

## NINA ELAINE HICKMAN MAXFIELD

I was born in Provo, Utah on November 30, 1919. It was in a hospital there, which was wooden in structure and painted blue. My **father** is *Frank Leslie Hickman*, and my **mother**, *Olive Ida Hickman*. They were both beautiful singers and met while singing in programs together. My mother was attending the BYU Academy at the time. My father, being eleven years older, had been married to Jenny Dixon of Payson. They had two children - Ferrin and Florence. Jenny passed away in 1910. She was very lovely.

Since my mother was pretty and talented and very taken with this handsome and dapper singer, she married him on June 5, 1912. Her mother, *Effie Dean Nixon*, was very opposed to the marriage. She wanted her daughter to do better. Nevertheless, they made a lovely couple. 'He was the principal of the American Fork High School at the time and they first lived in American Fork where they had two children, Leslie Dean and Olive Erma. When June was born, they moved to Provo. When I (Elaine) was born, we lived in a beautiful two-story Colonial style home on 4<sup>th</sup> East and Center Street in Provo. There was lots of room for our family, and Ferrin, Daddy's son by his first marriage, came to live with us, too. Florence, his daughter, was raised by her Grandma Dixon. With such a lot of little children, Mother needed help. She usually had a school girl attending BYU who needed a place to stay help her with the housework and tending. They would work for their board and room. When I was two, I remember this special girl who played the piano and taught us children songs. One time Mother took June and me (June age 4, Elaine age 2 ½) to the Ladies Literary Club at the BYU and we sang for them. They were really excited to have us perform for them and, of course, being only 2 ½ at the time, I can remember how excited I was to receive a box of candy for my efforts.

There are two other occasions that stand out in my mind of that era. One evening when Mother had just come home from the hospital with a new baby girl (Ruth Luana, born July 26, 1924) while she was sleeping, I got up in the night to get a drink of water from the bathroom.. There was a glass on the sink, but it had been broken with the pieces of glass inside. I was small, and not aware of the danger. I filled the glass with water and swallowed a big piece. As I was choking, my mother rushed from her sick bed, put her finger down my throat and took the piece of glass out. I was very thankful that the spirit woke Mother up in time to rescue me. That was very scary!

Another experience I remember. My brother, Ferrin, had a little roadster car with nice running boards on the sides. It happened to have a six-inch metal piece on each side of the cab. The boys were having fun taking rides in the car, so I decided I would try it, too. Without them knowing, I sat on the fender and took hold of the iron piece. I was having a great ride until he suddenly turned a corner fast and threw me off. The next thing I knew I was in the front room of our home with a Doctor looking at me and flashing a bright light in my face and trying to see if I had broken my nose, which I hadn't. You can bet I didn't ride in that car again!

In September of 1924, we moved from Provo to Salt Lake. Ruth was only about six weeks old. We lived at 1426 Gilmer Drive in Salt Lake City. It was a new area that had many new homes. The house was on a hill. They were building the Yale Ward across the street from us, so they held church in a small frame building on the corner of 1400 East and Gilmer Drive. Ruth was the first baby named and blessed in that little building. We met there for almost a year before moving into our beautiful new Ward house.

My recollection of Jr. High School was the long way we had to walk to get to Roosevelt Junior, on Lincoln Street and 1000<sup>th</sup> East. It seemed I was always running to school to get there on time. Coming home was a different story. We loved to take our time and stop in at the Duffin's Ice Cream store for a five-cent cone if we had the money. We would eat it most of the way home up the 900 South hill and also Gilmer Drive hill. It was quite a walk, but good exercise for young bodies.

I was excited to be chosen as a lead in the school play and had the opportunity to wear a lovely white formal with ruffles on the straps. It was a pretty dress for a Jr. High student to have. I was brave enough to run for a Student Body office my second year. The main thing that I accomplished was to acquire lots of new friends even though I didn't get the office.

I vividly remember the Elggren Family that lived on Yale Avenue. They had many children the same ages as ours also. We became great friends with them. The daughter my age was Marjean. In Jr. High and High School we were the best of friends. She was fun to be with and we had many years of being together at school, on dates, and through our married lives.

