

Name in full	May Edith (Miller) Martin Felt		P1
Father's name	Frank A. Miller ADOPTED & SEALED TO		
Mother's Maiden name	Jensen		
When born (day, month, year)	3 July 1891		
Where born (town, county, state)	Murray, South Cottonwood, Utah		
When blessed (day, month, year)			
By whom			
When baptized (day, month, year)	5 August 1900		
Where baptized	In a creek in Murray, South Cottonwood		
Baptized by	John J. Labrum		
When confirmed	5 August 1900	By whom	Thomas A. Wheeler
Priesthood ordinations:			
Office	By whom	Date	
Office	By whom	Date	
Office	By whom	Date	
Office	By whom	Date	
Office	By whom	Date	
Office	By whom	Date	
Married to	Ernest W. Felt	Date	18 Oct 1911
Where married	Salt Lake City	by	Rev. Elmer I. Goshen
Where endowed	Salt Lake City, Utah	Date	19 Feb 1914
Where sealed	Salt Lake City, Utah	Date	19 Feb 1914
To whom (husband or wife)	Husband		
Patriarchal blessing by	Charles H. Hyde	Date	5 Feb 1921
Departed for mission to	Date		
When returned			
Special appointments	Worked in genealogical committees both ward & stake also many years in Primary		
Where died	Date		
Where buried	Date		

IMPORTANT EVENTS

List below and on the reverse side items such as schools attended, vocation and business activities, Church positions, places of residence, special talents and interests, unusual and faith promoting experiences, travel, genealogical and temple work. Church leaders and other outstanding characters you have met, etc.

I attended school in South Cottonwood in an old frame building where all the classes were in one room, about the year 1898 or 1899. I also attended the Sumner, Franklin and the Lafayette school where Ernest was going, but I never met him there.

We first lived at 65 Peach Street in the 19th Ward and then moved to 760 East 4th South in the 10th Ward. We then moved to 433 South Fourth East in Margetts Court where Marguerite was born 10 April 1914. This was the 9th Ward. This place was too small so we moved to 360 South 7th East in a court where there was more room. Paul was born here 29 January 1916.

It was awful hot in the summer so we moved to 1147 Kensington Ave. in the Emerson Ward. We stayed until Robert was born 3 July 1918.

The Armistice was signed in November and my husband had complete release from the Army so we bought a home at 828 South First West in the good old Fourth Ward where Kenneth was born Sept 16, 1921 and Edythe was born 16 April 1926.

LIFE STORY OF EDITH MAE MARTIN

I was born in Murray, Salt Lake County, Utah, July 3rd, 1891 in my grandmother Jensen's home. I have been told that when I was born they thought I was going to die and so they blessed me in the home. (There was never a record made)

Grandpa Jensen passed away about this time and left grandma with three sons and two daughters. Then my sister and I went to live with my great grandmother, Anna Lucille Fransen, who was bedridden. She would raise up and turn over with the aid of a heavy strap fastened to the ceiling.

My mother worked at Walker's Hotel, in Salt Lake, as the head cook. My sister and I lived with grandma. My mother dressed Myrtle and I alike and many people thought we were twins. I was two years older than her. We both had real light blonde hair, but Myrtle had brown eyes, and I had blue. Many times people would say "which is Mae and which is Myrtle?"

I remember one time when we were visiting some relatives in Ephraim, I fell down the basement stairs and my mother was frightened for she thought I had been killed. It was dark and the stairs seemed scary.

I never did know my father. He left my mother with two little girls myself and my sister Myrtle. He was a traveling salesman (selling Bibles) and he came from some where back East.

They were divorced on the grounds of desertion. I have tried many methods of finding my father, including fasting and prayer, but have never met with any success.

My grandmother gave my mother and dad a home, but when they were divorced and didn't use the home my Aunt Minnie and Uncle Chris (Aunt Minnie was mother's oldest sister) bought the home. This home is still standing (1958). My cousins Maud, Rheo, Orland, and Edith, Elmer, and

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Phonse, were my first and favorite playmates. They seemed like my own brothers and sisters they were so close and I loved them so much. Every Sunday we would make ice cream. We would put it in a bucket and then put the bucket in a larger container of ice. Then we would turn the bucket of ice cream around and around then when it got too hard to turn we would cover the ice cream container with ice and leave it until it was frozen enough to eat.

We would take a short cut through the woods to school. School was a mile and a half away. (I don't remember the name of this school). On this trip to school we would go near an old house. Some of the children said a witch lived in it. When we went by her house she would scream and it would scare us to death, and we would really run.

