

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MY GRANDMOTHER

ELLA DALTON MINER

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THE BIOGRAPHY OF MY GRANDMOTHER
HANNAH ELNORA DALTON MINER
Born 25 Nov 1877, Died 30 Mar 1947



It is now July of the year 1938, and I [Phyllis Jensen] shall write my grandmother's life history just as she told it to me. I shall always remember my grandmother as being one of the cleanest women I have ever seen. She was always very particular about keeping the floor clean, which was nearly always spotless and shining. She always kept her home neat and orderly. Often she washed clothes every other day. She always tried to be well groomed.

She has a very strong will. When she believes something to be right it is very hard to persuade her to think otherwise. I have seen her talk to people not of her faith who tried to argue with her. She states the facts and her opinion clearly and then lets them talk and she says little. She shows determination in most things she does. She decides what she believes to be right and then does as she believes.

She loves nature. Her back yard is one of beauty with its big lawn, the rose garden, the garden with all its many flowers so it is a mass of color all summer, the tea arbor, and the rock garden with the fish pond. It is quite a large fish pond with nearly a hundred gold fish in it and some water lilies. This garden has had practically constant care. I do not think it has ever gone more than a week or two without being tended. She always kept flowers in the living room, both potted plants and cut flowers. She enjoys riding in the canyon, for she likes the mountains both in the distance as a background and to be on them, although she has a bad heart and cannot go in high places. I would say that she has been to most all of the places that are very well known in Utah or close to Utah for their natural beauty. She likes to travel, and finds beauty in most of the things she sees when she does. She likes to think back on the things she has seen when traveling and to talk of them. She loves live things. Most of the time I can remember she has had a bird. I can think of a magpie, canary, and she has now a love bird.

She does not like to cook. If she cooked for herself alone she would probably eat everything out of a can or bottle or fresh. I've heard her say many times that she hoped people would not eat in the next world.

She loves small babies, and can often comfort and please them better than their own mothers. There have been hundreds of babies born in her home and have spent the first weeks of their life under her care. Now every few months she has a maternity case in her home, and she has now one room fixed especially for patients.

One of her mottos is to never destroy anything. A pride of hers is to collect treasures of good friends and relatives whom she admires and wants to remember. She has dishes that came across the plains.

She has a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and spends much of her time (whenever possible) doing work for the dead. She finds much of their history, which takes a long time, besides going to the temple. It is one of her wishes to see her children

married in the temple. Her son Gene was married in the Manti temple to Emily Jaynes on June 17, 1938 after being married six years for time. This was at the time the 50th anniversary of the Temple was being celebrated; they were married by the president of the Temple, President Young. My father and grandfather witnessed the ceremony. Mother and Mother Miner [ed. note: Ella and Nancy E. Miner] were also present, and Mother said it was in the prettiest room she had ever been in. Her daughter Ovanda, my mother, was also married in the Salt Lake Temple on February 19, 1919. My grandmother has been through all the temples now built but the Canadian and the Hawaiian, and has done work in all but these two. She has been in the Canadian.

Ella Dalton Miner's story in her own words:



Figure 2. Jane Huntington Dalton with daughter Ella

Father [ed: Simon Eugene Dalton] went to Nevada to freight when I was just a little bit of a kid, and mother lived in a little log house on what they called the "Bloody Corner". It was just a two-room log house and all around the fence was thick trees and brush. There was only one little spot for the gate; on each side was grown up with trees - plum trees, willow trees and every kind of tree to make a fence. In those days they felt secluded. The Temple and so many places had a fence around them for the protection from the Indians; and so homes took on that same attitude, and took brush to make high fences, and that was what this corner was.

The reason it was called "Bloody Corner" was that an Indian had hurt a man and he lay down and died there.

Father bought this corner, and two rooms was the home of Mother and me when he went to Nevada to freight. He was gone two years, and Mother hadn't heard from him very often, nor he from her, for he was freighting and there were no trains. So when he came home he was thinking of me as the same little girl as when he left. He brought me some tan shoes and some lined, streaked and striped stockings. We had to

squeeze and squeeze to get them on me. I had my picture taken in them.



Figure 3. Jane Huntington Dalton



Figure 4. Simon Eugene Dalton

When I was just a little thing I had dysentery and while I was sick that way I could not keep anything on my stomach. A doctor woman named Mrs. Dr. Wing told Mother to stir up flour and water and feed it to me. Mother gave it to me, and though it was fed to me as medicine, I learned to like it. Mother used to fix old dry bread for the chickens and pour warm water over it. This had the same flavor, so I used to eat as much as I wanted before I gave it to the chickens. Now, whenever I stir up starch for the clothes, I always taste it first. These are little habits I formed as a child and they have always stayed with me.

The reason I was always Grandmother and Grandfather Huntington's [ed. Oliver B and Hannah Mendenhall Sanders Huntington, b. 1820's, d. 1907's] pet was because I was always there a lot. Mother and I used to stay with them some when Father was away. Grandmother's little girl Zina was about a month older than I, and she died as a baby [ed. b. 20 Oct 1877, d. 11 Sep 1878.] While Mother and I were living with Grandmother when Father was in Nevada, they learned to love me like their own child. Therefore, Grandmother and Grandfather always were a lot to me, and I went to their place often.

Grandfather had a lot of bees. I helped Grandfather; that would be to uncap the honey and put it in the extractor. They didn't sell comb honey. It was solar extracted or machine extracted. Solar would be to put it in the sun and let the sun melt the honey and it would run out of the combs.



Figure 5. Hannah Sanders Huntington 1836-1913



Figure 7. Ella Dalton at 2 years. 1879

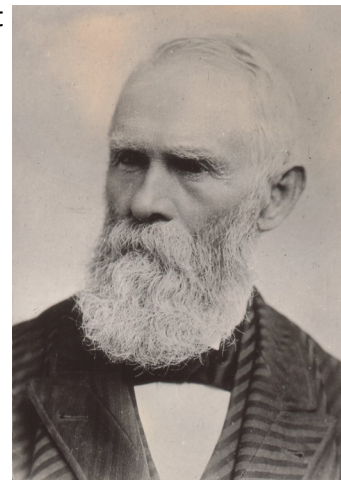


Figure 6. Oliver Boardman Huntington 1823-1907

When I was a small child, I had lots of dark curly hair and big blue eyes. I was active and made friends easily. Mother said I called almost every old person I associated with Grandma or Grandpa, which endeared me in the hearts of lots of people in Springville.

Father's brothers stayed at his home most of the time when he was home, so when I was a tiny baby I was treated quite rough at times. They would hold a broom and let me hold it with both hands and then swing me high and run from my mother. Or at times these brothers would place my little hands over a grape rack and run away, letting me hang until Mother got to me. Such actions made me very strong in the wrists which has lasted all my life.

I never went to school a full year in my life. I had some kind of sickness every winter. One of the winters when I was a little child and Father was in Nevada, I had malaria fever, and it left me with pleurisy. I had it so bad that the lining on my ribs grew to my side, and I could never jolt far in a wagon. Most of my life I was sick some of the time through the winter.

When just a little girl, Uncle Mell Dalton [ed. John Melvin Dalton??] used to live just east of our home. His wife had babies fast. [close together] There were five years between Jennie [ed. sister Jennie Theresa Dalton, b. 17 Nov 1883] and me. Uncle Mell used to take Father and Mother riding and leave me to tend their kids because I was older. I had tended them as much as I wanted one night, so when Mother came home I had the small one on the step outside the door, the others on the floor inside asleep. I was blowing in the baby's face to keep it still, until I was nearly given out. Mother asked me what I was doing. I just quit blowing long enough to say, "I am tired," and went on blowing in the baby's face.

Mother and Father's place had a lot of trees on it. There was a lot of underbrush, and we used to go under and gather fruit. One day as Mother stumbled over a stick and spilled her apron full of apples she said "Damn it." In a little bit I caught my dress and I said the same as Mother. She turned around and said I would go to the devil. I told her I wanted to, because she had said it first.

