

LOVINA ELLEN PERKINS

(4 October 1878—28 December 1962)

Lovina Ellen Whitney Perkins was born in Panaca, Lincoln County, Nevada, on 4 October 1878. Her parents George Burton Whitney and Lovina Syphus had ten children in the following order: George Luke, Chrissie Eveline, Lovina Ellen¹, Louella May, Stowell Edward, Mary Maudeen, Mabel Clara, Levi Burton, Ralph Emanuel, and Jane.

Ellen's grandparents on her mother's side, Luke and Christina Long Syphus, were married in London, England, on 25 December 1851; he was 25 and she was 19. Both were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the time of their marriage. Less than a year later (21 November 1852) they set sail for Australia on the sailing ship *Java*. When the ship was three months at sea (3 March 1853), Christina gave birth to her first child, a son whom they named Luke who would die and be buried at sea. After a severe five-month journey, the *Java* finally arrived in Australia. It was here in Sydney that Ellen's mother, Lovina, was born on 31 August 1854. Two years later Luke, Christina, and little Lovina sailed for America on the *Jenny Ford*, arriving in San Pedro early in August 1856. They settled in San Bernardino where they lived until the Utah War began, at which time Brigham Young called the Saints to return to Utah. The Syphus family left San Bernardino in December of 1857 and traveled to the Southern Utah Mission. They lived in Cedar City in 1858, Toquerville in 1859, Santa Clara from 1860-1863, and finally Luke was called to Clover Valley in 1864. Here he was appointed presiding elder. After living in Clover Valley for two years they moved to Pinto for the winter of 1866-1867 before finally settling in Panaca, Nevada, that spring (1867).

Ellen's father was born into a strong Christian family in the state of New York. Little is known of his parents. Educated as a schoolteacher, George came west and finally settled in Panaca, Nevada, where he worked for Ellen's grandparents. Strongly impressed by the work ethic and the high standards in the home of the Syphus family, George would later become a member of their faith and marry their daughter Lovina. George and Lovina journeyed 400 miles by team and wagon to Salt Lake City, Utah, where they were married in the Endowment House on 9 October 1873 as there were no temples at this time. The parents and grandparents of Ellen were people of strong character, great faith, and determined wills—all of which have been passed down to future generations.

Ellen was blessed by her grandfather, Luke Syphus, in 1878 and was baptized on 5 March 1887 by George A. Wadsworth in Panaca, Nevada. Her father, George Burton Whitney, confirmed her. She received her patriarchal blessing from William A. Fawcett on 14 June 1897. She married Ute Vorace Perkins on 10 June 1897 in the St. George Temple. She died 28 December 1962 in St. George, Utah, and is buried in the St. George Cemetery next to her husband. Her twelve children in order of birth are: Lorna (1898-1982), Clyde Eugene (1899-1932), Robert Elwood (1900-1956), Vera (1902-1992), Voris Glen (1903-1984), Lawrence Whitney (1906-1980), Arthur Marion (1908-1974), Clara Lovina (1909-1999), George Maurice (1912-1994), Dale Burton (1916-2000), Lenore (1919-) and Gerald Wentworth (1921-1922). She also suffered one miscarriage.

¹ Since Lovina Ellen's mother was also named Lovina, Lovina Ellen will hereafter be referred to as Ellen.



Lovina Ellen Whitney Perkins

(1878—1962)

Ellen lived in Panaca with her family until the fall of 1878 when her parents and others were called by Church authorities to settle in San Juan Country, Utah, or Mesquite, Nevada. Mesquite being closer, they chose to move there. George Burton left his family and went to Mesquite in the winter of 1879-1880. They made a ditch and got water from the Virgin River onto the land the first spring and early summer. They planted melons and a little corn. Ellen's father moved the family to Mesquite late in September or early in October of 1880. Ellen was just two years old at this time.

The family located on 20 acres of land. Its east boundary was the Arizona state line. This was about three-fourths of a mile above the present town of Mesquite and just below the old Grist Mill. It ran from the base of a hill on the north side of the river, south to where the bank of the river then stood. Her father built a small, one-room rock hut with a dirt roof on the bank of the canal that ran along the base of the hill. It was a hard, deprived life. They were lucky to have enough to eat. Ellen's sister Luella May was born here on 18 October 1861. She was her parent's fourth child.

In June of 1882, the family was washed out of their home by one of the notorious Virgin River floods. The storm came after nightfall. Ellen's mother had been washing clothes that day and had gone to bed earlier than usual along with all the children except seven-year-old Luke. Luke and his father watched the storm approach. The thunder was ominous and the lightning lit up the whole sky as it cut through the clouds in jagged streaks. The storm hit with a massive deluge. The sky just seemed to crack and then open and rain poured down. The water began to come through the dirt roof and Luke and his father began putting out pans and buckets on the beds and all around to catch the rainwater. Then, all of a sudden, the rain poured in the back window. Ellen's father gathered up his wife and baby and started for the hill just back of the house. He then came back for the rest of the children and got everyone safely up the hill. He returned for a few quilts to put over them and by this time the water was up to his waist.

After settling his family, her father went to help an elderly couple who lived in a dugout on the side of a wash a quarter of a mile away. He got them safely out and onto a haystack on the bank of the wash.

The family sat in the pouring rain, wrapped in quilts, waiting for their father to return. The thunder and lightning still cracked around them and rocks, dislodged by the pouring rain, rolled down the hill—really frightening them all. Ellen had a profound fear of thunderstorms after that experience—one she never got over. When her father returned, he moved them into a cave on the hillside that the Indians used to cache their dried dogberries, pine nuts and other winter supplies. The children were soon asleep in that dry place. Her father made several trips to the house, salvaging what he could. All their tools, books, and many other things were washed away or buried in the mud.

That winter, 1882-1883, the family moved to Bunkerville where Ellen's father taught school. In January there was an epidemic of measles and Ellen's baby sister, Louella May, died 13 January 1883.

The family went to St. Thomas in the Muddy Valley in June of 1883 to help Ellen's uncles Edward Syphus and Harry Gentry harvest their grain crop. Edward and Harry had moved to St. Thomas the year before (1882), after the Mesquite flood.

The following winter, 1883-1884, Ellen's father again taught school in Bunkerville. Here their fifth child, Stowell Edward, was born on 28 March 1884. His birth almost cost their mother her life. She had been sick with chills and fever and the loss of Louella May was almost too

much for her frail body. The family attributed her survival to the faith and prayers of everyone and the kind administrations of the good people of Bunkerville.

In April they started to look for a new home. Ellen's uncles Alfred, George, and Levi Syphus had just located in Circle Valley, Utah, and Ellen's father decided to move there. They carried Ellen's mother and their belongings to the wagon and started out. Reaching Washington, Utah, their mother and all the children except Luke stayed with friends. Luke and his father journeyed on to Circle Valley where they planted 10 acres of wheat and then returned for the family. However, when the family reached the Sevier River, it was in flood stage and they could not cross so they settled instead in Panguitch. Ellen remembered that it was here that Chrissie cut one of her toes very badly and that her mother and the children caught big fish in the Sevier River with their hands. She also remembered how poor they were and how cold it got.