When we wanted any candy or material for a doll dress, Grandma would give us some eggs and we would walk a mile to the store to exchange the eggs for merchandise. I never saw money until we moved to Salt Lake City.

When the thrashers would come, Grandma would cook for a week. There was always plenty of food for everyone. When the wheat was all harvested it would be put into sacks and every tenth sack went for tithing.

I can remember our beds were made with a straw mattress with a mattress filled with goose feathers on top of that. These beds were really soft. My uncles would put a lot of straw on the floor and then Grandma would put the carpet she had weaved over the straw. Grandma made our shoes and the sole would be an inch thick. These shoes were made of old overalls or other clothing and we would wear these to play in or around the house. On Sunday we would have store clothes to wear.

One time my mother took me to Salt Lake City with her to the hotel where she worked and put me to bed in a pretty room upstairs to sleep. When I woke up in the morning and found she was gone (she was down stairs cooking breakfast) I started to cry and walked down a bunch of stairs and woke up all the people in the hotel. Mother said that I couldn't stay and would

have to go back to Grandma's. As little as I was I wanted to stay with my mother, but Myrtle seemed to be happier with Grandma.

My mother knew my step father before she married my father. My step father was Brigham Martin who was a son of Edward Martin, the captain of the Martin Hand Cart pioneers who came to Salt Lake in November, 1856. Myrtle and I called him Uncle Brig (they were married in Salt Lake City, November 14, 1899, her step father was 38 years old and her mother was 33 years old). He would often come to South Cottonwood in his Hack. He was the last man in Salt Lake to drive his Hack and two horses on the streets. Uncle Brig would bring us dolls and doll buggies, dishes and etc. before he married my mother. Myrtle and I sure loved him. I was seven and a half years old when they were married.

Shortly after this we moved to Salt Lake City and my mother and step father bought a home on Sixth West near the old Franklin School where the new free way is now. My little half sister was born here May 10, 1900.

I lived close to the Franklin School but didn't go to school very often because my mother wasn't very well and I would have to stay home and tend Marie. When she was eighteen months old she came down with Black Diptheria. They didn't know what do do for this disease and Marie died. I had the same disease. The doctor said that I had Bright's Disease as a result of the Diptheria. I can remember my body was swollen and I couldn't see out of my eyes. I had to take Epsom Salts every morning. I would have a chocolate drink after and mother would put me in a large long bath tub and soak me in the water

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over me with just my face showing. This ordeal was torture to me. The doctor said it was the good care mother had given me that saved my life.

There was so much sorrow and heartache in the home where Marie died and I was so sick that they gave up that home and moved to 30 South First West in the Fourteenth Ward, about 1901. Myrtle and I had many happy experiences in this ward. We went to school, Primary, religion class and they had a special sewing class and they would bring large boxes of small pieces of material and we would make doll dresses and piece quilts.

Mother wasn't well and she grieved so over the loss of her baby, and daddy would have doctor after doctor but not one of them seemed to help her. There was one Dr. Gamble in the Templeton Building that daddy would call and Dr. Gamble would get on his bicycle and be at our home in ten minutes. He was the only one who would give her any relief. Bishop Taylor gave mother a blessing and promised her a recommend to go to the Temple to take out her endowments, but she never moved from her bed. She told daddy he had been a wonderful husband and a wonderful father to Myrtle and I and that she wanted us to be sealed to him.

There is one faith promoting experience I will never forget. My Aunt Mattie, Brig Martin's sister, gave me a dollar a month for taking her breakfast up to her every Sunday morning. I used to pay my ten cents tithing and bear my testimony. On this one special day I fasted and bore my testimony in our Sunday School class, and went home and upstairs and knelt to pray and asked Heavenly Father to make my mother well. It seemed I was so close to the Lord. I never told my mother what I had done, but I had never seen such a change in her, she remarked how wonderful she felt and she ate a nice dinner and sat up in bed. This lasted for several days. However, the Lord never willed that she should stay with us though and she died on April 14, 1907.

I can never remember when I didn't pray before going to bed. My

prayers.

Our windows were always filled with beautiful flowers, and on her last day on earth she reminded me to water the flowers. It was a sad parting. My grandmother came to our house and stayed for a long time and daddy's sister Aunt Mattie came to live with us.