On the 17th of November, 1883, Jennie, the first child after me, was born. A day or two after she was born, I was sitting by the fire all so glum when Grandmother wanted to know what was the matter. I said, "I don't wish she was dead and I don't want you to give her away now you have her, but I do wish you had never got her!"

Not long after Jennie's birth, I went to sit on the north fence or poke my head through the boards and watch for Aunt Mary Crandall, our beloved teacher, and as was the custom, on the very day I was six years old, Aunt Mary took my hand and led me to school.

While Grandmother Huntington was Primary President, I acted as assistant secretary. I was then ten years old, and all the rest of my life I have held offices in the Church.

A neighbor, Sister Warren, had a big front room so it was used as a theater and dance place for neighbor kids. The winter just after I passed ten, some of the older girls planned a bow dance. The girls put a bow in an envelope and put it in a big box. A bow exactly like it was pinned on her, then the boys drew the bows in the envelopes. George Miner (my future husband's brother) got mine, but when it came to going home, I stoutly objected, saying I could go home alone. It was not far and I was not afraid, but the big girls hired me to let George take me home.

That winter I became a young lady, about three months after my tenth birthday. [ed. I think she means menstruation began.] Being Grandmother and Grandfather Huntington's favorite grandchild, Grandmother took me to Salt Lake City often with her to Conference, and I stayed at Aunt Francis Jacob's most of the time. Grandmother was a licensed midwife and nurse, being called on very often to lay out the dead. I was often taken to help.

I had my ears pierced when I was about nine years old. One was done with a bullet, cut sharp on the two ends and pinched each day a little nearer. The other one was done by a silk thread in a needle with a block of wood back of it. The needle was pushed clear through the ear, and each day the thread was pulled a little to make the hole heal. In those days nobody used make-up, powder and paint. There was no such a thing. The first thing I ever remember was a little bag of cornstarch. This I remember using a little while before I was married. If you cleaned your finger nails and cleaned your teeth, you were made up. If you did not have curly hair, you put it up in ringlets. My hair was always curly

and Mother curled it on her finger.

Mother always ran and took the buckets, had the meals ready on the dot, never complained, never was sick. Very few days Mother ever lay abed except to have her babies. She was a strong, healthy, well, ambitious, vigorous, wide-awake, generous, hospitable woman, and loved the men and boys above everything and everybody.

At the age of 14, I went to work for Lute Deal. Mrs. Deal was in bed sick and Mr. Deal worked in the store. There were four children who knew nothing of discipline. I did everything - washing, housecleaning, cooking, and nursing - all for \$1.25 per week. When I went to get the money, Mr. Deal gave me part of it and wanted to know if I wouldn't trade the rest of it out in his store, Deal Brothers & Mendenhall. I did this and bought me some calico for 25¢ a yard and made me a dress. When I went to work for Deals I weighed 128 lbs. but when I left I weighed 105 lbs.

I worked in homes for different people for as low as 10 ¢ a day. I worked for Aunt Net Dalton, not steady, but now and then, and she gave me 25¢ a week and thought she was doing well.

I graduated from the eighth grade in school at the age of 16. From the age of eleven I went out a great deal nights to dances and house parties. Most dances were held in homes. The carpets were taken up, the furniture moved back, and an organ, a violin, and sometimes a paper over a common comb made the only music, but it was lots of fun. We met often in these house parties, but were nearly always home before midnight.

I would rather work out than work in the fields, therefore I tried to find me a job. I was 16 years old before my brother Gene was born, and that was father's first boy. I was just ready to marry. Father was surely strict. One evening Med came to take me to a party, I was ready and Mother had said to leave the baby with Father when Med came, and it was time to go. Then Mother left to go as was her habit in the evening, calling on neighbors and friends. When Med arrived, I said to Father, "I believe I will leave the baby with you now and go to the dance." And then he said "Oh, no, you won't. You stay right here until your mother comes. I am not going to tend that kid." So I "chewed tacks" and tended the baby while Med also sat and waited until Mother came.

I went a half a year to the BYU at Provo, and then Father would not let me go any longer, because he thought it was unnecessary. I had to work like a boy when I was home and I did not like it, so when Med Miner asked me to marry him, I did. He was a jolly, good sort of a man. I had to take the place of a boy with my father on the farm during the summer. I always had to milk the cows because he did not like to milk. Many is the time I have left my young man in the front room, slipped on an old dress and milked the cows. Then back to the front room smelling like a corral to go out for the evening. Father had two teams and I had to drive one. That was one reason that made me marry young, for I did not like this strict outside work. Father used to pull my ears as punishment until the time I was married. He kept me on strict rigid rules, so when I got a chance of a change of work, I was willing to go. He did not let me go to school and he made me work on the farm, and I did not like it.

Med ran in the crowd that we ran in, and I used to go with a Sanford boy, who was a relative. There was a bunch of boys that used to go in a crowd. One night there was going to be a Bird and Mendenhall Family Reunion. Bird Huntington asked me to go to it with him. There was another dance in Reynold's Hall. As I came down the street hurrying home

from Aunt Ellie Huntington's, Med, who had been looking for me, rode up on a big white horse. He asked where I was going and I said I was going to the reunion. And I went on down the street. He said then, "I will go with her yet." he next night or two there was a Kickapoo Indian Sagawa entertainment at the depot. I was with Clara Miller, and Med and Henn Clark asked us to go to a dance while we were at this place. I would not go in the dress I had on. Across the road from Reynold's Hall was a livery stable. Med hired a horse and buggy to take me home to change my dress and then brought me back to the dance. From then on we went together. It was for the most of two years.

We used to ride in a little sulky cart, a two-wheeled cart built for one man to ride in, especially for horse racing. he horse's tail was almost up in our laps. We rode to school at the BYU in Provo until it got too cold. Then we lived at a three-room house with two other Sanpeters, Mell Miner and O. K. Hanson, who later became mayor of Provo. We finished our examinations in January and were married the sixth of February in the Salt Lake Temple.

Med Miner ran a meat market. Bert, his brother, helped some. Their father was on a mission to the Southern States. Med was the oldest at home, so he had to care for the family. His father had been gone about two years.



Figure 8. Med and Ella Miner Wedding Photo—ages 22 and 17

When we went to Salt Lake to get married, he and I took a load of cowhides that had collected around the meat market. Also in the covered wagon with us and the cowhides were Marium Dalton, Mary Miner (Sanpete Mary) and Will Chase. We stayed with Aunt Zina Card.

We were married in the temple on February 6, 1895. That night at Will Chase's home Aunt Libbie Chase gave us a very nice reception. The house was full of young and old people. Many pretty and useful things were given us. The next day Med loaded the covered wagon with coarse salt and we proceeded home. Mother Dalton, with the help of Aunt Nell Clark and Aunt Sadie Dalton, gave us a very nice reception, asking all the very near relatives and some friends. Very few presents were given; not one from his mother and the bunch at home. When I was married I was in the Temple for the very first time. I was very proud and happy when I went through the Temple with all of my children which are now living.

Med and I lived with Mother and Father Dalton in their three-room log house about three months. Then we moved upstairs in the Miner Building on Main Street. About this time Med's father came home and took over the meat market. While we lived upstairs, everything we had was second-hand, but enough that our little nest of three rooms was comfortable. Then I started out on a nine-months trip, and I was, oh, so sick. But I managed to keep teaching the Sunday School, where Med was counselor to the Sunday School

Superintendent. I also taught in Primary and Mutual. In 1908, I was counselor to Nellie Robison in Primary, but kept teaching in other organizations.

Med went to work in the brick kiln and got enough bricks to build our little house way out south past the sugar factory. Oh, how I hated that house. We could only finish one room, where we lived, slept, ate—everything in the 15 by 15 room. I dug a cellar with a fire shovel and covered it with old boards and straw.



Figure 10. The Dalton home, photo c 1980



Figure 9. Miner building in Springville—1991 photo

Our first born, a girl, was born in Mother Dalton's home on April 14, 1896. Grandmother Huntington, the only doctor, took charge. When this tiny girl was eight days old, Grandfather Huntington came and blessed and named her Ovanda, after Uncle Dimick's wife, Ovanda Crandall Huntington.