The school officials in Panguitch wanted her father to teach school that year but her mother was homesick and not well and she wanted to go home to Panaca to visit her parents. Ellen told of a doll she had that was very dear to her heart. When they decided to go back to Panaca to visit in the fall of 1884, they didn't have much room and so packed most of their few belongings in a house in Panguitch—thinking they would be back before very long. She wanted to take her doll but her parents told her to leave it with the rest of their things. She said she cried and cried and her mother comforted her by saying they could come back to get the doll and the few precious keepsakes her mother had left behind. In Panaca her father was offered a school to teach for the winter. Since her mother wanted him to stay, they never went back to Panguitch for their belongings. Ellen said she grieved over that doll for a long time and often wondered who found it and if some little girl loved it as much as she did.

Ellen had only four schoolteachers in Panaca and she always remembered their names. They were Susie Wedge, her Aunt Mary Syphus, Charles Ronnow and her own father, George B. Whitney. She told many stories of growing up in Panaca. This was a very happy time in her life. She spoke often of Court Rock, a huge hill located on the edge of town. It was so named because all the young people went there to do their courting.

She used to laugh as she spoke of some of the people of the town that the young people immortalized in an alphabetical ditty. With her dramatic flair she would recite:

A is for Alice Finley, the belle of the ball,
B is for the boys who take her to the hall.
C is for Chrissie Syphus who'll make a fine bride
D is for Dan Matthews right by her side.
E is for George Edwards, as strong as a briar
F is for Finley, who leads the choir.
H is for old Hilchrist, who's not far behind,
I is for Ike Turnbaugh, the big water boss
J is for Jane Crow, who rakes out the moss

This is all she could remember but she recited it with great gusto and much laughter.

Ellen said her sister, Chrissie, was a tomboy and very daring. Chrissie was always thinking of things to do and insisting that Ellen join in. Ellen was timid and a little afraid of participating in Chrissie's escapades but couldn't escape them. There was a very old, blind Indian who

lived at the Indian camp who always came begging. One day Chrissie decided they would play a trick on him. She took rising bread dough in its “gooey” stage and insisted that Ellen help her put it all over the gatepost and latch. They then hid to watch. The poor old Indian came up to the gate and began feeling for the latch. The sticky dough got all over his fingers and hands. He kept trying to pick it off and it would stretch and stick all the more, frustrating all his efforts to remove it and get the gate open. (Ellen would pull faces and go through all the antics the old Indian went through as she told this story.) In the meantime, Chrissie was holding her sides, laughing silently so as not to give their position away, as she thoroughly enjoyed the plight of the Indian and his hopeless efforts to extricate himself from the dough and open the gate. He finally gave up and left still picking at his fingers. Ellen was terrified for fear he would come back with someone to help him and tell their parents. Dauntless, Chrissie just laughed the more and thought it was great sport!

Another time Ellen and Chrissie were playing on the haystack when their brother, Luke, came looking for them. In those days the hay was stacked loose and the hay was a mixture of alfalfa and meadow grass. Chrissie decided they would hide so she pulled Ellen down and they lay flat on top of the haystack, not answering Luke’s calls. As usual, Chrissie tried to stifle her giggles while Ellen tried to keep from being scared. Disobedience was a serious thing and she knew Luke was sent by her parents to get them. Finally Luke got tired of the game and said, “Come on you girls, I know you’re up there. Either come down or I’ll use the black whip on the top of the haystack!” Ellen started to get up but Chrissie pulled her down and motioned for her to slide down off the back of the haystack. Chrissie wiggled backwards, pulling Ellen by the legs after her. They slid off the back of the stack and ran and hid while Luke flayed the top of the haystack with the long, crackling, leather whip. Chrissie laughed gleefully as they made their way back to the house. Ellen reluctantly followed, wondering what would happen when they faced Luke and her parents.

Ellen’s parents were quite strict with their children. They were taught the gospel at an early age and were taught to rely on the Lord at all times but particularly in times of stress and trouble. As a family they studied the scriptures and prayed together. In the George Burton Whitney family the gospel was the focus and center of family life. From her school teacher father and devoted mother she learned and understood the great Plan of Salvation, of justice, mercy, redemption, and happiness. The children were also taught to work and to assume responsibility while still young, each having a special job to do. They were taught to respect their elders. In any large gathering the children were seen and not heard as was the custom then.

The Whitney’s lived in several different places in Panaca. One was near Ellen’s grandparents Luke and Christina Syphus. They were very English and many of their customs and sayings were passed down to Ellen. Some of their sayings were: “A hit bird flutters,” “Nothing is so bad but what there is some good in it,” “When it rains it pours,” “What the eye doesn’t see the heart doesn’t grieve,” “What you don’t know, won’t hurt you,” “There’s none as blind as those who won’t see,” and others. A number of their tea customs held until strict observance of the Word of Wisdom began to be kept throughout the Church.

Ellen remembered how cold it was in Panaca and she often spoke of how cold her feet would get. School was held in the Wadsworth store initially and later in other rooms as they became available. She spoke of going to school in the cold and snow and how hard it was to get warm. There was a big wood-burning stove in the room but they had to get permission to go to

the stove and warm their feet and hands. In her old age Ellen attributed some foot problems to what she termed “chill blains” which she first experienced in Panaca.

She recalled that she was eleven years old when her sister Mabel was born in December of 1887, and the older children had to take care of sister Maudeen. They had to watch “Maud” in the yard by a fire while the birth was progressing. It was cold and they had to keep her all bundled up. They had a “play dinner” and did different things to keep her entertained. Later, when Mabel was about eight months old, she nearly choked to death on some peppermint tea. Ellen had to run to the church in the dark (she stressed this, as she was always afraid of the dark) to get her father to come and administer to Mabel. Ellen’s younger brothers Levi Burton (1889) and Ralph Emanuel (1892) were also born in Panaca.

In 1893 her father received an offer to teach school in St. Thomas. He at first refused the offer as the school was very small and he was running for assemblyman in the State Legislature. However, his three older children, Luke, Chrissie and Ellen, prevailed on him to move to a new field of adventure, and he finally accepted. They arrived in St. Thomas in the late summer of 1893, moving into the old Daniel Bonelli home. School was also held in a room of this home. There was only one LDS ward in the valley at that time and it was located in Overton. Her father became a counselor to Bishop Thomas Jefferson Jones.

In November her father was elected to the State Legislature and he had to leave to attend the legislative sessions in Carson City. During his legislative service he helped write the original school laws for the state of Nevada. This book of procedures was dated 1897.

