



The Kyriopoulos Kids

Growing Up Greek in Utah

The Parents

Frank George Kyriopoulos (1883-1939)

and

Johanna Matilda Johnson Sundstrom Kyriopoulos (1887-1963)

The Kids

Sophia Kyriopoulos Polychronis (1908-1986)

George William Kyriopoulos (1909-1982)

Helen Mary Kyriopoulos Paloukos (1910-2000)

Thomas Leroy Kyriopoulos (1912-1967)

Ernest Frank Kyriopoulos (1917-2000)

James Theodore Kyriopoulos (1919-1993)

Theodore Alexander Kyriopoulos (1923-1971)

Cover Photo: Cozy Corner Candy Shop: Frank (Fotias) Kyriopoulos, co-owner, with brother Tom. Sixth South and Main Street, Salt Lake City, 1906

Prologue (by Marjorie Lin Kyriopoulos)

I have always had a passion to learn more about my heritage. My mother's parents were both born in Greece. Her father (William Demetrius Chaus) was from Corinth and her mother (Katherine Liviakis) was born in Chania (on the island of Crete). My father's parents were born in Greece and Sweden. His father (Frank George Kyriopoulos) was from Messinia in the Peloponnese peninsula and his mother (Hanna Johnson Sundstrom) was born in Uppsala, Sweden.

Greek and Swedish.

Mediterranean and Scandinavian.

Warm and cold.

2 In 1996, reeling from a rocky second marriage, my desire to better understand my roots led me to Salt Lake City, Utah. I was determined to interview each living member of my parents' generation in an effort to learn more about myself through my ancestors. They had many stories to share. Before my trip, I called each relative. I wanted to let everyone know about my plans. I called my mother first.

"You should call your brother because he has been to Greece and he's met our family there," was her response. "No, Mom. "I want to talk with you. I want to know what it was like to grow up in your family—with your mom and dad, your sisters and brothers."

"Oh, all right," she said. "When are you coming?"

I told her I was planning to travel over Memorial Day weekend—not for any particular reason, but because it's a long weekend. She immediately expressed her concern about the fact that Jami's second child (Mason) was due in June. What I didn't tell my mother was that I wanted to know more about myself—to unravel the mystery of my own Mediterranean-Scandinavian roots.

“What if I need to go help Jami while you’re here?” I reminded mom that Memorial weekend was a good two weeks before the baby was due, but she was still concerned, so I calmly responded, “Mom, I’ll interview you first, just in case you need to leave town.”

“Alright. Alright. I just hope she doesn’t have the baby early.”

Next, I called Aunt Helen, my father’s sister and my Godmother. She was elated! “I have a great idea!” she said. “Let’s go to the cemetery and see everyone.” Then she proceeded to describe exactly where each member of my dad’s family is buried in relationship to each other. My Swedish-Greek aunt radiated warmth. “Sure,” I said. “That sounds great!”

My plan was to give each family member time to think about my visit so they would be prepared to share their stories with me when I arrived at their doorstep.

Uncle Ernie, my father’s brother, said he’d love to talk with me--anytime. His schedule was also very flexible. I realize now that once you reach a certain age, schedules are less important than the people in your life. A week later, I called Aunt Anne, my mother’s sister. She wondered what questions I was planning to ask. When I explained I just wanted to know what it was like to grow up in the Chaus family, she said, “Oh, so this is different from the research Jeannie is doing?” [Genealogy]

“Right. I want to know what your family was like.”

“Sure. Any time is good for me. Just let me know.” She was warm and enthusiastic.

Finally, I called my mother’s brother, Uncle George Chaus. I had tried the same day I talked with Aunt Anne, but no one answered the phone. It took me three weeks to try again. This time, his wife, Aunt Elaine, answered the phone. As I began to explain my upcoming trip, she immediately snapped at me, “If this has anything to do with the Mormon Church, we don’t want any part of it!”

I explained, calmly, that I was not doing genealogy work. “I am Greek Orthodox and I go to St. George Greek Orthodox Church in St. Paul, Minnesota.”

She handed the phone to Uncle George. Although I did not know the whole story, my mom and her sisters had stopped speaking with Uncle George and his family since my grandfather, their father, passed away in 1958. I was eleven years old.

Uncle George said he was not comfortable with an interview. He explained that he recently had a stroke (Didn't I know that?) and he couldn't talk well. Of course, I did not know he had had a stroke. Our families had not spent any significant time together for as long as I could remember. He was never with us for Birthday, Christmas, or Easter celebrations. I knew who he was, and I knew his family like I knew other members of the Orthodox community—from a distance.

- 4 Uncle George was one of two sons in the Chaus family. Uncle Jimmy, the other boy in the family, returned from the Korean war a broken man. He lived at the Veteran's hospital, visiting us on Sundays from time to time.

Although he refused to be interviewed, Uncle George did say some things about growing up in the Chaus family.

“Why do you want to know this anyway? Is that the most important thing in your life? I never wanted to know anything about my parents' history. All I can say is that I worked all through my childhood! We were a poor family. We didn't have a business like your dad did. We all worked on the farm—just ask your mother and your aunt. They'll tell you the same thing. All we did was work—day and night. I didn't have a childhood. I spent all of my youth working on the farm.”

I felt a chill in my bones.

Then, he mentioned that his son, Bill, was married in Minnesota—Mankato. I pretended to remember. Now that I think back, I recall something about it, but I don't believe I was invited to the wedding.

Uncle George worked at the US Postal Service for as long as I could remember. After our phone conversation, I recalled something Aunt Alice, my mother's sister, had told me long ago. She said that her brother, George, came home early from the war emotionally unstable. I did some research and, according to George's military record, he joined the army June 9, 1942 and his termination of service was issued at Bushnell General Hospital in Brigham City, Utah on July 15, 1944. This was not something our family had ever discussed, but the records never lie.

Aunt Alice and I talked about the men in the Chaus family during one of our trips to Southern Utah to visit my dad. Both Uncle George and Uncle Jimmy were away from home, serving their country, when they broke down. Uncle Jimmy accidentally shot one of his fellow comrades and he was never the same after that. I still remember observing him at our family gatherings in the summer—he often talked to the trees.

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Then there is my brilliant cousin, George Percell, Aunt Anne's son. He drove to California after he graduated from high school and tried LSD while he was there. He returned home without his sports car—a broken boy with Schizophrenia. I love my cousin, George. He is a few years younger, but I had always admired his intelligence when we were children.

Both Aunt Alice and Aunt Anne told me that their mother's father was not able to support his family because he was emotionally unstable, so their grandmother cleaned other people's houses to support the family. The tragic flaw on the Chaus side of my family was that when the boys were away from home, stress took an emotional toll on them.

[Home=MOM]

In the Chaus family, as in Lake Wobegon, “the women are strong, the men are good-looking, and the children are above average.”

About a month before my trip to Utah, I got a call from my daughter, Liz. She said my mother was planning a party at her house so we could all “get together” on the same day I was planning to interview her. I wondered why. Then, I recalled our last few conversations.

She had said two things about my visit:

1. I haven’t had time to think about your questions at all. I’ve been too busy.
 2. Don’t you think it would be a good idea to get people together so we can remind each other of our memories?
- 6 My mother was a persistent soul. Although I wanted to meet one-on-one with each family member to get to know their individual stories, she wanted the whole group to get together and share their stories. Was she nervous about my visit?

For years, she had complained that I never spent any time with her when I came home. Suddenly, just when I was planning a trip to spend some time alone with her, she was avoiding me...

I was reminded of how my therapist had encouraged me to examine my own coolness toward my loved ones. I had often ignored my husband when he walked in the door after being gone all day and then I would complain about how he was “never home.”

One day, when I was a young mother living in Utah, my mother and I were in the car. I was driving and she was talking to me in a loud voice (her way of having a conversation with me) and I asked her, calmly, whether her mother used to raise her voice when she was having a “conversation” with her.

Mom immediately stopped talking and sulked like a child. A week later, she called to answer my question. When I answered the phone, she blurted out, “Yes...my mother did raise her voice—but she was always right!” I believe my mother was expressing her love for me, but she also wanted me to listen to her... implying that *she* was always right.

I was beginning to see a pattern here. Control of all situations. Keep controlling others so as not to get too close. Sometimes, I am my mother—keeping a cool distance between myself and my loved ones.

I called mom to ask her about the “event” she was planning upon my arrival. I left a message on her answering machine. “Mom, I hear you’re planning a party at your house on Saturday. That means I’ll have to interview someone else that day. I don’t want you to be distracted with getting ready for a party during the interview, so I’ll have to reschedule our interview for a different day.”

I called my sister, Debbie, and learned that she hadn’t heard a thing about a party at mom’s house. Two days before my departure, Mom finally returned my call. “I didn’t have a chance to get back to you until now. I’ve talked with Christine (Frank’s wife) and she’s planning to stay in Utah for awhile so I’m planning a get together on Sunday at 4:00 PM. I started to argue with her about planning my schedule for me and then—I stopped. I did not want anything to interfere with the interviews.

She complained that I wasn’t going to be there long enough. That none of us ever stays there for longer trips, and I calmly stated, “A party is a fine idea...it would be better at a later time and I may be late arriving, but if I’m late, I’m late.”

I explained the importance of the interviews and promised to plan them around her party, so as not to let it interfere with the interviews, particularly my interview with her. We ended the conversation calmly. To my surprise, she offered to see if Debbie could have the party at her house.

Finally, I let everyone know when to expect me.

Saturday, May 25th —Mom

Sunday afternoon, May 26th —Aunt Anne (my mother's sister)

Monday morning, May 27th —(Memorial Day) Aunt Helen (my father's sister)

Monday afternoon, May 27th —Uncle Ernie (my father's brother)

Tuesday, May 28th, 1996, was my day to process and follow up on any of the interviews.

When I called Aunt Helen, she said my mother had invited her to join us for lunch on Saturday. I immediately called my mother. "What's up?" Mom said she had forgotten to call Aunt Helen back and tell her that I would not be arriving in Salt Lake City until 2:00 PM.

8 "Mother," I thought, "I am beginning to understand my own need to get closer to you. You surrounded yourself with famous quotes written by others and make your life a busy one so as not to find time for the intimacy you fear. Your longing to get close is overshadowed by your need to avoid the pain of getting too close. I wonder, wonder, wonder what it was like for you." I bet it is like Uncle George said, 'Always too busy at the Chaus house.' Busy, busy, busy. Too busy to take the time to just "be" together. I remember how you always needed to be doing something in the kitchen—no matter what—whenever I was there to visit you. I'm sure it was scary. Time alone with anyone must have been a very scary thing for you, as it is, sometimes, for me.

Busyness is the religion of distraction. I cannot talk to you because I have too much to do. I cannot do what I want, because I am doing what I must. Must I forever walk away from what is true and hard? When it comes to words, rather than using our own voice, authentic and unpracticed, we steal someone else's to shield our fear. And in my mothers case, she let me fill in the blanks. This is my inheritance.