The next summer we went to work for Kelsey's Saw Mill in a log camp at Nine Mile. While we were living in the tent, Vanda took pneumonia. I was a young and unexperienced mother, but I did everything I could think of; I even gave her chamber lye. She got worse right along, and finally one of the boys took me down to the railroad station and put me on the train with my little sick baby. Med got on a horse and rode all the way from Nine Mile all night long. He got here just a few hours after I did on the train with the baby. She nearly died; for days we watched her every minute. In those days when a baby had pneumonia they soaked the child in grease and never undressed it and opened up the pores until it was better, or dead. She did not die. This was during the time that my father was in the Bishopric. [Loren Harmer was Bishop; Seymour Snow and S. E. Dalton were counselors.] Every night for over a week those two men came with father to pray for Vanda. Finally the fever broke; it was a long time before she fully recovered.



Figure 11. Seymour Snow, Loren Harmer and S.E. Dalton, first Bishopric of the 2nd Ward.

After being up in the hills all summer working, working, scheming and twisting, we came out in the fall with \$8.00 in debt for our summer's work. We had not a thing prepared for winter. Having been in the canyon all summer, I had not put up fruit; we had not five cents; not a thing on earth to live on. Med went to Gid Wood's and got a knife, had it

sharpened, and went out killing pigs to earn us some food and some clothes.

Many a night I have gone to bed hungry and cold because I had no food nor fuel. We lived in one room, slept and ate in one bare room, with no fuel to keep it warm, no food to go in our mouths and no clothes to go on our backs. This was that little room out south, and how I did hate that house. We built two rooms, but only finished one. Nineteen months after I had my first baby, I had my little boy, Glenn Marion. Once when we were awfully cold, Med went over to borrow a scuttle of coal, for we did not have any, and Grandfather Miner had lots of it. He let us take a bucket full, but for days afterward Grandfather came every evening until he could get back that bucket of coal.

The summer we were at Kelsey's saw mill we bought a horse, an old harness and an old wagon. That fall when we came home, we owed \$8.00 on the bunch of it.

When I went to bed with little Glenn, Vanda was only 19 months old. She was a little thing and scared in the dark. The girl who had been helping us went home and left me. Med went to work and dark came on. The bed was high; it was a straw mattress on a high old bedstead, but I got off and lighted the lamp; then I fainted away. When I came to, I and both babies were chilled. My baby was only three days old. I never felt good after that for years, but the third baby came.

During this time, Med was working at almost everything - for different people, on the railroad, in timber and farming. Just before Glenn was born we finished up the other room.

Ralph was born September 12, 1899. Glenn lacked about three months of being two years old then. When Ralph was just a baby he took cold and it settled in his ears. It caused a gathering that went on the brain and he died at six months. A lump came by his ear bigger than a walnut and then traveled back. He went into fits. If he had lived, he would never have been bright.

We had nothing to ride to town in, so on Sunday morning we all got on old Nig's back. He was our pet horse. Med held Vanda; I held Glenn. We rode as far as Mother Dalton's and then walked the rest of the way. Med was in the superintendency; I was a teacher. The mud was so deep and thick that wagons or buggies could not always get through, so old Nig was best to go on. In the summer I would put my two or three kiddies in an old baby buggy and go visit Mother. When leaving this little old house, I would pray that this out-of-the-way place would burn down, for I hated it.

Just before our fourth baby was born, Med got an old second-hand buggy. On the 20th of July, 1901, a bunch of the Miners went down to Utah Lake at a place called the Duck House. Phil and Minnie Chase kept it for a bunch of Salt Lake City sportsmen. I had been miserable for two weeks, but thinking I had two weeks more before my baby was born, we left to spend the 24th of July with Aunt Minnie. I woke up in pain. I had been in lots of pain for almost two weeks, but this night it was more severe and I was passing water. Med took his drawers [underwear] and made pads, and got cloths to catch the water. By daylight Med had brought old Nig and the buggy to the door and we started for home. Between pains Med whipped old Nig pretty hard on the tail; he went on a lope. Then, when the pain was too bad, he would stop. We had to pass Grandmother's place, so Med went in and asked her to come go home with us. She said no, that it was Sunday. But she did come out to the old buggy. When she saw me she threw her apron on the grass and said, "Med, you hurry!" We got home and had several hours of hard work, but on July 21, 1901,



Figure 12. Arlean at six months.

at 10 a.m., just Sunday School time, we had our curly-headed girl, our Sunday School child, Arlean.

Old Nig and the buggy got us home all right that time, but the day when Arlean was blessed in Church the buggy broke down right in the middle of town as we were trotting along. Myself and my three little kids, all dressed up, were compelled to sit in the street and wait for Med to rustle bailing wire to patch up the old buggy so we could go on. When Arlean was blessed there were only three children, as little Ralph had died at the age of six months.

Often Med and my three babies would get old Nig, our good old black horse, and ride as far as Mother's. Then we would climb off and brush the hairs off and walk on down to church, and we would not miss many Sundays. Conference was in Provo, for then we belonged in Utah Stake, and not many conferences would we miss. We had friends and relatives and we attended our meetings. We used to go to Jim Bate's. He would get us out and take our horse and unhook it, and Mrs. Bates would keep the kids and we would go to meeting. At noon he would ask Dad to ask the blessing on the food, and at night he would have the horses hooked up and ready to take us home. There was not a speck of Mormonism in him, but he admired us for our belief and helped us live it.

After we rode Old Nig so much and had three babies, Med went to Provo and from Wagner bought a buggy, the first we ever owned. And were we proud! Much more than we are now that we buy an automobile. It cost \$145 and oh, how proud we were; just like peacocks. We sat up there six feet in the air and held old Nig's lines and rode right along. We had an awful harness which would break and the horse would walk right out and leave us sitting in the street, but until the bailing wire gave out we would be all right. We got the buggy while we still lived out south, just before Arlean was born.

When Arlean was very small we moved to town and lived in the back rooms of the meat and grocery store that Med and Bert were running. I was so tickled to nurse a baby longer than two or three months that I let her nurse too long; I lost my fingernails, and she got gatherings under her jaw. She walked at 9 months, and one Sunday while we had company in the back room where we lived, she got through the middle door and into the front part of the store. When her father discovered her she was all given out (tired) and just a-puffing, for she had mixed six or seven bins of rice and coffee and sugar and mush, pouring them back and forth. She was just a-sweating when we found her. She used to run away and go clear down Main Street at 9 months. She was always a smiling, good-natured, laughing child; she was like this all her life.

We moved out of the back of the store into Aunt Bine (Zabina) Alleman's little white house.

During this summer I was awfully miserable. Part of the time we were homesteading 160 acres of land east of Salem. I would go out there on the hill to get out of sight and hearing, and lay in the shade and wait for this baby to come. Here I went and lived in a tent, and we built a one-room shack.

That August 15th (1903), our baby Nancy Louise was born. I nearly died and so did she at the birth. She weighed barely four pounds dressed.

Nancy was only 6 weeks old when our little Glenn took sick. He had typhoid fever, pneumonia, an abscess in the lungs was tapped that made indigestion which caused convulsions, and he also had brain fever. He had his sixth birthday while in bed. Med took Vanda into Salt Lake City in the morning of the 24th of December, 1903, to get gifts for our little Glenn, who had been in bed for more than three months. When they returned in the evening, the brain fever had claimed him.

We then moved to Provo and lived just across the road south from the Maeser School, where Vanda went to school. Med went to work at Farron and Hinkley's meat market. The kiddies all had whooping cough here and little Nan nearly died.



Figure 13. Glenn, age 5 (1902)

After we came back from Provo, we moved out in front of Ed Anderson's, and Med wrote life insurance. One day I wanted a stove that was over on the Salem place that we had homesteaded, and I had wanted it a long time. Med was writing life insurance and did not feel like he could get it. So I took my three little kids, Old Nig and the buggy, and went to Salem and loaded that iron stove alone. I cut two little trees and placed them in the back of the buggy and then took some more sticks and rolled it, and worked -- I don't know how -- until I got it in the buggy.