At East High School, the experiences were exciting... meeting so many new people and all the activities. In each school, I always enjoyed singing. I was fortunate to make the A Capella Choir my senior high school year. Miss Lisle Bradford was the director and she was very well known around the city for her musical ability and singing groups. At Christmas time, we did many concerts and "sing-outs" throughout the city. In the Spring, the school put on a musical called "The New Moon". I was part of the chorus. It was a great production!

I also enjoyed many dances in High School. The main special dance was the "Cadet Hop." We wore formal dresses and received corsages, like they do for the Senior Prom nowadays. It was a special occasion and held at the University of Utah Ballroom. Each of the High Schools had one and it was great to be united to each one.

I also enjoyed going to Seminary. We had released time from school to go during the day. My first year teacher was James E. Mauss. He was a very good teacher. My Senior year teacher was G. Homer Durham. Both teachers were special and we had many great classes.

We used to have quite severe winters when I was young. It seemed like the snow was deep and they didn't scrape the streets like they do now. We enjoyed sleigh riding down our streets and sidewalks without much problem - not too many cars to watch out for. Also, several years later, they would block off certain streets between 1300 East and 1100 East just for sleigh riding and we did enjoy the opportunity to sleigh ride without dodging the cars!

In the wintertime, it was a little hard walking the eight blocks to school. While in kindergarten and first grade, it was hard to manipulate the deep snow. We all grew and over a period of time we could manage all of it.

I enjoyed my years at Uintah School (elementary) and had many good teachers. In the younger grades, we would have a rest time. We would each receive a pint of milk and a delicious sugar cookie or cinnamon roll. A great treat for young children. We seemed to go through all the grades with the same children. We learned their names and where they lived. Even now, if I meet any of my grade school friends, I call them by name and many memories are revived.

Ruth, being nearly five years younger, was always wanting to play with me and my friends and my Paper Dolls. It seems that was quite an irritation to me, and my mother would have to settle our quarrels quite often.

We had a Perry family that lived in back of us on Yale Avenue. They had many children, too. One about the same age as each of us. We enjoyed playing at their house because it was so big. They also shared our house and games with us. Their father worked at the Temple and he would take his children and some of ours to be baptized for the dead. That was a wonderful experience for all of us, and one we remember vividly.

I graduated from East High School in June 1937. This was during the depression and my mother and father divorced the year before, in 1936. We moved from our house on Gilmer Drive into a basement apartment on South Temple and 500 East. My mother was working at the Hotel Utah Gift Shop selling jewelry. My sister, Erma, was working at the Keely's Restaurant. My brother, June, was on an LDS Mission in the Swiss German Mission, and my brother, Dean came back to the United States from his LDS mission in England and was in Washington D.C., going to school. My sister, Ruth, was going to grade school on the Avenues. While Mother was working, she met a fine man, Edward Rich, who had lost his wife and they seemed to hit it off very well. In the summer of 1937, when I graduated from High School, I went back to Washington D.C. to live with my Uncle Jessco, mother's brother, and his wife, Mildred. Mildred was expecting their first baby, Suzanne, in September, so I was a big help to her and also I was able to see all the sights in the area. I also enjoyed the opportunities of the church in that beautiful area. I stayed with Jessco and Mildred for a year. At that time, mother sent Ruth to live with another brother, Ezra and LaRue, who lived in Ordway, Colorado. Erma went to Los Angeles to live with another of Mother's brothers, St. Clair and his wife Lisle. Erma went to Beauty College while she was there. Dean was still in the East and June on a mission. Therefore, mother was left alone in Salt Lake and tried to earn the money to support our family. In the Summer of 1938, mother and Ed Rich were married and they came to Washington D.C. to visit on their honeymoon. In September, we drove back to Salt Lake and met all our other siblings at a big celebration for Grandpa and Grandma Nixon's 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary on September 7, 1938. We had the party at Aunt Nina and Uncle Harold Bowman's home on Gilmer Drive. Ed Rich bought our home back from the Realtors and so we were settled again at 1426 Gilmer Drive. It was great for us as a family. He also had three unmarried children that joined with us - John, George, and Joyce. Ed Rich was a printer and he owned the Utah Printing Company.

