



Margaret Gale Smith Snyder

JUL 12, 2013 - DEC 26, 2013



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I was born on July 12, 1926 to Mary Elsie Farrer Smith and Orson Smith. I was born in our house in Murray. My first recollections were not of a mother and father, but of a grandmother (we called Dear Dear), a grand-father and two maiden aunts – Ada and Lilis. Ada worked at Western Union and told me that everyone there went around on roller skates; and Lilis was a wonderful cook. She did the cooking at Roosevelt Junior High School and often did cooking for various people who wanted her to cook for their dinner parties. My mother died July 4, 1929. My sister Gwen was born April 16, 1929 and I turned three on July 12, 1929. At the time of our mother's death, Harold was eleven, Virginia was nine, Don was six, and I was three, with Gwen a baby. We rented a house in Sandy, as teachers had to live in the district they taught, so we rented a house in Sandy at the time of my mother's death. Prior to that we lived in Murray where Don and I were born. My grandparents lived in Sandy on Pioneer Avenue. It was a lumber house, part of it being two stories. My grandfather slept in one of the rooms upstairs while Dear Dear slept downstairs in a beautiful brass bed. There wasn't much affection shown between the two. There were two bedrooms on the back porch and an entry to the cellar. Lilis slept in one room and I slept with Ada in the other back porch room. In the winter, Ada would put bricks in the oven and then bring them to the bed to warm it for us. There was a bathroom with a tub and toilet. The tub was used all the time, but the toilet was not. We had to go to the outhouse for the toilet. I never remember being afraid of the dark but I do remember having to use Montgomery Ward and Sears catalogues for toilet paper. Dear Dear decided to make me a dress, as I was in need. She put it down for a minute when I grabbed it and went outside to the sidewalk and was showing everyone that came by, my new dress. My grandfather was very anti-social and would not eat with the family on Thanksgiving or Christmas. He would sit by himself in the kitchen. Dear Dear would take me downtown and we would go and see Grandpa. He and his



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brother Frank had a meat-market and he would always give me a hot dog and that would upset Dear Dear as it wasn't cooked. By the time they had quit arguing, I had eaten it and enjoyed it. Back of the outhouse, there was a tree where Grandpa built me a swing. Back of it there was a stump that he used to cut off chickens' heads. So when I saw him with chickens, I ran to the house as the chickens would flap around a few minutes without their heads. The chicken coops were at the back. West of my grandparents' house were the Websters. They had older children, but they had a daughter, Betty, my age. I just remember that once a year the Websters would kill a pig and for weeks later, I could hear that pig scream and squeal. On the other side of the Websters were the Jensens, who had a granddaughter named Carma Ray, and when she stayed with her grandparents, I lost my friend, Betty, to her. My dad would take me to Draper every now and then to acquaint me with the house and the older three members of the family. What I remember most is Daddy had cut out ducks and had them on the cupboard doors. I had never seen that before and they held quite a fascination for me. I remember when our house was remodeled Daddy and Harold, with a horse and a large shovel dug the dirt from under the house. So now we had a basement with four rooms, two being bedrooms, one for two boys, the other for three girls. We only had a small closet, but having so few clothes, it was adequate. When daddy moved me to Draper, I didn't know it was because he had remarried. (Her name was Merna.) I remember she was hurt in a car accident, but I wasn't there, so I don't remember the particulars. I remember getting into trouble with her (Merna), as I helped myself to her clothes to dress up in. I would play with my cousin, Lova. As she was a year older, she chose Helen for her name and I had to settle for Jane. I helped myself to anything I wanted at my grandparents' house, but I soon found out things were different here. I remember when I moved to Draper, and I went to school. I don't remember which grade, but when I would come home, I would make Gwen paper dresses. I remember going with Mom (Merna) to Dr. Lindsey in Midvale and he told the folks that I needed a mastoid operation. The infection from my ear had not all drained out, but part had gathered back of my ear and formed a lump which was close to the brain. At the same time, they received the word Gwen had pneumonia, so a nurse was hired to help Merna. I was operated on at