When he returned that first year, Ellen’s mother and her brother Stowell went by team and buggy to Modena, Utah, the nearest railroad at that time, to pick him up. While they were gone, Church dignitaries—Apostle Francis M. Lyman; David H. Cannon, president of the St. George Stake; and Joseph I. Earl, bishop of the Bunkerville Ward—came to stay overnight at the Whitney home. Teenagers Luke and Ellen had to provide them with supper, beds, and breakfast. Ellen always said she was just glad they had clean sheets for the beds!

Ellen had become a very pretty young lady. She had beautiful red-gold, naturally curly hair (her future husband said it was the color of ripe wheat), blue eyes and a fantastic complexion. All the Whitney daughters were petite, never getting much over five feet tall and with elegant figures until after middle-age set in. They had beautiful legs and ankles. Ellen used to tell her daughters that “you could judge people like horses; purebreds had slender legs and ankles”—her one and only prideful reference to herself!

People loved to listen to and watch Ellen as she talked. She had a great flair for the dramatic, often punctuating her conversation with facial expressions and mimicry. She smiled a lot and had a mischievous wink that came and went throughout her conversations. She loved socializing and associating with people. She was a great storyteller. She was well read and very knowledgeable in the gospel of Jesus Christ and loved to share it with others. As she grew older, and when she became a widow, she would talk to people as she rode the Greyhound bus. Two elderly ladies were converted through these conversations and later settled in St. George.

Ellen also had a great and somewhat sly sense of humor, coupled with a very quick repartee. That, with her dramatic flair, often took people by surprise. She could more than hold her own with anyone. She was very entertaining and fun to be around. She loved to dance and could never get enough dancing. She often attended dances with her children, including her youngest daughter. She met Ute Vorace Perkins² shortly after her family moved to St. Thomas. An excerpt

²Ute Vorace was known among his family as “Bub.” For consistency we will refer to him hereafter as UV.

from the Whitney Family History says, "In spite of hard work, there were lots of intervals for singing, dancing and family outings." From a letter to Panaca we quote: "Utey has Ellen, Louise and Nellie out in 'Brigs' buggy. He is Ellen's best fellow." From what we can gather, UV and Ellen began dating when she was about 16 and he 24. He was always away working some-where. When they did get together they mostly talked as he wasn't around for the social events or dances which she loved to attend. It was obvious to everyone that UV adored Ellen.

They were married on 10 June 1897 in the St. George Temple. Ellen was 18 and UV 26. Her sister, Chrissie, an excellent seamstress, made her gorgeous white satin wedding gown, trimmed in lace and rosebuds (the dress is preserved in pictures). The trip to St. George was made by covered wagon and took three days each way. They were accompanied by UV's sister Pearl. David H. Cannon performed their temple sealing. Through these temple ceremonies the great Plan of Salvation in all its panoramic splendor was crystallized for Ellen. Now she realized her unlimited potential and the great love Heavenly Father and His Son Jesus Christ had for her. After their marriage, they stayed in St. George to attend the quarterly conference of the St. George Stake. Ellen received her patriarchal blessing on this trip which was pronounced upon her head by William A. Fawcett.

Ellen's wedding dress served her well. She told this entertaining story about it. "In those days holidays were very big days. May 1st was 'May Day' and there was always a big celebration with a parade, program, braiding of the Maypole, a May Queen and a dance at night. The first May Day after we were married, I was Queen of the May. I wore my wedding dress for the big event. Mary V. Lytle (Aunt Mame), my sister-in-law, and Ella Jones were the maids of honor. The second 4th of July celebration after our marriage, I was the Goddess of Liberty for the parade and program. Again I wore my wedding dress. About three or four children later, again I was selected Goddess of Liberty. By then the wedding dress had been cut up to make 'blessing dresses' for my babies. However, I picked my whitest sheet, cut a hole for my head, draped it and put a sash around my waist and delivered a speech that Uncle Levi Syphus had helped me write. It seemed to go over well." The committee said she was a big hit and no one could be the Goddess as she could. Her husband said she was beautiful and looked like an angel.

Since UV had been helping support his parents' large family from the time he began earning money at age thirteen, UV and Ellen began married life with very little and lived with his parents. However, UV hired the Fabian brothers to make bricks and build them a two-room house on the 40 acres west of his father's property. It was the first brick house in Overton and still stands. In the meantime, Lorna was born in her grandparent's home on 2 January 1898.

UV, Ellen, and Lorna moved into their new house as soon as the outside was finished, completing the inside as quickly as they could while living in it. Here Clyde Eugene was born on 20 April 1899. They had finished the house, planted nice yards which were clean and attractive, and were all settled in and very comfortable. About that time they got what Ellen termed "Idaho Fever." They had heard of the opportunities and beauties of Idaho. After talking it over, they decided they would move to Idaho. They then sold what was the newest and best house in the valley, including the 40 acres of land, for \$350.00. The sale was made to UV's brother, Joe. UV and Ellen moved into a tent to make the preparations for their Idaho move.

They planned to drive two wagons: Ellen driving one team and UV the other. However, winter came early and it was a very cold and stormy one, making it impossible for them to travel until spring. By that time they had sold their teams, cattle, wagons, and other things in order to live, and they gave up going to Idaho. It was starting-over time!

UV, with Ellen's brother Luke Whitney, leased the Wooley, Lund, and Judd farm in St. Thomas. This mercantile firm from St. George also had some mining interests in the area. Part of the acreage included two bearing almond orchards. At first they lived with Ellen's sister Chrissie while her husband, John Abbott, was on a mission. They lived in a little adobe house across the street from the Bonelli home in St. Thomas. Robert Elwood was born here on 17 September 1900. In the meantime, UV fixed up a small adobe house on the farm. It had a tule roof and was a normal early-day adobe building. When the renovation was completed, they moved in. This home was still standing when covered by the rising waters of Lake Mead. It was in ruins when Uncle Levi Syphus, Ellen's uncle, showed it to Ellen's daughter Vera and told her it was where she was born in 1902.

While they were living in this house, UV obtained a beautiful stallion named Royden for a riding horse. He always owned a good riding horse and Royden was very special and he spoke of him fondly for the rest of his life.

This wasn't the best of times for Ellen and UV. The farm was run down and it took two years to get the ground in shape for growing crops. Times were hard, and even when they got a good crop of grain, they couldn't sell it. They had been there about three years when Wooley, Lund, and Judd took the entire grain crop for back rent. Again they were left with nothing and no money. As Ellen put it: "A foot and alone again, with nothing!"

They moved to Stringtown, north of Overton, into a one-room adobe house. UV had become partners with John Thomas in the lumber business. They built a sawmill on Sheep Mountain. UV took some of the first lumber they sawed and built a lean-to onto their adobe home. Then he started hauling lumber and timbers to the Delamar mines.

