October, 1989, with my son, Richard, in Vernal. I am able to continue with my gardening and homemaking there. I also try to spend as much time as possible with my other children. At the time of this writing, March 17, 1992, I am in reasonably good health for an 82 year old woman. I have started the spring work in the yard, and I’m planning a two week trip to the Worth West with my son, Dick, daughter, Betty, and her husband, Jake.

“My church records have arrived in Vernal, and I attend the Glines Fourth Ward. As yet I haven’t become a member of the local D.U.P. camp. However, I do have many wonderful memories of my association in the Union and the Hawthorne Camps. I enjoyed serving as Captain in the Hawthorne Camp, and the many lessons and histories we studied. The many social things we have done together has filled my life with lasting friendships.”

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After Dad's death, Mom kept going as she said. She started doing new things. She became active in the DUP, showing pride in her pioneer heritage. Thanks to our brother Dick, she traveled extensively, but mostly to our homes, even though we had scattered ourselves out. She never missed a baptism or blessing or wedding of her grand or great-grandchildren, and she knew the birthdates of every one of them.

Mom tried to keep their place in Midway as beautiful as Dad had. Since it took both of them to keep it looking good in the first place, she could not do it on her own. In 1989 she sold the property and moved in with Dick who was living in Vernal. She divided up her estate with her children, keeping a bedroom set at Betty's in Murray, so she could stay there when she needed to. She said she wanted to see her children enjoy their inheritance rather than wait until she was gone.

Ginger had moved to Corona, California, and upon her return from one of her many trips there, the doctors said her heart was in trouble. In December, 1998, she had bypass surgery which was very hard on her, being just short of 89. She struggled on, getting more frail every day. She had what the doctors described as "Sundowners Syndrome," where after dark, she would suffer from dementia, and even hallucinate. During the day she was infirm and needed help getting around, but at night she was up and as energetic as a much younger woman, much to Dick's dismay.

It seemed she had two goals; to reach ninety, and to see the new millennium. She accomplished both by turning ninety on January 20, 2000 and on February 29th, she passed very peacefully from us.⁹ We had a very nice celebration for her birthday, which she seemed to enjoy very much. We think she wanted to be unique in dying on leap day and also that she wanted to outlive her father, which she did by a couple of weeks.

For her funeral, we each prepared short vignettes of our mother which were read by a friend, Brother Probst as part of his funeral address:

From Betty,

My best memory of mom is the endless love she has given to me through the years. Sharing her childhood memories, and sharing her gardens and beautiful flowers. Whenever I see a beautiful rose, I think of mom. I remember the time she worked all day, then came home and worked for me so I could go out on a date. The smell of hot bread or cinnamon rolls when we came home from school. The love she gave me when I had my five boys, and the endless help. I'll never forget the trips we took, the fun we had together. How silly we acted when we played Parcheesi, or the all night card games with my dad and I. My mom was recuperating from heart surgery when my husband passed away, but she never left me. She stayed with me and my boys then and took me home for week. I'll never forget the comfort from her. In the past two years the courage and the strength she has shown. She fought to the end. She was my role model. She was a beautiful lady and a wonderful mom in every way.

From Dick,

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I have many remembrances of mother. They are mostly summed up as a person who, perhaps not by intention, nevertheless, one who exemplified the "beatitudes" in her daily life—pour in spirit, sorrowing, lowly, merciful, single-hearted, a peacemaker. Perhaps the one virtue she modeled for me the best was patience—goodness knows she needed it in my case.

To illustrate, we decided to see the Portland Rose Gardens on one of several trips we took together. We had no trouble getting to the gardens, but when we left I took a wrong road and we starting going in a large circle through a most beautiful residential area, but always ending up back at the gardens. Mother suggested that perhaps we should ask someone for directions. Of course, I didn't need any help to find the way. I got there okay with no problem, I could find my way out okay. Three hours later, we found the road we needed to continue on our way. Mother was a little white knuckled but calm and quiet. All she said, "Wasn't that a beautiful scenic ride."

From Paul,

One of the things I appreciate most about Mom is her sense of humor. Even when she was so ill recently, she would crack jokes to make fun of her situation, including the fire hazards of 90 candles on a birthday cake. Along with this, was her insistence that other peoples' beliefs and opinions were to be respected, even if we did not agree with them. That is why our family, with Catholics, Mormons and members of the Assembly of God, get along so well. She taught us to stick up for what we felt was right and yet to be considerate of others' feelings.

She, along with Dad, also taught us an appreciation of the arts. She had somewhat of a temper when pushed too far. Back when the Union Fort Days celebration included a baby beauty contest, a reporter for one of the papers parked his car in front of Mom and Dad's café, restricting the flow of customers. He refused to move it and when he returned to his car, he found a couple of flat tires. When he confronted Mom about it, several of the young men present almost threw him out, so he called the police, who did nothing about it. Later than night, with only a slight amount of remorse, she admitted to us that she had indeed let the air out of the tires.

Once when she and Dad traveled to see our family when we were in Pennsylvania, they had been stuck in a snow storm in Wyoming and had spent 4 days on the bus. She told us that when they stopped in Cleveland, she went in the rest room to wash up. Without looking at who she was talking to, she casually mentioned that traveling that long certainly made your hands black. The black lady next to her replied "it sure does." Mom said she was never so embarrassed in her life. Again, her concern for others' feelings. She will always be remembered as a lady of dignity, and of love for her family and friends.

From Ginger,

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The loving memories begin very early. Mom loved to hold me in her lap and cuddle me singing a made-up lullaby. She sacrificed many things to make sure I could have dance lessons and many costumes, and trips for church and school. I knew I would find my mom in the kitchen making something wonderful to eat or out in her garden when I came home from school. I will never look upon a beautiful flower without thinking of my mother. She loved nature and the beauty of the world.

My mom loved to tease all of us, sometimes to tears but most of the time we would all just laugh. She would sometimes get up in the middle of the night and wake the family playing the piano and singing very loudly. One day when my dad was taking a nap, we decided he sounded like a big bear snoring, so we got out the crayons and drew a forest above the couch where he was sleeping. We did a great job filling the wall with trees, grass and flowers and a big cave. I remember trick-or-treating with my mom when I was about 12. We both put sheets over our heads and cut out eyes. We had so much fun until the bishop's wife made us come in and gave us a lecture about how we were too old to be trick-or-treating, she wanted us to take off our sheets so she could call our parents, luckily we escaped before our identity could be revealed.

