

## HISTORY OF



SARAH ELLEN (ELLA) HUNSAKER

BORN: 10 July 1884 at Calls Fort, Utah  
DIED: 07 May 1975 at Brigham City, Utah

PARENTS: Enoch Hunsaker  
Martha Ellen May

SPOUSE: Eli Carl Anderson  
MARRIED: 30 May 1907 at Honeyville, Utah

## **HISTORY OF SARAH ELLEN “ELLA” HUNSAKER**

By Sarah Ellen Hunsaker  
Between June 1944 to June 1945

Ella Hunsaker Anderson born at Calls Fort, Box Elder County Utah on 10 July 1884 was the eldest daughter and first child of Enoch and Ellen May Hunsaker. The family home was in Honeyville, Utah. She was born in the same old rock house where her mother was born. This home belonged to James & Martha Ellen Allen May.

All her grandparents were pioneers. Her grandfather Abraham Hunsaker was a member of the famous Mormon Battalion, which made the longest march in history.

Her great grandfather, Jude Allen (on her mother's side) died when she was 16 and her great grandfather (on her father's side) Alexander Beckstead died when she was 10 years old. Ella remembers them all as they all lived to be over 74 years old.

Her grandfather May had two families and after spending 6 months in prison he took the second family to Cardston, Alberta, Canada to live and when he came to Utah he was just a visitor who came to the Hunsaker home. He often would come down to attend General Conference, but for Grandmother May's home was just the same to her as her own.

Her Grandfather Abraham Hunsaker had 5 wives and 52 children; she can just remember 2 of the wives and her grandfather.

She attended public school in Honeyville and it was here that her name was changed. Her family had always called her Sari Ellie, which she disliked. One of her first teachers had had a similar problem with her name of Ellen and had called herself Ella and took it upon herself to call Grandma, Ella and the name has been with her ever since. Ella was known by siblings and parents as “El.”

She went to high school in Brigham City and after completing the required courses, became a schoolteacher, her childhood ambition. She taught for five years in all. She began at "The Sinks" a small school west of Snowville in 1902-1903 at the age of 18, taught at Honeyville 1903-1904, Plymouth 1904-1905, Bothwell 1905-1906 and back to Honeyville for 1906-1907.

While teaching in Bothwell in 1905 and 1906 she met Eli C. Anderson whom she married on 30 May 1907. They were married at the home of her parents in Honeyville and a reception and dance was held the same night. The marriage was later solemnized in the Logan Temple on 31 March 1926. Eli gave Ella a gold band that was engraved on the inside, "From H to A." He also gave her a gold label watch with the engraving, "EHA."

Eli was a foreman for the Lindsay Bitton Livestock Company so their honeymoon was spent on Monte Cristo. It was a very gay summer with nothing much to do except horseback riding, picnics and dining out at the various camps.

Her best friend Arvilla Wight spent two delightful weeks in the mountains with them and how the shepherds would flock to the Anderson camp during that time and they all vied each other to see who could cook the best meal for the visitor.

The winter of 1907-08 they spent in Garland, Bothwell and Honeyville and in the spring they moved to the farm which Floyd Egli now owns and Bothwell has been home ever since, with the exception of the summer of 1911 when they went to Rockland, Idaho to homestead land there. The homestead was up in the hills and they had to haul all their water 5 miles, so they became discouraged and after planting their wheat they returned to Bothwell.

Bert Hunsaker, Ira Allen and Joe Priest had homesteads near theirs so they spent a very nice summer any way but were glad to come back to good old Bothwell.

Their first child, Vesta was born at her grandparent's home in Honeyville on 5 Feb 1909. Maurine and her twin brother Maurice were born 7 Nov 1910 at the home in Bothwell. Maurice died on 02 Dec 1910 at Bothwell. Ray and his twin Reed were born 13 June 1912, but Reed just lived a few hours. Carlyle was born 02 Oct 1913. Dorothy 21 April 1915, Max 13 Nov 1916, Dean 10 Aug 1918 and Verl May 18 1920.

When Verl was 5 days old Dean drank iodine and nearly died, but thru the efforts of the mother and Vesta, who gave him starch and water till, mother baby Dean, and the bed looked like they had received an ink bath. He got better and was pronounced out of danger by Dr. King who made the trip from Tremonton in 7 minutes (a feat in itself in an old Ford).

Ray who was always little and most always sick would catch every contagious disease first then of course the others would take it. He took the measles when six months old and after coughing continuously for over 50 hours Dr. Whitlock said he couldn't do any thing more and that his life would soon end but that night he passed the crisis and began, to recover. He weighed only 2 pounds at birth and only weighed 6 pounds, at six months; the doctor said it was his grit that kept him alive. The cough stayed with him though and each time he had a new teacher he was sent home with whooping cough.

The day he was 13 months old, Merle Anderson Conger, Ray's cousin was born and she weighed 9 ½ pounds while he just weighted 7 /12 pounds.

Carlyle had pneumonia when he was 6 months old and he was very nearly gone when the doctor brought out a pulmotor and in 24 hours his lungs were cleared.

With so many little ones the mother was kept very busy and was alone so much as the father had to leave home (their farm was very small and could not support them) trapping coyotes, shearing sheep and doing other things to make a living.

When Verl was a year old they sold their farm to Fred Eggli and bought the old Foxley Store and 10 acres from J.H. Luke.

The Foxley family had moved to St. Thomas, Nevada and the farm had first sold to Newel Taylor then to some Christensens, then to the Lukes.

The Andersons remodeled the old store and moved in April 4, 1919. Here Keith was born April 3, 1922, Eloise was born Oct. 10, 1924 and as she was the 10<sup>th</sup> living child born on the 10<sup>th</sup> day of the 10<sup>th</sup> month, Bert Johnson said she should have been named Dime. When the teachers gave the Christmas play that year, Eloise was the babe in the manger. She didn't make a sound just laid there playing with the evergreens in the manger.

Ray, as usual had a bad cough so he and Eli stayed home while the rest went to the children's dance on Christmas day. Carlyle ran, with the other children by the sleigh jumping on and off on the way home. While getting into his chore clothes he took with sudden cramps. He became worse as the night went by, but there was such a blizzard on that the telephone poles were blown down and by morning the roads were drifted till they were impassable. Eli made it to town on horseback after noon and Dr. Luke was able to get out in a sleigh the next day. We had thought Carl had appendicitis and Dr. Luke thought so too but Carl was easier then so he thought the attack was over. Said to keep

him in bed a few days though. He was more quiet but Sat (Christmas was on Thursday) the parents could see he was getting worse and Sunday evening when they finally got Dr. Luke again, he said he thought the appendix had broken and with an operation Carl had one chance in a thousand to live. When “asked what he would do if it were his child, he said he’d operate, so the Andersons immediately prepared to take him to Garland to the hospital. For five days his life lay in a balance but on the sixth day the change for the better came and though his system was still full of poison he steadily grew better. During this time another great trial came to the Anderson home as Mrs. Anderson’s brother Ray passed away on Dec 30, 1924. On Aug 27 1928, Gerald H. was born. Vesta was attending the U.S.A.C. and Maurine was a senior at Bear River High School. Keith was in the first grade so Mother Anderson had eight lunches to put up each day. In October 1928 Keith and Verl went up to Fred Eggli’s for some grapes, Keith was holding the bucket over his arm and fell off the horse breaking his arm. It was just hanging where it broke. When he saw how badly his mother felt he said, “Don’t cry Mama it don’t hurt a bit.” This was always a strong point in his character, “to always think of others and to try to lessen their hurts.” His sunny disposition made him the center of all groups and he’s still making friends now in Italy, where he went to fight the War for Freedom.