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St. Marks old hospital which was out on Beck Street. My operation was very successful, but I don't remember the name of the doctor. Gwen recovered from pneumonia, so the nurse was let go. In Draper, we all had to walk to school, which was over a mile. I remember hearing the meadowlarks singing and my dad would tell me they were singing "Draper, Draper is a pretty little town." Now there are no meadows, so there are no longer meadowlarks there. When I was in the third grade, I was telling my Dad about something someone said or did and thinking he would agree with me. I was shocked to hear him say "Not all of the apples would fit in my basket. Not everyone is going to say and do things I think they should, and just because they say or don't say that doesn't mean I'm right and they're wrong." I was taken back. There are times in my life I can't forget. One is when the folks would argue and as we left for school the next morning, we were told by Merna (Mom) that she might not be there when we got home. I would think about it all day and had terrible heartburn on my way home. The second is when Orson Wells did "War of the Worlds." The folks were at church so we all walked together to the church to be with them when the Martians invaded the earth. The third is when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. It was hard for anyone to believe they would do it and that we were at war again. I was a blue bird in Primary, so I think I was ten years old. We were to sing at conference on the temple grounds. I was to go and come home with Aunt Net. She told me which gate to meet her at. I was with my friend, Beverly Washburn, so I wasn't paying attention as I should. I went around to all the gates a couple of times, but never met her, so I remember the story I was told about my grandfather, who walked to town to buy a spool of thread, so I should be able to walk home by State Street. I walked to the beginning of the business section in Murray. So when a man stopped and offered me a ride, I started to cry and got in his car. He said he didn't have a little girl and if I was his little girl he would give me a horse. I was crying all the time he was talking to me, but as he drove further down the street, an attractive lady was waiting for the bus and he picked her up also. They talked about various things and seemed to get along very well, but now they needed to get rid of the crying kid in the back. I told them my grandmother lived close so just let me out. As tired as I was, I ran all the way to my grandmother's. When I got there I really started to cry. My



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grandparents called my dad to tell him I was there. He was trying to find out where I was and was relieved to find me, and came right over. Because our fourth grade class in Draper was the largest they ever had, they had to divide us. We were all in Ms. Brown's room and she was reading *Treasure Mountain* to us. They took twelve of us and put us in a new room and the new teacher was Ms. Glover. I was upset as we never heard the end of *Treasure Mountain*. Even so I really liked Mrs. Glover. I used to faint every time I had to stand for a long time. I was appointed to call on classmates to give their newspaper articles. I could tell I was going to faint, but there was only one left to give her article, so I thought I could hold off until everyone was through, but I didn't make it and fainted on the radiator, burning my right arm. They called home to have my mother pick me up and take me to a doctor. She took me to Dr. Lindsey again in Midvale who dressed my arm and gave me instructions to do it every day until it was better, which was two months. I was never able to wear sleeveless items through my school years, because of my large scar but I never fainted again. We had a large apple tree in our back yard. I was not allowed to climb it, but my cousin, Lova, who was just a year older, would come over and climb it clear to the top and I could only watch. One day when Merna had gone to town, I decided to climb the tree. I didn't fall out but my foot slipped and I slid down the tree, which removed a lot of skin. When Merna came home and looked at me, all she said was, "You finally did it." Aunt Net lived next door and was Lova's mother. I would hurry to get my work done and then go to Aunt Net's. I'm sure she really got tired of me, but would always greet me with a smile. I would go over to Lova's and we would roller-skate as they had more cement than we did. One day when Merna left the house, she asked me to make a plain cake. I figured I was above making a plain cake and decided to make a spice cake. For some reason, Merna came home and caught me with poultry seasoning, thyme, sage, along with cinnamon and other spices and she reminded me, I was just to make a plain cake. We had a small Grandmother Smith, who was about five feet, one inch tall. We lived on Relation Street, as we were all related. When anyone was sick or did something wrong, she let you know. She always brought her "castor oil bottle" when anyone was sick. It was so nasty, but she thought it was a cure for any illness. I remember receiving it when Gwen ran away and I was