It was about this same time that I used to hire and scold Vanda and make her play the organ five minutes a day, and don't you ever think that wasn't a pill. She took music lessons from Mattie Starks from Payson. I was determined, so I made her practice every day, because I had to pay Mattie Starks for those lessons that she took. And even after I had gone and got the stove at Salem, I made her practice. I had to work all day to make her practice that five minutes.

All this time, with all these babies, Med and I held some position in the Church. I worked in Primary, and we both worked in Sunday School, and he was in the Elders' Quorum. I was always working when my father was in the ward bishopric. All the time I had my family I worked in the ward and so did Med. When I was in Provo I worked there, and wherever we were, we worked in the Church.



Figure 14. Vanda alone and with Aunt Ruth Miner Bennion.

Our sixth child, Eugene Dalton Miner, was born March 27, 1907.



Figure 15. Arlean and baby brother Gene Miner, 1907

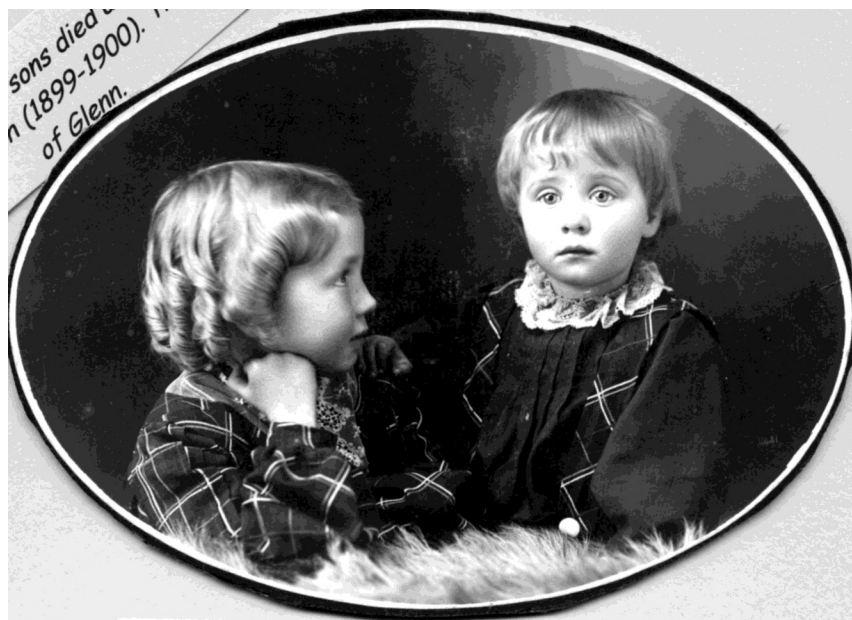


Figure 16. Arlean & Nancy, 1907



Figure 17. Eugene D. "Gene" Miner and his father "Med" Miner.

Montana Years:

When Gene was three years old, we left for Montana. Nell Robertson was president of the Primary, and I was her counselor. I was also a teacher in Sunday School and a teacher in Mutual. I resigned these positions and took my three kids,



Figure 18. Gene, Nan, Arlean, Vanda and Ella, abt. 1912

leaving Vanda, the oldest, at home. There was Arlean, Nan and Eugene. I went to Montana to join my husband, who was to work there in the camps of the USRS [United States Reclamation Service.]



Figure 19. Arlean, Nancy Louise and Gene, in Montana, about 1912. Contrast these photos with the prior studio ones.

That summer I cooked for 19 men in the government schoolhouse. The only white woman other than myself was the teacher, and the rule was that she must have a white woman tend the house or she couldn't go away. So when I came into the country, she got me to take over the house (the government schoolhouse) and the house where she lived. There I kept the 19 men and cooked for them, with my three little kids. The government was finishing a shack for me to live in at another place there on the reservation. Sarah Myers was the schoolteacher and brought home with her Nellie Myers, her cousin. That night as we sat down to the table with the men, Nellie started immediately to eat. The rest waited and Med asked the blessing. After supper we got to talking. She asked questions and I answered them until she found out I was a Mormon. Her nose went into the air and she left the room.

For several days she stayed in her room and Sarah took food into her. I left Mormon literature lying around and would take my little kids and leave the house. I purposely left the Lihona opened to an account of George Miner on a mission in the East, where he was preaching in a school house. He had asked for entertainment (a place to stay) and been refused. He and his companion left town, trying along the road to get entertainment. Just at dusk, a wagon overtook them and the message was to return to the town, which they did. But before they got back, the old lady who had said they had stolen her purse had found it. This made the mayor feel badly, so he asked the boys to come to his place for the night. This gave the boys a chance to tell the mayor's family of their Church and of the gospel they were preaching.

Nellie read this article and several others in the Era and in the Juvenile Instructor. After three days of solitude in the room, she came out and ate again at the table with the men. Not long after, my little place was finished and I moved away. Later we went 40 miles up stream near Browning to make some ditches and Nellie got on a load of timber

and rode that 40 miles by team to pay me a visit. When I got ready to come home, she begged me to bring her with me, but I had no improvements and did not feel to take the responsibility of caring for her, so discouraged her coming at that time. She wrote to me for years, very good letters, always praising me and my family for the character that she found in us, even if we were Mormons.



Figure 21. Government housing in Montana. Ella's descriptions of some of the places are sad.

Nimrod Davis was an Indian who had been to school and learned to read and write. One day while we were staying at Frazer, Montana, I gave him a book of Mormon; told him a little about it; told him it was the history of his people; told him to take it and read it and study it. He took this Book of Mormon with him and read and read. One day he came back with it wrapped up in a shawl which was all covered with fleas. I told him he did not need to give the book back, that he could keep it. He was very grateful and left holding the book close to him. Later he embraced the gospel. Brother Ballard, now Apostle Ballard, was the president of the Northwestern Mission. Brother Ballard appointed him Presiding Elder over that country there. This little Book of Mormon was the means for him to receive the gospel. He later had his wife make me and each of my children a pair of beaded moccasins.



Figure 21. Babb, Montana about 1911. Med is to the far left, Ella on the right. The middle man may be Med's brother Austin or some friends visiting from Cardston. Gene is the youngest one in front.

That summer was 108 F. in the shade. The soot and smoke from the burning Idaho forests was so dense that we never saw the sun for over a week, and when we did it looked like a great big red tub.

We left Frazer on the top of loads of lumber and provisions and went up Poplar Creek about 40 miles and camped. There I lived in one room, not a very large one, either. The bed was on hinges and swung up against the wall through the day. The table did the same. Our stove was a little two-hole stove and at night the bed went over the top of it. Med and I and three kids lived in that one room the rest of that summer. It was at this camp that Nellie

Myers came and visited me.

Med was foreman and the Indians were under him. [Most of the work was on Reservation land.] They made ditches, reservoirs and laterals. We came home to Springville for the winter, but we lived in Montana until it got to 17 degrees below before we left.