I'll never forget the time when I was 16 and going on a date, she was in the garden and we walked out to say goodbye to her. We walked away and splat, she threw a tomato and hit Richard square in the back. We just looked at her and then we all laughed. I have laughed so many times with my mother, and I will always smile when I think of her.

Some of my best memories though are those shared with my children and grandchildren. My mom loved all children. She loved her grandchildren and was devoted to all of them. She always made time to make cookies, read a story, listen to their stories, play a game, cuddle and sing, and just be the best grandmother any child could ever have.

As noted, we expressed these remembrances for Mom's funeral. We were limited in what we could do then, so here are some other memories. Dick included his with his memories of Dad.

BETTY'S MEMORIES OF MOM:

As with my dad it starts with the feelings I felt when I saw her birth certificate. I imagine this little baby girl with back hair coming to enjoy her turn on earth.

She was born on Jan 20, 1910 during the depression, the third child of Hyrum and Zella Bird Loader.

Now for my memories, most of them correspond with my memories of dad. I do remember her getting new bedroom furniture. Then not too long after that I had a new baby brother, Dick.

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When I was six and Dick was three, mom was sitting in front of our coal stove. She said she was sick with a toothache. It was the night before I started first grade. Aunt Eileen (Uncle Keith's wife) took me home and put my hair up in toilet paper. Lo and behold the next day I had a brand new baby brother, Paul. What a cutie. I do believe she had more than a toothache.

My life was normal. Mom was always there. I remember macaroni and cheese for dinner more than once a week. I loved it more than chocolate.

She never was active in a church. But if I wanted to go, she saw that I went. I loved primary. Mom had a very good friend, Lou Olsen who was the primary president. She saw that I was baptized. I remember the feeling mom was very happy. She always taught me to protect Dick, whether he wanted me to or not. I remember going with her to find Paul and our cousins Dave and Ed. What one would not think of, the other one would. Good memories.

On Easter mom and Aunt Eileen went on a picnic with all the kids, when they saw where we had been playing more than once a week. Like the twin caves, full of bats or playing with baby rattlesnakes in the copper ditch. Needless to say we never went back! I didn't think it was so bad. The Christmas dinners were the best. Even as a young child I remember her hot rolls, pies, potato and gravy, and of course the turkey or ham. It seemed like we had wonderful Christmases in Copperton. I would get at least one thing I asked for, maybe two. Always a lot of presents. I don't know how mom and dad did it but they did. Mom's friends in Copperton, Frank and Mildred Finice, had a daughter who was deaf and dumb. Mom befriended her and loved her, and the feeling was mutual. I thought my mom was the most unselfish person in the world.

Dad gave me piano lessons which I'm sure drove her crazy. But with her patience they lived thru the times. When I was twelve, we moved to Union Avenue, east of Midvale. It was an old home and had many tall pine trees in front. We had an earth cellar, which in time mom covered the top with flowers, and inside she put all kinds of fruit and vegetables, juices jams and jellies. We had a big raspberry patch. Mom would pick raspberries for hours, but they made some money and we had raspberry jams all year long.

I remember the day Grandma Loader died and the pain my mom felt. Not too long after that my baby sister was born. What a joy she brought into our lives. I was so excited. Mom became ill after Ginger was born so I became a second mom to her. I am 14 years older than she. She was the star in our mom's eye. Mom and I became even closer as I had children. They adored her and she made the best breakfast in the world. They will never forget the times they shared with their grandma. We started to play Parcheesi, dad too. We did this until about a year before she died. I remember the love she had for George when he died. Mom had bypass surgery four months before he died. Her back went out on her two months before he died. But when the time came that I needed her she was there no matter how she felt.

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She would tell me about when she was a little girl and I wish I had a tape recorder. I'll never forget how sad she felt leaving her home in Union to move to Midway. It didn't take her long to make the home in Midway a home for all of us. Then bad news -- dad had cancer. The pain and sadness was overwhelming to her and to us. They worked together in the yard and they didn't always agree, but somehow it worked out. Ginger and Dick were always there to help them in their need. Dad left with a beautiful yard for her then she enhanced it. She even won a governor's award and we were all so proud of her.

I married Jake Redding July 25, 1986, in her beautiful garden. He loved her as much as he did his own mom. She was always there in our needs. My coping with George's death, Dick's battle with cancer, Paul and Lil's David having diabetes, Ginger with a painful divorce. Mom moved in with Dick and we shared so many memories in Vernal. The many trips she took to Paul's in Washington and the laughter we shared. The Christmas' in Taylorsville, making potato salad, the presents. We siblings shared our lives with a mom and dad we loved and they loved us. I know she was so proud of her boys. I think I was, too. They always thought of others. And she loved her grandchildren and great grandchildren. She never forgot a birthday and the special visits she had with all her grandchildren and children, along with many friends.

Oh yes, I can't forget the joy and how proud she was of Ginger and the things she has had to overcome to become a teacher and just a wonderful daughter and sister. There are just too many memories, I can't begin to write them all. I hope this gives a little insight of my mom and dad, and the lessons of families are forever. Knowing we will see them again gives me peace. Thanks mom, for our beautiful memories. I miss you and love you!

PAUL'S MEMORIES OF MOM:

My earliest memories of my mother are in the kitchen of our home in Copperton. I was pretty young when we moved to Union, so there's not much else in my memory about Copperton. I remember when I started 1st grade at Union Elementary, Mom had me wear short pants. I might have looked cute to her, but nobody at school thought so. I came home for lunch and changed! I must have been pretty adamant about that as she never tried to do that again. Now I find them to be very comfortable when it's warm enough.

Mom was involved in our educations, serving in PTA positions and as a room mother on countless occasions. She even appeared in a PTA play with George Barton, our school principal. She made cupcakes and other treats for our classes and she pretty well kept tabs on what and how we were doing.

I remember after I joined the LDS Church when I was eleven, that I asked her for permission to go to Murray to see a movie on a Sunday. She informed me that when I joined the Church, she expected me to uphold its principles, which included not going to movies on Sunday. I remember her words: "If you join something, join it all the way. Don't do it part way."