I am my mother, but I am not.

I am my grandmother, but I am not,

I am my great-grandmother, but I am not.

— from *When Women Were Birds* by Terry Tempest Williams, ©2012

Preface: The Stories

There are many stories to tell on both sides of my parents' family (Kyriopoulos & Chaus). This book, however, is a collection of stories and photos of my father's side of the family (with much thanks to my cousins and my sisters) as told by the "Kyriopoulos kids" themselves. Interviews with them provided all of the stories told in this book, *The Kyriopoulos Kids*.

Perhaps another book will be written someday about the Chaus kids. My mother's cousin, George Liviakis wrote a fabulous book focused on the Liviakis family and its roots (my mother's mother and father are featured in that book.)

In 2013, I retired from the US Postal Service. With more time to work on our family stories, I reached out to my sisters Christine (sister-in-law), Kathy, Mary, Debbie, Jami and my cousins Marianne, Elaine, and Connie. We were all able to get together over Memorial Day weekend (May 25th - May 30th) in Park City, Utah. Park City was where it all started for most of the Kyriopoulos kids. While we were together, I shared the stories told during the interviews with my sisters and cousins. Over the weekend, we also visited our Great Aunt Mabel Sundstrom, Grandma's sister-in-law. She is still living in the same little house in Park City, Utah where Uncle Albert and Aunt Mabel raised their family. She recalled that Aunt Helen was born in her small house in Park City, Utah.



Children of the Kyriopoulos kids (and partners): **Front:** Liz and Michael O’Gara
Back: Christine, Mary, Jami, Debbie, Kim, Angie, Alex, Kathy, Connie, and me.



More children of the Kyriopoulos kids: Elaine Polychronis, Connie McLeese, and Marianne Souvall with Aunt Mabel Sundstrom at her home in Park City, Utah in May, 2013

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Uncle Albert and Aunt Mabel's House in Park City, Utah
May 2013

In the Beginning

My paternal grandfather, Frank George Kyriopoulos, was born in Messinia, Greece in the Peloponnesian Mountains. He came to the United States of America in 1902 when he was 18 years old. Grandpa was the first member of the Kyriopoulos family to come to the United States. According to my dad, “He [Grandpa] wanted to find the land of opportunity—he also did not want to serve a mandatory term in the Greek Army!” Grandpa had beautiful blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and brown hair. No one thought he was Greek. They assumed he was German because he had sky blue eyes.

My paternal grandmother, Anna [Hannah], was born in Uppsala, Sweden on October 17th, 1887. Her father was a member of the Swedish Royal Guard. He died when she was just 11 months old. Her grandfather [John Erik Johnson] was a violinmaker in Uppsala, Sweden. He made beautiful violins.

When she was five or six years old, she emigrated to the United States of America with her grandmother, mother, and stepfather [Issac Sundstrom]. They came to Utah as converts to the Mormon Church. Grandma was 5 feet 6 inches tall. She had gray brown eyes and her hair was almost black. No one thought she was Swedish.

Their old wooden boat was loaded with their bedding and all of their possessions from Sweden. During their trip to America, they were afraid the boat was sinking, so they threw all their clothes, bedding, and possessions overboard. According to Aunt Helen, Grandma said it was an awful experience to be in the boat and hear it cracking and creaking.

In those days, there were many hardships to face when coming to this country. But, in spite of all the hardships, many beautiful things happened that she didn't expect. She was grateful for the opportunity to come to America. To be an American citizen was her dream.

According to Helen, Grandma was a wonderful dancer. She loved to dance. She'd go to the old fashioned dances and Grandpa even took dancing lessons so he could go dancing with her.

14 Before she married Grandpa, a Swedish man fell in love with her and he challenged Grandpa to a duel. They were supposed to go up in the hills and shoot it out. But of course, that never happened.

Grandma's mother, Erika, became a dressmaker in Murray, Utah. [She was a "couturier" who had several brand ladies as clients.

I never knew my grandfather, but I remember my grandmother well. She was gentle and graceful with long, flowing hair and a sweet smile. She was a huge presence in my young life.

Photo on page 15:

Issac Sundstrom (Hanna's step-father) with Gustave Sundstrom (Hanna's half brother), Albert Sundstrom (Hanna's half brother), Erika Johnson Sundstrom (Hanna's mother), and Hanna Matilda Margreta Sundstrom Kyriopoulos in Park City, Utah.



Grandma met Grandpa when she was just 14 years old. He had just moved to the United States and was working in the smelter in Murray. She threw a snowball at him and that was the beginning of their relationship. When her family moved to Park City, Utah, Grandpa followed her. According to Aunt Helen, Grandpa quit his job, put all his possessions on his back, and walked to Park City along a dirt road. “He hustled a job at Silver King Mines so he could be close to Grandma.”

Then, when Grandma was 19, she moved to Salt Lake City to work cleaning houses. Of course, Grandpa followed her to Salt Lake City and, according to Aunt Sophia, he told her, “You’re not going to go down and work in the big city any more. We’re going to get married!”

Her mother, Erika, didn’t want Hanna to marry someone who wasn’t LDS, but Grandpa was persistent. Not only did he win grandma over, he won her mother over, too!

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My grandparents were married in the Greek Orthodox Church on March 17, 1907. They were the first “mixed” couple (Swedish and Greek) to be married in the Greek Orthodox Church in Salt Lake City, Utah. In those days, Greeks were not considered to be “white.” Their love was beautiful and they had a wonderful life together. People looked up to them and respected them.

Grandma was baptized three times in her life. In Sweden, she was baptized in the Lutheran church as a baby. At 8, she was baptized in the Mormon Church. And, just before she married Grandpa, she was baptized into the Greek Orthodox Church. According to my dad, “Grandma was sweet and kind. She never had a mean thing to say about anyone or anything. She adored all of her children and her grandchildren.” She was the first convert to the Orthodox Church in Utah.

Photo on page 17: Frank George Kyriopoulos and Hanna (Johnson) Sundstrom Kyriopoulos on their wedding day in Salt Lake City, Utah.



Growing Up Greek in Utah

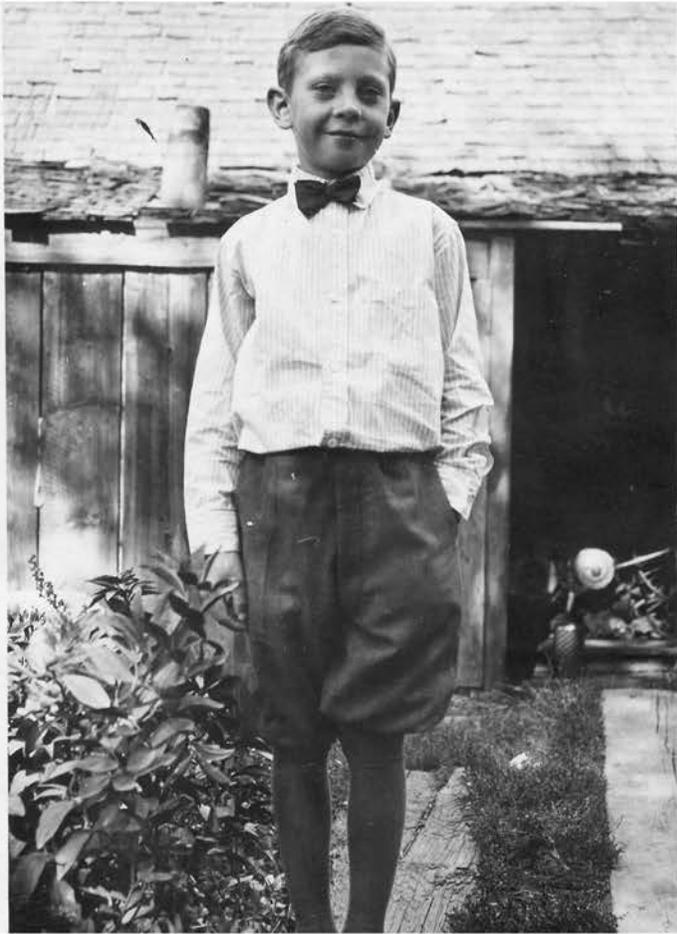
Grandma and Grandpa didn't come from wealthy families. As all of the Kyriopoulos kids recall, there was "a lot of hard work. But some way or another, they always took good care of their children." They had seven children... She really had 9 all together. Seven boys and two girls. But the other two boys died shortly after birth. One of them died a few minutes after he was born. And the other one lived for a few hours. They were both born after Uncle Tom and before Uncle Ernie was born. Four of the Kyriopoulos kids were born in Park City, Utah:

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- Sophia—January 28, 1908
- George—February 5, 1909
- Helen—November 10, 1910
- Tom—September 19, 1912

When Tom was a baby, the family moved to Salt Lake City and three more Kyriopoulos kids were born there:

- Ernest—April 17, 1917
- Jim—March 24, 1919
- Ted—July 7, 1923



Left: Uncle Ernie; **Middle:** my dad (Jim,); **Right:** Uncle Ted Kyriopoulos

According to my dad, "It was a happy family." When the family first moved to Salt Lake City, they lived in a small house near 6th South and State Street (Newman's Court). Eventually, they moved to a house on the Southeast corner of 21st South and 5th East—a house that had previously been the home of one of Brigham Young's wives.

One of their pleasures was sitting on the long porch watching the cars go by. Each of the kids would choose a car and they would see who got "the best car."

They liked to sing songs. Grandma loved it when her kids got together and sang songs.

20 They also played games outside. Games like "Run, Sheepy, Run." To play this game, the kids divided into two teams of sheep and each team appointed a leader whose job it was to hide his sheep together somewhere in the neighborhood. When the leader returned to the other team (whose job it was to find the sheep), he or she drew a map to show where he had taken them. When he finished drawing the map he would put an X at the spot where his sheep were hidden and say, "This is where my sheepy lie." The other team would then begin looking for the sheep and if they found the sheep, it was a race to see which team could get "home" first. If the leader thought his hiding sheep could get home safely without being found, he would yell, "Run, Sheepy, Run!" That was the sign for all the sheep to run "home" as fast as they could. Of course, that signaled the other team to run, too, and the race was on. The winning team got to hide the next time.

Grandma fell in love with the Greek Church. She loved the people she met there and she raised her kids as Orthodox Christians.