It was here that people from Canada came over to see us and we went up to see the glaciers. We saw lots of the park going on trips. These people from Canada came over to visit us. They were about 18 strong at one time. I jumped off onto the edge of a bank and sprained my ankle and was laid up for about three weeks. We were 40 miles from a doctor. The ankle went black in streaks clear to my knee. I managed to pull myself around with my knee in a chair. With the help of the kids I could get around and care for two boarders. It was in

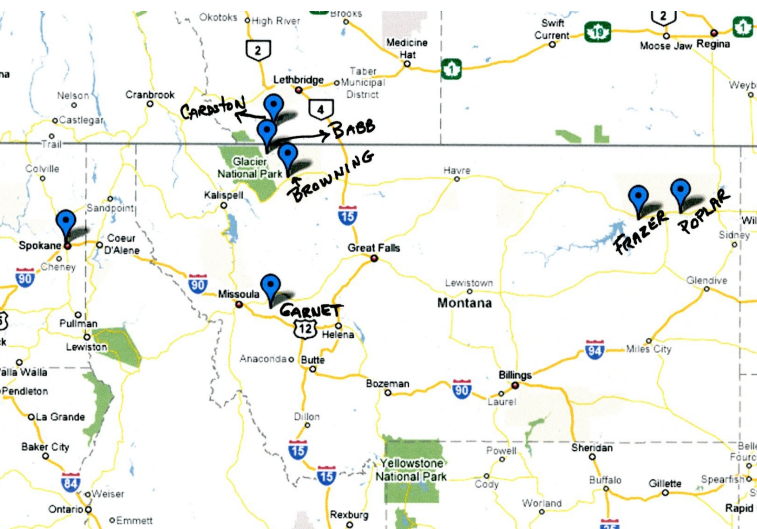


Figure 22. Map of Montana showing the various work sites where they lived, plus Cardston, Canada and Spokane, Washington, where they spent winters.

Babb that I met and got acquainted with Ora Card.



Figure 23. Part of the Indian workers' camp at Poplar, Montana.

We had fish all the time. The lake and the river were full of fish, mountain trout and lake trout. Arlean did much of the cleaning. Vanda was scared to put the worm on the hook or take the fish off. Arlean did both for all of us. One day we went out fishing; Arlean said, "Everybody who catches fish today cleans their own." So we caught about 80 and came home. We could have caught three times that. Sometimes we would find fish in schools. It looked like it would take a good-sized room to hold the fish. After the lake froze over, the Indians kept holes cut 50 feet apart and every day they would pull the net and the fish up. The next day they would pull the fish up through the next hole, chopping the ice away each time. This way we had fresh fish whenever we wanted it and all the time. This was when Eugene was 4 years old; his father came and helped him land a fish that was so big he couldn't land it alone.



Figure 24. Indians near Babb.

We moved from there to Garnet. I was the cook, Med was the foreman, Vanda was the "cookie", and the rest of the kids just helped. We ran this big camp and I cooked for 48 men. We had a great big stove - about 6 feet long - with one hole in it, and we could bake 25 loaves of bread at one time. We worked awfully hard. My whole right side was numb.

When we left there on the 10th of November it was 10 degrees below zero. Everything froze up solid. Each little kid was given a bundle and as we went to the train we had to flag the train down. As we went out Arlean was ahead and she went over the bank in a drift of snow. An old Negro porter came and dug her out. She was still clinging on to her cat and bundle. Twenty-five miles down the line was Headquarters Camp and we got the porter to drop the cat off at Headquarters so it would not freeze.

We went on into Spokane, Washington. It was a beautiful ride through much timber. Spokane was like spring. We asked for the location of some Latter-Day Saints at the depot and were directed to a Josephite church. Not knowing the difference, we met the minister with open arms, but it did not take long for him to ask if we were Brighamites. When we proudly told him we were, he turned a cold shoulder to us. Later that evening we found some real Mormons.



Figure 25. The missionaries in Spokane, 1912, with the Mission President, Melvin J. Ballard (middle row, 2nd from left.) He was later an Apostle.

The next day we moved to an apartment close to a school. Arlean and Nan went to this school, but Vanda went clear across town, about four miles, to a high school. The lady that rented us the house did not know we had kids. We had been there two or three weeks when she found out about them and told us we would have to move. I smilingly said "all right," and put on my hat to hunt another apartment. She stopped me in

the hall and said, "Your kids are so quiet I never knew you had them. Stay on a while." After a few days one of the ladies in the flat came to the door and asked me if I was a Mormon. I told her I was and she was shocked. She went back down the hall and brought in the six ladies out of the flats and said that they had promised themselves all their lives that they would never look nor speak to a Mormon; and here they had been talking to me for nearly a month, not knowing I was one.

I explained as near as I could the principle of polygamy, which was their biggest objection to Mormonism. I told them I thought it was much more desirable for a woman to marry a man than just to live with them for fun, which I knew some of them were doing. I defended my religious rights as well as I could. I smiled and jollied with them; I explained our missionary idea. Before we were through talking, Brother Best and Brother Stringham, two missionaries that we had met before, came up the steps. I introduced them to the ladies, and with their good kind help, we were set right with these girls.

This happened just before Christmas and at Christmas time each lady presented my children with a small gift; only two other babies were on the flat. One lady said, "That oldest girl may be your husband's daughter, but not yours."

After several months in this flat, I left for Babb, leaving Vanda living on the other side of town. When I took sick in Babb and was taken to Cardston, Canada, and operated on, the ladies in the flat hearing of it gave Vanda \$10 and a valise and told her to go to her mother, and if she needed more, they would be glad to give it to her. When I left the flat every woman cried and told me how glad she was to have met me, and they would never be prejudiced against Mormonism again.

Every Sunday while living in Spokane I had some of the missionaries for dinner. Apostle Ballard was the president of the Northwestern Mission and he ate to my table more than once. Headquarters of the mission was in Portland. I left Vanda in Spokane to live with a family and work for board and room and go to school. When she heard that I was sick and had gone to Canada, she came to Babb.

I left Babb with an Indian man, Emmet Ozaar, and he took me to the home of Sterling Williams [ed. note: The son of Zina Young Card]. He and his wife prepared their home and I had a minor operation. [Probably a D&C ?] I had been thrown from a horse, landed on my back and began to hemorrhage. I was pregnant at the time and after hemorrhaging for a month I got weak. The nearest doctor was Cardston, Alberta.

Arlean was 12 years old and at camp in Babb she took care of Nan and Eugene, cooked, and kept my two boarders. After 10 days in Cardston, they came to get me in a government white-top buggy. Arlean had chicken pox, so she got the old cook at the U.S. camp to make her bread and pies. Other than that she did all the housework and cooking while I was in Cardston. When I got home Vanda got there from Spokane.

At Babb, Hinkles lived just across the way from our camp on the edge of Glacier National Park. We visited them often. She was an old full-blooded squaw; he was a full-blooded white. Every other one of their four kids was the image of an Indian, and every other one was light and looked like a white person. We went there often, as they were very good company. Once an Indian is a friend, he is always a friend. One day she wanted a piece of cloth to finish a dress. It was about three miles to the store, so she sent her white husband on a horse with a sample to get some of the cloth. When he returned she saw it was not the same. Then she swore at him, called him a fool, a devil, an idiot, and after she had said every mean, dirty thing she could think of, she said, "You're worse than a buck Indian!"



Figure 26. Browning, Montana. Fourth of July 1912.

This squaw, Mrs. Hinkle, had all of her good front teeth covered with gold plate because she thought they looked pretty and because she had the money. She could use a gun as well as any man and could ride a horse very well. [Ed. note: Vanda says her mother was friendly with all the Indians. They liked her very much.]

At Browning, near Babb, the Indians prepare the whole year for the Fourth of July celebration. They make dresses out of little narrow strips of ribbon. Big dresses have big collars and on the edge of the collars are little mirrors, aluminum thimbles, anything for show. The men had strips of buckskin fringed and little looking glasses (mirrors) on their shirts and pants. They did the Sun Dance and the Snake Dance, and for days at a time they feasted and celebrated. All the little dogs that they could get together would be killed and roasted for the celebration (similar to the way we reverence the turkey on Thanksgiving). A Fourth of July is not a Fourth of July with the Indians unless they have a puppy roasted. They would celebrate for days and days, feasting and dancing and merry making. The Indians held this celebration in Browning, Montana, because it was a trading post.

We fished and went up the canyon and had a lovely time all summer. That fall the kids and I moved over to Cardston in Canada for the kids to go to school. They had ten months of school there; it started the latter part of August. We lived in one room of Mr. and Mrs. John Kearn's home for a while. Then when Teena Williams got sick and they had to take her to Salt Lake City to be operated on, we went into her home to keep things up. she had five children and I had four. Sterling was in the bank. I was in their home three months. Oh, but it was a dirty home. I cleaned it all and even had poor little Seymour's hair cut, which had never been combed for weeks and weeks. I cleaned up the kids; cleaned up the house.



