

THOUGHTS ABOUT ERNEST W. FELT

By his daughter: Marguerite Mae Felt Gubler

He was truly dedicated to his church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
The first thing that I can remember about my father was that he always wanted to take his children
wherever he went, and he always wanted to carry one of them. Mom had a baby buggy for the babies.

We were living on Kensington Avenue. It must have been around 1918. We lived on one side of a duplex.
They never had to worry about a baby sitter, because there were two girls living next door, and they would
take me over to their house and the girls would dress me up in all kinds of clothes.

At Christmas Dad would take us down to the Ward House to a Santa Clause Party, and they would give me
a sack of candy to take home. Early Christmas morning there was a rocking horse in the front room.

Every weekend, Aunt Mattie, Grandpa Martin's sister, would get on the streetcar and pay us a visit. We
could see her get off the street car, and walk down to our house. She always brought a paper bag of rolls
and bananas. Dad loved that very much. She worked at ZCMI.

After awhile in the spring Mom and Dad would take us for a walk. One night when the stars were shining
bright we were walking and I was looking up at the stars, and I stumbled and fell. Dad didn't like the tears
so he said he would get me another doll because I had broken mine.

This time of the year the mesquites were awful and they sure did bite. My mother would tell me that
everyone has their own star. There were a lot of stars, but I couldn't figure out how there would be enough
for everyone.

My Mother and Dad were very careful about teaching me good manners from the books.

It seemed that Aunt Matties gentleman friends would come and see us, and that is how we were able to
have some nice photos of the family. Mother would talk about him and tell us when he would come and he
would give us pennies for candy, and we would go right over to the corner store and buy all day suckers,
and they really did last all day. I had a terrible time figuring out which color was the best.

Dad didn't have a favorite color, but he did have a favorite song, Mexically Rose. Their favorite pastime
was waltzing together on the dance floor. Grandma & Grandpa Felt (my dads Mother and Father) one the
prize one time.

There was a very special time when the whole Felt Family would get together on New Years Day and they
would celebrate the special day and Dad & Aunt Vera's birthday.

One day when Grandpa Felt came to see us, they were talking late in the night, and it seemed that grandpa
wanted us to move down on First West right next door to them.

It needed a lot of fixing and when Gledhills came back from California they wanted their house back, but
Mother said: "nothing doing".

Dad asked me if I wanted to be baptized. He explained to me all about it and explained what I was learning
in Sunday school, and I was positively sure I wanted to be baptized.

Dad was always very sure to do the things that Heavenly Father expected him to do. He was always a
block teacher, and one very rainy night, he put on his boots and raincoat and went out to do his "block
teaching" as they called it then. Mother thought he was foolish to go out on such a night, but he did it
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Aunt Matie always saw to it that we had boots, and umbrellas and raincoats. One day mother took me to the 2nd floor int the ZCMI store to see Aunt Mattie, and she gave me a brown velvet hat. She also bought me two new dresses when I started school.

Dad was always one to be fixing things up around the yard and in the house.

He taught Sunday School for the teen agers, and then a teacher for the adult's. He always paid his tithing before anything else, and we never ever had to go hungry or cold.

Sunday was the Lord's Day and we never missed our Sunday School and Sacrament Meetings if we were well enough to go.

He was really proud of this new Ford automobile. Almost every Sunday after Sacrament Meeting, Mother and Dad would want to go for a drive. Sometimes Grandma and Grandpa Felt would go with us. One time it seemed like we were never going to get anywhere because Dad just continued to drive and drive. Pretty soon Grandma said "Ern where are you going?", and he said he was going to Wyoming. After a little talk Grandma finally persuaded her little Erny to turn around and go back home, and we arrived home a little before dark.

Grandpa David Felt always wanted to go visit someone, so Dad tried to please him by taking him to visit the ones he wanted to see.

One time while living on First West, it seemed like we days and days of rain and it seemed like it was up to the front porch. Days went by with no one but Dad left the house because he had to go to work. Someone came along and loaned him a pair of hip boots, so that he could walk to work through the high water. We would see him walking through the water on his way home from work.

When he had to rewallpaper the house Dad always found some help. He wanted to build a new garage for the new Ford, and you would think it was the most wonderful thing in the world. Well he accomplished this nice garage.

One day I heard Dad telling Mother that she should drive the car down town. He was tell~~er~~ how you put the key in and turn the key and step on the gas. So one morning Mother decided to take the Ford down town, so she goes out into the garage and gets in the Ford by herself and turns the key and steps on the gas. The car went outside the alley and through into Bishop Perschon's garage. Just luck there was no one in his garage. Dad felt really bad about it, because Bishop Perschon was such a good friend and helpful to him. However, he just said to repair the garage and everything would be fine. *such*

One Sunday when we made our usual Sunday ride, we went to Sandy, Utah and took Grandma and Grandpa Felt along to visit Aunt Vera and Uncle Arthur. While we were there we met Bessie and Ed Lortz Who was converted when their oldest son was on a mission. They were from Oklahoma, and they became his closest friends. They accepted the Gospel and sold all of their nice furniture and other things at a sacrifice to go to Salt Lake City. This family had two boys, and one girl and was like one of the family, and they moved across the street. While they were there they ran up a grocery bill and couldn't pay it.

Dad paid the bill until Uncle Ed would get a job. (We called them Uncle Art and Aunt Bessy. Later he became a teacher at the University of Utah. He had a bad heart and died a very young man.