In the spring of 1929 the Anderson’s sold their home to Rudger Forsgren and purchased their present farm from a Mr. Loosli from Clarkston. This farm was the original homestead of James Ispen who homesteaded the southwest quarter of section 6,T,11R.3 W. at the same time Andrew Anderson homesteaded the northwest quarter of the same section, so though the Eli Anderson’s have owned 3 farms they never moved from the same section and now as they are about the same distance from the Bothwell

church and town Mrs. Anderson laughingly says, "She lives between the devil and the deep blue sea."

Vesta was married early in June 1929 and her husband Reed Peterson died of heart trouble in Sept. This was another great blow to the family. Reed Junior was born Feb 27, 1930 so he has been as one of the family ever since. Ray married Gladys Wheatley and Clair was born at the home on June 11, 1936 and when his parents separated in 1937 he continued to live with his grandparents where he is today. Maurine went on a mission to the Eastern States in March 1936 and Dorothy married Kenneth J. Paskett in April 1934 and went to Henefer to live. Carlyle married Verle Nelson and Dean married June Holliday. Though these had married and left home the little house was still too small so in the fall of 1940 Max, Keith and Jerry (he rode the horse) commenced digging the basement for a new home. Guy Bosley started putting in the forms for the cement on Labor Day (the first Monday in September) and the family moved in on Dec 24, 1940. Such rushing as they did was never done before, or as it seemed, with labor scarce, the beets to dig, plowing to do and the Herefords to be groomed and fed for the stock show. Verl wasn't home to help either as he was working for Howard Vaughn in Dixon California.

Verl had won 4 grand champion steers (though they, belonged to him and Max) during the year 1938. Mr. Vaughn after seeing most of them hired him to feed cattle for him. The boys invested their prize money and wages in purebred Hereford cows. Max married Erma Holland in May 1941 and Verl married Madge Earl in June of the same year. The two boys took Keith as a partner, run the cows, a bunch of turkeys and the

farm. (Eli was too busy with the county roads; he was put in county road supervisor in 1938).

Maurine taught school before and after going on her mission and in 1940. She performed a short-term mission in the Northwestern states laboring mostly in Great Falls, Montana. She married Joseph Toone in Jan 1942 and has since lived in Croydon. Verl and Madge went back to Dixon to work for Mr. Vaughn leaving the farm and the cows to Max and Keith who worked along happily together till Keith was called to the service in Dec 1943. Eloise attended the U.S.A.C. two years then joined the Cadet Nurse Corps at the Dee Hospital in June 1944, which leaves Jerry, Clair, Dad and Mom Anderson holding down the home front till Keith comes home again.

*NOTE: This history must have been written between June 1944 and before the war was completed in June 1945 and edited by Eloise*

## ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT: SARAH ELLEN (ELLA) HUNSAKER

*Recorded 19 September 1973 by her granddaughter, Mary Jane Anderson. Minor changes were made in editing the tape. Remaining errors reflect Ella's memory at the time the tape was made.*

Well, my goodness, I don't know hardly how to begin. But my father Enoch Hunsaker and my mother was Martha Ellen May. They were married 1883. They had a little house in Honeyville, rock, and one room with a little attic above it. And then when I was coming to stay with them, Mother went down to Grandma May's and that's where I was born, in her big old rock house that is still standing and still good. People still live in it. I was christened in the little rock schoolhouse and I was christened Sara Ellen Hunsaker. I didn't like that. When I got big enough to know anything, I liked the Ellen all right, but, oh, I just didn't like Sarah. They called me Ellie and I didn't like that at all. When I went to school, the first day, the teacher asked me what my name was and I guess I told her Ellie Hunsaker and she said, "Oh, well, we'll just call you Ella." My name was Ellie too and I didn't like it and I changed it to Ella. Her name then was Ella Bywater. She said, "We'll just call you Ella." So I told my folks that my name was Ella that's all it was ever going to be. I just loved Ella Bywater so much, being my first teacher and she never forgot me. After she married she always knew me and talked to me. So it was okay.

But then trials kept coming because there were so many in our family. I was the oldest and there were thirteen of us brothers and sisters. Two of them died in infancy and today there are only five of us living. I, the oldest one, out here in Bothwell and the youngest one, Eldon, lives in Honeyville. He's the only one who's always lived in that little town. We went on and on and on and oh, how I loved to read. I just learned to read so quick and then I just, I wanted a book in my hands all the time and my Dad didn't like that. He thought I'd better be washing dishes or something. We never agreed very much because he didn't like the way I was doing. But every time I'd get chance, I would read.

We used to go down to Grandma May's for Christmas dinner—maybe it wasn't right on Christmas day, but all the aunts, uncles and cousins were gathered in the big old house and we had popcorn and apples. Grandma raised such lovely apples and she stored them up in the loft of the house in some straw so that we had a real wonderful time. But

one day they lost George May—and he was my favorite cousin. They lost George and me—couldn't find us anywhere. They hunted and yelled and yelled. No answer would come. And finally someone thought of the window. The windows of that house were deep enough that you could get in and if the curtains were drawn, they were heavy enough that you couldn't see us at all. So there we sat each of us with a book in our hand. We loved books and oh, he got some wonderful books for Christmas. He had one and I had another and we sat dead to the world. We didn't care what happened. We just read on. He was always my favorite cousin because he liked the things that I did and we got along so well together. His mother had died when he was right little. That was Uncle George, my mother's brother. His wife died when the three kids were right tiny, so he just moved in with grandma and grandma's home was their home as long as they lived.

Life went on. We kept on going to school. And oh, how I wanted to go to school. We went over the same books, it seemed to me like the same lessons, every year in Honeyville. I had some cousins there that went over to the A.C. (Agricultural College) that's called USU now, but we called it the A.C. Oh, how I wanted to go with the, but the folks didn't think they had enough money to send me off to school. So I went on and in the meantime, I had made friends with a Wight family down by Grandma May's. Their oldest girl, Arvilla, was my age and she loved the same things I did. She said, "Well, Ella, let's go down and see Hattie. (That was Hattie Wight; she was a trustee in Brigham). Let's see what we can do about your in Brigham. That's where I'm going."

So down to Brigham we went. Sister Hattie Wight said, "You bet you can go to school. We'll say you live in Brigham City." And so Father would see that I got to Brigham every Sunday afternoon. Then they would come and get me Friday night. So I went to school in Brigham City. The next year, the Board of Education finally changed the name—Brigham City High School to Box Elder High School. So I went to Box Elder High School that year and I didn't have to register from Brigham because I could go just as well from Honeyville. And oh, how I loved this school. And Arvilla was there and we had another girl from Brigham that was about our age named May Jensen. The three of us went everywhere together. We had so much fun and when we'd gone to high school the next year we had to study. We didn't have any gymnastics or anything like that. It was just study, study, study so that we got about as much in the two years as you would

get in four years now because they have so much other kind of studies. Then our teacher said, “Well, why don’t you go take the examination. See if you can be good schoolteachers. They need school teachers.” Well, we took the examination and my goodness; we passed it in flying colors. We got our grammar age certificate, which said we could teach school for life. And then we went to a summer school that year that they had in Brigham. So we started our careers as schoolteachers that fall.