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Mom was baptized a member of the LDS Church on April 12, 1945, although she never accepted Joseph Smith's story. She wanted to be a Christian, and she was a good one!

Like Dad, she taught us to be honest, hard working and appreciative of others. She especially taught that we should be tolerant of others' beliefs, even when they are different than ours. She welcomed the Jehovah Witness' and other denominations' missionaries into our home and purchased their pamphlets. She made sure she was especially nice to them when Dick was on his mission. She hoped that someone was being kind to her son, too.

There is no question that she loves her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She liked my little joke about grandchildren being the reward for not killing your children when they were teenagers.

After Dad passed away, Mom didn't let things get her down. Thanks to Dick's efforts and time, she regularly visited her children and their families, no matter what state they were in. She loved to come to visit us in Moses Lake and tour the farm lands in the area. One time she came up with Betty and Ginger and we didn't hardly leave the house. Ginger brought some movies with her and we just relaxed and talked for a few days.

One day she woke up from a little afternoon nap, and groggily told us that she had seen the dentist who had looked in her eyes and didn't see one sign of gonorrhea. We were all so shocked that she even knew what it was let alone make a comment like that. Finally we all burst out laughing as we knew she meant glaucoma, although we didn't understand why the dentist would be looking in her eyes. It must have been a crazy dream.

One endearing thing about Mom was her sense of humor. She loved hearing stories and jokes, as long as they were clean. This, along with her warmth, brought her many friends over the years.

When Dick was in Montana on his mission, Mom and Dad, Ginger and I took a trip to visit him. Mom cooked up a big roaster full of chicken to eat on the way. We decided we would wait until we reached the Idaho – Montana border to stop and eat. It seemed like days before we finally got there and stopped the car. To our dismay, the chicken somehow didn't go on the trip with us. We drove another hour to the next town and Dad bought us all steak dinners. When we got home, there was the roaster full of chicken waiting for us on the counter, more than slightly moldy.

Mom and Dad loved to go camping. I was too little to remember actually going with them at that time, but I have heard many stories about the good times camping with Ray and Lou Olsen, who also lived in Copperton. I vaguely remember seeing a beautiful camp chest Dad had that held all their cooking equipment, etc.

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Mom and Dad loved both Christmas and Easter holidays. Even during the toughest times, we had good times. Christmas gifts usually included our needed winter gloves, etc., along with whatever toys we had. One of the best Christmas' ever was when Dad was on strike and we each received only one toy. I remember my little bow and arrow set. Somehow, the circumstances made that Christmas stand out in my memory, although I couldn't tell you what year it was, probably in '47 to '49 or so. Not because of what we didn't have, but more of what we did have. Easter was also celebrated with Easter eggs, candy, baskets and a new outfit. No mention of what the holiday meant, but we celebrated it nonetheless.

When I was made a bishop in 1981, Mom asked me then to eventually conduct her funeral services. The following are my remarks on that occasion on March 4, 2000:

"Ever since Mom asked me to conduct these services, I have been thinking of what brief remarks I could make that would pay her the honor she deserves. As I look out, I see many of you who have been where my family is today. I remember the grief you felt and I realize that someone can never know how that feels until they experience it themselves.

"As I thought about all the things that my brother and sisters and I have to thank our mother for, I remembered an article written by President Thomas Monson in a recent Ensign about gratitude. He listed 6 things for which we should give gratitude, and while all 6 things were pretty even in importance, he listed gratitude for our mothers first. He talked about the love and gratitude the Savior showed his mother when he was upon the cross when he told John to take care of her as if she were his own mother. He also quoted the saying: "God could not be everywhere, so He gave us mothers."

"Brother Probst has told of some of the things we remember about our Mom, and I have to add one more that I deliberately did not include on my list. When I was a small child, about 8 or 10, our neighbor came to our door late one evening. She had a rock in her hand, and I give a direct quote of what she asked Mom. She asked: "which one of your little sons of bitches threw this rock through my window?"

"Well, Mom jumped on her like a mother bear protecting her cubs. How dare she accuse us of such a thing, and how dare she come over here swearing at us? She almost literally chased her out of the house. Well, we just sat there, a little stunned at how aggressively Mom handled the whole situation. Maybe it was because of the names we were called, but we knew she wasn't going to put up with that!

"I learned a great deal from that experience and I have tried to teach my sons to stick up for those whom they love. Defend your loved ones and yourself from those who would harm you. In fact, I was so impressed (and scared) by her actions that it took 50 years before I could tell her that I was the one who threw the rock! I can still remember what it looked like when I recognized it in the

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neighbor's hand. It was dark gray, oval in shape, and it fit in my little hand perfectly! I hope Mom will apologize to her over on the other side, because she was embarrassed about her actions when I told her about it. I think when I get the chance; I had better apologize too.

"Mom used to play cards with three other ladies every Monday night, sometimes until way past midnight. We thank Annie Caldwell, Mary Dickson and Norma Gardner, who has also passed away, for their loving friendship with Mom and the good times they had. Knowing Mom's sense of humor, I'll bet they spent most of the time laughing.

"There was also this thing about Parcheesi. I read in a book Misty had given Mom where she told what she and Dad did when they were courting. Apparently this was a popular game then and they enjoyed it all their lives. When my wife Lily first saw them playing it, she said 'why don't they count the squares? They just jump from place to place.' Well, they knew the game so well that they knew exactly where 9 or 11 spaces were from any other space on the board. I have seen boards that were literally worn out from their constant play.

"As was mentioned, Mom has left us a legacy. It also brings us a challenge, as she is a tough act to follow. She expects us to live our lives with the same commitment to others as she did, setting the example.

"Now that Mom is with Dad and her brothers, sister, brothers and sisters-in-law there can be a great family reunion of all that generation. Many of Mom's friends were mothers of our friends, and we appreciate seeing so many of you here today. Some of you didn't know Mom that well, and are here because of your friendship with us. Your support is very much appreciated.