Kids Will Be Kids

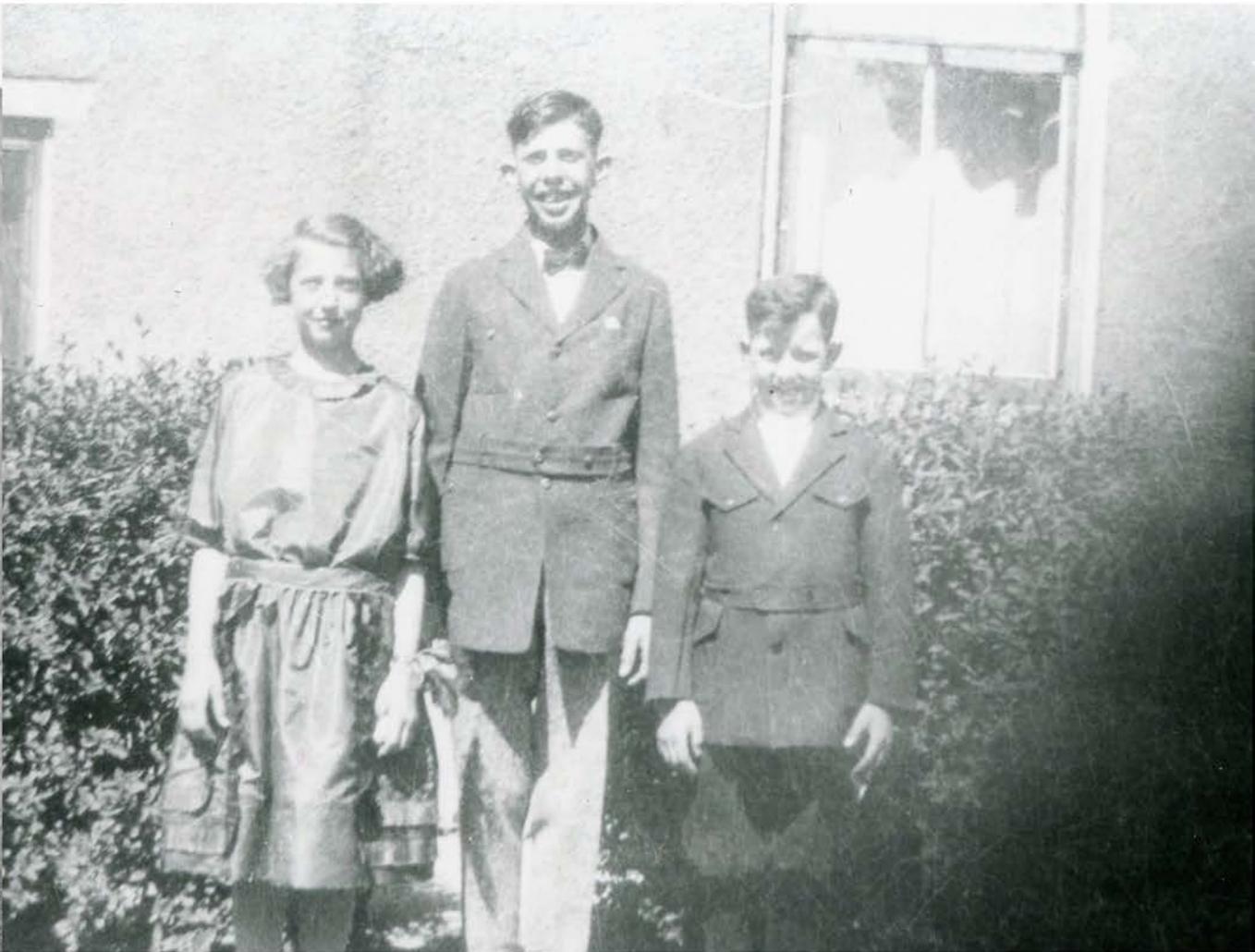
“Grandmother was a wonderful mother!” All the kids agreed. She sewed clothes to save on expenses, making suits for Ernie and Jim out of Grandpa’s old suits and suits donated from our Great Uncle Tom, Grandpa’s brother, who was a bachelor and always well-dressed.

The kids would all pool their money and send Aunt Helen to the movies and she’d come back home and tell everyone what happened in the movie, from beginning to end. “We felt like we were watching the movie, just listening to her vividly tell the whole story. She loved to tell stories, especially ghost stories,” said Aunt Sofia.

In those days, students could choose their high school. My father joined the ROTC and graduated from West High School. Uncle Ernie graduated from South High School.

During high school, Uncle Ernie had to go to Arizona for his health—he went there for a couple of winters. And my dad developed rheumatic fever so he also missed quite a bit of school when he was a teenager. The doctor came to the house twice a week to see him and listen to his heart.

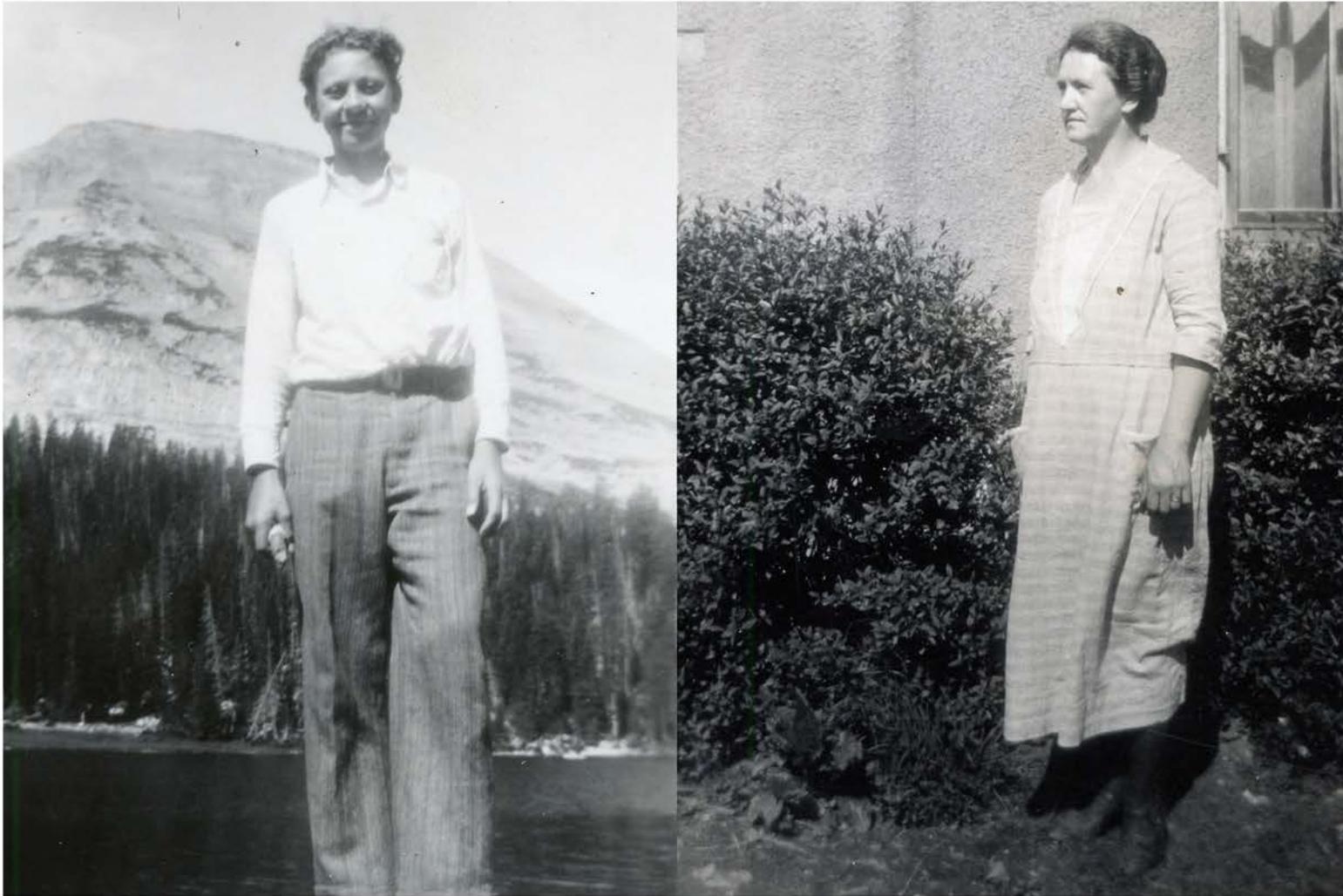
When Grandpa started a family business, three of the five boys and one girl worked in this family venture—my dad, Uncle Ernie, Uncle Tom, and Aunt Helen.



Left: Aunt Helen and Uncle Ernie in Park City
Right: Aunt Helen, Uncle George, and my dad (Jim) in Salt Lake City, Utah



Grandpa and Grandma Kyriopoulos in Salt Lake City, Utah



Left: Uncle Ernie
Right: Grandma at 37 (in 1925)

Grandma and Grandpa liked to see their children do well in school. In fact, my dad was offered the opportunity to go to college and continue working with Grandpa. Grandpa offered to take care of the financial obligations. But dad said he'd had so much fun in high school that it would just be for fun. Eventually, he would end up working in the family business anyway. He just wanted to get started working in the family business. Which is just what he did. He started working with Grandpa as soon as he graduated from high school.

Grandpa was never one to hold any of his kids back. If they saw an opportunity, he would encourage them to go for it. At one point, my dad wanted more pay for his services in the family business. Grandpa told dad, "It's a big world and you should go out and find more money if you can do better somewhere else." So, my dad did find another job that paid a little more money. He worked there for about six months.

Being from "the old country," Grandpa was more strict with the girls. He didn't want to see them courting, so he made sure his daughters had chaperones and, before they married, their husbands had to have Grandpa's approval.

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Aunt Helen worked at Frank's Hut every day after school. She made hamburgers and served customers. Then, she would go home and clean Grandma's house. According to Aunt Helen, she and her girlfriend would get together and pour water all over the kitchen floor. Then, they would take their shoes off and slide around.

Kids will be kids.

The family often got together in Park City, Utah, even after the kids were grown. Aunt Sophia and Uncle Tony lived there when they were first married. Uncle Tony owned a grocery store, so there was always a reason to go to Park City and get together with the Polychronis and Sudstrom families—Uncle Tony, Aunt Sophia, Aunt Mabel, Uncle Albert, Uncle Gus, and Uncle Oscar.

