

BRIEF HISTORY OF ERNEST WILLIAM FELT



The black Model T Ford was on the street in front of the house at 828 South 100 West with a picnic basket packed with food and some blankets. There was a light tent and pillows also pans, dishes and silverware.

Mae was concerned if they had everything they needed for the family to stay a week in the mountains.

Ernest was out cranking the car to get it going and became restless as it seemed to be taking her so long getting the final things packed and in the car. After all he had been to the gas station and got the tank filled and the tires checked why was it taking her so long?

He got the three children, Marguerite and the two older boys Paul and Bob in back seat of the car, they were ready to go.

The morning would soon be gone and we should be on our way.

He had taken a week off from Gardner Printing to take his family camping. This trip was a special one for the family. Bobby had been very ill for a long time and his cough hung on.

All of the remedies of that day had been tried and as a last resort the Doctor had suggested that they take him to the mountains and camp by a stream.

He felt sure that the mountain air and the moisture from the stream would be good for his little congested lungs.



Ernest climbed behind the wheel and honked the horn in an attempt to hurry Mae along. She came out of the House trying to hurry as she held Kenny by the hand and climbed into the front seat and put him on her lap.

They found a good place to camp and a relaxed week was a wonderful time for all of them as the children played in the warm sunshine and the parents were able to read and enjoy this healing vacation. The week passed quickly and had a healing effect on little Bobby's cough and had a calm in on the whole family.

This family venture became a tradition as many Saturdays in the afternoon, this little family drove to the mountains with a picnic lunch and stayed until dark enjoying the beauty and air in the mountains.

Ernest was born the fourth child and third son of David Pile Felt (B: 7 Aug 1860: M: 2 Nov 1882 D: 22 Jan 1837) and Adeline Harris Spears Felt (B: 22 Oct 1861 SLC M: 2 Nov 1882 SLC D: 10 Mar 1931 SLC) in Provo, Utah Jan 2, 1889. Utah was not even a State in the year he was born.

His life time covered a time when the only heat in the home came from a coal stove that often served well for the preparation of the food and the water that was warm was heated in pans on top of it.

The children would gather around the stove in the morning and dress quickly in its warmth and sit around a table for a breakfast of hot porridge with milk. They were children who were loved by their parents – how blessed he was to come such a home.

His life covered the span on traveling with a horse and buggy to air travel in Jet planes. His Sister Ranee shared with us how the family was close and would go on picnics go to the canyons and had Felt Family Reunions.

His father David Pile Felt had a beautiful voice and led the singing in the Ward. They were active members of the church and Ernest was taken to church and gained a strong testimony of the truth of The Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

At this time his shop was in Farmington and would take the Bamberger (public transport) to work each day.

David was a printer and later moved to Salt Lake City in 1899 and had his shop in the Felt Building on Forth South/Main Street. Ernest loved to go to his father's shop and spent many hours with him, learning and asking questions.

Ernest's mother was from Salt Lake and longed to be with her family. He would have the children bring their friends to the home where there was music and singing.

He worked at the Deseret News.

The children went each Monday to visit their grandmother Felt on Peach Street which was across the street from their school to have lunch with her; she always served English style meal to the six children. When their father and Mother would travel on special excursions the children would stay at their grandma's house. They would sleep on a big feather bed and listen to the chimes of the clock.



They would pick cherries for her he Felt Building on Fourth South and Main Street. His father Ernest spent many hours with his father wanting to know all about what he was doing.

His father was patient and glad his son was so interested, and took time out of his busy day to teach this young son, who learned quickly and soon had a love for printing and this art of setting type and thrilled to see what he had set come off the press.

He had a love for learning and attended Salt Lake City schools. His Father asked each of the children what we would like to become and gave them a choice as to what special training they would like to have.

Each of the boys chose to learn the printing trade. Ernest would be the typesetter, Clyde the solicitor and Vernon helped to run the press. Norma wanted to learn business, Ranee wanted to learn to play the piano and Vera wanted singing lessons.

He worked in a print shop and stood setting type all day on cement floors and his feet would be hurting at the end of the work day, and he still had two and a half long blocks to walk home.

The first thing he would want to do was to go in and turn warm water on in the tub and sit and soak his sore feet.

When they were first married he worked for Gardner Printing and then went to work at Rocky Mountain Banknote Company; it was not far from their home.



Paul remembers dropping in to visit his Dad, when he picked up his papers at the corner of where his Dad worked. He had two papers to deliver each day. In the morning the Salt Lake Tribune and the Deseret News in the afternoon and picked his papers up at the corner where the print Shop was where his Dad worked.