"There are many people our family would like to publicly express our appreciation to:

- All of you for coming today, or who have sent flowers and messages of condolence
- The Hospice of the Basin for their help and kindness
- Father Bednarz and the St. Johns' Catholic parish in Vernal
- Bishop Deets, the Relief Society and the home and visiting teachers of the Glines 5th ward
- The beautiful prayers, tributes and the talks given at this occasion
- Ruth Jensen and Melanie for their lovely music. Sister Webb made a special trip here from St. George for this occasion
- My sister-in-law Mary Deveraux for helping with our music
- The professional and compassionate service of Olpin Mortuary
- Mom's older great-grandchildren for handling the flowers today
- The many people who befriended Mom and made her so happy

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“And especially today, on behalf of my sisters and me, we want to thank our brother Dick, who has cared so well for Mom these past 10 or 12 years, especially during her difficult times. He made sure Mom got out to see us and her grandchildren. He drove her to Moses Lake, Washington, to Corona, California, to Grand Junction, Colorado and to Southern Texas. He brought her to missionary farewells and homecomings, baptisms, birthday parties, blessings, weddings and funerals. Not just because he knew how much it meant to her to be there, but to show his support as well. He also made sure the grandchildren living back east were visited when he, Betty and Jake took a long motor trip when Mom wasn’t able to go with them.

“We thank Betty and Jake for bringing Mom into their home to convalesce from her surgeries and other illnesses. For their willingness to sacrifice time to come to Vernal often to assist Dick in caring for Mom. Also Ginger for her trips up from California to be with Mom.

“I am also grateful to my wife and brothers-in law for treating Mom like she was their own mother. She also treated them like her own sons and daughter. I also had a great mother-in-law, and it is a blessing in anyone’s life.

“On the day Mom passed away, the page on our little daily thought calendar had the following statement:

‘People are like stained glass windows. They glow and sparkle when it is sunny and bright; but when the sun goes down their true beauty is revealed only if there is a light within.’

“Well, Mom’s sun has gone down, but we who know her well have always known of the brilliant light that still shines from within her sweet soul. God bless her.

“If there is one thing I would hope you would get out of these services today is that we should all express our love for our mothers and daily give thanks for them, even though they may not be with us anymore. If they are still living, take the time often to tell them how much you love them and express and show them the gratitude they so deserve.

“I am thankful to the Savior who has made it possible for us to have and enjoy a life after this earthly tenure, for the promise of the resurrection of our bodies, and for the knowledge that we will see our loved ones again. And I bear you testimony of this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen”.

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GINGER'S MEMORIES:

My earliest memory of my mother begins with her holding me on her lap rocking back and forth in a big rocking chair. I'm sure she rocked me in that chair from the time I came home from the hospital as a newborn until I was about eight years old. She would sing silly songs and I would snuggle into her warm chest and grab hold of her fleshy upper arm and squeeze. I remember how comforting and how loved I felt sitting on her lap. In fact, there has never been a moment in my life that I haven't felt the love she had for me. My mother had a great capacity to love all her family no matter how young or old, good or bad.

Another early memory of my mother centers around me sitting in a big, black baby buggy; mom running and pushing then stopping as the buggy kept going, catch up and we would laugh and start again. I loved that game until I became too big for the buggy which then went to my sister Betty for her son George.

My mother had a fun-loving, silly sense of humor and she loved to tease her children and grandchildren. I remember waking up in the middle of the night to mom playing jingle bells as loud as she could on the piano. We would all yell for her to stop, but she would just play louder, of course those were the nights my dad worked night shift. Sometimes she would tackle me or one of Betty's boys and sit on us and pretend to play the piano and sing until we were laughing hysterically. Actually my mother was very talented at playing the piano and organ. I don't think she had any formal lessons, but she could play very well. Her favorite song to play on the organ she loved so much was *Somewhere My Love*. She played that song many, many times.

When I was five I began taking tap dance lessons and continued until I was twelve. I am sure my mother sacrificed things for herself to help pay for the lessons and the costumes that she spent many hours sewing by hand. She made sure I practiced often, but never forced me to continue with the lessons until I made the choice to stop.

My mom loved to read. During the summer the bookmobile would come every other week. She made sure that we both checked out at least two books. She loved reading especially the classics. All through my school years mom was very active in the PTA. I always knew if there was a special program I was in, she would be there encouraging me to do my best. She made sure I did my homework and never missed a parent conference.

My mother and dad ran their own little café during my elementary years and every day I had to walk home for lunch. Mom cooked a hamburger with fries and made me drink a milkshake. The doctor had told her I was very underweight so she made sure I ate a very hearty lunch each school day. Every Friday I could bring one of my friends to the café to have lunch with me. Dick's Café was the name of our little restaurant. Mom worked so very hard every day in that place. She cooked everything herself and waited on customers as well. Mom was an excellent cook and no one ever complained about her cooking. I spent many hours with her in this café. My dad was remodeling our house that was next to the café so we would sleep in the one finished room in the house

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and eat all our meals in the café. Sunday was the only day that the café was closed and that was the day mom cleaned everything. I would lie on top of the counter top while she mopped and cleaned, and that was the day she had opera music playing as loud as she could. I will always think of her when I hear opera on the radio.

My teenage years went very quickly because I was married at age 18. My mother and dad both valued education and would love to have seen me go to college, but they respected my choice to be married. Mother loved to cook Sunday dinners for all the family. Both my mother and father loved having the grandchildren at the home and mom would babysit willingly and lovingly. My mother was the best grandmother any child could have. She treated all her grandchildren equally. She remembered each grandchild's birthday and even when she had many great-grandchildren she never forgot a birthday. She loved to attend the weddings of each one and her greatest joy was crocheting blankets or dolls for each new child in the family.

I think the best legacy my mother has left me is the example of the love a mother can give to her children and grandchildren. As I react with my own children and grandchildren I often reflect on the selfless and sweet love she gave to her family, and as I give love and support to my family I know her great example is reflected in my interactions with them.

Mother married Ray Egidio Carnesecca on Feb. 24, 1928. We don't know the circumstances of this marriage but they were divorced on June 30 that same year.