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supposed to watch her. When our grade entered junior high, it was still in the same building, but with an added-on section. Students from Crescent (a little town just north of Draper) came to our junior high school also. Among those from Crescent was Leona Fairborn. Leona, along with Lorraine Orgill and I were a threesome. We sat on the A row and when the rest of the class couldn't answer a question the teacher would call on the A row. We thought we were big time. So big time, we decided to be cheerleaders. We weren't very good and I have wondered since, how we made it. Leona was told by a classmate that Lorraine and I were making plans against her (which wasn't true), thus the letter. From junior high, we went on to high school at Jordan in Sandy. The school was made up of students from all the little towns surrounding the school, so we didn't know about the various students' families. My father was the chemistry and physics teacher at Jordan. He had his master's degree in physics. I was invited to the Harvest Ball by a student from the west side. I was telling him about this strange girl in my class and it turned out to be his sister! Our junior year, we were initiated into the Charlonians (pep club). We had to dress up for the event and my costume was falling apart. I didn't go to the last period class and my name was announced over the intercom that I wasn't present for the last class. I didn't ever want to embarrass my dad, and I ran crying to him, but he only laughed at me. There was a boy that was in several of my classes that I wanted to date, so I was really pleased when he invited me to the Prom. The Charlonian Ball was a week later, so I planned on inviting him and I was really surprised to find out he had already been invited. Coming home from the Prom he said, "Sweet sixteen and never been kissed." I said, "Of course." We got into a tussle and he gave me a bloody nose. I was afraid to tell my mother and just put the dress in a box and put the box under the bed and never said anything. Years later I found the courage to check on the dress and it had been cleaned, but nothing was ever said. At graduation, the war was still on and the boys were deciding on what branch of the service they were going to sign up for. To most girls, that was the end of their education. Three of us were going to the "U" and two were going to Logan to Utah State. That was it for the girls. Lorraine and I went to the "U" and lived together at Lucy Van Cott's. She had rooms for five groups and a central kitchen downstairs for all to use. The equipment was all very old. The



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refrigerator was an old ice box and the stove was an old, old, gas one. She also had some antiques she stored there. There was an apartment in the basement where a couple lived. I was never in it, so I don't know what it contained. Cabbage was \$0.01 a lb so that was our staple item. We would buy a square of butter along with a loaf of bread at the beginning of the week and at the end we would use it up with canned tomatoes I brought from home. Lucy Van Cott was Dean of Women when my dad was at the "U". She didn't think the students drank enough milk, so she had cows placed on the campus, and students were to milk the cows. Her house was right across the street from Carlson Hall and she used to watch to see if any girl was trying to come in late and then she would call and report them. One day her black dress was missing and she blamed two of the students living in the house who had just joined sororities. She thought they had done it as a pledge trick for their sorority. Lorraine and I were going to Sunday school, when she called us in to pray she would find her dress. When we returned, she thanked us as she found her dress. It was in one of her drawers. To keep us quiet, she took us to lunch at the Hotel Utah. It took her so long to shift the gears that we were always in the intersection when the light changed. She made them open all the rooms for us in the hotel and caused quite a show. I don't remember what we had for lunch, but I was glad when we were home again. I had a great time at the "U". I had my classes in the morning and went to work in the afternoon. My first job was at Montgomery Ward in the hardware department. I was always being asked for left-handed monkey wrenches and board stretchers. I had to ask and that would get everyone laughing. One afternoon I decided to change jobs and went to the Paris Company. I was surprised when they hired me right off. It was there I worked to put myself through college. I started on the aisle and worked up to working in the personnel office. I enjoyed my job and the people I worked with. I was working with Joyce Gooden and she asked if I would come to her house that evening as her mother was making ice cream. She said she made really good ice cream but doesn't make it very often. This was on a Monday. She did mention there might be some boys that lived in the neighborhood that might be there. There were three boys: Grant Southwick, Dick Livingston, and Edward H. Snyder Jr. (known to his friends as Bob). Dick Livingston asked me out for Saturday night, as they were going