When Mrs. Williams came home we went in Josephs' place

Figure 27. Ice skating in Cardston. Med at right, Ella next. Don't have names on the other adults.

upstairs on Main Street in Cardston. In that place upstairs is where it got so cold that winter that everything was frozen. Hydrants which were four feet under the ground froze. We went sleigh-riding when it was 48 degrees below zero. The breath of the horses froze in icicles on their sides. There were two men to drive the team and when one man's eye wipers and eye brows would get ice all over them, he could come under the covers with me and the kids and that lantern to thaw out. By that time the other man was covered with icicles. But we took our six-mile ride to buy some hay. This was up the St. Mary's Lake.

More than one night as we slept in this place on Main Street upstairs, it was so cold with the fire never going out that dishes of water froze solid in the room. We put the little carpets from the floor on the bed, and the five of us were in one bed, and the hot water

bottle which we took with us to bed, got down in the covers at the foot and the water froze in the bottle which was under the covers. One day when it was bright and sunshiny, Vanda hung the clothes on the line and froze her fingers, and was it painful! We called the doctor and did everything, and oh, did that poor thing suffer with those fingers!

While we were living at Sterling William's home, we went skating often. There was a stream that went through the middle of town. In the winter this stream would freeze. In the daytime, the stream would thaw a little and then freeze again at night. The constant thawing and freezing made the stream about 15 times its natural size. This made a beautiful skating rink right through the middle of town. It was from this stream that we also got our water both to drink and to wash in. We would cut a hole in the ice and go through the hole with a 10-pound lard bucket to get the water. This gave us all the water we used.

Once when Med and I and the Williamses were skating, we were having a race. I was with Sterling and we were going as fast as we could. My skate caught in his and I fell and was knocked unconscious. I had my hair bobbed [long hair worn on top of the head with combs in the back of it.] One comb went into my head for about one-half inch and then some of the teeth broke off in my head.

It was so cold that we could not make any snow balls. But we would wear clothes enough to shut out the cold. When we would go skating, we would build a big fire on the ice and as we skated, we would get warmer so we would take off one coat after another to cool off and when we stopped skating, we would go by the fire. We would not wear shoes inside our overshoes. We would just wear four or five pairs of stockings inside. Of course, we could not take off all our coats when we skated, but just some of them.

In going from home to the bank one evening in a blizzard, Vanda and I could only make a few feet before stopping and turning our backs to get our breath. It was only about three blocks, but we nearly perished in that blizzard. I always thought that one cell of my lung was frozen; and to this day when I am very tired, I can find that spot in my back about as big as a dollar. We would almost lie down on that wind; and just go a few feet at a time.

Poor cattle would be found against a barn or wire fence frozen to death standing up. Some people tried to keep chickens in dugouts. I hardly think one survived that winter. Iron wheels on wagons hauling freight from Cardston to Babb would howl as the iron wheels went over the frozen ground until we could hear it for a half a mile or more. Med did not live all the time with us that winter; he would come and go.



I was a teacher in a religion class in one of the schools. I was the religion superintendent of that house and there were several grades and other teachers. I gave lessons in Sunday School and we all belonged to Mutual. On the Mutual recreational evenings was debate. Hugh Brown and I had one side. Mr. Low and Mrs. Lee had the other. The question was on woman suffrage; Canada did not believe in such things. We had the affirmative. Through a lot of research and work and the good work of Hugh Brown, we won the day. "Just the same," Hugh said before we were through, "if no-

Figure 28. Hugh B. Brown and daughter Zina, as was her mother Zina and her grandmother Zina Huntington, wife of Brigham Young and sister to Oliver B. Huntington.

body else is converted, I have converted myself." Later, in Utah, Hugh Brown ran as a senator. He is now president of the English Mission. [And later an Apostle.]

Some of the best friends I ever had were those friends in Canada. The people are surely a sifted bunch; nothing but the good grains will live up there. Whenever it is convenient at all if they come to Conference and into the States, my good Canadian friends call on me. We were there only one winter, but we made friends which will last the rest of our lives.

Canada had ten months of school - from August until June. I decided that if I had to be away from Med that much I might just as well come home to Springville. As soon as school was out we went back to Babb. I bought from the Hinkle boys four beaver furs, wrapped them in my clothes in the bottom of my trunk, brought them over the line and in Salt Lake City had them tanned and blocked. They have been in constant use ever since, from one coat to another. They were first made into a muff and stole in 1913.



We stayed in Babb until September and then came home for school. Two weeks after I arrived in Springville, they appointed me president of the Primary, which position I held until I got so sick I could not even raise my head, which was about three years. We worked on the farm in 1914 and 1915, and worked awfully hard, everyone of us.

Figure 29. New home in Springville. (1992 photo)

I started out with Marian, and oh, how sick! I had to just lie on my back most of the time, so I resigned everything. We had started to build our new home, and on April 6, 1916, we moved into our partly finished new home. [Ed. Note: Emily Miner relates stories she heard about Ella & Med building the house, including reports that Ella was nailing shingles on the roof while in an advanced state of pregnancy. They lived in the little old house next door during construction.]

Susie Pitcher, Vanda's chum from Canada who had been on a mission in Florida, came to see us. I was sick nine days in labor, but the end of the 9th day, a poor little scrawny six and one-half pound girl was born, on May 15, 1916. I had been losing my fingernails and toenails for weeks from the effect. I usually lost them while nursing, but with this child they were coming off before she was born. Eugene and the girls went out to the farm to milk. Med phoned and said that we wanted the kids home; we had a baby girl. Eugene slid in with his hands back of him to the wall, looked at me so funny, and said, "If the Lord had to send a baby, why didn't he send two, and one a boy?"



Figure 31. Marian at 3 months.

of the flu.

The next year the girls took in boarders. Vanda, Arlean, and Nan cooked for them. Med and I rustled the food. He was on the police force, and we owned our first car that summer. The boarders were brick layers out to the sugar factory. They put in our fireplace free gratis. They were very nice boarders; took the girls out when not at work, and were very gentlemanly and nice.

Vanda finished 1 1/2 years of college the year Marian was born and went to Parowan to teach in the high school. When the Armistice was signed—1918—she was out at the factory.

They built the sugar factory that summer and the girls went to work in it that fall. In November the Armistice was signed, and then the flu started. Several left the factory with flu. Vanda was chemist, but kept out



Figure 30. Vanda in 1915. High school graduation.

Arlean helped boil sugar and got it; and brought it home. Nan and Marian and Arlean had it bad. Arlean got along fine, but Marian nearly died, and dear Nan died. December 9, 1918, a beautiful, darling child. She was vice-president of the high school class at the time.

As soon as Nan died and we were cleaned up, both Arlean and I went to nursing the flu the rest of that winter. In the spring when they started bringing Nan's little books and reports and things home, I felt terrible. Med got a job at Hiawatha [a coal mining town near Price] and we moved up there.



Figure 32. Four generations—Vanda Miner, Ella Dalton Miner, Jane Huntington Dalton, Hannah Sanders Huntington



Figure 33. Irene Harker, Suzy Pitcher and Vanda



Figure 34. Nancy and baby sister Marian.

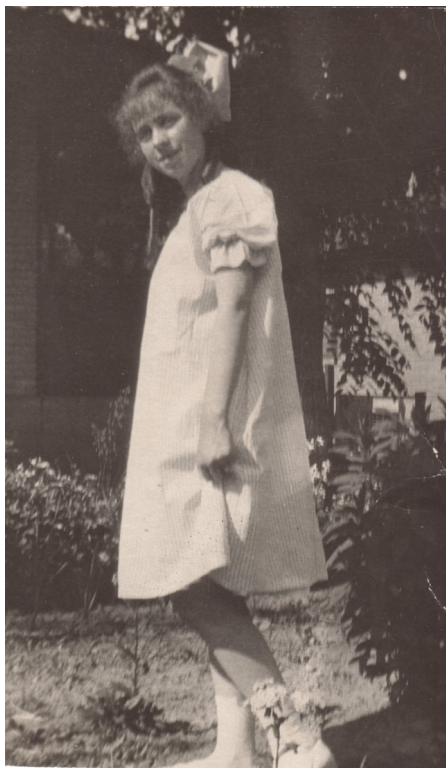


Figure 35. Nancy Louise Miner. (1903-1918)



Springville is just south of Provo, Utah. Salem is where Med & Ella homesteaded. Hiawatha, down near Price is where they lived for a couple of years after Nan died.

