

History Ernest William

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 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 and Adeline Harris Spears Felt 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. *from horse & buggy to get*

This family did many things together. His Sister Ranee shared with us how the family 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.

His Father moved his printing business moved to Salt Lake City with his print shop in the Felt Building on Fourth South and Main Street

Ernest spent many hours with his father wanting to know

all about what he was doing. His father was patience 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 loved music and the younger children in the family were given lessons. he was very close to his two younger sisters Ranee and Norma who both lived with their families in the Salt Lake Valley. They got their families together often. One of Ernests Sisters daughter Melba died and Ernest gave them a burial plot on his lot

in the Salt Lake City cemetery

He was a medium build and had brown eyes about 5'10" in height, he directed the family, was busy in his work. Mae spent more time with the family and showed more patience with them. Paul recalls that the rules were rather lax and perhaps his mother was overprotective but loving and tender.

He worked in a print shop and stood setting type all day on cement floors and his feet would be hurting by the time he walked home and the first thing he would want to do was to go in and turn warm water in the tub and sit and soak his sore feet. When they were first married he worked for Gardner Printing and then at the Rocky Mountain Bank Note Co. This company was not far from their home and Paul remembers dropping in to visit his Dad when he was ready to go deliver his papers for he had two paper routes on the salt Tribune in the morning 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 ewould give him day old rolls and he took them home to his family.

He put a electric mixer on lay away and paid a few nickles a week on it and was able to give it to his parents on Mothers 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 every thing in it. He was so thrilled to give this to her and was sure she would love it and use it.

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 and when they went out to their car to go home this Kitchen Aid Mixer was sitting on the seat of the car. She loved it and always felt a special love for him giving them such a special gift. Many loafes of bread were mixed in it.

He loved his work and the last years he worked for the Deseret News press and did typesetting for books. He loved this and he got an education while he was working. The

books he loved to do were those written by the General Authorities. Often when they were all printed and bound he would be one of the first to be given a copy and sometimes signed by the author. President J. Ruben Clark was always one of his favorites to work for.

His favorite chair was a little wood rocking chair and after dinner he would often sit in it and watch T.V. They didn't have T.V. until they were in their 60's and then it was a tiny set of about 8 inches. They loved it and it being a novelty neighbors would go to visit anyone who had a T.V. so if you had a set you could count on having company each evening.

Something they loved to do on Saturday afternoon was to walk up town and go to the movie. If you wanted to see them on Saturday you needed to go their home early, for this was their weekly date. When Paul and Afton lived in Salt Lake and took the life magazine, it was delivered by the postmen on Saturday on mornings, Grandpa would drive up and spend about an hour reading it and visiting and then he would be on his way home so he could take Mrs. Felt to the movies.

After he retired from the Deseret News he went to work at Welfare Square in the print shop. He was in charge of printing all the labels for the food that was canned there. He was a volunteer job for his wages were the food they needed. One day the press malfunctioned and he brought it down on his hand. It crushed his hand and he was in such pain. He finally got it released and his hand freed but he didn't tell anyone for he was afraid they wouldn't let him come back to work. He worked with the pain for many weeks and it finally healed.

President Monson told Ern's grandson John Felt, a story of a time when Ernest worked for him at the Desert News Press . Ernest came in to he coat room to get his coat and walked out just as a tall man came in to get his coat. When this man put on the only coat left it was too short and too tight and he wondered where his coat went. He and Brother Monson looked out the door to see Ernest walking across the street with a very large coat on, the sleeves were hanging over his hands and the length was to his ankles. He was so tired , he didn't notice that it wasn't his coat until they called him back.

During World War II they helped the War effort by opening their home up and having someone come to live with them. They rented the bedroom just off the dining room. at one time they had a lady and her teen age daughter living with them

Mae worked for Deseret Mortuary as receptionist and greeter. When Paul got his commission and came home on his way to San Diego, he went there to see her. When she reconized him and saw him in is officers Uniform she started to cry. She would have like to leave and go home with him but had to finish out her shift.

When they were calling for everyone to go to the arms plants and to work for the goverment in the war effort she changed jobs and went to work there. It was harder work but she came home each night feeling she was doing her part in the War effort. They had three sons serving. Paul was in the Navy and served in the Pacific Area, Bob served in the Aleutain Islands in the Army and Kenney in the Medical Corps in the Army.

What a worry it was for them to have all of their sons away in the Service.

Bob had married his hig school sweetheart Marie Olds and had a little son they called Bobby. This grandson was the apple of his grandgfathers eye. They would have him come over each week and delighted in these visits. They helped his mother buy buying

him shoes and clothes that he needed. There is a picture of a proud grandfather with him that was always special to them. Bob and Marie were divorced and there was a big void in their life when she remarried and went to Montana to live and they didn't see him again.