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to have a party at Bob's father's cabin on the Provo River. When they came for me, it was in a car driven by Orson White, who had been going to Harvard Medical School and who brought a girl from back East he had intended to marry. He wanted her to meet his mother, but she had rejected her, so Orson and his date were not in the best of moods. Bob's date lived in Heber and was an old friend of the family. He asked me if I would like to ride to Heber. As my date was preparing the fire, I was pleased to go along, for I didn't know any of them. On the way home, Ed said now that he knew where I lived, and it would be easy for him and his dad to pick me up and take me home after work. That sounded great to me! Gwen, my sister, was now attending the "U" as well, and we lived together in a one-room apartment at 67 South 1200 East. There is one incident with my father I never will forget. I hadn't been out home for several weeks as I had dates on the weekend, so I told everyone I was going home for the weekend. When someone said if I would go with them on Saturday night, they would take me home to Draper, I couldn't refuse. I don't remember who it was, or where we went, but as we approached my house, we could see my dad by the window. My date thought he was waiting up for me, but I knew differently. When I entered the house, he told me he was waiting up for Merna who had gone to Boise to a Republican Convention and he was leaving for Salt Lake to pick her up, and asked if I would like to ride with him. I was pleased do so. On the way, he told me Merna wanted him to tell her that he loved her more than our mother and this he couldn't do. He said there was no one he would ever love more than our mother (Elsie). I was glad to hear that. The first night they picked me up, they took me home and then they went home. The second and third night, he took me home and then his dad, and then came back and picked me up and we went to get something to eat (a hamburger). Bob asked me for a date on Saturday night, which I accepted. His dad was leaving for New York the next day, so we took him to the Union Pacific Railroad Station and from there to dinner and a movie. Friday night, he picked me up. He had gone to the grocery store and purchased two steaks for dinner. Saturday night, he picked me up and took me home. When I walked in the house, there were a dozen roses he had sent. The card read: "Thanks for a wonderful week, Bob." I quickly changed my clothes and was ready when he came. We went to dinner and then to the



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Rainbow (the place to go at the time; It has since burned down). They always had famous bands on weekends, who were enroute from L.A. to the East Coast. I don't recall the band that was playing that night, but I remember I had a wonderful time. The next day was Sunday, but Ed had not made a date with me, and that was a day I didn't have to work. I finally received a call at 5 p.m. and he asked me if he could come over. He explained that he had spent the day in Heber explaining to Jackie and her folks (the Buehlers) that he wouldn't be going with her any more. He then ended it all by asking if I would marry him. I told him I had another year to finish school and I had worked too hard not to finish it and get my degree. So I asked him to ask me again in another year. I'm afraid I was as smitten as he was. He had finished two years at the "U" and one year at Michigan Tech, but because of the change in requirements, he had two more years at Michigan Tech. So we planned that I would stay here to finish and he would go back to Michigan for another year. He took me shopping for a ring one afternoon and bought the one I liked, but he didn't think he should give it to me until next year to see if we still felt the same about each other. I had to settle for wearing his fraternity ring (Phi Kappa) with tape wrapped around it to keep it on. The Sunday before he left, we went to Draper to say goodbye to my folks. Ed insisted I drive even though I told him I didn't know how to drive. All went well until we were in front of my folks' house and then I couldn't remember how to stop. He kept saying put both feet down, but I couldn't see anything big enough to put both my feet on. There was a car in front of my aunt's house and a tree in front of our house, so I hit the tree. His car was a Lincoln Zephyr that was all fixed up with a new motor and everything else, so it had to go to the garage again before it was in any condition for the trip back to Michigan. I was glad it happened before we were married. Bob's dad sent him a ticket to come home for Christmas and I was sure he would give me the ring then, but he didn't. Instead, he gave me a watch I had never had one before, so I was pleased. On my graduation day, Bob made it home and presented me with the ring just before I marched down with the graduates. My folks accepted the fact that we were going to get married that summer. We decided on August 13; that was on a Friday. We received all kinds of negative responses, so we decided to change it to August 12, which was a Thursday. I wasn't much help in the