I don’t know why I decided to go out to Snowville. I guess it was because my Aunt Tottie lived out there and of course, she was about my favorite aunt. She taught school out there and she married John Arbon. She said, “Well, you come out there, Ella and teach.” So I applied out there, but they had their teachers. “But oh well, we’ll give you the school at the Sinks.” The Sinks was about seven miles down across the valley from Snowville. So I went out there to teach school and oh, that was an awful poor little old school house. It was dirt floor and had a dirt roof, but the trustees said, “Well, we’ll fix it Miss Hunsaker. We’ll fix it, Miss Hunsaker. We’ll make it a better school.” So they built a little one-room schoolhouse. I only had seven pupils. I had four Roses and three Showells. That was my pupils. But we got along all right. I stayed down there maybe two or three weeks and then I got so homesick I was about ready to come back home. But I got on the mail truck that went down from Stone, Idaho, to Kelton. It would go down in the morning and come back in the afternoon. I talked to that mailman and asked him if I could ride to Snowville with him. He said, “You sure can.” So I went up to Snowville and then I didn’t get back till Monday morning because he didn’t go down until Monday morning. Then we took up school and that was all right with the parents. They didn’t care. I told them we wouldn’t have school Monday forenoon then. We’d have to have it not until one o’clock. We could have it Saturday morning, I said, because the mailman didn’t come back till Saturday afternoon. Well, that wouldn’t do because Mr. Showell, one of the parents said, “No, we always go somewhere on Saturday and sometimes we stay overnight, so we couldn’t do that.” “Well,” I said, “would it be all right if we just have it four and a half days?” They said, yes, so that’s the way we had school—four and a half days every week.

Our school let out then earlier, I believe, than the school right in Snowville. I was glad to get back home. I went to summer school again and that next year I taught in

Honeyville. That was good because I had about thirty children up to the fourth grade. We just had two schools and I had the primary grades. We got along fine that year. The next year I applied up to Plymouth and I got that school. I taught there a year. That was better because it was, oh, I don't know, there were pretty good kids up there, so we had school there. Then the next year I applied out to Bothwell. It was called Point Look Out then, of course, because we had the point of the hill right here and the post office was Point Look Out. The town was called Roeville after a man named Roe that had helped on the canal. Then I don't know, after that it was changed to Bothwell after another man (John R. Bothwell) who had the contract of building the canal, so they changed it. Since that time, it has been Bothwell.

In the spring of that year oh, a terrible thing happened. One day a little girl, her name was Sarah Bennett, came to school and she said, "Oh, Miss Hunsaker, I'm so sick." She was only about eight years old. I said, "Well, Sarah, what will we do?" She said, "I don't know, but I'm just so sick. Her home was about a half mile from the schoolhouse, so I fixed her a bed on two of the seats. She stayed there until school was out. Then I helped her home. I walked home with her and oh, her mother was so glad that I had brought her home. Sister Bennett said, "Oh, we have to get the doctor." The doctor was in Garland, so they had the doctor come. As quick as he got there, he said it was diphtheria. Of course, there was no more school. We were all exposed to that disease and there wasn't any school. The doctor quarantined the Bennett family. Sister Bennett was just about ready for a new baby. They said she couldn't stay there, so what would they do? Well, of course, the old grandmother said she could go to their house and take care of the kids and be quarantined with them. That little girl died, of course, that had it so bad. They couldn't have her funeral. They buried her up in the cemetery here.

Sister Bennett moved into Grandma (Law's) house. It was just a little shack, but she and I lived in that house and Sister Laws, her mother, kept care of the Bennett kids in their home. The baby was born the next day after I went there and I had never been around anybody being born. And there I was, all by myself. When the doctor came he told me what to do and I had to wash it. That was something that I didn't think I could—well, that's the only baby I ever washed in my life first, like that. But we got the baby fixed up. When he (the doctor) came out in a day or two again, why he said, "Miss

Hunsaker, I like the way you did. Now if you'd like, maybe you could be my assistant and go with me to these birthings." I told him, "Well, I'm afraid I wasn't any good at that." But the little boy lived and he lives in Moab today. He always said that he was my baby.

In the meantime, Eli Anderson came home to Point Look Out or Bothwell. He was herding sheep for Lindsay Bitton, a livestock company, out on the range. Of course, he dated me the first day he got home and we just had a lot of fun because there was nothing to do at night only dance, dance, dance. Thatcher had a better dancing place than we had up here where I had lived. The Miller boys from Penrose were the music always. For one dance it was so muddy you couldn't travel. The horses would almost mire. Uncle John, his name was John L. Hunsaker and Aunt Kate lived right close to the schoolhouse and I stayed with them. I used to ride their old gray horse, Esau, up to Point Look Out to get the mail. We'd go plomp, plomp plomping it along the road. If they had a wagon, why the wagon would mire until a big piece of mud would fall off that looked like the wheel had come off. It was the muddiest place I'd ever, ever been in. This one night, anyway, we decided to go to Thatcher to the dance. Somehow they couldn't get a team or something that night. I don't know what happened. We walked to the canal. That wasn't so bad. Along the canal was right dry and that was the way we went down to Thatcher to the dance. We sang and yelled all the way down and all the way back. We had a great time.

I had said when I began teaching I was only to teach five years. This was my fourth year out here to Bothwell, so I applied back to Honeyville and taught there the fifth year. That was quite nice then because we had a three-room school, so I had the third, fourth and fifth grades. Uncle Benjamin Tolman had fixed his parlor for a schoolroom and that's where I had my last school. Their daughter Emma was a giggler, the most giggling girl you ever heard of. She just giggled all the time. Well one day I said, "Emma, we can't giggle all the time. It's nice once in a while, but we can't have it all the time." So I took a big handkerchief and tied it around Emma's face, tied it around her till she couldn't breathe for a few minutes hardly. She tells me about that even now. "Yes, I was that giggling girl, wasn't I?" But she says, "Oh, I did love you." And I said, "Well, Emma, I think I loved you too." I just saw her last week. Her brother had died.

She came to Honeyville to his funeral and I went over there. Vesta took me over and she told me about her giggling.

Eli and I decided to get married on his birthday that would be The 6<sup>th</sup> of June. Well, that was all right and we had everything all set for that day. We were going to get married and have our wedding dance. We didn't have receptions in those days. The bride and groom gave a dance. Just a couple of weeks before, I guess, his boss decided that he couldn't have a vacation like that on his birthday because they were going to move the sheep from the winter range up into Monte Cristo or some place in the hills. Well, we were going to get married anyway, so we decided to get married on Decoration Day. I think that was the awfulest day to get married, but we were going to celebrate somehow, I guess, because we went up to the cemetery there in Honeyville and decorated the graves and came back. Eli's uncle, Lars Johnsen, was the bishop of Bear River City. We had talked to him and decided to have him come to my parents' home there in Honeyville and marry us that afternoon and have our dance then that night because we nearly always celebrated Decoration Day with a dance anyway. So that's what we did. We were married right there at home and then went up to our church where we had our church (meetings) and dances and everything and had the wedding dance that night

I remember that none of his people came, not one. They were sick out here (Bothwell). So after our wedding trip, we came out here to Bothwell to see his people. His father and one brother had that Rocky Mountain Fever and that's why nobody came over to our party. We stayed there, and then we went to the summer hills up on Monte Cristo. That's where we spent the summer. So we were married then on the 30<sup>th</sup> of May, Decoration Day, 1907. We spent our honeymoon then up in the hills, but of course, I was born on 10 July 1884. Our summer was—oh; it was so wonderful up there in the hills. We had horses; father had given me a pony for a wedding present, so I had my own horse to ride. Then we came down here and he (Eli) still had his job, so we went on herding sheep. That winter I stayed home.