In those days you could buy a malted milk and hamburger for a nickel. Paul often went by the bakery and they day would give him day old rolls and he took them home to his share.

He put a electric mixer on lay away and paid a few nickels a week on it and was able to give it to his mother for Mother's day. His mother used this mixer for years and one day Ernest brought her a beautiful big Kitchen Aid Mixer home from ZCMI and set it on the counter.

She could mix bread and do so much with it.

He was so thrilled to give this to her and was sure she would love it and use it all the time.



To his disappointment he soon found it put in the basement for she felt it was too big and she had a perfectly good one that Paul had given her years before. She did try to carry the ingredients down stairs and mix bread there but soon gave it up and went back to the method she had used all her life of kneading it with her hands.

One day when Paul and Afton were visiting and when they went out to their car to go home this Kitchen Aid Mixer was sitting on the seat of the car.

Afton, loved this delightful gift; a real surprise.

They were so glad to have Edythe at home and after she graduated from High School she went to work for the Crane Company and soon met Don Thompson. They were and moved to where he was stationed in the army.

Edythe and Don Thompson had three girls: Sylvia, Dawn and Lisa. Don died of Leukemia in 1963 in Helena, Montana.

Edythe later moved to Salem, Oregon and there met and married Fred Thurman; he has been a wonderful father to her girls, and gave uncommon! care to Ernest and Mae Felt in their last years of their life.

We are all eternally grateful to Edythe and Fred for taking them to their home and giving them such loving, tender care. No parents were better cared for and we each give then thanks.

Ernest Died in Salem Oregon on 20 September 1972 and was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. Mae died 17, Aug 1974 in Salem, Oregon and was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery.

In reference to Ernest an email received from Paul Jr concerning to a comment made by President Monson about Ernest Felt.

As a member of the High Council in the Perth Stake in 1974, I met for the first time with Thomas Monson of the Quorum of the Twelve. He was a visiting General Authority for a quarterly Stake Conference. He was being introduced to the members of the High Council and I was the junior member of the body and therefore the last to be introduced. When he recognized my accent he asked where I was from; I responded with:

"I was born in Salt Lake City and raised mainly in Provo".

With surprise I heard his next question: "Would your Grandfather happen to be Ernest Felt of the Desert News".

All I could do was simply answer with a stunned: 'Yes'.

He then told of his association with Grandpa Felt when he, Elder Monson, worked at the Desert News. He spoke with an attitude of glowing respect of this man I simply knew as 'Grandpa Felt'.

How proud I was on that day for my heritage.

Yet again, Paul Jr wrote of his memories of his Grandfather, Ernest William Felt:

When John and I would stay with Grandpa and Grandma Felt, I recall we would spend a lot of time at Sears just wandering around and particular watching television in the electrical department. At that time, we did not have TV in the Felt household so to actually see TV was wonderful.

I recall I did not like the neighbourhood and I seem to remember realizing for the first time that society had some rather unsavoury people within its boundaries; our family and social environment heretofore did not provide exposure to those with dysfunctional behaviour traits such as I first recall viewing there on 2nd West in Salt Lake City.

As an adult, I saw Grandpa in particular in a different light. One day he called to visit us when we were living in Salt Lake. A big chocolate cake had been baked the night before and when offered a piece his eyes shone like that of chocolate starved child; indeed, he even requested a second piece equally as large as the first. It was then he confessed something I had not known before.

He was lover of chocolates of all types! Indeed, he told of hiding chocolate under his garments because he knew Grandma would never find them there! My mind went racing. I could just image this dignified impressive man quickly hiding his freshly bought and yet valued chocolates underneath the very garments he treated with such profound respect.

Without realizing what he was allowing his mind to do, Grandpa was placing to objects of tremendous value together; his chocolates and his garments! How absolutely human he truly was. I remember viewing with some degree of wonder (what seemed to me to be) a vast collection of books; each of which he had read.

I have wondered whether my love of reading from a very young age may have been influenced by this rather passive observation of a role model I loved and respect of having a love for books.



On another occasion I recall him talking about Grandma. In fact, what he was about to tell me was something I could not even picture. We were driving somewhere when Grandpa began to recall his early days when he and Grandma were courting.

Imagine my surprise when he simply explained how deeply his sweetheart, Mae Martin, and he were in love with one another to the extent that they eloped!

Eloped!!

I was beyond surprise; I was stunned. My Grandparents eloping just like young lovers.

All I could do was to laugh and then try and explain that my laugh was not an expression of disrespect but of profound acceptance of how normal these much older people were to those of us in this age.