When we got older and started going to parties and out with boy friends, daddy sure worried about us. He would lie down on the couch and never go to bed until we were home. He would say "your mother wants me to take good care of you girls, so don't stay out to late." We started going to the Odeon Dance Hall on North Temple across the street from the new Church Office Building. This is where I met Ernest. They would have an usher to introduce the boys and girls. The boys would pick the girl they wanted to meet, then the usher would go to the girl and ask her if she wanted to meet the boy and she could say yes or no.

Ernest and I went together for a year and then we decided to get married and not tell anyone about it. We got our marriage license that afternoon and that evening we went to Reverend Elmer I. Goshen and were married 18 October 1911. We were married three months before we told anyone and then Ernest told his dad and as his dad was working in the business department of the Deseret News he run a front page news article and picture of Ernest and I. This was in the Deseret News January 11, 1912. The headlines read "WEDDING SECRET IS OUT, GUARDED FOR MONTHS". Under this was our picture and name and the following article: "Ernest W. Felt and Miss Mae Martin Give Friends Surprise. Ernest W. Felt and his bride stole the proverbial on numerous friends to the extent of three months, but the friends were not hesitant about coming forward with hearty congratulations when the young folks' secret was revealed yesterday.

Mr. Felt and Miss Mae Martin were married on October 18, the Rev. Elmer I. Goshen, pastor of the First Congregational Church, performing

the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Brigham Martin, and the bridegroom the son of D. P. Felt.

Mr. and Mrs. Felt will make their home with Mr. Felt's grandmother, Dr. Mary P. Silver, No. 65 Peach Street."

I was on the bus going to work at Walker Brothers the morning the above article came out. I saw a man sitting in front of me reading the morning paper and he had it open to the front page and I was shocked to see our picture with the story staring me in the face. Needless to say I didn't go to work that morning or ever again except to get my pay check. We were both just twenty when we were married and the reason we wanted to keep it a secret was because Ernest was not of age.

I feel that if my mother had been alive and I could have talked wedding plans over with her that I would have waited and we would have been married in the Temple in the first place instead of waiting until we were married a little over two years.

Our first home was with Ernest's grandmother, Dr. Mary P. Silver. We lived in a little room just off of Grandma's Pioneer Home. This room had a monkey stove, a table and some chairs and a rocking chair. Our bedroom was up some stairs into an attic that wasn't finished. Even the stairs didn't have any bannisters. We were in this place two or three months.

We were living in a house in Margetts Court on 4th East when our first baby, Richard, was born on September 28, 1912. He was born in St. Marks Hospital and contracted pneumonia and died when he was six days old. Aunt Matt came to visit me in the hospital and she thought she heard the baby crying so she went in the nursery (they let them go right in the nursery then) and Richard was laying by an open window crying with nothing on. Aunt Matt went to the nurse and asked who was taking care of her niece's baby and the nurse said "Oh, I forgot him".

Just a little over a year after Richard was born we went to the Salt Lake Temple, on February 19, 1914, for our endowments and to be sealed, and to have Richard sealed to us.

Some of the most cherished memories I have took place in the 14th Ward. Brigham Young's favorite wife (Amelia Folsom Young) lived three houses from our home. Angus Cannon's last wife lived in our home. George Q. Morris had a beautiful home on Second West and was bishop for several years. When George Taylor was bishop he lived across the street from us.

Our dear bishop, Elias S. Woodruff, whom every body loved and respected was so kind to us girls after our mother died. He was mission president in the Central States Mission when our oldest son, Paul Ernest, was on his mission there.

I attended Primary, Sunday School, Sewing Class and the M. I. A. I always liked to go when a returned missionary was to speak.

After mother died, we became careless and didn't go to church as often as we should. Bishop Woodruff would come to the house and talk to us girls. I would always feel so wonderful after he left.

All of my children with the exception of Richard were born at home. We were blessed with six children - two girls and four boys. They were all normal births except by last confinement with Edythe which was a difficult forced labor, and was a breech.

We had many incidents of sickness and accidents where we had to call on our Heavenly Father for help. When Bobby was about two years old he had whooping cough. I remember one night I was lying down with Bobby beside me and my mother (who had passed away years before) came to me and said that he was an

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awfully sick baby. I felt her presence there in the room, but when I turned I couldn't see her. We called the Child Specialist the next day and he said that Bobby had pneumonia in one lung and that we would have to keep it from going into the other lung. He said that our only chance was to take him up to the canyon around the running water. He said this would cause him to start coughing and relieve the congestion, and it did because he was throwing rocks in the water the next morning. We lived in a tent for about a week.

On April 10, 1914 we were blessed with a little girl. We named her Marguerite Mae. She was a tiny little creature always talking and dancing. She afterwards was on the stage for a while. She is now the mother of three children living in Baker, Oregon.