Then we built us a house. The first summer we had just a cook shed like. We fixed that up and we built a little brick house. It wasn't big enough. I thought, "Oh, my goodness, that won't be big enough for anything." But we started adding onto it. We added a slope onto it and a porch and things, so that we had quite a comfortable house.

Eli's father died in December of 1908. Then I went home to Honeyville to stay with my folks. Eli, he had a job out here and he stayed here (Bothwell) but came over then and stayed there (Honeyville) when Vesta was born the 5<sup>th</sup> of February 1909. We didn't take her to church even to have her christened and when she got big, why, we had an awful time finding her birth certificate because they hadn't recorded it there in Honeyville and they never recorded it out here.

We had our house plastered and all fixed so nice and Vesta was born then in February 1909 and Maurine was born 7<sup>th</sup> November 1910. When she came the doctor said, "Oh, it's going to be two." Oh my goodness, that was the first thought we had that we were going to have two babies. Maurine was born first and her brother came just a little after. He was quite a bit bigger than she was. We didn't have scales and the doctor he didn't have any, but he didn't think that she would weigh maybe a little bit over three pounds. The other baby, he thought would be about four pounds. That was all right; we didn't care. We just started taking care of them.

About on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of December, the little boy took awfully sick. Eli was off trapping coyotes. He had a string of traps on the hill and of course, he went up to the traps. I saw a wagon come over the hill—we didn't have snow yet—and I went out and called. I knew it was our bishop, Bishop Stokes. He came down. I believe he had somebody with him. They came into the house. He said, "I think we'd better name the babies." So we named them. We had picked out Maurine for the little girl and Maurice for the little boy. So they named them. That next day the little boy passed away, so we had the two little girls. We had the services just right there at home.

Of course, life went on. It seemed like we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear but Eli didn't like to go to church. That was kind of against my feelings because I had always liked to go to church on Sunday one time. But I didn't get to go very often because he didn't want to go. And then our babies came so fast that I didn't have time to go after Maurine was born then Ray. We were expecting another baby (after Maurine) and darned if the doctor didn't tell us it was going to be two that time. We thought that was getting a little more than our share of babies, but I guess we have to take it that way.

So on the 12<sup>th</sup> of June, then Ray was born and he was a twin. Both of these were boys and Ray was born first. The doctor picked him up and of course, I was kind of

delirious, I guess, because I thought, “Oh, that isn’t a baby. That isn’t a baby—it’s a cottontail.” We’d been having a lot of little cottontail rabbits that Eli would get around the Point here. It didn’t look like it had any skin on it. It just looked like a skinned cottontail. And then the other baby died just, oh, maybe an hour after that. And he weighed more, but the doctor said he was just squeezed or something. His lung capacity wasn’t—because he was bigger, much bigger than Ray was.

My father and my mother had come out that morning, so that they were both there. Father blessed them both and named them Ray and Reed. And, of course, Reed died while they were there. That time we had his funeral at home too. Uncle Nels, I remember, Nels Anderson, made the casket and Aunt Lena, his wife. The other casket for the first baby we bought over to the undertaker’s. There was an undertaker in Tremonton but that’s about all we had. This one, I guess because he was so tiny and little Uncle Nels made a beautiful little box and Aunt Lena lined it pretty with white. Just with a little service at home, that’s the way he was buried. That was in 1912.

Then in 1913, why we were expecting the stork again. That was in the fall then and we named him Carlyle. Carlyle was born the 3<sup>rd</sup> of October—maybe it was the 2<sup>nd</sup>—I can’t hardly remember. (It was the 2<sup>nd</sup> October 1913) He was almost bigger when he was born than Ray was at fifteen months because Ray was so tiny. We couldn’t even put clothes on him. The doctor said, “Don’t you put water on him (Ray). Just oil him.” And that’s the way he got bathed—just with an oil bath. But we got along all right.

The next time that we were expecting a baby, why, of course, Dad wasn’t home. He was off shearing sheep. But Ed, his brother, was going to work for us and Ed had just got married to a little girl named Lavern so that they came and were living with us. I don’t know—they were the two-fightingest kids you ever saw. They had real fistfights. She could just sit on his lap with her arm around him and just chuck him in the chest, in the chest and it didn’t matter to him. And one time what did he do, but push her right out of the door. Well, he wouldn’t let her come back in. And Dorothy was just born. That was the 21<sup>st</sup> of April 19—what? 18? 17? Ray was born in ’12, Carl was born in ’13 and Dot was born in ’15—the 21<sup>st</sup> of April 1915. Well, when Ed pushed Vern out of the door, she went on down to Grandma and she wouldn’t come back. No, sir, he pushed her right out of the house and she left.

And there I was in bed. Dorothy was only three or four days old and then I had Ray. He was such a little bit of a puny guy that nobody could handle him only his mother. He wanted her all the time. Eli came home and Ed and Vern they stayed down to Grandma's then. They didn't bother to come up at all. We got along pretty good that year. We had a little grain crop and when Dad got a job—he could work for the farmers for a dollar a day. That's all he got, so that wasn't very much for us to live on. So he began trapping. He was trapping muskrats down in the swamp and they were a pretty good price. We got along real well then with the trapping and what money we had on the farm. But as the kids grew, they helped me. They didn't help anybody else. I said I had to raise the family and spend the money and Eli had to get a good job and make it or else we couldn't have survived. But that's the way we lived.

When Vesta went to school, that was an awful long walk to walk that half mile along the canal to the school bus. That was the way she went to school the first year. Well, then when Maurine went, there were two of them to go and then when Carl got six years old, why he went to school. And then Ray, of course, was only about seven and oh, how I hated to see the four of them start out in the morning, cold old winter days, to walk down to Grandma Anderson's to wait for the school bus. But that's how they did and I was worried for fear one of them would fall in the canal and then they'd drown. The Lord was with us that way—we didn't have any accidents.

Then after Max was born, we lost Dot one day. No, we couldn't find her at all. We called and called and hunted every place. Finally she just stood up—she was out in the flowers and she said, "I'm just picking little flowers." She thought Max was just topper—he couldn't do anything wrong. One day she said, "Oh, Mama, Mama, come quick. The skeeters is just eating this little juicy Max." Where they would bit, a little drop of juice-like would come on his face. His skin was so tender. That was the way she had of telling us about it.

Well, when Vesta was out of the eighth grade, we bought the old store—the Foxley store that was the store and the post office and everything. We bought that and had it remodeled. We had quite a bit of room down there. And then Vesta went to high school from there, but she had to walk down to the main road because the school bus

didn't come up our street at all. Sometimes the school bus would stand down there and wait for her to run over a half-mile.

I don't know—we kept a-going. And then we had, let's see, after Dorothy in 1915, then Max was born. That was 1916. In 1918, Dean was born—1920, Verl was born. In '22 Keith was born. (Eloise was born in 1924) Before that we had moved down onto the road. The school bus went right past the door and honked for them all the time. Keith was the first one that was born there on the highway. The other kids all went to school. I don't know what happened but somebody got kind of sick and the doctor came out. He said we had diphtheria, so he quarantined us but he didn't quarantine Eli—he left him out. He stayed down then to Grandma Anderson's and I stayed up with all of the kiddies. Max said, "I have not got diphtheria and I was only sick from eating that oil pill that he gave me." But he broke out and that it worse, of course. Then they called it smallpox—maybe we had smallpox. He took the pill again and it broke out on him again. So then we knew we didn't have any disease, so they took our flag down and the kids went on to school.