In the fall of 1938, I enrolled in the L.D.S. Business College. There, I met some wonderful girls whose friendships have lasted for years. We still meet together for lunch even these may years later - over 60! I was also privileged to be in the chorus at the Business College and we took a tour through Southern Utah to visit the High Schools, to advertise the College, and the classes it had to offer. Another great experience. In the summer, I worked in the office of the Utah Printing Company. That was a good experience for me. I was able to use some of my Business education in a practical way.

During the summer, I was having a good time dating. This was the time when the Big Bands were in full swing with the Rainbow Rendevous, the Coconut Grove and also Saltair and Lagoon. There were lots of wonderful places to dance and hear these special Dance bands. It was a special time to do the "Jitter Bug" as well as Waltzes and Fox Trots.

In the fall, I went to a Liberty Stake Dance at our Yale Ward. As I was dancing a mixer dance, I met a handsome returned missionary who came my way...*Vard Maxfield*. We were both there with other people and very attracted to each other. He asked my name. Of course, it was Hickman - but I Lived with the family of Rich in the phone book. Vard did have a hard time finding my phone number but after much persistence, we finally had our first date on October 3, 1940. He was tall and handsome and a very good dancer. We dated often after that.

My mother wanted me to have the experience of going to B. Y. U., since she and my father had both graduated from there. I enrolled for the semester in January 1941. It was a great experience for me. I was taking voice lessons from Florence Jepperson Madson, a renowned music teacher whose husband, Dr. Franklin Madson, directed the choirs at BYU at the time. She was one that taught my mother when she was at the BYU. I also did research and filing after school for her husband to help pay for my lessons and schooling.

I was also in the BYU Chorus which Dr. Madson directed. Spring quarter we took a tour through the State, singing at various schools and programs. On the week ends, I would find a ride to Salt Lake and then have a date with Vard, or else he would drive down to see me. I was living with a Peterson family. They were very good to me. They had a daughter my age named Elayne and she, too, was going to the "Y". I recall one experience I had when we went to Salt Lake. I rode up with Phil Peterson. He was going up to date his fiancé, DeVota, (the same two who later lived across the street from us on Browning Circle). This time when we were to go home on Sunday night, it was so foggy we could hardly see the road. All the way to Provo, one of us would have to have our head out the window to follow the yellow stripe to make sure we were on the road. It really was scary and we were happy to get home.

Another time in the winter, Vard drove down to see me --it was bitter cold-- and on his way home, he put a cardboard in front of his radiator to keep the heat in. Well, at the point of the mountain, the car was boiling so hard it blew the plug right out of the block and the car stopped at 12:30 a.m! Vard had a flashlight & tried to get a ride into Salt Lake. When he was almost frozen, a young couple picked him up. The next morning his dad took him and they picked up the car and towed it home. That was a cold winter.

On March 8<sup>th</sup> while I was in Salt Lake, we drove up on the boulevard above the City Cemetery (a favorite lovers lane), and Vard proposed to me. He presented me with a beautiful diamond ring. I was really surprised and happy to accept it. From that time on, we made plans for a fall wedding. Vard was working for Glade Candy Company and was happy to be making a living for us.

When I got out of school in the spring, I got a job at the Wasatch Chemical Company for the Thatcher family. I worked there all summer while we were making preparations for our wedding on *Wednesday, September 17, 1941*. We were **married** in the Salt Lake Temple and had a wedding breakfast afterward in a big home on 13<sup>th</sup> East and 2<sup>nd</sup> South. It was a restaurant at the time. That evening we had a lovely wedding reception at the Garden Park Ward. We were happy to receive our many friends and relatives.