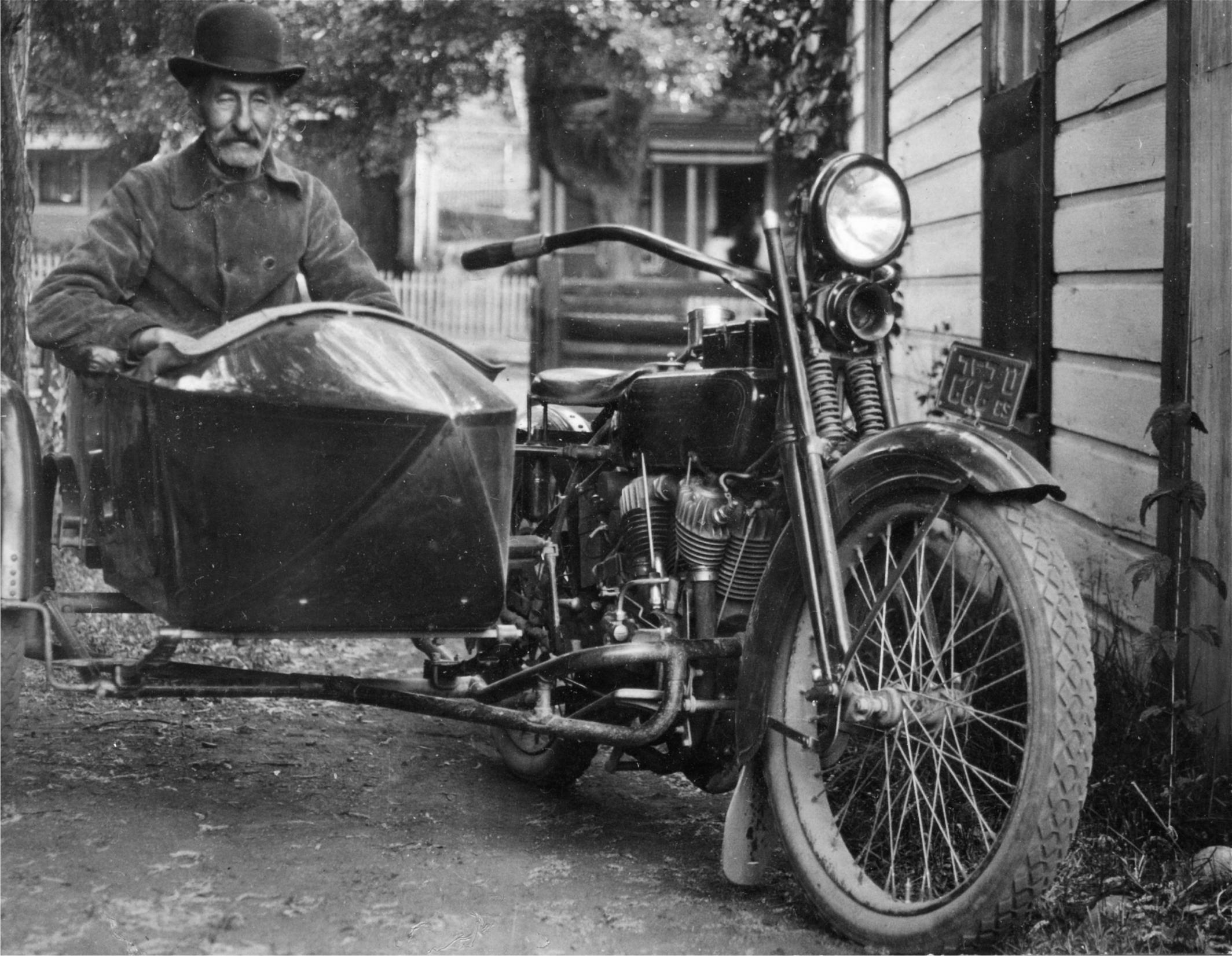
Aunt Sophia and Uncle Tony had five children. Teresa, Johnny, Tom, Elaine, and Tony Jr. Johnny died in Park City when he was five years old.

Aunt Helen said that Uncle Oscar, Grandma's step-brother, tried to get a little fresh with her, so she hauled off and slapped him and then told Grandma. Grandma went after him. And after that, Oscar didn't come around. "It wasn't close like when we were all together."

- 26 The family had a 1921 Model T Ford they drove to Park City. The Kyriopoulos kids thought they were the richest people in the world when they drove in that car! By the time they got to Park City, they may have had six flat tires they'd have had to repair during the trip. But it was all fun for the kids.

Sometimes, the children would take the train to Park City. Grandma would pack them a big lunch and they would wait until the train started through the tunnel and the lights went on to start eating. Aunt Helen remembered how beautiful those trains were, with their leather seats and dark mahogany trim. She thought, "Oh, this is really living." It just seemed like the most luxurious thing in the world at that time.

Photo on page 27: Uncle Oscar [or Great Grandfather Sundstrom] on Uncle Oscar's "motorcycle."



Aunt Helen used to try on her uncles' mining clothes and their hats when they'd come home. Sometimes she would get in trouble for ruining their clothes.

She also learned to drive Uncle Oscar's motorcycle and she would drive from Park City down to Snyderville and back again on that motorcycle.

Grandpa Kyriopoulos was old fashioned. He didn't believe in letting his daughters go out. He didn't believe in dating. According to Theresa, Aunt Helen first saw Uncle Harry at church where he was lighting a candle. She told Grandmother she had to light another candle and then she stood next to Uncle Harry, opened her purse, and let everything fall to the floor. (She knew he would be a gentleman and pick up her contents). It was love at first sight!

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Aunt Sophie and Uncle Tony took Aunt Helen with them to a dance at the church where she and Harry Paloukos danced half the night together. After the dance, Harry asked Aunt Helen if he could take her home. She told him no, and he asked her where she worked so she told him, "Frank's Hut."

Harry started dropping in at Frank's Hut. Aunt Helen was working and it was obvious what he was after. He was after seeing her again. But Grandpa already had a husband in mind for her. He lived in California and Grandpa wanted her to marry him because he was a prominent businessman who owned a beautiful café in San Diego. So, Grandma, Grandpa, Aunt Sophia, Uncle Tony, and Aunt Helen took a trip to California to meet the man in California. He was a very fine man and he took her out on a big gambling ship in San Diego. She was impressed with all he had to offer. But in the back of her mind, she couldn't forget Harry, the cute little guy she had danced with at the church.



Left: Aunt Helen dressed in mining gear
Right: Aunt Helen taking Uncle Ernie for a drive on her Uncle Oscar's motorcycle

When they came back to Salt Lake City, Grandma and Grandpa wanted to know what Aunt Helen thought of this fellow. “I think he’s nice,” she said, “But I met a fellow at the church who I like better than anybody I’ve ever met.”

Grandpa checked into Harry’s background. His family had a café here in Utah, but he wasn’t prominent like the man in California. Still, Helen said, “No, I couldn’t marry that man. I like Harry too much.”

Grandpa got to know Harry. And Harry came down to the house and he asked for Aunt Helen’s hand in marriage. They were married in 1932.

They had three children, but their first child, Frankie, died when he was just two years old. He died on Grandma’s birthday—October 16th—of spinal meningitis.

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After Helen lost Frankie, she was very depressed, but her family was by her side throughout. And soon they had another child—a daughter (Marianne). At the time, Uncle George was staying with Aunt Helen because Uncle Harry had gone to Idaho to work at a café. Uncle Harry came as soon as he heard about the birth of his daughter and when he arrived, Uncle George greeted him and said, “Well, we got a baby girl. Maybe she’s yours, but I walked the floor for her.”

Aunt Helen and Uncle Harry had another daughter later (Connie) and the doctor told her he didn’t think she should have any more children.



Left: Uncle Harry and Grandpa; **Middle:** Aunt Helen and Uncle Harry get engaged;
Right: Grandpa and Aunt Helen on her wedding day



Left: Uncle Harry and Uncle Tony go deer hunting; **Middle:** Dad (Jim), Uncle Ernie, and Uncle Harry; **Right:** Uncle Tony and Aunt Sophia with Teresa and Tom



Left: Teresa, Johnny, and Tom Polychronis.
Right: Uncle Ted and my dad (Jim)

Aunt Helen, Uncle George, and my dad were a lot like Grandma—loving and kind. When Uncle George came to Salt Lake City on business, he wanted to spend time with Grandma. He couldn't do enough for her. Both he and my dad were always there for her as well.

Everyone looked up to Uncle George. He left school when he was in the 7th grade and took a freight train to California. He got a job as a golf caddy working for some movie stars and took any odd jobs he could find. Eventually, he was hired by the American Tobacco Company, He was in competition with 3 or 4 other college graduates, but they hired George. One day, he asked his manager, "Why did you hire me when there were college graduates applying for this job? I didn't have that kind of an education."

His manager said, "George, we wanted someone who knew how to get along with people. You knew how to get along with people and that's why we hired you. And you have more than fulfilled all of our expectations."

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According to Uncle Ernie, "I always try to make people feel important. And I think that's what I got from George. He had such a great sense of humor...A marvelous sense of humor. And we loved to tell jokes together."

Uncle George's first wife, Annie, died of cancer in 1945. Their son, James (Jimmy Kaye), was only 3 or 4 years old. When Annie was on her deathbed, Uncle George promised that her sister in Price, Utah would raise Jimmy and he would be raised Catholic because Uncle George traveled a lot. So he and Jimmy did not see much of each other while Jimmy was growing up. Later, Uncle George moved to California and married Marylou. They had one daughter, Caroline.



Left: Uncle George with his son Jimmy
Right: Grandma and Aunt Helen



Left: Uncle Ernie and Grandpa
Right: Sweet Aunt Sophia

Uncle Ernie, Aunt Sophia, and Uncle Ted were more like Grandpa—a little bossy and headstrong.

Aunt Sophia was a sweet girl. She worked from the time she was quite young. She helped out at the Cozy Corner mainly as a cashier. She was an A student who skipped over two grades. In grade school, however, she was hit by a car and suffered a concussion. She returned to school to win a spelling bee. Sophia wanted to be a nurse, but her parents would not let her because she would be required to give men bed pans. So, Dr. Felts, the family doctor, offered her a part-time job as his office assistant. She also worked at Walker Bank Building coffee shop as a salad maker.

According to Uncle Ernie, “There was a guy working at the building and I remember my dad asked me to spy on them because the guy would take her hand and walk her to work from the bus stop. That’s when grandpa decided that Uncle Tony would be the one for Aunt Sophia.”

“In those days, parents arranged marriages for their children. And I guess dad did a good job of it, too. Most of them stuck. They got along. But sometimes the parents know better than the passion. You know the passion doesn’t work out as well as the brain. I’ve thought about that a lot of times.”

37

According to Teresa, Sophia and Tony’s marriage was not arranged. Tony systematically courted her until she was old enough to marry. He had Papa Frank on his side before he made his first move.

“Uncle Ted was very strong in his ways—and bull-headed,” said Aunt Helen. He lost his arm in a terrible accident one night before Thanksgiving. He had gone up to Idaho to go in the swimming at Lava Hot Springs and he was driving back to be with his family for Thanksgiving when he dozed off and rolled off the road.

The doctors had to amputate his arm above the elbow because it kept getting gangrene in it. And after that, he lost all interest in life. And he had such pains in his legs. And he had circulation problems. He also had a bad heart. He spent a lot of time in bed after that accident. He just seemed to give up. He weighed over 300 pounds and he died when he was just 47 years old. Uncle Ted and Aunt Louise had four children together: Teddie Lou, Vickie, John, and Steve.

According to Aunt Helen, after the accident Uncle Ted said, “Well, I guess it was my fault. I haven’t done the right thing by Louise.”

38 According to Theresa, Uncle Ted, like Uncle Ernie, was a war hero. He lied about his age, joined the Navy at age 17, was still in major battles survived the sinking of a battleship, and more. He was still young when he was discharged after the end of World War II. Uncle Ted probably had what we know today as Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome (PTSD).