But all through the years it seemed like we were lucky—the kids weren't sick very much and they all went to school until Ray and Carl. When they got up to go to high school, why they sluffed school. I'd send them to school on the school bus and they'd go in at the pool hall front door. Then pretty soon the cops were after them, hunting them to put them back in school. They'd sneak out the back and hid and go back to school. So they didn't do much in high school but Vesta graduated, Maurine graduated. They went to school and in the summer, when they thinned beets and hoed beets for us and for some of the neighbors too.

Then we bought what they called the white top farm. And that was white top—it was nothing else. We started to cultivate that white top and so they said, "You never can grow anything." We said we'd see. We hoed and plowed. Finally the county took it over and they plowed right around the house every Monday morning. They plowed our farm. So that year then we (wheeled) pretty good. And the white top—there's a little of it in spots yet, but it was surely hard stuff to kill. But we had good crops and we finally decided to build the house that now we live in. And that wasn't on our farm that we had bought. We had to buy that extra from Homers. So we bought the ground and had our

home built. Oh, dear, it seems like—and then people started to grow turkeys, so Eli and the boys grew turkeys.

Then we just got up to nineteen and forty-four. And Jerry, of course, was born before we move. (Jerry was born in 1928) We moved over here in 1928, over here to the Salt Creek. Then Keith had to go into the army and he went to Europe and that left Max. They didn't ever take Max because I guess they could see we had to have a farmer left. He was never called. Some of the people around—oh, they didn't see why he didn't have to go to the army but he didn't have to and we have to have him because Eli had to work. He couldn't make enough on this place. It hadn't started into production good when they were killing the white top. But we got by until 1945. Jerry was sixteen and oh, how—there was nothing he ever wanted but an airplane. When he'd see I was going anywhere he'd say, "Mumma, bring me a little airplane." He fell off the horse, or the horse kicked him once. He broke his leg and he sat in his bed and made little airplanes. So he had airplanes, airplanes. When he got fifteen, he started taking lessons as a pilot. They wouldn't let him pass until he was sixteen and he got his wings then. They said he just acted like he was born with a stick in his hands. He learned to fly so quickly. He was such a good pilot. "Why," he said, "I'm going to run a fleet of airplanes. That'll be the best and cheapest way to take stuff from North America to South America. That's what I'm going to do."

One morning he was to take his "wings" that day. Dad had to sign something and he didn't want to. He just thought that was too much but he signed it. And of course, he (Jerry) went to Brigham—that's where he had to get on the plane. He took the plane and took it over the mountain, landed at Logan and everywhere. They gave him his wings that day. He came back over the hill and I guess he just wanted to show us that he was there. I was standing here in the house and I just screamed, "That's Jerry, that's Jerry and he's too low." I don't know—I just felt that way. There was nobody in the house, so I ran out and I saw him make the turn. He went down where the kids were thinning beets and waved to them and I guess a draft came down the canyon and took him right into the hill. Of course, he was killed and that plane was wrecked.

We had turkeys that year and Eli was down with the turkeys. Max was married and Erma was here too. There were living in the old house—we had the new house built.

So Erma took the car and dashed down and got Dad and brought him up. We went over there and then I don't know, I guess he was killed probably when he fell.

And then it seemed like that everything went wrong. Turkeys weren't very good and everything. Dean and June, of course, were married and had two little kids to take care of. We were helping them; they had turkeys and we had turkeys. We took the turkeys out to Naf, Idaho and that's where we kept them all summer.

In the fall we decided to go up to Bonner's Ferry for a little trip. Eloise went over to the USU on winter and then she decided to join the army corps, so she was a WAC...a lady...I don't know what they did call her really...WAC, maybe it was a WAC. (Eloise was actually a member of the Cadet Nursing Corps) Anyway, she went. She took nursing, so she was down to the Weber College. She went with us on this trip to Bonner's Ferry and oh, we had a really good time, the first time I'd been that far away from home, I guess.

We came home, but it seemed like there was nothing right then because Jerry had just been the very center of everything and after he went, there was nothing left. I couldn't hear an airplane—if I heard it, why I could have screamed and oh, I don't know, it was awful. But life had to go on.

Eli out with the turkeys and I was our here with him. I took Clair. Of course, his parents had separated and they gave Clair to us. The little girl—they had a little boy and a little—and Gladys took the little girl with her. She was—I don't know what they did to her. She wasn't ever very well, I don't believe. Anyway, she got sick and they took her to the Ogden hospital and that's where she died. And then Gladys wanted Clair but Dad told them no, that he was ours. The court gave him to Eli and he was going to keep him. I know Jerry—"Oh," he said, "Daddy, you will keep Clair, won't you? He is our boy." And they were always together.

But now with Jerry gone—that was in '45 and then Dad died in '46, right the next year. After we were up to Bonner's Ferry, we came home. One night out there, (Clear Creek) he didn't come in form bedding the turkeys. So I went out and I called and called. Finally he came, and he said, oh, he just fell. But I suppose that he had a sort of a heart attack then. We went in the house then, but he said. "I think you'd better go in and get Carl (Carl lived in Mantua then) and get him to come out." And so they did. He paid his

taxes that day and took Carl out with him. The next morning Carl came (to Bothwell) and he said, “Dad’s gone.” So, of course, that was another blow. And Keith was still in the army—nothing we could do about anything. Just here for today, I guess. (Keith was in Germany when Jerry was killed, but he had returned before Grandpa died. In fact, Keith was married 30 January 1946 in the Logan Temple almost 11 months before Eli died)

But life has been pretty good. We’ve had some wonderful times—all of us and the children. And it seemed like that where the kids were, I was always with them. I never left them alone and Dad had to go and get a job or else we wouldn’t have lived. And then he got to be road supervisor and so, of course, he was gone every day then. And then I guess I should have got me a job after Dad went. I could have—I was only 62, but it seemed like somebody needed me all of the time. They had a new baby or Maurine was married and Vesta was married and Dot got married right when we lived in the old house before we built this one. And so I just went from kind of one to the other helping them. I didn’t have time to get a job. And I guess I thought I would never need one. I just thought—I don’t know how I thought I was going to live. I guess I didn’t think. Just like it is today—just the one day.

I guess I could have talked about a lot of the dances and things that we used to go to. I remember one night we went to a character ball. Eli fixed one of those little Indian carriers and Ray was so little that he could—after he was about five years old, he was only about as big as—Carl grew bigger than he did. Everybody said Carl was the oldest because he was always so much bigger. Well we went down to this dance as an Indian and his wife and I had the baby on my back. We got the prize for the best costume that night.

Life hasn’t been so bad. And today I’m just here—just for today. But I try and do something each day that will help somebody a little. My life, I guess, it just with the crochet hook—I crochet, crochet. Last year when I took that heart attack—well, they said I died, but they wouldn’t let me stay dead. They gave me a powerful shot of some kind and put a pacemaker in me so that I could breathe and I’m still here. And I’m better now that I’ve been for a long time. I seem to be getting stronger each day.

Well, Mary thinks I should have said something about my trips. They told me I was a globetrotter. Some of the relatives have said, “Oh, here comes our globetrotter.” The first big, big trip I had, I went on the Vida Fox Clausen tour to the East. We went to the Hill Cumorah and the pageant there and saw New York and Washington, D.C.—three weeks. All the people that I went with, oh, they were so nice. We had such a good time. That was in 1952.