Vard's brother, Wendell, was his best man and Eva Lehnhof was my Maid of Honor. Ruth and Naomi, my sister and Vard's sister, were my bridesmaids while his five-year-old sister, Karen, was our flower girl. It was a pretty line in light pink and light blue. Vard's Mother and Dad, plus my mother and Ed Rich filled out the line. We received many beautiful gifts that night. Vard and I had rented a little apartment on the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> East and 7<sup>th</sup> South. We furnished it with a nice living room set and also a lovely bedroom set. We were able to stay in our apartment on our wedding day and it was great to know it was ours and we were together. Our gifts were left at the ward that night and June slept there with them so we didn't have to move them so late at night.

The next day, we took several cars full of gifts back to our apartment. In the afternoon, Wendell and Christine came and took us for a great ride up Parleys Canyon, down through Midway and over to Provo Canyon to see the Deercreek Dam that was under construction. We continued on to Provo and back home to Salt Lake. We did stop for dinner at a drive-in. That was our honeymoon. We did appreciate the ride and the company. We had a car, but it wouldn't take us that far. We were thankful for Wendell and Chris to come and give us some memories. I had finished my job with the Thatchers when I got married.

On December 7, 1941, war was declared, since the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor that day. It was a scary time.

One thing that happened that first Christmas Eve. We were looking forward to spending Christmas with my folks and since we lived on a corner, we always parked our car in front by the corner. This night it was snowing really hard and two cars ran into each other on the corner and then skidded into our car and demolished it. We were so sad! Our insurance had just run out and neither of the other cars would take responsibility, so we were just out a car for quite a while. It was lucky Vard could walk to work, but it really spoiled our Christmas celebration that year.

We lived in that apartment for two years. Nelden was born on July 4, 1942. He was a robust baby that really grew fast. I fed him Lactegen because I didn't have milk for him.

We lived in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward in Liberty Stake and Vard was asked to be the 2<sup>nd</sup> Counselor in the Sunday School Presidency. I was in the Gleaner Class in MIA and most of the men were drafted to go to war. It was a great ward with many young people. Our bishop was Bishop Elggren and his wife, Mildred was my Mutual teacher. We grew to love them both.

Our second son, Neal Dean, was born into our family on December 1, 1943. Now we had two little boys to play with and enjoy. At that time they kept the mothers in the hospital for ten days. That really seemed like a long time! I was really glad to get home when they let me. (Now they just keep a new mother two days. What a change!)

In the Spring of 1944, we were able to purchase our first home at 1917 East 1700 South. We were so thrilled. It was a three bedroom home with an unfinished basement, a little kitchen and pretty good-sized front room. What a relief to get out of the apartment and have some room for the boys to play. It didn't take Vard long to get a beautiful lawn planted and lots of flowers and shrubs to make it look nice and neat. Then on January 11, 1945, we were blessed with a baby girl - Nadine Elaine. It was a cold snowy day and the streets were deep with snow, I was glad that we were able to make it up the hill to the hospital, and also that Doctor Wallace Clinger made it also. He is a cousin of Vard's mother and is a wonderful friend and doctor.

We were happy for this sweet little girl and were glad we had a new home for her to live in when we got home from the hospital. The children grew and enjoyed their new neighborhood, We now were members of the Laurelcrest Ward. Vard was working as a Stake Missionary and I was the chorister in the Primary, an assignment I loved.

The year, 1947, was a memorable year. Vard and his missionary friends, Ray Johnson and Sherman Gowans, had been planning to go into business for themselves. Vard was ordering supplies to get ready and had them delivered to our home. Then on September 30, the Glade Candy Company President, J Vernon Glade, called Vard into his office to ask him about the rumors of this that had come to him by the grape vine (or delivery people.) When Vard told him of their plan, he immediately told him to take his things and leave. That afternoon when he came to see me at the hospital, (I had just delivered Nita Jean into our family) he broke the news to me. I was devastated - how to feed four children and not have an income!!!! These fellows had hoped to go on their own but wait for a while until they were set up before announcing it. I cried most of the night in the hospital.

