

Fourth Ward Store by Leo and Edna Loveridge

The little Fourth Ward Store was started around 1930. It started right in that neighborhood and was around about thirty years. It was going when our son Brent was born and he was born in 1948. All our kids went up there in their early years.

On Decoration Day our whole family, the Smith family, always met at the cemetery. That was a holiday and I don't recall what we did, we went somewhere for a picnic or something, but the whole family was there. We children would walk over to that store and Leo years later explained a situation I was not aware of.

We would buy a "Milk Nickel" as they were called — chocolate coated ice cream on a stick. They came in a box of 24, and there was a free one in each box. They could tell which one was free. Years and years later he asked, "Did you ever wonder why you got a free one every time you came in and I waited on you?" I said, "No, I just thought I was lucky." Even back then he was giving me free ice cream. She was a cute little gal. I guess even at that early age I must have been deeply attracted to her.

I can't tell you exactly how long we actually had the store, but it had to have been about 30 years. Dad finally tried to get out of the store business. He sold it to a fellow from Tooele—traded a house and the store. The fellow had it for a year or so and then wanted to back out of it. Dad let him back out, but the inventory was down to virtually nothing. He suffered a very large loss.

We sold anything you wanted in that store—just about. Basically groceries; he also supplied meat although he was not a butcher. He would purchase the meat from one of the butcher shops in Lehi and resell it for the same price, or sometimes even less than he paid. We had one family, in fact it was the family that bought our house when we lost it, who had leg of lamb every Sunday. It was traditional, and he would supply that leg of lamb. He was very fussy about the cut that he got; making sure he got a good one every Saturday.

Oh, one other thing too, about the store, our hours were from 7 am to 10 pm. And even then, we had people knocking on our door.

One in particular, I remember, came about 3 o'clock in the morning wanting a nickel loaf of bread. We didn't have one, the bread man would stop at our place heading out of Salt Lake toward He stopped because we were open early; then, if we needed more we would call one of the other stores, and he'd stop on his way back in late afternoon. We had run out of nickel loaves of bread, all we had were dime loaves. He threatened to take his business elsewhere, so Dad invited him to do so then. He relented and bought the dime loaf. That situation occurred frequently—the knock, I mean.

We were also open on Sundays, after Sunday school. (Priesthood and Sunday school meetings were in the morning, so we would open after Sunday School for an hour or two). We would also open prior to and after Sacrament meeting which started at 7:30 PM and let out anywhere from nine to ten.