Then of course, the war came on (Korean War) and John and Eloise had three little kids. John was, of course, a doctor and he was called into Germany. Then Eloise and their three little kids went. Mr. Martineau and John’s mother, Vern and Vee—they wanted to go and they said they wouldn’t go unless I’d go with them. That was in 1954 then. So we went to Germany and oh, John didn’t have much to do there. The war was over and everything. Every weekend—they had their car over there—and away we would go. I remember one night we were going along a street—there was Ellen and Russell and Kirk—and Kirk would turn up his nose and said, “Oooh, it stinks, it stinks, it stinks.” We were by somebody’s back yard and they had the barn right next to the house. He thought that was an awful place. But we did have a good time. We even went up to Hitler’s hideout and oh, we just went somewhere every weekend. We just had such a wonderful time. I was there three months and then I came home. They came at Christmastime and then Thales was born in April of the next year in ’55.

Then it seemed like from then on I’ve just been staying with Eloise while one of her babies was born or something. Then when Dot and Ken moved to Montana, why they thought I ought to come up there because they had taken Clair and were raising him after Dad died. Ken and Dot had him. So I went up there and stayed in town with Kaye and Clair and Dot and Ken were out on the ranch. I stayed with them two years or that is in the winter. I’d come home (during the summer) and then I’d just visit around places.

But the time that we had in Germany! That was something that anyone could never get over because it was so different. We didn’t have to go and spend the night somewhere and be on our way like the tourists do. We could have a whole weekend to each one of these places. That was really wonderful.

But Dot and Ken moved from Montana to Wyoming and of course, then Kaye was married and she had Susan. Then I had to go. It seemed like they needed me to take

care of the baby because when Sylvia was born Kaye and her husband separated. Dot and Ken had the two little girls. So I stayed and took care of them because Dot had to help Ken on the farm. So that's the way we lived every summer.

Finally, Dot and Ken have sold out in Wyoming. Now they live in Bear River City so that they're real close. It seems so good to have them down here and not away off like they have been. All of the other kids—I guess they're all happy—they're all married. Max, of course, bought the farm here. Dad always said that he wanted Max to have the farm and now of course he gets accused by some of the other kids that he got all of his for nothing. They don't know how he's worked to make his payments. He never had a thing that he hasn't paid for. And the rest of them—some of them borrowed \$2,000 and another one got \$3,000 and like that, so they got all I had.

And when I got nearly 80 years old, I decided I'd better see about Social Security. The guy who was in the social security office over here, he said, "Are you telling me, Mrs. Anderson, that you haven't got Social Security? And how old are you?" Well, I told him I would be 80 in July. That was I the spring. But he said, "We're going to get you Social Security. Now," he said, "have you ever earned any money?" I said, "No, I've always worked for my kids." "Well," he said, "that wouldn't count anyway." He asked, "Let me think, how did you get your—" I had lost my Social Security Number.

And Helen Allen, my best friend in the world, had said, "Well, Ella, you've got to have that Social Security Number. Let's go see that man about it." And that's how we got to talking about Social Security. "Well," he said, "you've got to have Social Security, Mrs. Anderson. Now, can't you think if you ever had a job?" I said, "Yes, I had a job. I was in the turkey plant picking turkeys when I got my number." He said, "There's one unit. You only need three," he told me. Helen said, "I'll pay you for that month you were with me." She had been sick then. He said, "That's two. Now you just get that other unit and you come back here next month." Well, I went back the next month and he said, "Oh, I made a mistake. It's four units. But you have two to start with." "Well," I said, "I've been staying with Mrs. Fuller. He said, "Okay. You pay half and she pays half to get that. And now if you can keep that job for two more quarters, you've got it. That's what you needed—four."

So I did that and one day he said, “Oh, Mrs. Anderson, it don’t matter whether you work any more or not. You’ve got it.” And so after I was 80 years old, I got Social Security. And now I’m happier. I’m more independent because I loaned all the money I had to my kids and they didn’t pay it back. They never have some of them. But Max paid for the farm and I loaned it out to the other kids. I guess that’s what you’d say because that’s where most of it went. Now I just hope I can live right here in this house to the end. And then—we don’t care what happens, I guess, because I just live for today. I have been in the hospital and had a pacemaker put in. I had such a heart attack that I guess I’d have died if they’d let me but they wouldn’t. They gave me such a strong shots that I didn’t die. I came back and now I’m pretty good and I’m getting better all the time.

I can’t just remember when I went to Hawaii. Mr. Bunnell, the Ag. teacher over here, was getting people—and he wanted Vesta to go and Vesta said, “No, she had been.” She went with Karma Beck. So she said, “Well, maybe Mother would like to go. So they came after me and Vesta and Verl then were the ones that insisted I go. They just kept at me until I said, “Well, I’ll go to Hawaii.” It was a wonderful trip. We went to all the islands—the big island. And that didn’t impress me as much as it would, I guess, now because it was just rangeland. There were, oh, so many cattle that were on it. They say it gets better all the time for visitors. But we went to the volcano there and did have a big dinner on the big island, the Hawaii. And we went to Honolulu and up to where the temple is, saw that, saw everything and oh, it was so wonderful to go there on a trip. So I’m glad I got that.

And then my next trip was the Mormon Battalion—anybody that was in the Mormon Battalion, their folks, their father or grandfather—why then wanted them to go on that trip. We were going to celebrate the 100<sup>th</sup> year of the Arizona. They invited the Mormon Battalion down because they said that it was that company of men that walked across from Santa Fe to San Bernardino. They were the first white people that were in Arizona. And so, we had a wonderful trip there and went to Tucson and we went all over where the Mormon Battalion had been. That was the last big trip that I had.

I said if I went anywhere else, I believe I’d like to go to South America but there wouldn’t be anything there that I would care to always remember because there’s nothing there. But, oh, going to Europe—I did want to go there so much. When I got there and I

saw where Keith had been and where all our armies had been and John and Eloise. But I wouldn't have got that trip if it hadn't been for John's Father and Mother, Brother and Sister Martineau. They said, no, they wouldn't go unless I went. Oh, it was wonderful there.

But—it's all been a wonderful time. And now, I just try to do my best today.

## HISTORY OF ELLA HUNSAKER

Written by Ella & Vesta in 1974

Well here it is Feb 17, 1974 and its 2:25 a.m. and I've really had a good sleep so I thought I'd write a few thoughts down for my history. Somewhere and sometime I've dotted a few notes down and Vesta wrote a short history for the Hunsaker Family Bulletin, in 1973 (Aug 11) so I'll just copy that first.

The wives and daughters of our forefather Abraham Hunsaker have all passed from the earth Ella H. Anderson of Tremonton Route 2 is his oldest living granddaughter. I have been asked to write a short sketch of her life.

"Ella was born in Calls Fort, Box Elder County, Utah at the home of her maternal grandmother (Martha May) on July 10, 1884. She was the first child of Enoch and Martha Ellen May Hunsaker. When she grew old enough to know what she was hearing when people spoke her name, she just didn't like it. Why? Because everyone called her Sarie Ellie. So, when she started school, she wrote it Ella and Ella she has been ever since.

She lived her young life in Honeyville and there she received all of her elementary education. Ella was a very good student, loved to read so she went to Brigham City to attend high school. She was a good mixer, a happy person and I have heard many of her friends refer to her as "Happy" or "Laughing Girl." After she graduated from high school (it had been changed from the Brigham High to Box Elder High before she graduated). She always wanted to teach so she became a teacher and taught school in Honeyville, Plymouth and "The Sinks" a small school west of Snowville then Bothwell and back to Honeyville.