Uncle Tom was close with all of his siblings. But he was an alcoholic. He and his wife, Aunt El, were big drinkers. Aunt Sophia often took care of their only child, Tommy. Aunt Sophia helped as long as she could.

Uncle Tom died in April of 1967 of heart failure. He was the first of the Kyriopoulos kids to die. Uncle Tom was also overweight and he died very suddenly. He was sitting at the breakfast table and his wife was going to the refrigerator to get him a glass of milk. When she turned around, Tom was on the floor. He died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.



Left: Uncle George in the Kyriopoulos family's Ford Model T
Right: Aunt El, Tommy, and Uncle Tom at their home on Green Street

Uncle Ted, the youngest boy, became a car salesman. My dad used to say of Uncle Ted, “He spent a million trying to make a million,” but he was always successful in sales. He had a good personality. And he was good at sales, like Grandpa. Grandpa and Uncle Ted even looked alike.

Uncle Ted and my dad used to wrestle in the kitchen. One time, my dad had a pretty good hold on Uncle Ted and he was putting pressure to his ankles using a scissors hold. Uncle Ted was resisting to the point where he ended up with a broken ankle. And, the next day, my dad ended up in the hospital for an emergency appendectomy.

Grandma was angry with my dad for picking on his younger brother, but Grandpa had a different perspective...He said to my dad, “Jim, don’t feel too bad. At least if Ted has a cast on, we’ll know where he is at for awhile.” Uncle Ted had already gained a reputation for being a little wild.



Uncle Ted in Grandma's Kitchen, Circa 1945

The Family Business

After Grandma and Grandpa moved from Park City to Salt Lake City, Grandpa worked at a grocery store on Sixth South and Main Street.

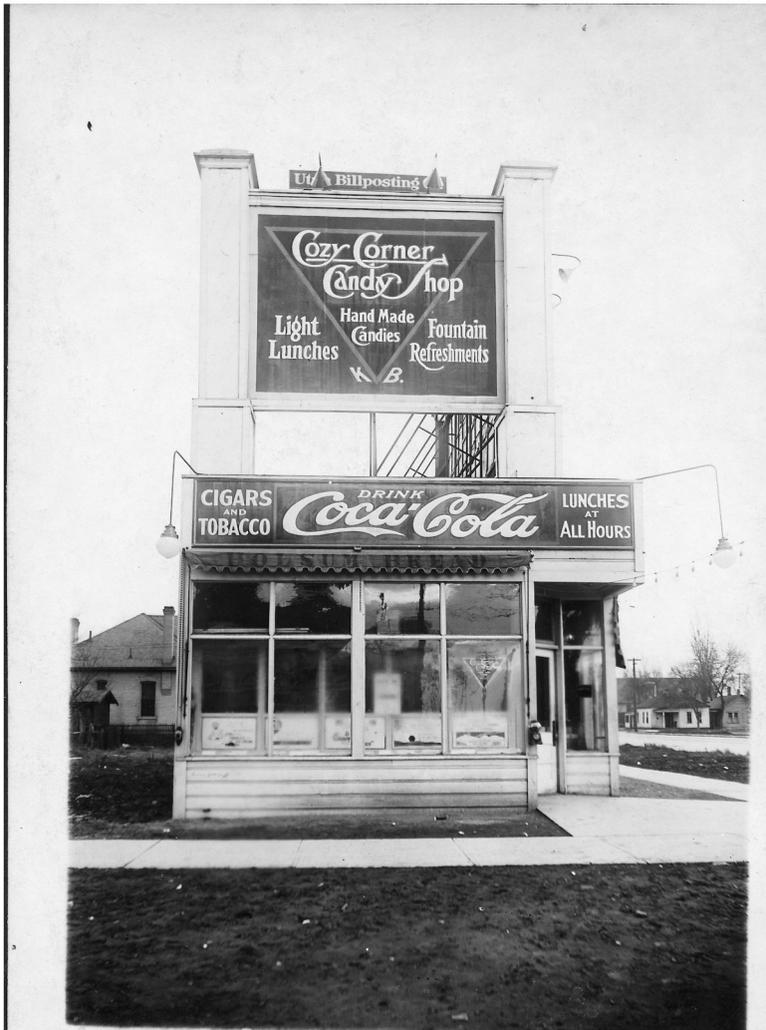
Later, he bought a corner grocery store with a soda fountain called, “Cozy Corner Candy Shop” on Ninth South and State Street. Customers could buy groceries, hand made candies, lunch, and sodas.

One of the employees made delicious chili. They also had fabulous chocolates. According to Aunt Sophia, “People came from all over to buy the one with a chocolate center.”

To buy Cozy Corner, Grandpa had borrowed money from a man named George Castle. He eventually lost the Cozy Corner to Mr. Castle and bought a diner and service station on the corner of 27th South and 7th East—He named the diner “Frank’s Hut” and the service station next door, “Associated Service Station.”

Photo on Page 43: Grandpa (with mustache) working at the Cozy Corner





Left: Cozy Corner Candy Shop
Right: Uncle Tom working at Frank's Hut Diner



Left: Uncle Tom, Dad, (Jim) and Uncle Ernie at Associated Gas; **Middle:** Dad at Franks Hut; **Right:** Uncle Ernie and Dad at Associated Gas Station (with Frank's Hut in the background)

His corner businesses became famous. Everybody loved the place. Helen, Tom, Ernie, and Jim worked in the family business, as well as Uncle Tom, who was a great chef.

According to the Kyriopoulos kids, Grandpa was “Pretty firm, but he was also kind. He held a firm hand and, if he told us to do something, we had to do it.”

Grandma was kind and loving. She never disputed Grandpa, but she let her children know that she loved them and that he loved them, too. Grandpa was just stern. But he mellowed as he got older and his kids were also more mature, so it all balanced out.

46 He almost lost his business to Mr. Kastle again, but Uncle Tony said, “I’m not gonna let you boys lose this property! I’ll loan you the money. I’ll pay Kastle off now so he can’t get a damn penny of your profits.” And he did. Uncle Tony paid the entire amount of the loan.

Uncle Ernie remembered that some of the Latter Day Saints (LDS) church leaders would come down and play golf. And they’d say, “Frank, it’s so nice to know there’s somebody down here where we can get a little bite to eat after playing a game of golf and it’s really nice of you to be here.”

The Kyriopoulos family lived across the street from John Bowman and his family. John always said that Grandpa was a wonderful man. The youngest son broke into Frank’s Hut two or three times and robbed Grandpa, but he never pressed charges. The boy’s dad said, “Frank, if it had been anybody else, they would probably have sent him to prison.”

Photo on page 47: My dad at the first Associated Service Station

Photo on Page 48: Uncle Tom at the new “Greek-style” Associated Service Station (Nibley Park Service)

Photo on Page 49: Frank’s Hut





WHITE GOLD

ASSOCIATED

22

NIBLEY PARK SERVICE

★



BEER

Coca-Cola

FRANK'S HUT SANDWICHES

Coca-Cola

2050

BUDWEISER BEER

Becker's Best BEER

BEER PINNEY V.E.V. COMPANY NRS. 5664

BEER COMPANY

SANDWICHES MALTERED MILK CIGARETTES BEER & BOTTLES

FRANK'S HUT WE SERVE MALT MILK ICE CREAM

SANDWICHES MALTERED MILK CIGARETTES BEER & BOTTLES

Grandpa had a great sense of humor. My dad told a story about when Grandpa was in Greece and he met a fortune teller who wanted to read his fortune. Grandpa said to her, “Well, can you tell me what’s going to happen in the future?”

The gypsy lady said, “Yes, I can.”

“In other words, you know what’s going to happen in the next minute.”

“Yes, I do know what’s going to happen in the next minute.”

Grandpa slapped her face and said, “So, did you know you were going to get slapped?”

50 Frank’s Hut was across from the Nibley Park Golf Course and some of his regular customers were golfers. When the concession stand was open at the golf course, of course, the golfers went there. But when it wasn’t open, they came over to Frank’s Hut. That used to irk Grandpa. And, to add fuel to the fire, their spikes would make holes in the linoleum at the diner.

During the depression, Grandpa would often buy a pound of coffee, make the coffee, and then dry the grounds in the sun and re-use them. But he normally did not serve this coffee to customers. However, one day, two golfers come in and asked for a cup of coffee because the concession stand at the golf course was closed. So Grandpa served up some of his re-used coffee.

One of the golfers said, “Frank, this coffee is terrible.”

Grandpa asked, “Can your wife make better coffee than that?”

“Yes, my wife makes much better coffee than that.”

“Well, why don’t you go home and let your wife make your coffee?”

In order to play golf, the golfers had to cut back somewhere. So, another time, two golfers come in and ordered coffee with a half a sweet roll. Grandpa served them their coffee and then he cut the roll in half and served it on two plates—one for each of them. Then, he charged them each for a coffee and a roll.

One of the golfers complained about the price and said, “You just cut one roll in half.”

“Well,” said Grandpa, “You told me you each wanted to eat half. It takes me just as much work to wash the dishes for two of you, but you both got what you ordered.”



My dad with a friend in front of Frank's Hut

During the Depression, the Kyriopoulos family was lucky to have bread on the table, but there were other families in the neighborhood who were less fortunate. For years, Grandpa and Uncle Tom used to cook a Thanksgiving Dinner and anonymously deliver it to the doorstep of a needy family. And for years, they did not know who left it.

There was a garden in the back yard and Grandpa would share our food with the neighbors, too. He was never selfish about it. One of the neighbors came to visit Jim once and said, “We’d have starved in that depression if it hadn’t been for your dad and the vegetable garden you had in back.”

Jim said, “Well, I know he used to drop vegetables off to you.”

“Yeah,” he said, “but what you didn’t know is that we used to go to your garden at night and steal some vegetables too, or we wouldn’t have been able to live.”

Those were the bleak days of the depression. Grandpa gave Grandma a dollar a day to run the family on. A dollar a day wasn’t enough, but Grandma never complained that she didn’t have enough money. She used other methods to increase her budget. She grew flowers called “Cosmos” and created lovely bouquets with them, adding daisies and a few baby’s breath. The kids would sell the bouquets for fifteen cents each, which was enough money to buy a few staples and maybe some hamburger. She made a lot of meat loaf and a lot of Swedish meatballs. The kids would get a small commission, but the rest of the money would go into Grandma’s purse that she kept in the cupboard for the family’s living expenses.

Grandpa started selling bread, milk, and some canned goods at Frank’s Hut. If the neighbor needed something and didn’t have the money, Grandpa would say, “Your family needs food? You take. You can pay me back. I’ve counted a tab here. Don’t worry about it.” And then in 1937, the government gave all the veterans a bonus. And, of course, the first thing his neighbor did when he got his check was to ask Grandpa, “How much money do I owe you on the books?”