Since the ice was broken, Vard, Ray and Sherm got busy, employed a contractor and built a cinder block building on the property they had bought from a friend on 2<sup>nd</sup> West and 10<sup>th</sup> South. With them all working together, they had it built and ready to make their first batch of candy in six weeks. They decided that Ray would keep his job with the bank for the time being and Sherm would get orders for the candy, while Vard made it, until they got established. It was a blessing in disguise for us. I took care of the family while the plans worked out for the production. By the middle of November, all was rolling and we had a month to establish ourselves for the Christmas rush. They rented space in a little empty store on Main Street between South Temple and First South and sold the chocolates to the street trade, which gave us a good start. From then on, the business grew and grew and provided a great living for all three families.

The children were growing and I was enjoying taking care of them and doing my church work. I joined a Golden Gleaner Chorus and we had many opportunities to sing around the city. A Golden Gleaner was a young lady who had accomplished acts of service and activities in the church. I was glad to be a part of the group.

March 10, 1951, our family was blessed with another baby boy, Norman Albert. He happened to arrive on his Grandpa Albert Maxfield's Birthday. Hence, was named Albert for him and for his dad, Albert Vard. We were fortunate to have five lovely, healthy children, but, now our little house on 1700 South was getting a little small, so we were looking for an opportunity to get a bigger one.

Vard had a missionary companion in the building business, LeRoy Johnson. So, when we were able to buy a lot on Browning Circle and 1700 East, he drew up some plans for us and he and his father, Walter Johnson, built us a lovely home, which has served us well for the rest of our lives.

When we moved in May of 1952, Norman being 1 ½ years old, was so excited to see all the space, he just kept running through the rooms and couldn't believe it was to be his home - with the rest of us, of course!

Now we lived in the Colonial Hills Ward and have enjoyed it as home for the rest of our lives. We live on a circle. At the time we built here, the homes were all nice new bigger homes for families and there were at least 52 children living on our circle for our children to play with. They all had a great time and have become life-long friends. All have grown up and moved away except three of the main parents still live in the neighborhood. We do enjoy reunions with them and their children once in a while.

We have been blessed with five more children to fill up this nice big house. Nila was born February 23, 1954. At the time, Vard was on a business trip (Candy Convention) in California with Sherm Gowans. They had to drive through a scary snow storm on the Donner Pass, slipping and sliding a lot and were thrilled to make it home before Nila actually came. I was very glad to see Vard and have him with me at this special time. A year and a half later on June 23, 1955, our baby Nanette was born. She made a nice companion for Nila.

My duties as a chauffeur for the children were growing. The boys were in Little League Baseball & football and it took a lot of time to go to all of their games, plus, Nadine and Nita were taking dancing lessons and piano lessons. My Aunt Grace was a wonderful Elocution teacher and I was also very happy she had the time and patience to teach my children from the time they were five and six years old. Grace taught one after another. Her specialty was teaching the Bible. She would have them learn the stories by memory and recite them. It was a great teaching tool and they all know these stories even now in their adult lives.

We were blessed with another darling girl, Natalie, on Mother's Day May 11, 1958. What a special day it was. I had gone to Sunday School and then went to the hospital right after. I didn't make it to Sacrament Meeting, but what a great present I received. I have been blessed with good, health and have been able to carry these babies well.



We hadn't finished with our family as yet. On December 1, 1959, Ned Lynn was born. I was working in the Primary still and we had a Christmas party planned for our teachers on the 3rd of December. It turned out that I had to give my assignment to someone else, because Ned decided to come a little earlier than was planned. I had my Birthday the day before on the 30<sup>th</sup> of November and his brother, Neal had already had the 1<sup>st</sup> of December for his Birthday, but, now we have three celebrations in two days. We were happy for this blonde boy after three girls, It was a very happy occasion. Then our final member of the family came on March 26, 1962, Nalin Cordell. I was hoping he would wait to be born in April - four more days, so we could spread the Birthdays out during the months, but he didn't. We have two Birthdays in March. It was great to have another fine boy to even up our family of five boys and five girls, What a wonderful blessing. At this time, Nelden was going on his mission to Norway in June. We were very proud to have our first missionary and also a sweet baby to take a place in the family.