Voris Glen was born in this little house in Stringtown on 21 December 1903. UV wasn't home for the birth and Ellen couldn't get anyone to stay with her. Clara, UV's 14-year-old sister, came but was little help and stayed only a short time. Ellen's mother finally came from St. George to be with her. George B. Whitney, Ellen's father, was helping UV haul timber to Delamar. Ellen said that UV gave her the most beautiful Christmas present she ever had that year. It was a lovely, gold-framed hand mirror that he had bought in Caliente.

Whenever UV was home, he was looking for acreage to buy and farm. He finally found some raw land a mile and a half below Overton: half sand hill and half meadow-bottom land. Of this time Ellen said, "Heaven only knows how we lived. I have taken a team and plowed ground to get it ready to plant so we could grow something to eat." They fixed up an old place under the creek bank below the canal so they could have water. They didn't have a full tent, just enough canvas to make a side and a roof. Ellen said she had a lovely carpet which they used, along with some old carpet pieces, to finish the sides. Her storage and table were under a shed at the side of the carpet-canvas room. One Sunday a big wind came up and blew so hard it flapped the carpet wall and blew over the cupboard. Everything they had—nice dishes, bottled fruit, and empty jars—crashed to the ground and broke.

Old Joe Martin, a Mexican, came to live with them. He helped on the farm for his food and a place to sleep. He was a great help with the older children: Lorna, Gene and Bob. When they would fuss or cry, he would say, "Now, you mustn't do that. The old 'cry man' will get you. You be good now or the old cry man will get you and put you in his big cry bag."

Farming didn't bring in enough money to feed and clothe the family. When the Bullfrog and Rhyolite mines opened, UV began hauling freight to these areas. The task of keeping the farm and family together fell to Ellen.

Between freighting trips, UV would go to Rioville and on to Temple Bar on the Colorado River to get lumber, doors, and windows from abandoned mine houses. He would raft them down the river to Rioville and then haul them back home by wagon. With these materials and lumber sawed in Sheep Mountain, he built a two-room house in the sand hills above the canal. The canal carried water from the Muddy River to the Kaolin Reservoir and on to St. Thomas. The canal was at least a full city block from the house and every drop of water used for culinary purposes had to be carried in buckets to the house. Drinking water was hauled in barrels on a sled from a spring two miles to the east. Often family picnics would be combined with the water-hauling trip for an evening of diversion.

Life became a little easier for Ellen after the house was built. She not only had the house and a few more conveniences but the mines closed and the lumber mill was abandoned and UV was home to run the farm and give her the support and help she needed. Lawrence Whitney was born in this house on 2 June 1906. Later Arthur, Clara, George Maurice, and Dale were born there.

When the children became of age, they had to walk to school in Overton. On holidays Ellen would do special things for them to make up for ranch living. For instance, on Valentine's Day as the children would look over the ones they had received that day in the school Valentine Box, Ellen would slip out and drop valentines at the door, knock, and run. Answering the knock, the children would find more Valentines and think children from town had thought of them.

UV was a good farmer and grew acres of alfalfa, wheat, barley, melons, and the family had a huge vegetable garden. Many valley friends and relatives enjoyed his farming efforts. He also raised sugar cane and made wonderful "sorghum" or molasses, which he sold to waiting customers each year. During one terrible winter, heavy snows fell in Lincoln County. In January (1910) a flood came down the Meadow Valley Wash. It took everything before it, including part of the Union Pacific Railroad. It left mud over a lot of the Ranch. One of the milk cows, called Old Whitey, got mired in some of this mud. They tried every way they could to extricate her, including a team of horses, but to no avail as the team also got bogged down. The mud was right up to the cow's neck. Ellen said, "What a dreary night that was with poor old Whitey down there so cold and encased in the mud." A heavy freeze came in the night and in the morning Old Whitey was standing on top of the ground, pushed up by the freeze. The big flood was a hardship and setback for a while.

At one time they decided to go into the chicken business. They purchased an incubator and had just hatched out their third batch of chickens, putting the chicks in a brooder with a lamp. During the night a fire started from the lamp and all the chickens, buildings, and sheds were burned to the ground. Ellen commented that of all the people in the valley, only Sherm and Mary Thomas rendered them any assistance. They brought them a rooster, two hens, and a dozen eggs for them to start over again. A similar thing happened many years later at the Blodell Place in Warm Springs. When their little house burned with all of UV's possessions, only Bob Stucki came and brought a blanket. By that time Ellen's main possessions had been moved to their home in St. George.

After her marriage to UV, and with the birth of their children, as a faithful mother Ellen taught gospel principles to them in their home and often under the most difficult of circumstances. While living on the ranch below Overton, Ellen established the habit of regular attendance at the various church meetings where all had the opportunity to give thanks, worship and learn more of the many blessings that the Lord has in store for His children. On Sunday, usually

they would take a lunch and eat it in the afternoon between Sunday School and Sacrament meeting. Sometimes people would invite them to lunch, but not often.

One time, when Lawrence was still in a high chair and had just begun talking well, they were invited to Sherm and Mary Thomas's for lunch. The blessing was said and Lawrence's plate of food placed before him. He looked at it for a moment, dumped the plate upside down on the top of his head, and yelled, "Queechup, queechup!" (For the uninitiated, queechup is the Paiute Indian word for human excrement.) Ellen always contended that this was one of life's most embarrassing moments for her.

The Perkins family was always friendly with the Indians and there are many stories of their associations. UV was quite fluent in the Paiute language and, as usual, children pick up and teach each other the "shocking" words. Many of the children went to school with the Indian children. In the early days the Indians used to say, "There are three kinds of people in this valley: whites, Indians and Perkins."

Ellen always faithfully attended her Relief Society meetings. This usually meant hitching up a team to a buggy and often taking her smaller children with her. She participated in these meetings by bearing her testimony, giving lessons, and engaging in compassionate service. Her first formal leadership in this organization began in January of 1911, when Sister Elizabeth Andersen was sustained as Relief Society president. Sister Andersen called as her counselors Johanna Larson Jones, wife of Bishop Thomas Jefferson Jones, and Lovina Ellen Perkins. Ellen took the place of her sister-in-law Ethel Perkins who had served as a counselor in the previous presidency since 1904. Ellen and Ethel had enjoyed a very close association in the Society. This special bond now continued, but in a reverse fashion. With Sister Anderson's calling, the meetings would now be held almost exclusively in the large James P. Anderson home. Shortly after this, the General Relief Society Presidency published sets of wide-ranging lessons that were to be given during Relief Society. Ellen and her two sisters-in-law, Mary Virginia Lytle and Ethel Perkins, regularly presented these lessons. Ellen played an important role in this transition to more formal Relief Society meetings.

When the Kaolin Relief Society was organized in 1912, Ellen, as a member of the Overton Ward Relief Society presidency and because she lived much nearer these sisters, visited them and was prominent in the development of this organization.