Grandpa tallied it up and told him, but the neighbor said, “There’s more on top of that because of what you did for me.” Grandpa said, “No, only what you charged. That’s all. That’s the only thing you owe me, just what you charged.”

Once Grandma gave Uncle George fifteen cents and told him to go to the store and get some “kötbulle” (pronounced “shit bulla”). In Swedish, “kötbulle” means hamburger. Uncle George went over to the store and said, “I want fifteen cents worth of shit fish.” “You must have it wrong, young man. You better go back and find out what your mother wants.” So he came back home and told Grandma that the store didn’t have any shit fish. Grandma started to laugh. “Oh, I didn’t say ‘shit fish.’ I said “kötbulle” and that means hamburger in Swedish. Tell him I want fifteen cents worth of hamburger.” Grandma was also very fond of “bulle” (sweet rolls). This recipe for Swedish Cinnamon Rolls is in her memory.

Swedish Cinnamon Rolls (Patrice Johnson 2013)

Ingredients for dough: 1 package yeast (2 ¼ t), 2 T. warm water, 1 t. sugar, 1 C whole milk, 6 T. butter, 1 vanilla pod, halved and scraped (optional; substitute 2 t. vanilla extract), 1 egg plus 1 yolk (reserve extra egg white), 1/3 C sugar, 2 t. fresh ground cardamom, ½ t. salt, 4-5 C flour, 2 T. vegetable oil.

Ingredients for the filling and topping: ½ C butter, softened, ½ C brown sugar, ½ C sugar, 4 T. warm or hot milk, 3 t. cinnamon, pearl sugar.

Procedure:

1. Stir yeast, 2 tablespoons water, and 1 teaspoon sugar together in small bowl and set aside until foamy; about 5 minutes.
2. In small saucepan heat 1 cup milk, 6 tablespoons butter, and vanilla pod until butter just melts; remove from heat and cool mixture to 110 degrees. When mixture is cool, remove vanilla pod and add yeast mixture.
3. In large mixing bowl whisk egg, yolk, sugar, cardamom, and salt until well combined. Add milk-yeast mixture and stir until well combined.
4. Slowly stir in 4 to 5 cups all-purpose flour and knead until soft silky dough forms (Only add as much flour as you need. Dough should be slightly wet.); shape into a ball. Add 2 tablespoons of vegetable oil to a clean bowl and roll dough ball in oil. Cover with plastic wrap or kitchen towel and rise to double; about 2 hours.
5. Prepare the filling: combine softened butter, sugars, warm milk, and cinnamon; blend until thoroughly mixed.
6. Divide dough into 2 sections. Roll each section into a 12 x 9 inch rectangle. Spread half the butter-sugar mixture over each square. Starting with the 12 inch side, roll the rectangle into a log. Repeat with second rectangle. Slice each log into 5 or 6 equal rounds. Place rolls cut-side-down, about 3 inches apart, onto buttered and parchment lined baking sheets. Cover and rise 30 minutes.
7. Whisk together reserved egg white and a few tablespoons of water. Brush tops of rolls with wash and sprinkle with pearl sugar; bake in 350 degree oven about 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool on rack.



The house where the Kyriopoulos Kids grew up on the southeast corner of
21st South and 5th East, Salt Lake City, Utah

Both my dad and Uncle Ernie had newspaper routes. They sold newspapers and magazines like The Saturday Evening Post. The boys always brought the money home. They'd get a "sales commission" from Grandma and they never argued about the amount of their commission. But it taught them how to work on a commission. Dad's experience early in his life had an impact on his career. He knew that, in order to receive a salary, he had to make money for the company. He lived in a large family and there was not a surplus of anything.

Aunt Helen worked at Frank's Hut and she really wanted a radio. Some way or another, she got a radio. When Grandpa come into the diner one day and saw that she was playing the radio at work, he made her turn it off. All the kids thought that was pretty cruel. But, as it turned out, Grandpa enjoyed the radio, too. Later, he bought a radio for the house. When he first got the radio, he would sit up until the wee hours of the morning listening to it after the kids had gone to bed.

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I remember that radio well. It was an RCA Victrola with a large "speaker horn" like the replica on the Grammy awards.

Uncle George and Aunt Helen were very close. When Grandma caught pneumonia and it left her very weak, she sent Aunt Helen and Uncle George to Park City to spend summers with her mother. They used to enjoy climbing the hills in Park City together. It was a childhood adventure for them both.

Grandma's mother made the most delicious pies, cakes, jellies, and jams. Just walking into her house brought on the aroma of her homemade goodies and fresh bread. She kept all the goodies in the cellar. It was all brick and they kept everything fresh



Grandma's mother, Ereka, looking at a photo album.

Grandma's mother had some cows and she used to sell their milk. Aunt Helen and Uncle George would help deliver the milk at night. She had bought some brand new buckets and Uncle George said, "Let's fix us a nice lunch and go up the hills with those new buckets and try to find something nice to bring home to Grandma." So, he and Aunt Helen went into the pantry and made some delicious sandwiches without thinking about how she needed the food in the pantry for their uncles' lunches. They filled the buckets with the lunch and went up into the hills.

After they had eaten their lunch, they came to a pond with a lot of frogs. Uncle George said, "Why don't we catch those frogs and put them in those buckets and bring them to Grandma? She can cook frog legs. Have you ever heard of frog legs?"

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"I don't want any frog legs," said Aunt Helen.

"Well, they say they're delicious. And I'll bet Grandma would be thrilled."

So they brought the frogs back to their Grandmother who took one look at those buckets, screamed, and sent them both to bed without dinner.

Uncle George said to Aunt Helen, “I’m really not hungry anyway. Are you?”

“No, I’m not hungry either.”

Their grandmother threw the buckets away and said she could never put milk in them again. Uncle George and Aunt Helen both felt pretty bad.

The Sundstrom uncles would come home from the mines with these carbon lanterns on their hats for going down in the mine and Aunt Helen was interested in their uniforms because they smelled of carbon and she asked her uncle, “Why do you have to have those lights when you go down in the mine?”

“Well, simply because we have to see. We are down in the mines, working in the dark.”

They also had candles down in the mines. If any gas was escaping, the candles would go out. And that’s how they knew there was danger in the mine.





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Left: American Flag Mine where the Sundstrom uncles worked
Right: A snowy day in Park City in the early days.

Grandpa was only 57 years old when he died of peritonitis caused by a ruptured appendix, which was a big blow to the family. Although two boys died shortly after they were born, this was the great tragedy in the Kyriopoulos family.

That night, he was lying in bed at home and Grandma had washed out his pajamas. Marianne, who was just a child, took his clean pajamas to him. He kissed her and soon afterward, he ended up in the hospital where he passed away. Within just a week, he was sick and buried.

Uncle Ernie told a story about a dog who lived near Frank's Hut and he was howling outside of the hospital where Grandpa died. He was howling before the family even knew he had died. "Funny how something like that sticks in your mind."

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After Grandpa died, my dad, Uncle Tom, and Uncle Ernie ran the business. Uncle George was in California working for American Tobacco Company and Uncle Ted, the youngest son, was in the Navy then, in San Francisco. The business was mortgaged quite high, but they kept it going. According to my dad, "We worked hard and we worked together as a family. I think we were closer then than we'd ever been before because we all missed our dad. I think we worked harder together than we ever did before he died."

Eventually, my dad and Uncle Ernie paid off the loan from Uncle Tony and bought the property across the street to build another gas station. Later, Uncle Ernie went to work for the State of Utah in the Driver's License Division. So Dad was the one who managed the businesses. Uncle Ernie and Aunt Lou never had any children. They were a very happy couple.

Photo on Page 63: Nibley Park Service Station, circa 1958 (remodeled gas station on the northeast corner of 7th East and 27th South, now a flower shop).





My dad introduced his future wife, Afton, to Uncle Ernie because Ernie had just gone through a tough romantic breakup. **Left:** My mom and Uncle Ernie; **Right:** My dad and mom (Jim and Afton)



But, in fact, dad was also attracted to my mom. They were married October 4, 1942. Here is a photo of their wedding day with the wedding party.

Everyone in the family agreed that Uncle George was the most successful Kyriopoulos kid in business. He only completed seventh grade, yet he became the Assistant General Sales Manager for the American Tobacco Company, an executive level position with only two other people above him.



Above: Uncle George with Tom (top) and Johnny [?] Polychronis

The War Years

In 1940, Uncle Ted joined the Navy. He saw a lot of action in the Pacific. He was a great swimmer, which saved his life. He and three other men jumped overboard and swam away to avoid the bombs overhead.

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A few years later, shortly after my mother and father were married, dad joined the Air Force.

Uncle Ernie joined the army in 1941. Uncle Ernie was under General Patton's tank forces in crossing the Rhine.

His division was in the Battle of the Bulge and captured the Rhine Bridge at Remagen. They were the first troops to cross the Rhine where 175,000 German troops were trapped on the West Bank. It was the only bridge left on the Rhine. It was so cold that he suffered even more damage to his lungs and, when he returned home after serving in the Battle of Bastogne and the Crossing of the Rhine, he had to have two-thirds of his lung removed.



Left: Uncle Ted; **Middle:** Grandma and Uncle Ernie;
Right: My mom and dad (Afton & Jim)

For two years, my dad was serving the Army Air Corps (a forerunner to today's Air Force) in Hobbs, New Mexico (where Frank was born). During the war, he was called overseas to the Philippines. He was a Staff Sergeant working on the B-24s' maintenance crew. Eventually, Dad was promoted to Tech Sergeant and was made line chief on the B-24s. His crew's job was to get the B-24s that were in Taiwan in flyable condition to fly back to Manila (in the Philippines).

The actor, Jimmy Stewart, had put his Hollywood career on hold to serve as a pilot during WWII and Dad used to share the story of how, sometimes, Stewart would come down to the hangar and say, "You know, I don't feel like flying today. Can you find something wrong with my plane?" And, of course, Dad was happy to accommodate him.

70 Men who had enough points to be discharged were being sent home and when Dad had enough points, of course, he came home, too. He was fortunate because he went overseas during the war, but he didn't get into the line of fire. He was proud to have had a part in defending our country, but he was also anxious to get back home, so he turned down opportunities for a rank increase and to join the Reserves because he wanted to get back home to his family.

When home on leave, there were always plenty of photo opportunities.



Left: My dad (Jim) and comrade; **Middle:** Grandma and Uncle Ted; **Right:** Uncle Ernie;
Pages 72-73 : Aunt Sophia, Grandma, Aunt Helen, My mom (Afton), and my dad (Jim) & friends







Like Mother, Like Daughter

Aunt Helen as a young girl (looks like Connie growing up!) and later, engaged to Uncle Harry.