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planning of my wedding as I was still working at the Paris, trying to buy necessities and save some money. All my money thus far had gone for school tuition. Gwen, my younger sister, made my wedding dress. As the war was winding down, we were able to get the materials I wanted. The bridesmaids were of pastel shades in pique and my dress was in white taffeta with lots of scallops, Gwen had made on it. My veil was a complete surprise. Mom (Merna) gave it to me just before I was married. I knew nothing about it. Ed had asked Bob Sutton to save the bridal suite for us as his mother was part owner of the New House Hotel. I guess he forgot as we had just a plain room, but we didn't care. As I had never been to Yellowstone before, that was to be one of the main stops on our way back to Michigan. We weren't able to get a room in the lodge, so we had to stay in the cabins, as we were so late in finalizing our plans. From Yellowstone we went on to Montana and drove over "The Highway to the Sun." It was so steep and scary; I closed my eyes all the way over it. Ed's father and uncle had given us a new car for a wedding present (a 1948 Ford), as Bob's car was totaled in a blowout. It was a new car, but the tires were not the best and early in the trip, we had to replace two tires. The service station attendant advised us not to go on to Lake Louise in Canada, as the roads were terrible and we would have more tire trouble if we went on. So we decided to turn around and head for Houghton, Michigan (our final destination). Houghton was in the upper peninsula of Michigan. It was pretty and green, but showed signs of better days. All the buildings and houses were old and in need of repair. All the copper mines had shut down, due to the low price of copper, so the college was the town's source of income (Michigan School of Mining and Technology). The war was over so finding an apartment was difficult, as the GI Bill gave the military men an earned education if they wanted it and most took advantage of it. Apartments were few and far between for all the newlywed couples. Houghton and Hancock were two towns across the Portage Lake from each other. There was a drawbridge at one end and when a boat approached it, they would sound its whistle and the bridge would open up so one could cross. The school I was to teach was in Hancock and the Fourth Grade. One of my best friends was teaching at the same school in the First Grade and another was teaching English and Drama in Houghton High School. All of our friends belonged to Theta Tau, which was a social



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fraternity at Michigan Tech but not at all universities. There was a house and several members belonged. When they had a party, we all had to go, if not, we received phone calls until we arrived. The parties consisted mostly of beer kegs, as they had a brewery in town (Busch?) and accordions playing Polka music. Our first apartment was close to my school but it was the home of an older couple. We had to go through their living room to go upstairs. They usually had company, but it was a bad situation for all. Our next apartment was in Houghton, but we had to wait for Mr. McGinty, the landlord, to fix up the apartment. We had one room with two closets. One closet was made into a kitchen, and we shared the bath. In the middle of the room was the bed with screens around it. The windows overlooked Portage Lake, so when we would hear the boats whistle, I would run to the window to watch as the boats went by. There were five couples who went around together. We would go to all the school's football games. Ed was on the team, but not a star. He still had the loudest cheering section on the team. The number one game in Houghton schools was hockey. The games turned out to be rough. There was always blood on the ice. Because of fighting, it was not my favorite game to attend. All our husbands would graduate come spring and all chemical engineers and all members of Theta Tau. My father-in-law was also to receive an honorary doctorate at the same graduation. The school districts would not let us attend the ceremony as we would have to miss school. After school was out, we all went our own way; Ed received an offer for a job with Monsanto in lower Michigan, but his dad talked him into coming back home to Utah, which we did. Most remained in Michigan, but one couple went to Texas. We found it equally as hard to find an apartment in Salt Lake as it was in Michigan. I had my first child on October 27, 1949; Edward H. Snyder III. My second child, also a boy, was born six years later on January 3, 1956 and was named William Orson Snyder. My last child was born four years later; Gregory Walker Snyder was his name and he was born October 9, 1959. When we first returned to Salt Lake, my father-in-law asked if we would stay with him as my sister-in-law and her family, who lived with him, had planned a month's stay in Colorado, with Corwin's parents. As we had few pieces of furniture, one being a record player, Ed's father had sent us the money for it while Ed was in school, was the only piece. Because we had spent so much for the record