The Relief Society developed the first Ice Cream Socials in the valley. These socials were used to raise funds to assist needy families and for the enjoyment of all. The sisters would obtain a little ice from Losee's local ice plant; some would bring eggs, others cream, and still others sugar. After the ice cream was made the sisters would buy back the ice cream and have an enjoyable time eating and visiting among themselves. Always a few dollars were added to their treasury.

However, the making of quilts was the major source of income for the Relief Society. They were constantly sewing quilt blocks and framing quilts. In the year 1912 they made and sold eleven quilts, adding a total of \$33.00 to the Relief Society treasury. This practice of making quilts continued throughout most of Ellen's life, and quilts on quilting frames were a common fixture in her home. Another source of income was Egg Sundays when the sisters would bring the eggs their chickens had lain that day. The eggs would then be sold and the money obtained would be used to help the needy or to buy wheat. Wheat storage was a church-wide program designed to meet any food shortages and to prepare the Saints for any lean days that the future would hold. Ellen saw that the storage of wheat was also accomplished in her own home.

Walter and Effie Morrison settled below Overton. Here they lived with Walter's brother Robert, a bachelor, and Walter's Uncle John Morrison, a veterinarian. Ellen became very close friends with Effie and although the Morrises were not members of the church, their friendship lasted a lifetime. They also had children who became playmates of the Perkins children and, from these associations, lasting friendships developed. There is an interesting story told about Ellen and Effie. They had ridden their horses to Overton to pick up their mail. As it wasn't picked up every day, there was a large bundle which Ellen tied behind her saddle. On their way home, something startled Ellen's horse and it began to run. The mail began to bounce behind the saddle, making the horse more upset, and by the time they were part-way home it was in full run-away status. Even with her riding experience, Ellen couldn't get the horse to slow down. Effie dropped back so as not to add fuel to the fire with her running horse. As the horse started down the long lane, UV saw it coming and realized what was happening. He knew what to do and was able to stop the horse and Ellen dropped off into his arms exhausted and shaken from the ordeal.

George Maurice (Moot) was born the night of 12 March 1912, in a fairly new room that had been added to the house. Aunt Mame, prior to her formal nurse's training in Salt Lake City, was the mid-wife. Vera was awakened to hold Mame's new baby John, while she delivered Ellen and UV's baby. Moot tried to "back" (breech) into the world, and both Ellen and Aunt Mame were having a terrible struggle. It was a frightening experience for everyone and Ellen almost died. UV had saddled a horse and was ready to ride to St. Joe (Logandale) to bring Dr. Benson when Moot finally arrived. It had been an eventful night.

The winter of 1913 they rented a house in Overton to avoid the children's long walk of one and one-half miles to and from school. However, the older boys, Gene and Robert, had to get up very early, walk or ride horses to the ranch, milk cows and do other chores, bring the milk home, have breakfast and then get ready for school. Nothing was ever convenient or easy.

With the benefits of cash cantaloupe crops, their hard work began to pay off and life became a little easier for the entire family. They were doing as well or better than most people in the valley. All said later that in spite of continuing trials, they had a very happy and satisfying life. UV and Ellen provided picnics and outings and fun times for them, as well as teaching them the important things of life.

Their father always showed great love and respect for his wife and children. They all remember that whenever UV had been away, he always brought something back for his Ellen. It may have been just a small thing, but the children all learned that their mother deserved something special.

Ellen, still serving in the presidency of the Relief Society, was sustained as the Overton Ward Primary president on 13 December 1914 with her sister-in-law, Mary V. Lytle, as first counselor and Armelia Ingram as second counselor. Among new teachers called was Ellen's 16-year-old-daughter, Lorna. Ellen, who now had nine children, carried heavy loads in both the presidency of the Primary and the Relief Society. She had a very successful Primary where she encouraged children's participation. Twelve-year-old Vera and other of the older Perkins children often gave recitations and opening and closing prayers. Under her leadership 70 children were enrolled in Primary, 17 of whom were Perkins. She was finally released from the Relief Society presidency in March of 1915. However, she still continued as a teacher in this organization and presented one or two lessons each month.

Primary flourished under her direction. However she would remain in the Primary for only eleven months. Apparently some discord had occurred in the Relief Society and Bishop

William Wallace Perkins on 14 November 1915 reorganized the Relief Society with Lois Jones as president and Lovina Ellen Perkins as her first counselor. No second counselor was sustained at this time but some months later Sarah Bernetta (Nettie, Bishop William W. Perkins' wife), joined this presidency. Ellen's trusted, experienced and steadying hand was needed to restore unity and some measure of continuity. On this same day, Ellen was released as president of her precious Primary and this organization was placed in the capable hands of her sister-in-law, Mary V. Lytle.

After living on the ranch below town for over ten years, UV made a deal with Mrs. Sanford Angell to buy her house. It was a large two-story house of native stone construction, with walls over a foot thick and with ten-foot-high ceilings and a one-room cellar. There was a two-story railed porch with columns that extended across the entire front of the house. There were five bedrooms and a bathroom. The bathroom had no indoor toilet as they were unheard of at that time. It had a large bathtub and basin with a cistern underneath and a hand-pump inside the house so water didn't have to be carried in. It was quite modern for the time. There was also a huge living room, dining room, and a poor kitchen—which UV immediately remodeled. He later plumbed the bath and kitchen and when electricity came into the valley, he wired the house for electricity. Lenore and Gerald were born in this house. Gene went on his mission and all the children were married while the family lived in this house. Included in the sale were nearly 40 acres of land with fig, apricot, apple, almond, and pomegranate trees, and a thriving vineyard. The property was farmed until the family was grown and later UV would, on a portion of this property, create the first sub-division in the valley. After the vineyard lost some of its productivity, UV cleared the land and sold building lots. Prior to that time, two lots south of the vineyard were deeded to sons Eugene and Robert.

In 1918 there was a national influenza epidemic. Thousands of people died. Everyone in the family was down with the flu except UV. He was doctor, nurse, and care-giver to the entire family of ten including Ellen (Lenore and Gerald were not born at this time). A new school-teacher in the valley, Ella Hafen, came to their door offering her help as she had been told of their predicament. UV thanked her but refused assistance. He told her she should stay away from being exposed herself and that they were "getting along fine." Ella said this was her introduction to the Perkins' strong sense of independence which they all seemed to have. She later married Clyde Eugene. It was also in this home that all the family except UV and Vera had smallpox. Ellen was the sickest of all. Again her husband nursed everyone through this epidemic.

As they raised their children, the family went through all the normal problems and sometimes more. UV branched out into many fields of endeavor; however, they still experienced financial problems with a large family, land payments, and improvements. When Gene went on his mission, the financial burden intensified. Ellen said they always made sure they paid their tithing and kept active in the church and the Lord blessed them and somehow it all worked out. Lenore was born in the Angell home on 27 May 1919 and Gerald was also born there on 22 August 1921.