Left: Grandma and Aunt Sophia;
Right: Aunt Sophia, Grandma, and Aunt Helen



Aunt Helen's children, Marianne & Connie with Grandma



Marianne & Connie Paloukos and Elaine & Tom Polychronis



Left: Aunt Sophia (at 17); **Right:** Aunt Helen



The Family: Aunt El & Uncle Tom, Afton & Jim (my parents), a family friend & his wife, Aunt Sophie & Uncle Tony, Grandma, Aunt Helen & Uncle Harry.

The Later Years

The Kyriopoulos boys were successful in bringing the properties out of debt and giving Grandma a feeling of independence in her life. She never remarried. She loved Grandpa and she was happy just to be around her children. She never left her home.



Grandma in her kitchen



Above: The Kyriopoulos Kids and their kids in Millcreek Canyon at “The Spruces”
Photo on page 83: Grandma at Holy Trinity Greek Orthodox Church in Salt Lake City, Utah



My father loved his work as an auto mechanic more than he did managing his business. One day, in the early 1960s, a terrible accident happened at the Nibley Park Service Station. Dad was looking under the hood of a customer's car when the car started rolling toward him and he was pinned against the building. He came home to recover and get some rest, but suddenly, I heard the sound of sirens and an ambulance. Dad was on a stretcher being taken to the hospital. It was one of the most traumatic moments in my life. He was diagnosed with a Deep Vein Thrombosis (DVT) and he almost died.

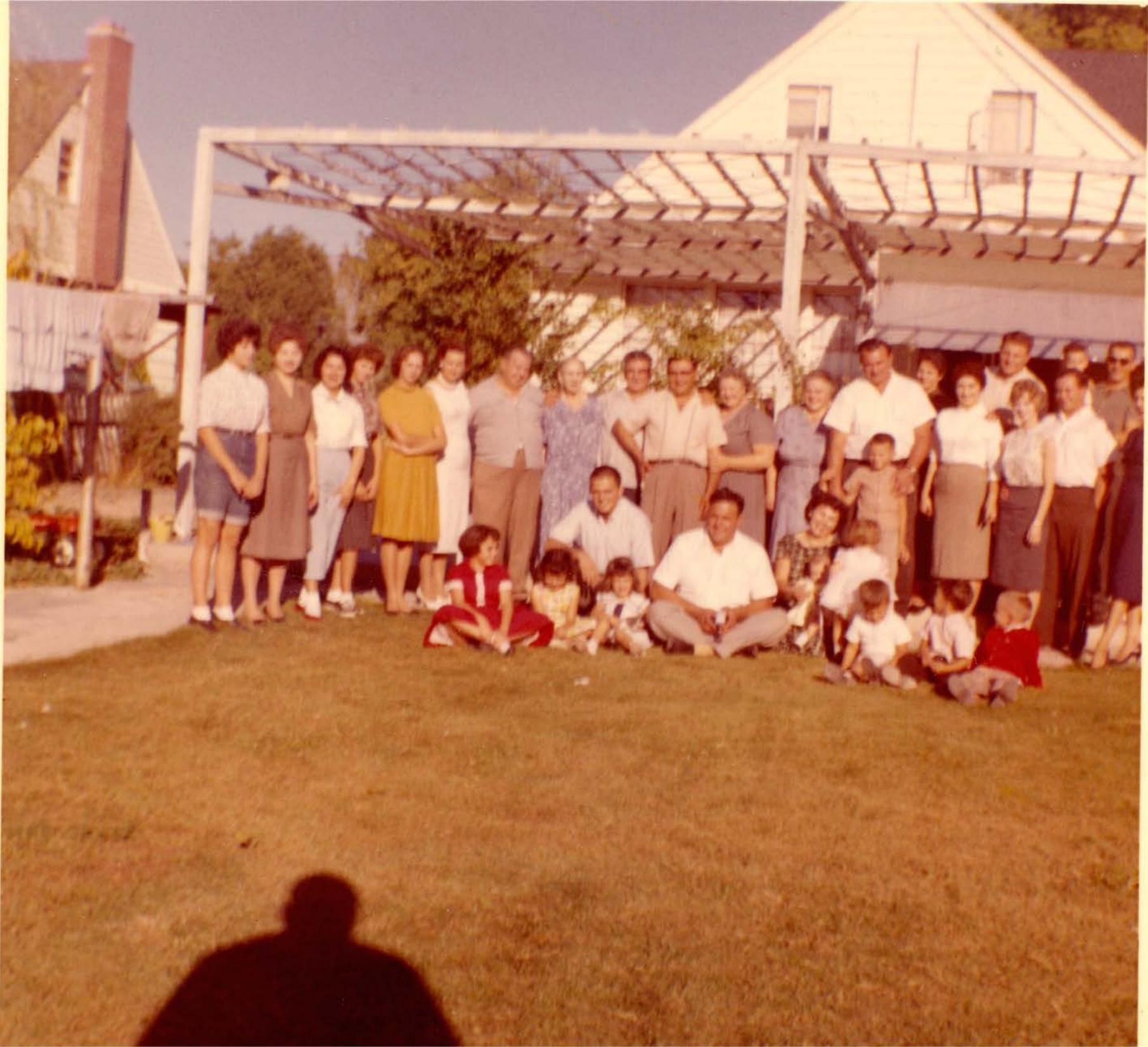
84

The doctor recommended that he focus on managing the business and avoid standing for long periods on the cement floors working on cars. This was a huge transition in his life and in our lives. He decided he could not sit at a desk and watch his employees do the work he loved to do. Dad decided to lease the service station and he ended up in a totally new career as a traveling salesman for Pameco Aire, a heating and air conditioning company.

It was at this point in my family's life that things started to change. Dad felt like Mom had lost respect for him when he decided to leave the family business. My parents had five children together: Frank William, Marjorie Lin, Kathryn Linda, Mary Susan, Debra Ann, and Jami Lee.



My dad at work, Nibley Park Service Station



Family Reunion

Ours was a “Big Fat Greek Family” that loomed large in our lives and kept us all together—in sickness and in health.

The photo on page 86 was taken at our house on Green Street (2498) in Salt Lake City, Utah in the early 1960s:

Front Row: Kathryn, Mary, Debbie, Frank Dad, Mom, Jami, and three more children (?)

Back Row: Me, Connie, Aunt Lu, Teddy, Vicki, Aunt Louise, Uncle Tom, Grandma, Uncle Tony, Uncle Harry, Aunt Helen, Aunt Sophia, Uncle Ted, Elaine, Tom, Charlene, Tommy Jr. & wife, Bob & Marianne Souvall.



Grandma developed Parkinson's Disease in her later years, but she died of stomach cancer when she was 73 years old. I still remember how the nurse (Nedra) came to care for her every day when she was in "hospice" at home. Grandma was a graceful woman, even when she was suffering.





Left Front: My mom, Aunt Helen, Aunt Anne (my mom's sister); **Left Back:** Connie McLeese and Elaine Nicolaysen; **Right:** Elaine Nicolaysen, Uncle Ernie, and Marianne Souvall



My dad with three of his grandkids—Liz, Bill, and Stephanie

Epilogue

Looking back on my interviews with my relatives, I realize that there are at least two sides to every story.

My mother and my father were as different as night and day. Ultimately, this led to their divorce after 28 years of marriage.

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Greek and Swedish. Mediterranean and Scandinavian. Warm and cold.

Despite my grandfather's stern nature, the Kyriopoulos family demonstrated warmth and generosity, even when they themselves had few resources. There was much love and a calm center provided by my grandmother, the Swedish immigrant.

My mother's family, on the other hand, demonstrated their love differently. They were outwardly kind and caring, but some deep seated family secrets seemed to create a distance between them and, very likely, within their primary relationships as well.

I guess I have a little of both sides within me, but I hope to be remembered as a warm woman who lived much of her life in chilly Minnesota.

Marjorie Lin Kyriopoulos



Grandma's Kitchen in Salt Lake City, Utah

Sophia K. Polychronis

Salt Lake City, Utah

Sophia Kyriopoulos Polychronis, age 78, beloved mother, grandmother, sister, and friend to many, died Wednesday, March 12, 1986 in a local hospital of cardiac failure.

She was born in Park City, Utah on January 28th, 1908, a daughter of Frank G. and Anna Sundstrom Kyriopoulos. She attended West High School and later worked as a medical receptionist prior to her marriage to Tony Polychronis of Park City, Utah on February 26, 1928. He died September of 1967.

She was active in several social, church, and fraternal organizations and gave generously of her time to many worthy causes. This dear person suffered the loss of vision and other painful disabilities during the last few years of her life and yet she always displayed courage and gave love and comfort to family and friends alike. She will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved her.

Survived by sons and daughters, Teresa A. Polychronis, New York City; Thomas F. Polychronis, Elaine Polychronis Nicolaysen and Tony Polychronis, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah; she was preceded in death by her four year old son, Johnny Polychronis. Also survived by brothers and sisters, Helen Kyriopoulos Paloukos, Salt Lake City, Utah, Ernest Frank Kyriopoulos, Salt Lake City, Utah, and James T. Kyriopoulos, Mesquite , Nevada; also six grandchildren and several nieces, nephews, and cousins.

Funeral services were held Saturday, March 15 at 1:00 PM at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, 279 South 300 West, Salt Lake City, Utah. Interment at Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

Theodore Kyriopoulos

West Jordan, UT

Theodore "Ted" Alexander Kyriopoulos, 47, 7725 S. 1530 West, died February 27 in a hospital of natural causes. Born July 7, 1923, Salt Lake City, to Frank George and Anna Sundstrom Kyriopoulos,. Married Louise Verla Wills September 7, 1941, Reno, Nev. Salesman, Member Greek Orthodox Church, DAV J.R. Thomas Jr., Chapter No. 6. Survivors: widow, daughters,, sons, Mrs. Richard (Teddie) Bell, Riverton,; Mrs. Carl (Vicky) Voyles, Salt Lake City; John, Steven, West Jordan; grandchild; brothers, sisters, George W., San Mateo, Calif., Ernest F., James T., Mrs Tony (Sophia) Polychronis, Mrs. Harry (Helen) Paloukos, all Salt Lake City. Funeral Tuesday, 11 a.m., Prophet Elias Greek Orthodox Church, 5336 Highland Dr. Prayer Service Monday 6-7 p.m. 5850 9th East, where friends call 6-8 p.m. Burial Memorial Gardens of the Valley.

George William Kyriopoulos (Kaye)

San Mateo, California

George William Kyriopoulos (Kaye) m 64, died January 23, 1974, in Burlingame, California after a lingering illness.

Born February 5, 1909, Park City, Wasatch County, to Frank G. and Anna Sundstrom Kyriopoulos.

Married Mary Lou O'Bannon, April 17, 1949, Houston Texas. Retired executive, American Tobacco Co., 35 years; member Powhatten, New York City; member Greek Orthodox Church.