While teaching at Bothwell she met, dated and later married Eli C. Anderson on May 30, 1907. Her honeymoon was spent on Monte Cristo where Eli was foreman for the Lindsay, Bitten Sheep Co. In the fall they moved to Bothwell. She is the mother of thirteen children. Among this number she had two sets of twins, one child from each set of twins died within one month after birth. Her last child Gerald was killed in a light plane crash before he was seventeen. The day he got his wings he wanted to so his Mom so he flew over Bothwell and as he turned to return to the airport he hit an air pocket and the plane plunged to the earth and was killed. Mother saw this happen and it took a long time for her to recover from the shock and loss.

Even though she had a large family she found time to be active in church and civic work. She has been a class leader in Relief Society. Head of the Religion class, Sunday school and the Midland Camp of Daughters of Pioneers and was the president of the North Box Elder County Ladies Farm Bureau.

Her husband died of a heart attack one and half years after Jerry was killed and this left her alone. She couldn't drive a car and she lived 3 miles east of church and 3 miles west of town so she has had to receive help from her children for every thing she has done since 1946.

She raised a good family and has a large posterity; 10 children all married with families, 50 grand children and 55 great grandchildren. Two of her children have completed three LDS missions, ten grandchildren have completed missions and her oldest great grandchild returned a year ago from a two-year mission in Japan. She hopes many more descendants follow this pattern of achievement.

Three sons Max, Verl and Keith have excelled in stock feeding and fitting and showing. They have had grand champions in cattle, sheep and hogs. They had one outstanding year by receiving four grand champion awards, one at the Ogden Livestock show, one at the Junior Livestock show in San Francisco, one at the Jr. Livestock Show at Salt Lake City and one at the Western Livestock show in Los Angeles. These boys made agriculture their way of life. Max bought the family home and farm and had a string of purebred Herefords but had to discontinue this when his health failed. Verl owns and operates a farm in Fielding. He recently bought some purebred Columbia sheep and has been doing well with them. Keith bought a farm across sought of this farm is doing well working on the side for the Federal Land Bank.

Last January 1973 Mother became very ill, her first real sickness and was taken to the McKay hospital where the doctors in charge advised a heart pacemaker for her. She agreed to this operation. I think she must be trying to outlive Uncle Leo the only son of Abraham Hunsaker living now and the one Hunsaker older than she is. She has always wanted to live to be the oldest Hunsaker. She is the oldest person in Bothwell Ward and of the Tremonton Stake (now changed from Bear River South to Tremonton Stake). Last fall she was awarded a potted plant for being the oldest woman at the Bear River Stake Senior Citizen Party.

Since Dad died, Mother has traveled over a larger part of the United States, a bit of Canada, had a trip to Hawaii and spent six weeks in Europe when John and Eloise and their first three children were little. She loves to crochet and has given lace finished pillowcases to all her children, grandchildren and some great grandchildren.

I think my mother is much like the older Hunsakers I knew. She learned easily and remembered well. She had a strong, larger than average body. She is strong willed, very determined and demanding. I think these qualities have given her the long life, which she has enjoyed. By Vesta Jensen

*Note: Grandma wrote more detail to Vesta's history and I included this to the history you have just read. Grandma continues this history with the following.*

Vesta Jensen is the oldest daughter of Eli C. and Ella Hunsaker Anderson and she married Ephraim Jensen and they have four children: Carolyn, Sydna, Reed and Carl. Maurine (Eli and Ella's daughter) married Joseph Toone of Croydon she also was a school teacher; Ray lives in Bothwell, married Gladys Wheatley and they had two children and were divorced the little girl, Karen died and the boy Clair lived with his grand parents Eli and Ella Anderson. Ray married ReNee Mason and they have seven children 3 boys: El Ray, Royal and Ron Dell and girls: Ruth married to Blaine McNealy, Gwen married and divorced, Camille moved to and they have three children and live in Corinne. Carlyle H. Anderson married Verla Nelson of Mantua have 2 adopted daughters.

*This is where Grandmas autobiography ends.*

## **DESCRIPTION OF SARAH ELLEN “ELLA” HUNSAKER**

Told by her children  
Eloise A. Martineau & Keith H. Anderson

Mother had blue eyes and all of her children had blue eyes. She had long dark hair before it went white, she would braid it, roll it into a bun. Wearing hats was another love she had. She was taller than all of her daughters and most of her boys. She always wore a dress.

Mother had eleven pregnancies, two of which were twins making a total of thirteen children. One of each set of the twins died in infancy and the youngest child, Gerald was killed in an airplane crash at age sixteen.

It was necessary to have a garden and she loved the vegetables, many flowers and other perennials in her garden. The children's responsibility was to keep the weeds out of the garden and flowers. She made her own soap and always made white bread. It was necessary to store food for winter by canning, drying fruits and vegetables. When the chickens would not produce many eggs in the winter she was prepared by saving eggs when they were plentiful by putting them, the whole egg in a gel and storing them in the cellar. Before she had a clothesline she would lay her clothes over a barbed wire fence.

She was known to often cook her meals at higher temperatures than necessary, resulting in burned food. Using watercress from the creek to enhance her meals was very common. She enjoyed eating wild game. Her sons and grandsons would go hunting ducks, geese or pheasants and leave them on the fence by her house for her to clean and cook for fresh meat. She saved the feathers for feather tick mattresses or pillows. She loved to go places and was always ready to go. She was afraid she might miss some important event. One time she was asked if she wanted to attend a viewing. Immediately

she was jumping at the opportunity to attend. When they arrived at the viewing she ask, “Who are we viewing tonight?” If she was visiting overnight she would put everything she needed into a small sewing bag. She visited many interesting places including Europe, Canada, Hawaii and most of the continental United States. She helped raise Clair and would go to Montana to stay with Clair and Kaye in an apartment in Dillon where they attended school at Dillon High.

She liked to be around people and participate in activities with them. She loved to visit a lot. She was a charter member of the Midland Camp Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She was president of the North Box Elder County Farm Bureau Auxiliary and with the 4-H clubs. She never learned to drive but she tried a few times to learn. This made her dependant on others for all of her transportation.

It was very important to her to attend all of her church meetings at the Bothwell Ward and she participated in many ways by accepting callings as a Relief Society Teacher, Visiting Teacher, Beehive Leader, Gospel Doctrine Teacher. She always enjoyed doing temple work.

She kept abreast of current events and had a fantastic memory. She naturally loved to learn by reading novels and the Salt Lake Tribune Newspaper. History was a particularly favorite subject for her and she was a stickler for accuracy of local, state, world historical events. She would test her children verbally and written. Mabel Anderson Stokes once said of Ella that she loved having her as a teacher when she taught school in Bothwell and she recalled how much fun she had in her class. She was a really good storyteller and would also make up stories tell them stories at bedtime and also

recited nursery rhymes. She was famous for the amount of information that she could put on a penny post card.

She enjoyed sports and played softball with the kids even after she was past sixty. When she was in her sixties she got on a sleigh and would sled down the shoulder of the road down to the creek all by herself.

Mother lived a full and remarkable life. She often commented when she was visiting with us, how fortunate she was to have seen so many things invented and used in her lifetime. From the horse and buggy days of her youth to automobiles, telephones, airplanes, television and being able to see men put on the moon.