In addition to the children, Mom and Dad have a great following in their grandchildren:

Betty's Children:

George Jensen	June 29, 1951
Stephen	September 20, 1952
Michael	December 11, 1953
Randy	March 10, 1955
Jack	July 11, 1959

Paul's Children:

Lee Jacobson	September 5, 1963
David	April 20, 1966
Steven	April 28, 1970

Ginger's Children:

Richard J Horrocks III	April 3, 1965
Adam Samuel	October 3, 1966
Misty	February 21, 1970
Danielle	October 24, 1975
Aaron	January 18, 1979

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And as noted above, many great and great-great-grandchildren before Mom passed.

More detail about these grandchildren and their families will be found in each of our personal histories. Mom could remember every one of her great-grandchildren's birthdates, and attended every blessing and baptism she could, along with and thanks to Dick. To say Mom and Dad loved their family would be a great understatement!



Dad & Mom in their later years

Although they argued with each other a lot, mostly over trivial little things, Mom and Dad truly loved each other. A couple of years after Mom's death, I put together her family's information and with others' help with some of the ordinances, we had her and her brothers sealed to Grandma and Grandpa Loader. We also sealed Uncle Wood to his wife, Florence Domico (Floss). Then Betty and I knelt at the sacred alter in behalf of Mom and Dad and sealed them together for eternity.¹⁰ We then were sealed to them. When such work is done for the dead, it is not binding upon them, as they still have their free agency whether or not to accept the work done in their behalf. I hope they have accepted the work, and I have a feeling they have.

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Mom and Dad, about 1957 or 58

We did a lot of things together as a family, from picnics at Storm Mountain up Big Cottonwood Canyon or at Hanging Rock in American Fork Canyon, trips with Grandma Jacobson and other members of Dad's family to Lagoon or Liberty Park. Aunt Virginia made the best pies in the world along with Mom's fried chicken for those occasions, which also included homemade ice cream. These were great times with our cousins.

Our family has stayed very close since the passing of our parents. The four of us are living in four different states, but keep in close contact through phone calls and emails and occasional visits. We know our parents are happy that we are making the efforts to do this, even as we advance in age.



Jake & Betty, Lily & Paul, Ginger & Joe, Dick, 2005

June 17, 2011

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Addendum

After first distributing this out to the family we found where Mom answered some questions in a memories book that provide some more insight to her. This is from a copy of that book, listed in narrative form:

Memories of My Grandparents:

My maternal grandparents had passed on when I was born. My father's father died when I was three years old. My grandmother Loader died at the age of 93. I never knew her very well as there were trouble makers in the family and my father decided it best to be apart due to my mothers' health. This also was the decision of our family Dr. I wish it had been different.

When I Was Small:

My Birth: Date January 20, 1910. **Place:** Pleasant Grove.

Color of eyes: Blue **Color of Hair:** Dark

My full name: Alice Madgdalene Loader

My nickname: "Weltch"

My mother's maiden name: Zella Bird

My father's full name: Hyrum Willard Loader

How they met: At a family party in Pl. Grove. They were 4th cousins

They were married on January 7, 1908 at Springville, Utah

What I remembered most about them when I was a child: going to school which I loved, having a very best friend named Minnie Wright, picking berries, reading books. I enjoyed having loving parents. I never belonged to the church and missed this a lot, but I had a very happy childhood. I missed my little sister.

Going To School:

Date: Sept. 1916 **Name of school:** Pl. Grove Elementary.

Subjects I studied: reading, writing, arithmetic, etc.

My best subjects were: Reading

My worst subjects were: Arithmetic

Teachers I still remember: Miss West, 5th & 6th, Mrs. Elsworth, 7th, Mr. Larsen 7th, Mrs. White 3rd & 4th, etc. I liked all my teachers, some more than others.

At recess I liked playing: Hopscotch, jump the rope, the swings, tricky bars, etc. just romping and playing with my friends.

As I Grew Up:

My brothers and sisters: Glenwood & Russell, my only sister died on her 2nd birthday. I was 3 years old at the time.

Where my family lived: Pleasant Grove

What our neighborhood was like: We had no close neighbors as we lived on the boundary of PG and Lindon, and most people had farms, some big, some small.

My favorite books and hobbies: "Girl of the Limberlost," " Anne of Green Gables," " Zane Gray's Western Stories many others.

RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON AND ALICE MAGDALENE LOADER

What we had to do on weekends: My mother and I shared many hours together, just visiting and sharing the household duties.

My chores: Setting the table, washing the dishes, dusting (which I hated even more than the dish washing), picking berries during the summer.

How my room was decorated: I shared the family room which we called the "dining room." My bed was a davenport which folded.

Things my best friend and I did: Minnie Wright was my bosom friend all of my growing up years. We hiked on Easter and went to the library on Saturdays. During the warm months we walked to town, we each had a nickel to spend in the drug store. We were not too well liked by the girls working in the store. We just loved to be together, mostly talking.

Meeting My Husband:

When and where we met: the Jacobson's and Nielson families.

What happened on our first date: He came out from Vernal to PG to pick fruit in PG. On their arrival I met Richard and family. Grandma bought an old home & 4 acres of ground. Keith, Curt and Jake became employed at B Canyon, Grandma and Virginia went home to Vernal, they went back and forth. Richard stayed in PG and went to school there.

What attracted me to him: We had much in common, not belonging to the Church, we liked music and books, he played the sax in the band.

My first impressions of him: He was very shy, at his first visit at our home, a neighbor brought Keith & Curt and him to listen to our Edison Victrola. I stared and stared at him. Mother said I was rude and made him uncomfortable.

I think my parents thought: He and all his family were nice people.

Our special song: Too many to mention.

Things we liked to do together: We walked to town to the shows and later as Rich got a car we went to Provo shows. We liked to play the piano and sax. We walked many miles to school and shows, we played Parcheesi too.

Getting Married:

Our Wedding: Date: December 31, 1928. **Place:** Salt Lake City and County Building

Maid of honor: My mother, Grandma J. Virginia and Jake attended our ceremony.

My bridesmaids wore: All of us you can be sure, wore our very best clothes. I had a new special dress

Before the ceremony, I remember feeling: Nervous and happy. Mother and I rode the old "Orem" streetcar from PG to S. L.

At our reception: We had family and friends at my parent's home where we had wedding cake and ice cream, and our families and friends became acquainted.

On our honeymoon: We went to Los Angeles a couple of months following our marriage. We stayed two months and we enjoyed the beach and the ward weather. We thought we would make our home there but we were glad to home again.

RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON AND ALICE MAGDALENE LOADER

Starting a Life Together:

Where we first lived: Bingham Canyon, then 10 years in Copperton

Our first home: East Midvale 9th E. 7200 So.

My daily life: Making a home for my family. Simple sewing, canning fruit, trying to make the yard beautiful, working in PTA and loving & enjoying my family, neighbors and friends.

How we spent our evenings: Listening to music, reading, playing cards with neighbors and visiting with relatives

The first holiday we spent together: The usual one, Christmas going home. Picnics in the canyons, 4th of July, Memorial Day, etc. We enjoyed all the holidays much same as everyone else did. We enjoyed so much the good dinners we had at our folks' at home.

Our favorite books: Westerns by Zane Gray, books by Herold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter, Porter Homer.

Our favorite hobbies: Reading, woodwork, crocheting, gardening, music

I remember the first time we entertained my in-laws: I forgot to put salt in the potatoes whenever I cooked for them. We always enjoyed and loved our families and shared many happy hours together with both families.

Some of the styles, customs and events of those days: We were always dareful to dress up when we left the house to shop or visit, not in the casual way of today.

Starting a Family:

Our Children:

Name	Birth Date	Birthplace	Weight	Height
Betty Alice	July 10, 1932	Bingham Canyon	5 lb	18
Richard Schwalbe	Feb. 8, 1935	Copperton	7 ½ lb	19 ½
Paul Willard	Sept 27, 1938	Copperton	9 lb	19 ½
Virginia Mae	April 20, 1946	Murray	6 lb 13 oz	19

What I remember most about each child as an infant: Betty was so small and beautiful. Big blue eyes, black hair which turned blond. Dick was not quite so pretty but all boy and a pleasant baby. Paul was bigger, & quite fat. But a pleasant baby too. Ginger looked a lot like Dick when she was born. She spent a lot of time with her big sister then 14. We were all glad to have her, although Paul wished she was a boy.

The funniest thing that happened with our children: The children attended Church in Union. We lived across the road from the church. They had many good and mostly funny times, too many funny stories to tell here.

Special moments we had with our children: Sharing all the duties of a home, we had a cow, chickens & 2 pigs, a calf, a large raspberry patch, a garden, and we liked to take time out to fish, camp and hike.

A few things I learned the hard way about raising children: First love them a lot, wisely say what you mean and mean what you say. Have fun together sharing games and activities.

RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON AND ALICE MAGDALENE LOADER

Our Children Growing Up:

I remember their first years in school: Betty and Dick started school in Copperton. At the age of 12 & 10 we moved to Union, where they attended school, they then went to Jordan High. Ginger started school at the Elementary in Union, then Jr. High in Midvale, graduated in Hillcrest.

Their special talents and interests: Betty started music lessons on the piano, the boys worked at the schools and at the store next door. They always worked and helped their dad. Ginger took dancing lessons from 5 years old through her 14th year

Special birthdays and holidays: Betty's first birthday party was at the age of 5 at Copperton. She had many friends in Union and loved to ice skate. The boys and Ginger also had many friends and fun, sharing their birthdays with grandparents & aunts & uncles.

Activities we liked to do together: Camping, gardening always trying to improve our home and yard. Fishing was especially enjoyed by the boys and their dad. We also liked to take trips together.

Our Children's Teenage Years:

What I was proud of as a mother: Cooking meals for my family, in general making a home and helping my husband who worked so hard to make our home better. He worked 20 years at Bingham Canyon and 21 years at Geneva Steel.

How their lives as newlyweds differed from mine: Mine started in a mining camp in Bingham Canyon. Betty's started in Taylorsville on a mink ranch. Ginger started in an apartment in Sugarhouse. Her husband was a construction worker.

My Grandchildren:

George, Steve, Mike, Randy, Jack, Lee, Richie, Adam, David, Misty, Steven, Danielle, Aaron.

Great-Grandchildren: Becky, Shawn, Greg, Jeremy, Danny, Melanie, Brett, Stephanie, Tony, Shanna, Stevie, Curt, Braxton, Amy, Michelle, Mikie, Janell, Janalee, Jannette, Janie, Tammy, Kaila, Van, Brent.

Great-Great-Grandchildren: Jessica, Marina, Katyln, Calab, Kamree, Zeke, Isaac

These great and great-great grandchildren are those who were born prior to Mom's death in 2000. Many more have been added since.

This narrative was a last minute addition to this work, and we are so happy Mom took the time to fill in the blanks.

RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON AND ALICE MAGDALENE LOADER

AUG 14 1985
PRIVATE under the Utah Information Practices Act

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
STATE OF UTAH - DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

145 85 006095

LOCAL FILE NUMBER 26-39		STATE FILE NUMBER	
NAME OF DECEASED RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON	SEX Male	RACE White	DATE OF DEATH (Month, Day, Year) Aug. 8, 1985
WAS DECEASED BAPTIZED ORIGINALLY YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO <input type="checkbox"/> (If yes, indicate type: <input type="checkbox"/> Infant, <input type="checkbox"/> Child, <input type="checkbox"/> Adult)	DATE OF BIRTH (Month, Day, Year) Oct. 19, 1908	AGE (Year, Month, Day, Hour, Minute) 76	EDUCATION (Specify only highest grade completed) 10
BIRTHPLACE (State or foreign country) Vernal, Utah	CITIZENSHIP (of what country) USA	NEVER MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> WIDOWED <input type="checkbox"/> DIVORCED <input type="checkbox"/>	SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER Confidential
USUAL OCCUPATION (State kind of work done during most of working life, even if retired) Railroad Engineer	KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY U. S. Steel Geneva Works	NAME OF SURVIVING HOUSEHOLD (If wife, enter maiden name) ALICE LOADER	
NAME OF FATHER DANIEL J. JACOBSON	MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER ANNA SOPHIA SCHWABLE	Was decedent ever in U.S. Armed Forces? NO	
USUAL RESIDENCE (Street address or location) 475 W. 200 N.	CITY OR TOWN Midway	COUNTY Wasatch	STATE AND ZIP CODE Utah 84049
NAME OF HOSPITAL, nursing home or other institution where death occurred Wasatch County Hospital	CITY OR TOWN Heber City	COUNTY Wasatch	ZIP CODE 84049
MEDICAL EXAMINER (I hereby certify that to the best of my knowledge the death occurred at the hour, date and place stated above from the cause stated below based on examination of the body and interrogation of the circumstances.) George D. Pitts	CITY OR TOWN Heber City	COUNTY Wasatch	STATE AND ZIP CODE Utah 84049
DATE OF DEATH Aug. 12, 1985	TIME OF DEATH (24 hr. clock) 0210	CERTIFIER'S NAME, RELATIONSHIP AND MAILING ADDRESS OF INFORMANT George D. Pitts MD	DATE SIGNED (Month, Day, Year) Aug. 12, 1985
CERTIFIER'S ADDRESS AND ZIP CODE 35 S. 500 E., Heber City, Utah 84032	CITY OR TOWN Heber City	COUNTY Wasatch	STATE AND ZIP CODE Utah 84032
NAME AND LOCATION OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY City Cemetery, Pleasant Grove, Utah	CITY OR TOWN Pleasant Grove	COUNTY Wasatch	STATE AND ZIP CODE Utah 84062
PART I. DEATH CAUSED BY: IMMEDIATE CAUSE Respiratory arrest			
CONDITIONS IF ANY WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE Valvular disease of Aortic Valve			
PART II. OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS - CONTRIBUTING TO DEATH, BUT NOT RELATED TO THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE GIVEN IN PART I.			
PART III. DEATH CAUSED BY: OTHER CAUSE Valvular disease of Aortic Valve			