Survivors: wife: son, James W. Kaye, Arvada, Colorado; daughter, Carolyn Kaye, San Mateo; grandson: Brothers, sisters: Mrs. Tony (Sophia) Polychronis, Mrs. Harry (Helen) Paloukos, Ernest F, James T., all of Salt Lake City.

Funeral Saturday, 2:30 PM Prophet Elias Greek Orthodox Church, 5335 Highland Drive. Burial, Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

James Theodore Kyriopoulos

Salt Lake City, Utah

James Theodore Kyriopoulos, age 74, beloved father, grandfather, brother, and treasured friend to many, died Sunday, November 21, 1993 at a local care center of cardiac failure.

Jim was born in Salt Lake City on March 24, 1919, son of Frank G. and Anna Sundstrom Kyriopoulos. He graduated from West High School in 1937 and was a Lieutenant in the ROTC Battalion. He was a veteran of World War II, United States Army Air Corp in the Pacific Theatre of Operations as a crew chief on a B-17 bomber. Following his graduation, Jim operated Nibley Park Service Station, a family-owned business. Prior to his retirement, he was a salesman for Pameco-Aire and was widely known and respected in the western states. Jim received honors for his dedication to the United Commercial Travelers Association and was recently honored nationally with a Diamond Emblem for 50 years of service.

96 Jim was married fro Afton Chaus on October 4, 1942. They were parents of one son and five daughters. They were later divorced.

Jim was always happy and upbeat. He will be mourned by the many lives he touched and the love and friendship he extended to his family and friends. He is survived by son, Frank (Christine), Springfield, Virginia; daughters, Marjorie (Diego Vazquez) Kyriopoulos, St. Paul, Minnesota; Kathryn Colemere, Salt Lake City; Mary Kyriopoulos, Oakland, California; Debra (Tom) Souvall, Salt Lake City; and Jami (Steve) Switzer, Chicago, Illinois. Also survived by his sister, Helen K. Paloukos and brother, Ernest F., Salt Lake City; and by nine grandchildren, Niko and Christopher Kyriopoulos, William and Elizabeth Bradley, Angie and Stephanie Colemere, Tracy and Alexander Souvall, and baby Switzer.

He was preceded in death by his parents, sister, Sophia K. Polychronis, and brothers, George, Thomas, and Theodore (Ted). Funeral Services held Saturday, November 27, 1993 at Prophet Elias Greek Orthodox Church. Interment at Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

Ernest Frank Kyriopoulos

Ernest Frank Kyriopoulos died on March 27, 2000 of natural causes.

He was born on April 14, 1917, a son of Frank G. and Anna Sundstrom Kyriopoulos in Salt Lake City, Utah. He always said that he was lucky to be born as a member of the greatest generation, in the most exciting period of time of the 20th century. He enjoyed a great ride during his 80 years.

The happiest day of his life occurred on June 16, 1946, when he married his sweetheart, Lula Lagos of South Bend, Indiana. The saddest day of his life was on August 31, 1992, when his beloved Lu died after a valiant seven-year battle with leukemia.

He served his country by enlisting in the U.S. Army in April of 1942, and served honorably as a Sgt. in the 9th Armored Div. under General Patton in the European theater of operations, including the Battle of the Bulge. Ernie was among the first Americans to cross the only bridge across the Rhine River at Remagen, Germany on March 7, 1945. He served the state of Utah for over 30 years as an examining officer for the Driver's License Division and retired in July 1979 as Chief Driver Improvement Analyst, with rank of captain.

He is survived by a sister: Helen Paloukos of Salt Lake City; several nieces and nephews: Teresa Polychronis, New York City, NY; Elaine P. Nicolaysen, Thomas F. (Charlene) Polychronis, Tony Polychronis of Salt Lake City; James W. Kaye, Jackson, Wyoming; Carolyn Kaye, San Mateo, California; Marriane (Bob) Souvall, Denver, Colorado; Connie (Bob) McLeese, Salt Lake City; Frank Kyriopoulos (Christine) of Springfield, Virginia; Marjorie Kyriopoulos, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mary Kyriopoulos, Oakland, California; Kathryn Colemere, Oakland, California; Debra Souvall (Tom) Salt Lake City; Jamie Switzer (Steve), Crystal Lake, Illinois; Teddy Lou Bell, Salt Lake City; John Kyriopoulos, West Jordan; Steven Kyriopoulos, Cache County; and many grand and great-grand nephews and nieces. Preceded in death by parents, and a sister, Sophia, brothers, George, Thomas, James and Ted Kyriopoulos; niece, Vicki Kyriopoulos Voyles. Funeral Services March 31, 2000, Prophet Elias Greek Orthodox Church.

Helen Mary Kyriopoulos Paloukos

Helen Mary Kyriopoulos Paloukos died peacefully on May 15, 2000 after a short illness.

She was born on Nov. 10, 1910 in Park City, UT. Helen married Harry J. Paloukos on Nov. 6, 1932; they were together for 55 years, until he passed away in 1987. Helen will always be remembered as a kind sister, helpful friend, loving wife, marvelous mother, thoughtful aunt, and devoted grand-mother.

She is survived by two daughters, Marianne (Bob) Souvall of Denver, CO; and Connie (Bob) McLeese of Salt Lake City; six grandchildren, Pete (Brenda) Souvall, Harry (Staci) Souvall, David Souvall, Diane (David) Lammle, Shannon (Michael) Walter, Bob (Marylynn) McLeese; seven great-grand-children; and many nieces and nephews, all of whom loved her dearly.

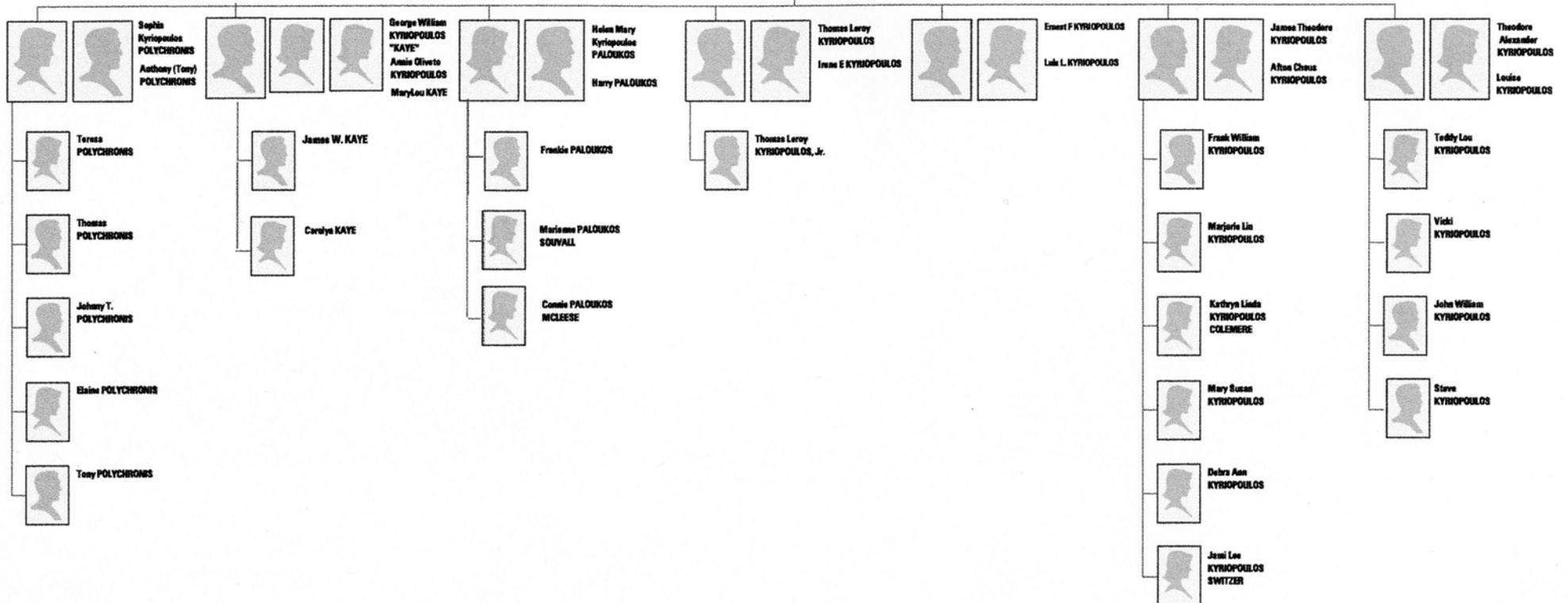
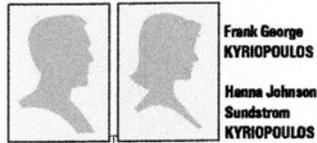
98 Helen was an excellent cook and a masterful ceramic artist who created many beautiful figurines, dolls and collectibles. She was active in the Democratic Party her entire life and served as a registrar for many years. She was also an active member of the Greek Orthodox Church and volunteered her time and energy to many community organizations. She was always there for family, friends, and people in need.

Mother received the most compassionate care from her home health nurse, Gloria Childs. Gloria, our family will forever be grateful to you. The family would also like to thank Giles, Patty, Rosa and all those who were so kind to her at the Chateau Brickyard where she resided and enjoyed many pleasurable years. The family would also like to thank the staff at the Wasatch Valley Rehabilitation Center for their loving care and kindness.

Funeral services Thursday, May 18, 2000 at the Prophet Elias Greek Orthodox Church. Interment at Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park.

Descendants of

FRANK GEORGE and HANNA JOHNSON SUNDSTROM KYRIOPOULOS



The Kyriopoulos Family Tree

Postscript: The Interview Questions

My questions were all open ended, so the conversations were unique with each family member. I tried to ask each of these questions during each interview:

- What was it like to grow up in the [Chaus/Kyriopoulos] family?
- Describe your mother/father and give some examples of things they did, not just physical appearance.
- Describe each sister/brother and tell me which parent they resemble most.
- Are you more like your mother or your father?
- Who was the hero or heroine in your family?
- Who was the archivist, photographer, historian?
- What were each of your parents passionate about?
- What are you passionate about?
- Which family member do you remember as the famous host/hostess during family events?
- Who were the eccentrics in your family? What about them was different?
- What rituals do you recall? Did anyone in your family start rituals? Myths?
- Did you discover any rituals in retrospect? After they happened?
- Do you have a sense of “place” that you associate with your family?
What is the sense of “place” you think about?
- What behaviors or rituals did you take with you to our family? Why?
- Which did you leave behind? Why?

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On May 28th, 1996, I finished my interviews...the first phase of this long process. I was able to spend at least two hours with each living member of my parent’s generation (except my mother’s brother, Uncle George).

Later I realized that my brother, Frank, had interviewed Aunt Helen, Aunt Sophia, and Dad in 1978, so I hired John Wolf of St. Paul, MN, to transcribe our interviews. The interviews provided all of the stories told in this book, *The Kyriopoulos Kids*.

The Kyriopoulos Kids: Growing Up Greek in Utah

Marjorie Lin Kyriopoulos
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