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player, we only had money left to buy one record. We both decided Margaret Whiting's "Moonlight in Vermont" would be the one and only record. After Peachy came back, we were anxious to find an apartment, which was difficult at the time. We settled for a duplex on 100 South and 900 East. The only problem was the refrigerator leaked, so the floor was always covered with water and the landlord would do nothing about it. Ed's dad offered us their house on Douglas St., where the family lived and grew up. The people that rented it had left. It was close to the "U" so we offered Gwen a room and she asked Miss Fairbanks to share the room. There was one more room on the second floor available, so we had a renter who owned an army Jeep for her transportation. I had never seen one before. When Eddie was born, his father had given me a television. There was a porch on the Douglas house. The porch was always filled with kids looking through the window to see the T.V. You had to have an antenna on the top of the house to be able to see the television so it was easy to count the T.V.'s. The cabinet was fairly large sitting on the floor, but the T.V. itself was only thirteen inches and in black and white, but I thought it was wonderful. The programs to start with were not very desirable, such as wrestling and old time comedians. We lived there for two years when my father-in-law asked if we would move into his house as Corwin and Peachy were being transferred to Pioche, Nevada. He lived at 2109 Berkley in Salt Lake City. To move to Berkley meant a large house and yard, a cleaning lady twice a week and a gardener. A large budget to take care of the family that would come, to help with food, along with our own salary, so we moved. Ed would take his father to work, and our car would be left in the garage, because I didn't know how to drive. Fed, my sister-in-law started to teach me to drive, but lived at Bauer (companies mine and mill), beyond Tooele, so Ed had someone from one of the car dealerships come and teach me to drive. After a few lessons, I felt I would pass the driving test. Ed didn't think so; He asked me to back out of the garage, which I couldn't do. I went in and out several times and then he showed me what happens to the wheels when you back out with a tricycle. I still felt I was ready for the test, and much to the surprise of everyone, I passed. To this day though, I always think of the tricycle, when I back up. We lived at Berkley for two years and then we moved to Bauer. Bauer was an isolated mining camp out beyond Tooele and



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TAD.(Tooele Army Depot) You had to make your own fun, but I really enjoyed it. I have never had such a great Halloween party or game of Bridge. It was at this time, the uranium boom started. Mitch and Dorie lived in Moab and announced their friend, Charley Stein, had discovered uranium in Moab. So we left Bauer and moved back to 2109 Berkley. We waited there many months, waiting for our orders in Moab, but they never came. Fed (my sister-in-law) had a sorority friend, Gloria Capson Anderson, whose father built houses and was building a larger home for Gloria and Kenny, so their house was available. We decided to buy it, but found out it was too small for us also. As Bill was born the year we moved and every morning we would find him on top of a dresser and there was no way we could change the furniture. While we were deciding about selling the house, the doorbell rang; it was a couple that wanted to buy our house. They tried to buy another house in the same area, but it was sold. So that night we signed the papers and sold our house. We had collected several house plans which included a split level, and when we saw an open house for one, we had to go and see it. We decided that day to buy one, but we wanted a two-car garage, and the steps inside not so steep. It turned out the man selling the house was the same man building homes in Moab. He informed us that the builder of the split home project had committed suicide, so three model homes were up for sale. We chose the middle one with beam ceilings and forgot the changes we wanted. When we bought the home, there was nothing but empty fields in front of the house and back. There wasn't even a paved road in front at the time. From the house, we could see downtown and the lights and the Walker Bank. We were told there was going to be a junior high school, but it would be further down the street and our view would not be taken. So when they started to build the school, I told them they were building it in the wrong place. They brought out the plans and map to show me they were not wrong. Houses were springing up all the time, so I wasn't so aware when Skyline was being built. All three of my children graduated from Skyline High School and Wasatch Jr. High also. All three of my children signed up for little league football with the insistence of their father. When in high school, Eddie found out he was too small and Bill had an ear operation. Greg, the youngest, was the only one successful in the sport and thus won a football scholarship to Utah State University. While Bob (Ed)