Vanda married Frank Jensen on February 19, 1919. [Nan died in December, Vanda was married in February. Ella wasn't too fond of Frank Jensen. He was older than Vanda and was a widower with a daughter. After he became Bishop, she liked him better, Emily reports.]

On the way to Hiawatha, just above Thistle, the steering wheel to the car broke and turned us down the side of the mountain toward the river. One old Jew coming along, climbed out of his car, thrust his hands into his pockets deep, and said, "I never believed in God, but surely he was with you today." We climbed out by the side of the road and sent for a garage man to fix the wheel.

Next day we went to Hiawatha, rented a little house, and Med drew big wages. We saved and paid on debts as fast as we could, for we were way in debt.

Med was working in the mines picking. A piece of rock fell and hit him on the back of the neck. In three days he had a terrible fever and was out of his head. The doctor sent him to Salt Lake City to the St. Mark's Hospital, where he lay for nine weeks with a raging fever. I had previously had my teeth pulled. While he was in the hospital, I used to go to the dentist and have the roots dug out. The fever made his ears so sensitive that I couldn't unwrap a paper, read a book, or open a parcel in his room. [Ed. note: So she crocheted!]

After nine weeks in the hospital, one morning all of a sudden the fever left him. It had been as high as 106 degrees. He had lost 90 pounds, cost us \$700, only weighed about 100 pounds; we could hardly find his pulse; and he breathed in little gasps. The nurse and the doctor walked out with long faces and left me alone. He shook for about 30 minutes, then I got up and stormed out - demanded hot water bottles, a house doctor, extra blankets and hypos.

After I got mad enough they got to work. It took several hours, but we got him warm. In three days we left the hospital - through the help of the Lord.

Figure 37. Marian on the wall at about 18 months.



Figure 36. Arlean Miner. 1901-1927

While we were at the hospital, Aunt Zina Card heard me tell how I tried to find a Mormon Elder in Hiawatha and couldn't. So on our return to the camp, we had a branch started. Seymour Oliphant was the presiding Elder; Med was put in the Sunday School, and I was president of the Young Ladies Mutual.

While Med was in the hospital, Marian and Eugene stayed with Vanda. Arlean worked in the telephone office and lived with Dr. Nixon.



Figure 38. Med in snow with Marian.



Figure 39. Marian and Ella and the dolls.



Figure 40. Thora, Catherine and Arlean. Friends.



Figures 41 and 42.

Med, Ella and their first grandchild Phyllis Gene Jensen, born 14 Jan 1921. Photo on porch of Hiawatha house.



Everybody there [Hiawatha] was our friend; we had lots of friends there.

A lady came from the valley up there and had two little kiddies and was a neighbor of mine. Her sister, with a husband and three children, lived with her in three rooms. When she gave birth that night it was twins. That made 7 children and two men and two women in three rooms. The lady that gave birth to the babies had a bad side. They packed it in ice and she got milk leg. The two babies caught cold; it looked like one or both would die. All I

could do was to take the two sick babies to my home. They took the mother to the hospital and operated for appendicitis (she still had milk leg). For three weeks I sat up with those two little sick babies and nursed them back to health and got them both taking the bottle. The last I heard both little girls and the mother were doing fine. The father was operated on two days after the mother for appendicitis. Last I heard they were all alive and all doing fine.



Figure 43. Med Ella and Vanda play in the snow.

Vanda came up with her little girl Phyllis for about two months. I weaned the baby and Vanda went to work at the hotel.

The altitude at Hiawatha was too high for me, so I came home to Springville. Med stayed there. I put my whole place into tomatoes, cultivating and watering, planting, hoeing, and picking, with the aid of a little wagon to take it to the depot. Finally, with the help of Eugene, I built a coop 20 by 40 feet, and got 1800 baby chicks. Eggs and tomatoes were taken to the depot each day and sent to Med at Hiawatha, where he sold them.

After pushing a cultivator all one day, I went to bed real tired. At 2 o'clock in the morning, I awakened with a terrible pain in my hand. When Dr. Dunn, our next-door neighbor, came home about 3 a.m., I was walking the lot. He asked to see the hand and told me it was blood poison. He gave me quinine; I took 10 grains; I put my hand in a bucket of hot salt water and went to bed. I



Figure 44. Arlean with her baby sister Marian.



Figure 45. Marian with Vanda and Frank and Big Snowball.



Figure 46. Frank Memory and Arlean Miner Memory. They were married in September 1920.

did not know much for hours and hours, but I guess I got rid of the blood poison. The hand ached, but never as bad. In about a week it was about the same as my other hand.

Dr. Templeton at Hiawatha had told me it was too high for me; that was one reason I was in Springville gardening and chickening. I hadn't felt good for a long time and when I went back Dr. Templeton met me at the hall of the hotel, asked how I was and I said "Fine". He looked straight into my eyes and said, "Liar. And come over to the hotel at 11:30 today"; so I went. I had been wasting [Ed. note: flowing; hemorrhaging] for about 7 months. After giving me a thorough examination, he asked me if I had an idea what was the matter of me, and I replied, "It isn't a cancer." He said, "Wise old duck, why do you think not?" and I replied, "No odor." He said he could operate on me, but it would be like operating on a sister or a mother, so he gave me a letter of recommendation to Dr. Ralph Richards, the best abdominal doctor in the West (so Templeton said). This was in December, so I went to Salt Lake City for an examination.

Dr. Richards told me it was the forenoon of cancer, fibroid tumors, I had had four large ones. It was just a week before Christmas and I did not want to be operated on for a Christmas celebration. [Glenn died just about Christmas; Nan was buried just about Christmas.] He told me to do what I liked, but if I waited too long he would not touch me, I was so full of fibers from the tumors.

Vanda and family from Mapleton and Arlean and family from Spring Canyon came home for Christmas. We had a nice Christmas and the next day I went to the hospital.

This cost us nearly \$700 again. I had made over \$200 that summer. It was a terrible operation, but I came home in a little less than a month. In two years I felt pretty good.

During that time my mother died, on March 22, 1924, very quickly, not having any suffering.

I went to Wannacots, a lady with 6 children, and helped nurse seven typhoid patients. Med came home and worked around here some.



Figure 47. Jane Huntington Dalton with her daughter Ella Dalton Miner. Before 1924.



Figure 48. Ella and Marian in the garden.



Figure 49. Vanda, Phyllis and Frank



Figure 50. Marian and niece Phyllis on the cultivator.



Figure 51. Marian, the fat gardener.



Figures 52 and 53. Arlean and Frank Memory with their first baby, Betty, 1922.

In the fall of 1926, Eugene would not go to school. he had poor companions, was messing around with tobacco, and getting indifferent to my wishes; so when a mission was mentioned I was very eager for him to go. We got him a patriarchal blessing from Uncle Oliver Huntington on August 3, 1926, and that thoroughly convinced me he should go. On December 17, 1926, Eugene left for the Central States Mission.



Figure 54. Betty

On the Thanksgiving before he left we all (Vanda's family and Med's family) went to spend Thanksgiving with Arlean's family at Standardville. It was on my birthday, November 25, 1936 [Ed. note: 59 years old.] We all had a lovely time together, but coming home Frank's poor old car broke down. We all got home on the train.

It was only three months after Eugene left that Arlean was taken to the Price Hospital for an operation. They did not want me to come, but on the fifth day sent for me. Med and I left at 1 a.m. on March 17, 1927. she died at about 9:30 p.m. They had funeral services at Helper, then we brought her home. She was buried in the City Cemetery. I shall never think she needed to die; she was run down by having babies so fast and

working hard. [Ed. note: Vanda states Ella also thought Arlean was neglected while in the hospital.]