A boy was the next child to come to our home. He was born January 29, 1916. We named him Paul Ernest. He was altogether different from the first, very quiet and studious. He graduated from three universities, the B.Y. U., U of U and the Northwestern University in Chicago. He served in the Navy as an officer and was with McArthur when they retook the Phillipines back again from the Japanese, being 18 months over seas.

Our next child was a boy, who was born July 3, 1918. We named him Robert Brigham. He was a friendly boy and had many friends. He seemed to be more interested in mechanics. He always had a dog and some chickens. He served about a year and a half in the U. S. Marines in the Aleutian and Alaskan Campaign.

Kenneth Frederick our next child was born on September 16, 1921. He was a studious type like his older brother, going to the U of U, the University of Wyoming and one year in Harvard, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He enlisted in the Medical Corp in the Army and served in the South Pacific where he was critically hurt and was in the hospital for about a year. He finally recovered, however, and is now living in Southern

Caligornia.

We were blessed by having another girl born April 16, 1923. She was a blonde, blue-eyed little girl with a happy, friendly way and made many friends. She graduated from the South High School and shortly after that married a boy from Montana, Donald Thompson, who later was a captain in the Army and served in the campaign close to Japan and Guam where he got some kind of infection and died ten years later. She had three girls and is now in business for herself in Salem, Oregon.

When Kenneth was eight months old he contracted Tubucular Spinal Mengitis. His throat was paralyzed and he couldn't swallow and his bowels wouldn't move, his head was tipped to one side. We called in two doctors and they both said there was no hope for him. We called another doctor on the phone and he asked us the symptoms and when I told him he said there wasn't anything he could do. We called Brother Loercher, a friend and convert to the Church, in to administer to him. He gave his blessing in French, and he was going to translate it for me, but he never did. He said that as soon as he came up on the porch he knew he was going to live. The doctor said it was the second miracle he had seen in his practice. When Kenneth was 10 he narrowly escaped death when he was playing around some box cars and a wire with which he was playing came in contact with a 1500 volt live trolley wire. He was sent to Salt Lake General Hospital with severe 1st degree burns on his chest, neck, head, and arms. His boy friend, Mark Eldredge, quickly extinguished flames that enveloped the head and shoulders of Kenny. The police told the papers that Mark was responsible for saving his life. He did this by slapping them with his hands.

I have not been too actively engaged in church work until my youngest child was born. I went into Primary as a teacher and as a councilor and was in Primary fifteen years. I was also a visiting teacher and Magazine Representative in the Relief Society. I also helped them get

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Workers to go to Welfare Square on the welfare projects. I also worked on the Girls Program in Mutual. I have worked in word genealogical work and on the Stake Genealogical Committee.

Paul was called on a mission (Central States Mission) in April 1937. He had just left the morning of April 26, 1937 for the mission when a fire that swept three homes, including ours, took place. It happened around eight o'clock in the morning. There were no occupants of any of the homes injured, but Edythe and Kenneth were still in bed and I had to wake them up to get out of the house. Edythe looked out of her bedroom window and saw Grandpa's house on fire and had to run out in her pajama's. The fire started in the upstairs bedroom of Grandpa's house next door to ours. A bed caught fire (we were told it was from a cigarette). The neighbors were preparing breakfast when a neighbor told them their roof was ablaze. Our house was estimated at \$1,500 to the house and \$500 to contents. We had a dog called Ticker and when the house started to burn he put his tail between his legs and ran down the street and didn't show up for days. People were just wonderful to us at this time. Ever so many offered assistance. We moved over to Charles Budd's house, and stayed until we could move back into our own house. We were over there around two months.

Ernest, my husband, took sick one night in October 1941 and Dr. Alexander wanted to take him to the hospital, but he wouldn't go. The next morning the doctor made him go to the hospital. He had a ruptured appendix, and when men got in and he caught pneumonia. The appendix ruptured about fifteen hours before he went into the hospital.

Dr. Alexander said there wasn't much hope for him, but through faith and prayer and having him administered to he recovered.

I worked at the Deseret Mortuary, and also the Defense Plant during World War II. All three of our sons were in World War II.

For the last fifteen years, I have received more enjoyment and

comfort out of Genealogical work and going to the Temple than any other thing I have ever done. I have had times the last few years when I have been ill, and worried, but I have also never felt closer to my Heavenly Father than I have in these latter years when my family have been away from me and I have needed something to fill my empty hours.