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was still working for Combined Metals, he was also working on metallurgy for himself (a method of extracting silver from other ores). He took out a patent on the process. This won a bid on India coins to process them so they were made into bricks and returned to our mints and made into coins again. There were two brothers from Texas with him in the enterprise. They established a plant in Newburgh, New York (located up the Hudson from New York City). Bob (Ed) had been gone several months to prepare the plant for operation. He came home to help me with the kids. Before he left, he bought them all suitcases for the trip. Before we left, he received a phone call from Newburgh saying there was a strike already at the plant and someone from New Jersey had arranged for the Mafia to bump the offenders off. So he had to hurry back to Newburgh and stop the killing by the Mafia. It was costly, but he stopped the Mafia. Because of the strike, the family was not allowed to leave the Kaplan house alone. After awhile, we were invited to Cape Cod by the Texan brothers. We stayed at Popponesset Inn, which was on the beach. Eddie was able to play golf with the men, while the two younger boys and I took a quick ride around the cape. At the end of the week, Bob drove us back to New York City to catch the airplane to go home. I pointed out the sights in New York, but it was all the older boys could do but fight. Bob (Ed) went back to Newburgh to help settle the strike. I will never forget that Christmas, as Bob signed a check and gave it to me to buy a fur coat. My friend Dora went with me and I purchased a short coat of dyed beaver with a mink collar. I loved the coat, but because the beaver pelts were dyed, after about five years they came apart and ZCMI wouldn't store it anymore. I still have the coat stored in my basement as its cool. Even though we didn't move to Moab to work with uranium, we were invited to Charley Stein's parties. I remember one party Doug and Mitch had after they finished their basement when many politicians were there. Including J. Braken Lee, who was the governor at the time, with his wife. Bob and I did take a trip to Mexico with Dodey and Orson White. And we went to Vancouver, Canada with Dewy and Ellen Anderson for a mining convention before Bob died on July 19, 1980. It was said to be an accident, but I think it was a stroke or heart failure. The empire his father had built was falling apart. The price of metals was going down. The Millbanks from the East no longer wanted to be involved with Combined



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Metals. They did come out west once, and when they saw ZCMI, she thought the letters were for Zinc, Copper, Mining Institution. Bob had arranged to have Charley Stein take their place, but he was having all money sent to him and not the company. So Bob had to have the company put into receivership. The uncles were selling company stock and keeping the money, so he had to have that stopped, plus other problems with an antimony plant he had started. I'm still living in the same house after fifty years. Wasatch School across the street burned down because of the wiring and is now being rebuilt. I liked it as it was, with a view of the valley lights and little traffic. What lies ahead is unknown. I have lost my husband, my parents, and a step-mother. On my husband's side, his family is all gone with the death of his three sisters (oldest two this year). This is what happens when you get old, and that's where I am. My three children and their families have taken me on several trips. Greg and Lisa have taken me on two cruises. Bill and his family have provided me with two weeks in England, Scotland, and Wales, where he was working on a job. Ed, my oldest son, gave me two trips to Malaysia, which I really enjoyed (He was with U.S. West). It is a Muslim country now. I'm afraid we wouldn't be treated as well. My traveling days are over, I'm afraid. But as the saying goes, "whatever will be, will be."



Tribute Wall

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MK

Marie Kotter posted:

As everyone can see from her obituary Aunt Maggie was an amazing woman. I have always felt that having all the big Snyder family parties was above and beyond the call of duty. It was always fun to go, and we had great food and fun. Since she is the last of her generation to leave I am sure everyone has welcomed her in heaven and she is planning another big get-together.

January 1 at 6:25 AM

DL

David Likins posted:

Aunt Maggie was one of four strong ladies in the Snyder clan that shaped and sharpened the lives of us "cousins". We will deeply miss her on this side of the looking glass but know that she is with the others who have preceded her on this next journey in the cycle of life. God speed Maggie and say hello to the others for us. Your nephew David

January 1 at 5:26 AM

JM

Janice Marcus posted:

Dear Sam, Liz, Dale and the rest of the Snyder Family, I was so sorry to read that your mother and grandmother had passed away. She was always so beautiful and well mannered. I met her after Ed and Dale were married. Because I live right down from Wasatch Jr., I frequently ran into her at the grocery store. I always enjoyed talking with her and catching up on her life. I loved reading the history she wrote and learning so much about her. Please accept my deepest sympathy. With love, Janice Marcus

December 30 at 12:28 PM

LD

Leroy Dickerson posted:

I was so sorry to hear of Maggie's passing. We will all remember all the good times we had together. My best wishes for all the family. Leroy

December 30 at 4:26 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Margaret by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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