Figure 55. Ella with Phyllis, Betty, Frank and Gordon (probably)

Arlean's husband Frank (Memory) and the three children stayed here (in Springville) that summer of 1927; his mother stayed about one month. Med went to Idaho to work with his brother Ott on a big dam. I stayed home and worked very hard. Gordon wore didies and had his bottle. Betty and George were still small children [Ed. note: about 5 and 4 years old.] I tended children for 8 months; then Frank married again and took the children back to Spring Canyon.

I went back to nursing and soon turned my home into a hospital. Eugene needed the money for his mission. Four years I worked night and day, having seven hospital beds, most of them full most of the time. [Ed. note: At this time maternity cases were kept right in bed for at least 10 days; operative cases were not allowed to leave their beds for about five days at least.] At one time I put in 62 hours straight. We lost only four babies in the four years, and had 200 babies during that time, but I have had babies before and since a lot. I have taken care of many maternity cases. Marian helped just grand, at almost everything. My basement was the hospital part [ed. note: at this particular time.]



Figure 56. Ella with her grandchildren. She used this photo on a calendar printed for 1926.

Paul Jensen, Phyllis Jensen, Frank Memory, Ella, Betty Memory, Gordon Memory.

Figure 57. Moroni and Nancy Miner with Med, Marian, Gene, Arlean?, Betty?, Frank?, Gordon? Look at the expressions on Marian's and Nancy's faces!



Figure 58. Gene's mission photos—washday, baptism, companions, and meeting Emily Jaynes.





Figures 59, 60 & 61.
Vanda's kids—Duane, Paul,
Phyllis



Figure 63. Ella with new grandson Derrel Gard Wright, Jr.—born in the same house as his mother, Marian. Possibly Jane Jensen in background.

Figure 62.
Deer hunt
1933—
Marian, Gene,
Emily, Med
and two un-
knowns.



Figure 64. Frank Jensen's farm in Mapleton—might be the old sugar factory in the background.



Figure 66. Marian in front on the hospital Ella ran for Dr. Anderson.



Figure 68. Miner Market float in the 24th of July parade, 1930.

in Salt Lake City about a year or more. Then they went to live in the big white house down this street [Fourth South].

Dr. John Anderson came and got me to run his General Hospital in the early part of 1934. I ran it about one year, but it was too much work. I had only one doctor's patients, and small pay, so I quit. We had dinner on Thanksgiving Day and then closed the hospital and came home.



Figure 65. Med, Marian and Ella in front of their home on 4th South in Springville.



Figure 67. Em & Gene married the day after Marian's 16th birthday.

Eugene came home March 30, 1929. That spring we got us a new Plymouth car, to the delight of the family. I was glad when Eugene met and married Emily Jaynes at Crow's home in Salt Lake City on May 16, 1932. Eugene and Emily had been companions in the mission field. They lived here in our home and

At this time my father took sick; he was over three months with hardening of the arteries, dying an awful death in my home on December 1, 1933.



Figure 69. Emily Jaynes and Gene Miner, shortly after they were married.

feel terrible. [Ed. Note: This was being written within a year after Marian married Dick Wright, much against her mother's wishes.]

I took her to Salt Lake City in the summer of 1935 to go to the LDS Business College. In only a few weeks she was sick with a tooth. She came home for a short time and then went to work for Mrs. Frank Whitney. At Christmas time she worked at Lewis' Ladies' Store in Provo. Her attitude toward me is cold and critical.

While we all lived at the General Hospital, with big hopes I took Marian, my darling Marian, to Provo to live with Mrs. Eggertson, as nice a woman as I know, to go to school at the BYU. She had a lot of good clothes. The agreement was that she should help me a lot on weekends so I could help her through school financially, but that first week changed her as much as turning out a big light in a dark room. We phoned and demanded her to come home and help me. She cried and said, "You don't understand." She shall never be the same to me. She criticizes me until I feel terrible. My opinion to her seems to be nasty and mean. I think she does not see one good thing in or about me, and it makes me



Figure 70. Dalton family—Sam & Jennie Whitaker, Oliver, Simeon E., Ella & Med Miner



Figure 71. Waterton Lake Hotel

The summer of 1935 [sic—actually 1936] Marian and I took Dick Wright to Sugar City, Idaho with us to meet his folks. We also visited Jackson Hole and Yellowstone Park, just Marian and I.



Figure 72. Cardston Temple

We went through Yellowstone, through Montana and into Canada to Cardston, where we visited the temple. We took pictures, saw the Waterton Lakes Park, visited people in Cardston, and brought Loila Williams, daughter of Sterling Williams, home with us to go to the BYU and stay at our home. We came through Babb, over the Logan Pass into Glacier national Park, down to Missoula Pass, then Flathead Lake, back to Sugar City, got Mrs. Wright, and returned home.

[Missing text]



Figure 73. Joseph Card & brother Sterling Williams with other original settlers in the Cardston area.



Figure 74. Yellowstone—there are also photos of bears stopping traffic, walking amidst the hot pools and of the old buildings.

... tumbling, spraying, into New York with so much fruit, at Palmyra saw Joseph Smith's home, and went to the Hill Cumorah. We traveled by the beautiful Seneca Lake with its blue water, trees, rolling green hills, fluffy clouds, by the Susquehanna River and Delaware River.

We spent the most of the next week with Med's brother, Thorn Miner, at Norristown, Pennsylvania. We visited Valley Forge, went to Atlantic City as guests of my brother Gene [Dalton], went on the Boardwalk and swimming in the ocean.

In one day we traveled 422 miles and spent 7 hours sightseeing; we were gone

from 3 in the morning until midnight. We went from sandy Delaware to Washington D. C., the Capitol with all the costly things, to Mt. Vernon, Washington's home by the Potomac River. We went to New York City, saw the Empire State building and the Statue of Liberty, the big buildings and the skyline of the biggest city in the world.

We came home through West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Colorado and through the desert of Wyoming, traveling about 400 miles a day. Med and I and Med's sister Lib and our granddaughter Phyllis took this trip.

Ella D. Miner

SPRINGVILLE—Mrs. Ella Dalton Miner, 69, well known civic worker and prominent in Church activities, died unexpectedly of a heart attack, Saturday at a Provo hospital.

Born in Springville, Nov. 25, 1877, a daughter of Simon and Jane Huntington Dalton, she had lived in Springville most of her life. She spent some time, however, with her husband on road construction contract work in Washington, Idaho and Montana. While in Hiawatha, she assisted with organization of the First Ward in the Church and served as president of the Primary organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

For many years, she did nursing work in Springville and at one time turned her home into a maternity hospital.

She was a member of Camp Aaron Johnson D. U. P.

She was married in the Salt Lake Temple to M. F. Miner, Feb. 6, 1895.

Surviving are her husband, a son and two daughters, Eugene Miner, Springville; Mrs. Vanda Jensen, Mapleton; Mrs. Marian Wright, Burley, Ida.; 10 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren; four brothers and sisters, Dr. S. Eugene Dalton, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mrs. Emma Russell, Berkeley, Calif.; Miss Hilda Dalton, Salt Lake; Bishop Oliver Dalton, Springville.

Funeral services will be conducted Tuesday at 1 p.m. in the Second Ward Chapel. Friends may call at the family residence, 119 West Fourth South St., prior to services. Burial will be in Evergreen Cemetery, directed by A. Y. Wheeler and Son Mortuary.




Figure 75.

All my life I have been a teacher in the Church. At 10 I started by being assistant secretary to Grandmother Huntington in the Primary. I have taught in the Church ever since. Sometimes I would teach in as many as three organizations, but always a teacher of some kind, and now I am a Relief Society teacher.



Figure 76. Primary Presidents' reunion—one of those positions of which she was so proud. Ella is in the front row, 2nd from left. C. 1942.