Ellen related that one year the town of Overton had a contest to see which family could clean up their property and make it look the best. Since UV was a stickler for clean fence lines and neatness, and Ellen always had clean yards with flowers and shrubs, it didn't take much extra effort for them to win. Ellen was overjoyed. The prize was a 100-pound sack of sugar and she thought it would last them a year. However, by the time her husband filled 10-pound salt sacks

with the sugar and took them to the widows and needy, there was not a lot left. This was very typical of him.

In the early years in the valley, with no mortuaries, there was no way to take care of the dead except by the people themselves. Crayton Johnson would make wooden caskets and the Relief Society would pad, line, and cover them in beautiful white materials. The women and babies had quilted linings trimmed with lace and ribbons. While working in the Relief Society, Ellen did this work for years. It was up to the Relief Society to wash and prepare the bodies for burial and she was called on much of the time to help. When the Yamashita baby died, Ellen took it, got it ready for burial, and kept it in her burlap-covered desert cooler until funeral time. Clara told of coming home from school for lunch and finding the baby in the cooler and being most startled. The Yamashitas were forever grateful. Ellen said they always tried to look out for all the needy in the valley.

One of Ellen's greatest challenges in life occurred when her youngest child, Gerald, died in 1922. It was the first death in the family and totally unexpected. He was just 22 months old, went into convulsions, and died. Ellen's religious beliefs and her faith sustained her through this ordeal. We can only imagine her feelings as she covered the tiny casket and prepared her baby for burial. It seems unlikely that any of us will ever be challenged as she was.

Ellen Gentry, the Moapa Stake Relief Society president, died on 18 May 1925. She had served as president since the stake was organized in 1912. Lois Jones was sustained as the new Stake Relief Society president with Viola Earl as first and Mary S. Gibson as second counselors. Ellen was called as the secretary-treasurer and was set apart by her brother, George Luke Whitney, who was a member of the Moapa Stake Presidency. At this time Lois Jones was still serving as the Overton Ward Relief Society president with Ellen as her first counselor. Two months later, Lovina Ellen was called as president of the Overton Ward Relief Society, with her sister-in-law Jennie May Perkins as first and Mary Jean McDonald as second counselors and with Martha Fleming as secretary-treasurer. Therefore, Ellen served simultaneously in both the stake and ward Relief Society organizations. When Ellen moved permanently to the Home Ranch in 1926, she was released as the Overton Ward Relief Society president and her sister-in-law Vivian Perkins Hickman was called as president. She continued to serve in her stake position until 1929.

When UV leased the Home Ranch at Warm Springs on the Upper Muddy, Ellen was reluctant to leave her large Overton home. She had about all she wanted of isolated ranch life and was reluctant to resign as president of the Overton Ward Relief Society. But her husband was very enthusiastic and she thought it might be a way to help some of the older married children. She finally dutifully agreed. There were four houses on the ranch named for members of the Beach family who owned the ranch. Bob and Billie settled in the Ross House for a while. Gene, back from his mission and married to Ella, moved with Ella into the Fitzgerald House. UV and Ellen used the Beach House as their private quarters. This home had guest rooms which Lenore and Clara shared. Vera and John Whipple were there for a short time, but they were soon divorced and Vera lived and taught school at Dry Lake. The cook shack had a basement and a huge screened porch. This was used for sleeping accommodations for the boys and others.

The house also had a huge living room, two bedrooms, and a large kitchen for cooking and eating and general family living. A back porch was adjacent to a small stream where the dishes were rinsed, washed, and taken inside for scalding and drying. The milk separator was by the porch so its many discs and other parts could be rinsed off in the stream and then taken inside to be washed and scalded. Sometimes heavy cream was allowed to rise to the top of pans of milk

and was skimmed off with a special skimmer. The separated cream was shipped to Salt Lake City for making commercial butter. The skimmed cream, which was heavier and richer, was used for whipping, making butter, and in eating and cooking. A big churn was used for butter making.

This cream was often also used to make ice cream in big over-sized, hand-turned freezers. These were wooden buckets with a metal container that sat inside with space between the bucket and container into which cracked ice and rock salt were placed. The freezer was hand-turned until the ice cream set. It was then packed in more ice and rock salt and covered with a cloth to age and set better. Gallons were consumed. Freezers of ice cream were repeatedly made on the Fourth of July and on other special occasions. Many reunions and other gatherings were held at this ranch.

UV had a small herd of cattle and some rangeland rights as well as several large pastures on the ranch. Hay, grain, millo maize, sugar cane, melons and row crops were raised on the ranch. Molasses was made from the sugar cane. There was a large orchard and, with the cooler weather of those days, even cherries, good apples, crab apples, apricots, pears, plums, and other things grew in the orchard. There was always a place for a household garden and lots of tomatoes were processed into different commodities to be eaten later.

They obtained a canner and pork, beef, and chicken would be added to their larder, along with the usual fruits and vegetables. Now there were fewer bottles to wash, scald, and break. Ellen was very happy with this arrangement. UV, as usual, was always there to supervise and do the heavy work. Ellen seldom worked alone in these endeavors. It was a family affair. Everything was put in cans raw, flavored, sealed and cooked in a hot-water bath in a cast-iron, 50-gallon vat. It was labeled after cooking.

The Home Ranch years were fondly remembered by everyone except Ellen. She never learned to swim and was always afraid of the water. She was not eager to return to ranch life the second time around. When UV was called on a six-month mission from the ranch, she was happy to take the three youngest children and go to St. George to take care of her sick mother. She was sorry, though, and felt a little guilty, about leaving the ranch and putting the burden of running the ranch on Lawrence. Knowing her family, she knew Lawrence would come out ahead in the end and he did. She took the responsibility of not renewing the lease with Mr. Beach. She made the decision prayerfully and it all seemed to work out for the best. With all of the older boys married and going their own ways, it was too much for just UV and the younger boys to handle. When the lease was up, they moved back full time to the Big House in Overton.

After returning to Overton, the family did well. Here, Ellen took care of her widowed mother, and her Uncle Levi Syphus off and on until they both died. She also ran two successful business ventures at different times. First she opened a small café. Her now divorced daughter, Vera, helped her operate this café. It was quite successful but was closed suddenly and unexpectedly when Ellen and Vera, while bringing supplies home from Las Vegas, were in an automobile accident. With poor medical facilities in Las Vegas, they ended up in the hospital in St. George with serious injuries. It took quite a while for full recuperation, but they were comfortable with their familiar Dr. Donald McGregor. Later Ellen opened a little store and short-order café across from the Moapa Valley High School and Grammar School. She made fresh doughnuts and maple bars every day just before noon. The wonderful odors brought in a large lunch business and the good food kept them coming back. She also assisted her husband in the buying and selling of property and houses. There was always fix-up work to be done in the houses and she was good at

painting and wallpapering. Wallpapering was very big in those days and she taught all her daughters the trade.