As the children grew, each one attended either Dilworth Grade School or Uintah Elementary School. For Jr High School, the two older boys attended Roosevelt Jr, but soon Clayton Jr was built and all the other children went there. All of the children graduated from East High School, as did their Mother and Father. We are happy for that great opportunity to be united to have the same Alma Mater.

Vard was very successful with the Candy Company. He worked hard and made the best quality candy in the city. We enjoyed going to many candy conventions throughout the country and enjoyed the fellowship of many men in the business.

We also enjoyed playing golf with a group of friends we knew. We would take a trip each spring with about ten couples and have a great time together. We went for several years to San Diego to stay at the Singing Hills Golf Course for a week. We also planned trips to Arizona, Idaho, and even to Canada. We really enjoyed this activity and mostly the friendships we developed with each couple. Even now, in our older age, the ones who are left meet once a week for lunch and those who can, still play 9 holes of golf before lunch.

We have enjoyed many groups of friends over the years. We have a group "The LeGrand Club" which comprised of about twelve couples who use to live in the LeGrand Ward as young adults. When we all got married, we enjoyed socializing once a month. While our children were growing up, one of the activities was to show a movie to them (like the old Ward Movies). That was always a big hit! That was before TV and rented movies. We also enjoyed just being together - having dinner and playing games after our children were grown. Now, Old Man Time has taken its toll and we have lost many and others are incapacitated, so we don't meet as a group any more,

Another group we have enjoyed belonging to over the years has been our Norwegian Missionary Group. Vard filled a mission to Norway and six other fellows in his Ward went to Norway, too, about the same time. When we were all married, it was natural to get together with many of the other missionary companions and we formed a life time group of friends. We met each month to talk about their missionary experiences and enjoy these friends together. We would each take turns having the dinner at our respective homes each month and also play games and visit, We are now meeting just at Christmas time, but, we do enjoy seeing each one again and reminiscing the good times of yesteryears. (We are all getting older!)

In 1990 and 1992, Vard and I were privileged to serve a mission in Nauvoo, Illinois. What a wonderful experience that was for us. Each of our children, except one, were able to travel back to Nauvoo to visit and share this marvelous experience with us while we were serving. We all shared this beautiful inspiring restoration of early Church History together. It will always be the "High Point" of our church experiences.

We came home in September of 1991, just in time to be honored and enjoy a lovely party to celebrate our 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary, which the children all planned and carried out.

At our age now, we are enjoying our family: children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. It is wonderful to watch them grow and develop into such fine young men and women doing the things their Heavenly Father would like them to do. We have enjoyed working in the Temple and also doing assignments in the Ward. At 81(Elaine) and 83(Vard) we are enjoying pretty good health and hope it will continue many more years.

Our boys were all athletic and played football and basketball through their school years. They were all musical and sang with the choirs and ACapella in both Jr High and High School, except for Nalin. He was too busy with athletics to waste time singing. We were sorry for that because he does have a good voice, too.

We have enjoyed watching them each develop in their various fields of interest. Nelden enjoyed acting as well as singing and was in many musical productions in High School, at BYU and also even all his life. He graduated with Communications as his major. Nelden married Lynn Blackmun on December 30, 1975. She was a native of Long Beach, California. They met while singing together at the "Y". Lynn has a marvelous voice as well. They have six beautiful children, two girls and four boys to raise and enjoy,

Neal and Nelden both went to work for their father in the Maxfield Candy Company and were great aids in helping it grow and prosper. Each of the children had the opportunity to work at the Candy Factory at various times in their lives to help support themselves and their schooling and families.

We were sad when Judy was diagnosed with Cancer in the Spring of 19 . Within five months she was gone and left Neal and his little family. It was a sad and trying time for all.

Nadine was a gifted seamstress as well as singing and decorating. She graduated from BYU in Clothing and Textiles. She also married her High School and college sweetheart, Richard Fairbanks. Richard played professional baseball with the Detroit Tigers and they lived in Detroit after they were married. They have three boys and one daughter. Their family moved to Minneapolis after a few years in Detroit and stayed there the rest of the years.

Nita is our talented musician. She plays the piano beautifully and graduated from Weber State College with a degree in music and business education.