3

Death Certificate of Richard Jacobson

4

Certificate of Membership

Name Richard George Jacobson

Father's Name Daniel Jacobson

Mother's Maiden Name Sophia Schwable

Born October 19, 1908 (Date)

Where Vernal (City) Utah (State)

Baptized Sept. 25, 1955 (Date) at Union 1st Ward (Place)

By Elder Paul Willard Jacobson

Confirmed Sept. 25, 1955 (Date) at Union 2nd ward (Place)

By Elder Richard S. Jacobson

Signed G. Troole Mission President East Jordan Stake.

(The Stake Mission President shall deliver this certificate into the hands of the bishop of the ward in which the baptized person will become a member.)

Ward Clerk need not issue certificate of baptism and confirmation, but must make entry in form E and issue regular record of membership.

Baptism Certificate of Richard G. Jacobson. Source: Certificate in personal possession of Paul W. Jacobson

RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON AND ALICE MAGDALENE LOADER

⁵ Source: Personal knowledge of the author, Paul W Jacobson. Paul W Jacobson and Betty Jacobson Redding acted as proxies for the sealing of Richard George Jacobson and Alice Magdalene Loader on April 20, 2002 in the Jordan River Temple.

STATE OF UTAH—DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH,
STATE OF UTAH.

THIS CERTIFICATE MUST BE FORWARDED BY THE LOCAL REGISTRAR TO THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH, SALT LAKE CITY, ON OR BEFORE THE 9TH OF THE FOLLOWING MONTH, AFTER FIRST HAVING BEEN PROPERLY REGISTERED.

PLACE OF BIRTH
 County of Utah STATE BOARD OF HEALTH FILE NO. _____
 Precinct of Pl. Grove

Town or Village of Pl. Grove Street and No. _____
 City of Pl. Grove If in Hospital or other Institution, give its name instead of Street and number.

FULL NAME OF CHILD Alice Magdalene Loader If child is not yet named supplemental report, as of _____

Sex of Child <u>Female</u>	Twin, Triplet, or Other? <u>1</u>	Number in Order of Birth <u>—</u>	Legitimate? <u>Yes</u>	Date of Birth <u>Jan 20 1900</u>
FATHER		MOTHER		
FULL NAME <u>Hyman Wilcox Loader</u>		FULL MAIDEN NAME <u>Felicia Lord</u>		
RESIDENCE <u>Pl. Grove</u>		RESIDENCE <u>Pl. Grove</u>		
COLOR <u>White</u>	AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>25</u>	COLOR <u>White</u>	AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>25</u>	
BIRTHPLACE <u>Pl. Grove</u>		BIRTHPLACE <u>Springville</u>		
OCCUPATION <u>Farmer</u>		OCCUPATION _____		

Number of Child of this Mother 3 Number of children of this Mother now living 3

CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE*

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, and that it occurred on Jan 20 1900 at 8:15 P.M.

Premature No or Still Birth? No (Yes or No)

*When there was no attending physician or midwife, then the father, householder, etc., should make this return.

(Signature) Harvey M. Vance
 Date Jan 20 1900
 Address of Physician or Midwife Pl. Grove
 Filled Feb 5 1900
 Registered No. 130

REGISTRAR: _____

SDH-BHS 95 (4-87) This is to certify that this is a true copy of the certificate on file in this office. This certified copy is issued under authority of section 26-2.6 of the Utah Code Annotated, 1953 As Amended.

Date Issued: MAR 23 1989

County UTAH
 Registrar Joseph K. Miner, MD
 By John E. Brockert DIRECTOR OF VITAL STATISTICS
 DEPUTY

L 185785

WARNING: IT IS ILLEGAL TO DUPLICATE THIS COPY FOR OFFICIAL PURPOSES.

Birth Certificate of Alice Loader

⁷ Source: *op.Cit.* #2 above.

⁸ Alice Jacobson was baptized in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on April 12, 1945. Source: Salt Lake Tabernacle Baptisms, FHL Film US/Can Film #241137. Baptized by Francis Earl Tripp, witnessed by L J Meyers and William E Boelter.