Ellen entertained several generations with tongue manipulations of her false teeth. The lower set was the bane of her life. The Whitney heritage of a small lower jawbone made it difficult to hold the teeth in place. Consequently, they were often in an apron pocket, purse, or somewhere besides her mouth. One of her jokes was always, "Help me find my teeth!" One time at the Home Ranch the family was in the car ready to leave for Overton to go to church when she said, "Wait, wait! I've got to get my teeth." She dashed into the house and came back smiling and said, "I found them!" She didn't reply at first to our "Where?" After some coaxing, she looked up with that twinkle in her eyes and said, "In my mouth." We never were sure if she'd had them in her mouth all the time or not. But she loved a joke, even on herself, and probably had.

Ellen really admired her son Robert after he became a denture wearer and always fastidiously kept his dentures in his mouth. Many people didn't realize they weren't his own teeth. At his death she was one of the last persons at his casket. When a couple of her daughters saw her slipping something in beside him they asked her what it was. She said, "His teeth. He would be mortified without them."

Ellen faced death in her family when Gerald died and again when her daughter Lorna lost two children: Nevada and Verné. She'd brought Gene and Ella's baby, Kelly, home and buried him while the rest of the family remained in Provo after Ella was seriously injured and Kelly was killed in an auto-pedestrian accident. Perhaps her hardest ordeal was when Gene was killed—crushed under a huge water-wheel on the Weiser Ranch. Gene had fulfilled a mission for the church and was the older brother the family looked up to. He was finally doing something he loved and doing it well—farming. He had a young, growing, family who needed their father. It was a bad, sad time for everyone. From then on UV and Ellen spent a lot of time helping Ella and the children. Those children became like a part of Ellen and UV's immediate family. Ella needed great emotional, mental, and physical support. Some very strong, life-time bonds were formed. They handled this changing, life-time event for everyone concerned in an exemplary way. It was one of their greatest challenges.

However, Ellen's greatest challenge was when her husband UV died in 1949. And then when her son Robert died in 1956, she was alone and without her husband's strength and support. As usual she stoically endured these sad events, relying on her strong faith and knowledge of the eternal promise of a future life together. Her faith never wavered and brought her great comfort in time of need.

On the Upper Muddy, after UV's death, Ellen had a small house built on about six acres of land bordering the east side of the Muddy River. It was next to her son Dale's property and across the river from son Maurice's ranch. She subsequently sold all of her Nevada holdings except this six-acre plot. Her foresight in buying the McQuarrie home in St. George now proved fortuitous. She commuted between this home and the small house at Warm Springs that the family had lovingly labeled "The Ranch." Here all the family gatherings were held and it gave the family a Nevada connection from their various "scatterings." Daughter Lenore and her husband lived in Ellen's home in St. George when they were first married and their daughter Patricia Ellen was born while they were living there. Ellen's daughter Lorna and her husband built a house on the lot just south and back of their St. George house which she would later live in.

This was the period of time when Ellen took care of her brothers Luke and Burton. She had always been close to her own family and when Burton's last wife (he had three) died, Burton would live with Ellen in St. George and sometimes at the ranch. When Luke's wife died in Hurricane he spent a lot of time with Ellen until he met and married his second wife, Chloe. Years before, Luke had married his deceased uncle's wife to take care of her and their family. Ellen was happy to help him find and be sealed to an eternal companion of his own. Daughter Vera and her husband Carl took Uncle Luke and Aunt Chloe on their honeymoon to California. It was Luke's first view of the ocean and he was thrilled. He said, "It looks like I always thought it would!" Ellen also enjoyed associating with her sisters Maude and Mable who both lived in St. George. Later, together they would attend their sister Chrissie's funeral in Oregon.

Ellen was very astute with finances and had always made money on her ventures. It was an accepted fact in the family that if she'd always managed the money, they'd have been wealthy. But their design for living let them each have control over their separate interest, while keeping the family unit strong and growing. Because of this arrangement, she could live comfortably the rest of her life after her husband died.

Ellen loved playing games with her children. When Chinese checkers became popular she became a "pro" at this game. She challenged anyone and everyone who would play with her and usually won. Grandchildren stood in awe of her game skills.

Ellen was plagued by allergies. In her younger years she frequently had hives and empathized with her youngest daughter who shared this same fate. Once, Ellen had a series of shots that were supposed to "cure" her. However, she still had bouts with asthma and hay fever. Even in her older years she was still seeking for permanent relief. At one point she had daughter Lenore drive her to Laramie, Wyoming, for some treatments she heard were effective. It was a nice vacation for Lenore and her children and seemed to bring some lasting relief for Ellen's problems.

Ellen loved traveling and visited many states. One of her most memorable trips was a visit to Washington, D.C., with her sister Mable. They went to visit Mable's daughter Beth Cory. Beth's husband, Calvin, was employed by Senator Pat McCarran while Calvin was attending law school. Cal took them everywhere and showed them everything. Ellen was impressed with it all but seemed to enjoy the House of Congress and sitting in the Vice-President's chair most of all. She took many other trips, both short and long. She really liked to see new sights and visit new places but not stay too long—especially as she grew older. Ellen tried several times to learn to drive but finally gave it up. She had bought herself a car when she first moved to St. George. She had no trouble getting people to drive her places as she paid all of the expenses and was a good traveler. One time her nephew, Stowell Abbott, was taking her with him to Mesa, Arizona, to visit Vera. It was before U.S. 93 through central Arizona was built. The longer drive on U.S. 95 had long stretches of straight road and Stowell said one conversation went like this: "How fast do you like to travel, Aunt Ellen?" "Well, not too slow." "We're doing an even 100 right now. Is that okay?" "That's about right!" Stowell loved telling that story and others on her. She was loved by all who knew her!

While living in St. George, Ellen did a great deal of temple work. Her dream had been for UV to retire and that they would spend their time together doing this. While UV was living they did go to the temple whenever possible. They had made a trip to the Mesa Temple dedication and to several General Conferences in Salt Lake City. They were both always faithful in their church callings and attended church activities from whatever distance they lived. Their later years might

have been different if her husband had retired. But town living and being away from the land he loved to work and improve just wasn't in him.

One time in Mesa, Arizona, Ellen was visiting church with Vera. An announcement was made that a certain sister was ill and they needed a volunteer to stay with her and give her appropriate care for a few days. When no one else volunteered, Ellen did. The sister was forever grateful to Ellen and so was the bishop. Ellen said she reaped any reward she needed from the blessings she received.

Ellen was always concerned about and helpful to all her children and grandchildren. Many came to her for advice and counsel. All seemed to enjoy being around her. If she saw a need she could fulfill, she fulfilled it. In dire emergencies she would lend money. However, she was hesitant about babysitting or tending older children; particularly as she grew older. One got the impression that she felt times and methods had changed so much that she was no longer competent. Also, that she had done her share in that department and with so many grandchildren there was no fair way to get involved—in emergencies yes, generally no.

Two years before UV's death on 10 June 1947, UV and Ellen were both moved to tears when their children honored them with a Golden Wedding Anniversary Party. It was arranged by daughters Lorna, Vera, and Clara. Appropriately, it was held in St. George where they had been married. Lorna's green and flowering yard provided the perfect setting for the occasion. The following poetry seems to tell it all:

To Mother and Dad on their Fiftieth Anniversary

This is the lovely month of June,
Just made for every bride and groom.
And fifty years ago today
Our mother and dad were heard to say,
"I'll take this woman to be my wife,"
"I'll take this man the rest of my life."
A honeymoon spent in the age old way
And then to their home they went to stay.
The years rolled by, one by one,
They had a daughter and then a son.
Their happiness was not complete
Until ten more their home did greet.
A large family...we all know well,
And happiness was theirs for a spell,
Then tragedy struck at their home one day
And the youngest son was taken away
But by work of Him above
Who took the little one we loved,
We learned the meaning of sorrow and pain
And realized the love of those who remained.
And as the years rolled swiftly past
The sons and daughters married at last.
But though married and scattered here and there,
With families of their own for which to care,

They all gather together on days like this
To enjoy good eats and reminisce
Of years gone by and fun we've had,
And the love we share with mother and dad.

—*Clara P. Logan*

Memories

Dear Ellen, memories of spring
Bring beautiful memories
Of our youth in the long, long ago;
Of a love that is old, yet ever new.
Joy and happiness have come our way
To balance the tears of yesterday.
Fruits of our union before us stand,
Glorious womanhood, sturdy man.
Though years have been hard and long
We've accomplished much; in these words
We've lived – “In God We Trust.”

The Desert Rat—Ute V. Perkins

Our Golden Wedding Day

Our Dear Children:

We, your parents, feel deeply grateful
for your thoughtfulness in remembering
us with the lovely gifts or presents
which we received. When we opened them
and saw what they were, it made our
hearts swell and a lump filled our throats.
I know that your mother exclaimed, and was
moved to speak aloud these words,
“God bless our children, from the greatest
to the least.” I likewise feel to express
myself in like language, for we know you
are all deeply sincere in doing these things.
Children of deeds, not words, are like a
garden full of rare flowers. If I could
wield the pen of Shakespeare, I might
paint to you all our feelings. Unable to
do that, you will please accept this note
of thanks. May your lives be happy and long
with your children and in doing good.

With love, Mother and Dad

In 1959, Ellen made a trip to Mesa, Arizona, by bus. She wanted Vera to find her a doctor. She explained her problems and felt she had something very seriously amiss. Vera took her to Dr. Wall, a cancer specialist. He found she had colon cancer and placed her in the hospital for immediate surgery which was performed the next day. In addition to removing the cancer, a colostomy was necessary. She endured it very well but had to stay in the hospital for several weeks. The colostomy was an added burden to her and sometimes an embarrassment. She handled it all

in her own stoic way, but was slowed down somewhat. She did visit her children and tried to lead a normal life. Vera and Lenore had been with her during her surgery and tried to keep an eye on her, as did the rest of the family. It was ironic to Ellen that shortly after her operation, Dr. Wall was diagnosed with cancer and died.

By this time Ellen's property at Warm Springs had passed through Clara's ownership and was owned by Arthur. The Family Reunion was held there in November of 1962. Not having seen her for some time, it was quite obvious to Vera and Lenore that something was radically wrong with their mother. Her stomach was distended beyond her usual rounded self and her color wasn't normal. Most of all they noticed a difference in her eyes. She had a peacefulness about her that belied any alarm to most of the family. Ellen stood and twice addressed her assembled family of at least four generations. She urged them to keep together in love and harmony and to be active in service to the church. This was a most unusual thing for her to do. She usually admonished them separately. She had told Vera earlier in the day that she was having problems again. Vera reminded her that if things deteriorated she would keep her earlier promise and come and take care of her.

The call from Clara came in December. Vera and Lenore came from Arizona to be with Ellen in her little apartment behind her daughter Lorna's home. She was confined to her bed where her daughters lovingly bathed and cared for her. Dr. Wilford Reichman, the family doctor, came to check her often. When he was told she liked to have her legs and arms massaged, he said, "Be careful, the cancer has spread into her bones and they could break very easily." Ellen told Lenore, "You're the only one who will always give me a manicure and a pedicure and I really would like that." So all the things we could do to make her happy and comfortable were done. Vera did the most of all. She had always told Ellen she would take care of her when the end came. Vera was on leave of absence from her teaching job. Lenore had to return to work after five days, but loving Lorna was there. Ellen soon lapsed into a coma and passed away a short time later on 28 December 1962. Her funeral and burial were in St. George. She and her husband lie side by side in the St. George cemetery.

Most of the family would have preferred to have their parents buried in the old Overton Cemetery where so many of the family are buried; however, it had been Ellen's choice to put her husband where she had chosen to live her remaining years. I didn't understand this at the time but do now.

Having experienced some of the same things she experienced in old age, I understand much better Ellen's obedience to the Church leaders' counsel. This was evident when her sons had to clean out her basement. Much of her food storage had to be discarded, but, due to her obedience, the Lord would probably have made it edible if she had needed it. I still miss my mother and look forward to a reunion with her before too long.

These are some of the important qualities she tried to pass on to her children:

1. Humor. She believed laughter was a remedy for many things. We should not only laugh with each other but at ourselves. Things aren't usually as bad as they seem.
2. Nature. The wonderful world God has given us, with its changing seasons—changes of the moon-wet and dry moons—planting seasons of the moon, weather signs—the beautiful flora and fauna—the soothing effect that nature has on us.
3. Work. It is necessary for everyone. There is pleasure in work well done. It is a remedy for many things. Work comes first and leisure second. The things you will most

- value in life will come from your own labors. Many hands make light work. Work together and enjoy it.
4. Responsibility. Always keep your word. Don't wait for someone to tell you what to do. Look for things that need to be done and do them. Do your work the best you know how and try to improve. Be a good steward.
 5. Value time. The quicker you do what needs to be done, the more time you have for yourself. Other people's time is valuable. Don't keep other people waiting. Don't be late for anything.
 6. Appreciation. Always be grateful for what you have. Express your appreciation to others and especially to the Lord. Share with others. Bloom where you are planted.

We, the children and descendants of Ute Vorace and Lovina Ellen Perkins, are indeed fortunate to have been blessed with such goodly parents. Indeed we are children with the most noble of birthrights, and should ever be grateful to our Father in Heaven for this priceless gift.

Lenore Clay, a daughter