RICHARD GEORGE JACOBSON AND ALICE MAGDALENE LOADER

STATE OF UTAH - DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

143 00 002098

MAR 14 2000

LOCAL FILE NUMBER 24-027 STATE FILE NUMBER

1. NAME OF DECEDENT FIRST MIDDLE LAST Alice L. Jacobson		2. SEX Female		3a. DATE OF DEATH (Mo., Day, Yr.) Feb 29, 2000		3b. TIME OF DEATH (24 hr. clock) 0600	
4. DATE OF BIRTH (Mo., Day, Yr.) Jan 20, 1910		5. AGE - Last Birthday 90		6. BIRTHPLACE (City & State or Foreign Country) Pleasant Grove, Ut.		7. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER Confidential	
3a. PLACE OF DEATH (Hospital, unless under home care) <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Inpatient <input type="checkbox"/> 2. EPO/Outpatient <input type="checkbox"/> 3. D.O.A. <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Nursing Home <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 5. Residence (any)				3b. NAME OF HOSPITAL, NURSING HOME OR OTHER FACILITY (If outside of facility, give street address of facility) 1112 South 2500 West			
8a. CITY, TOWN, OR LOCATION OF DEATH Vernal				8b. COUNTY OF DEATH Uintah			
9. SURVIVING SPOUSE (If wife, give maiden name) None				10. WAS DECEDENT EVER IN THE U.S. ARMED FORCES? <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2. No			
11. MARITAL STATUS <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Never Married <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2. Married <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Widowed <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Divorced				12a. DECEDENT'S USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life. Do NOT enter retired) Homemaker			
12b. KIND OF BUSINESS OR INDUSTRY Own Home				13a. RESIDENCE - STREET AND NUMBER 1112 South 2500 West			
13b. CITY, TOWN OR COMMUNITY Vernal				13c. COUNTY Uintah		13d. STATE Utah	
13e. INSIDE CITY LIMITS <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2. No 84078		14. WAS DECEDENT OF HISPANIC ORIGIN? (If yes, Specify) <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Mexican <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Cuban <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Puerto Rican <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Other (Specify)		15. RACE - Black, White, Am. Indian (Please check box entered), Japanese, etc. (Specify) White		16. EDUCATION (Specify only highest grade completed) (Elementary or Secondary (10-12) College (13-16 or 17)) 12	
17. FATHER'S NAME (First, Middle, Last) Hyrum Willard Loader				18. MOTHER'S NAME (First, Middle, Last) Zella Bird			
19. NAME, RELATIONSHIP AND MAILING ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Richard S. Jacobson, son, 1112 South 2500 West, Vernal, Utah 84078							
20. METHOD OF DISPOSITION <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Entombment <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Donation <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Other <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 4. Burial <input type="checkbox"/> 5. Cremation <input type="checkbox"/> 6. Removal		21a. DATE OF DISPOSITION March 4, 2000		21b. PLACE OF DISPOSITION (name of cemetery, crematory, or other place) Pleasant Grove City Cemetery		21c. LOCATION - City or Town, State Pleasant Grove, Ut	
22. SIGNATURE OF FUNERAL SERVICE LICENSEE <i>Joseph B. Shaffer</i>				23. LICENSE NUMBER 201096040902			
24. FUNERAL HOME (Name and address) Thomsons Vernal Mortuary				25. DATE DECEASED WAS LAST ATTENDED BY CERTIFYING PHYSICIAN 12-7-99			
26. If not certified by medical examiner, was death reported to M.E.? <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1. Yes <input type="checkbox"/> 2. No If yes, enter the date and hour reported. M.E. CASE NO. HR 1410 MO 03 DAY 06 YEAR 2000				27. FURNERIAL HOME (Name and address) 15 East 100 North Vernal, Utah 84078			
27a. CERTIFIER <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1. CERTIFYING PHYSICIAN: To the best of my knowledge, death occurred at the time, date, and place, and due to the cause(s) and manner as stated. <input type="checkbox"/> 2. MEDICAL EXAMINER/LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL: On the basis of examination and/or investigation, in my opinion, death occurred at the time, date, place and due to the cause(s) and manner as stated.							
27b. SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF CERTIFIER <i>Ace Madsen MD</i>				27c. LICENSE NUMBER 7738		27d. DATE SIGNED (Month, Day, Year) March 3, 2000	
28. NAME AND ADDRESS OF PERSON WHO CERTIFIED THE CAUSE OF DEATH (Rev. 3/1) (Type/print) Ace Madsen M.D., 175 North 100 West, Vernal, Utah 84078							
29. REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE <i>Joseph B. Shaffer</i>				30a. DATE REGISTRAR NOTIFIED OF DEATH (Mo., Day, Yr.) March 6, 2000		30b. DATE FILED (Mo., Day, Yr.) March 6, 2000	
31. LIST UNDER THE DISEASES, INJURIES, OR COMPLICATIONS THAT CAUSED THE DEATH. DO NOT ENTER THE MODE OF DYING, SUCH AS CARDIAC OR RESPIRATORY ARREST, SHOCK, OR HEART FAILURE. LIST ONLY ONE CAUSE ON EACH LINE. Approximate Interval Between Onset and Death.							
IMMEDIATE CAUSE (Final disease or condition resulting in death) a. Ischemic Coronary Disease							
Due to (or as a consequence of):							
Sequentially list conditions, if any, leading to immediate cause. Enter UNDERLYING CAUSE (disease or injury that initiated events resulting in death) LAST							
PART II. Other Significant Conditions contributing to death but not resulting in the underlying cause given in Part I. dementia							
32. IN YOUR OPINION, TOBACCO USE BY THE DECEDENT: <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Probably contributed to the cause of death. <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Was the underlying cause of death. <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Did not contribute to the cause of death. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 4. Is unknown in relation to the cause of death. <input type="checkbox"/> 5. NON USER				33a. WAS AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED? <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2. No		33b. WERE AUTOPSY FINDINGS AVAILABLE PRIOR TO COMPLETION OF CAUSE OF DEATH? <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Yes <input type="checkbox"/> 2. No	
34. MANNER OF DEATH <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 1. Natural <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Accident <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Suicide <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Homicide <input type="checkbox"/> 5. Undetermined if equated Purpose of Investigation <input type="checkbox"/> 6. Pending		35a. DATE OF INJURY (Mo., Day, Yr.)		35b. TIME OF INJURY (24 Hour Clock)		35c. INJURY AT WORK? <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Yes <input type="checkbox"/> 2. No	
35d. LOCATION (Street or rural route number, city or town, county and state)		35f. If motor vehicle accident specify if decedent was driver, passenger or pedestrian.					
35g. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED (enter sequence of events which resulted in injury, NATURE OF INJURY should be entered in item 31)							

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Death Certificate for Alice Loader Jacobson

10 Source: op Cit #5 above.