She loved sitting next to the radio and listening while she crocheted or did needle point. She also enjoyed word puzzle like crossword puzzles, unscrambling words, finding words, etc. She was given a television and didn't learn to operate it and thus didn't like TV.

She was a widow for 29 years, her husband Eli died of a heart attack on 22 November 1946. Mother passed away 07 May 1975 about 11 p.m. in the Brigham City hospital. In two months she would have been 91 years old. One of her unfulfilled desires was to be the oldest living grandchild of Abraham Hunsaker.

Bothwell.....Ward

South Bear River St.

### Certificate of Blessing

Date March 24 195

This Certifies that Ella Hunsaker

Dau of Enoch Hunsaker and Martha Ellen M  
Son or Daughter Father's Name Mother's Maiden Name

Born July 10 1884 at Honeyville, Box Elder, Utah  
Date Year City or Town County State or Nation

Was Blessed July 18, 1884 ~~1884~~ By James May  
Date

an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Signed John F. Oberhard  
Clerk

Signed Reuben P.  
Bishop

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DELAYED CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

State File No.

FULL NAME AT BIRTH Ella Hunsaker DATE OF BIRTH July 10 1884  
(MONTH) (DAY) (YEAR)  
 SEX Female BIRTHPLACE Callie Fort Box Elder  
(CITY OR TOWN) (COUNTY) (STATE)  
 FATHER, Full Name Enoch Hunsaker BIRTHPLACE Brigham City Utah  
 MOTHER, Maiden Name Martha Ellen May BIRTHPLACE Callie Fort Utah  
(CITY OR TOWN) (COUNTY) (STATE)

I, the undersigned, hereby declare upon oath that the above statements are true, to be signed by registered person being registered

SIGNATURE Ella Hunsaker Anderson ADDRESS Tremont  
 Subscribed and sworn to before me on Feb. 7<sup>th</sup>  
(Date)  
 DO NOT WRITE BELOW THIS DOUBLE LINE  
 My Commission Expires November 10, 1951

ABSTRACT OF SUPPORTING EVIDENCE

Name and Kind of Document	By Whom Issued and Signed, and Date of Issue	DATE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT WAS MADE
1 CHURCH RECORD	Dupl. Certif. of Blessing issued for ELLA HUNSAKER from Bothwell Ward South Bear River Stake, L.D.S. Church. Dated 3-24-53, sgd. Deloris Stokes, Bishop.	7-18-1884
2 CHILD'S BIRTH	Birth Certif. on file this Bureau for Yveta Anderson, born at Honeville, Utah, 2-5-09. Shows age & birth place of mother ELLA HUNSAKER.	Filed 3-2-09
3 APPI-DAVIT	Sgd. Emma May Hansen, Aunt, 133 E. 1st So., Brigham City, Utah, re: birth of ELLA HUNSAKER.	Notarized 6-24-53

INFORMATION CONCERNING REGISTRANT AS STATED IN DOCUMENTS

	Birth Date or Age	Birthplace	Father	Mother
1	July 10, 1884	Box Elder Co., Utah	Enoch Hunsaker	Martha Ellen May
2	24 yrs. (on 2-5-09)	Callie Fort, Utah	-----	-----
3	July 10, 1884	Callie Fort, Box Elder County, Utah	Enoch Hunsaker	Ellen May

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Ella Hunsaker  
 Central School  
 May 21-1902.

	I Botany.	2.
Class	Dicotyledons	Dicotyledons
Order	Leguminosae	Polygonaceae
Genus	Lathyrus	Rumex
Species	ornatus	crispus
C. Name	Wild Pea	Curly Dock
Locality	Mts East of Honeyville	Hills east Call's Fort.
Date	Apr. 26 1902 <u>3</u>	Apr. 26 1902 <u>4</u>
Class	Monocotyledons	Dicotyledons
Order	Liliaceae	Saxifragaceae
Genus	Fritillaria.	Ribes
Species	Pudica	Aureum
C. Name	Lilly Bell	Golden Currant
Locality	Honeyville Fields	Gardens
Date	Apr 19 1902 <u>5</u>	Apr 29 1902 <u>6</u>
Class	Dicotyledons	Monocotyledons
Order	Portulacaceae	Liliaceae
Genus	Claytonia	Erythronium
Species	Caroliniana	Grandiflorum
Common name	Spring Beauty	Variety Paniflorum Dog Toothed Violet.
Locality	Mts. E. of Brigham	Mts East of Brigham
Date	Apr 30 1902 <u>7</u>	Apr 17 1902
Class	Dicotyledons	Dicotyledons
Order	Crucifera	Violaceae
Genus	Capsella	Viola

Ella's Handwriting in 1902

Ella Hunsaker Anderson born at Castle Fort Box Elder Co. Utah on July 10-1884 was the eldest daughter and first child of Enoch and Ellen May Hunsaker. The family home was in Honeyville Ut. She attended All her grandparents were Pioneers; her grandfather Abrahm Hunsaker was a member of the famous Mormon Battalion, which made the longest march in history. She was born in the same old-roose house her mother was born in belonging to her grandparents James and Martha Ellen Allen May.

All of her grand parents were Pioneers. Her great grand father <sup>on her mother's</sup> Jude Allen died when she was 16 and her great grand father (on her father's side) Alexander Beckstead died when she was 18 years old. She remembers them all as they all lived to be over 75 yrs old.

Her grand father May had two families and after spending 6 months in prison he took the second family to Cardston Alberta, Canada so he was just a visitor who came to the Hunsaker home when he would come down to conferences, but her grand mother May's home was just the same to her as her own.

Her grand father Hunsaker had 5 wives and 52 children but she can just remember 2 of the wives and her grand father.

She attended public school in Honeyville and High School in Brigham City. After completing High School she taught in Box Elder County schools 5 years.

While teaching in Bothwell in 1905 and 06 she met Eli C. Anderson, whom she married on May 30-1907. They were married at the home of ~~her~~ parents in Honeyville and a Reception and dance was held the same night.

Eli was Foreman for the Lindsay Bitton Livestock Company, so their Honey moon was spent on

Ella's Handwriting Later in Life

When Johnson owned a spring  
up above Homer place and  
the first settlers got their drinking  
water at the Johnson spring &  
Salt. About 1888 Andrew Cenderson  
and James Johnson  
took up some land on west side  
Section 6 - each getting 16 acres.  
They spent the summer here and  
went to Bear River City for the  
winter. Adolph Nichols took  
up the South East quarter of  
Section 6, also John L. Hunsaker,  
Thomas Payne and Benjamin  
Came from Honeyville, next year  
M. Stokes, Thomas Trust and the  
Hunsaker boys came. All had to  
haul their water from La Bute  
till the Bottwell canal was  
completed in 1893. The first  
school was a little one room affair  
was Miss Thompson who

A Brief History that Ella Wrote

## Stake Trail Builder Boys At Point Look Out



A very successful outing at Point Look Out was enjoyed by 188 boys of the Trail Builder boys of the Bear River Stake Primary Association Saturday afternoon. Forty three teachers and guests were also present.

John Smith, a well known pioner of this valley told the boys some very thrilling and ex-

citing Indian stories and Mrs. Ella Anderson, dressed in pioneer costume told several incidents that occurred on and around the Point, and called attention to Indian signs and markings still to be found on the rocks there.

The climax of the day was roasting of weiners around 15 big bonfires.

Aerial pictures of the boys in action were taken by Leon Dunn during the afternoon.

The Stake leaders, Francedsa Summers, Myrtle Gleason and Edith Summers appreciate the support given by all and the assistance of B. Y. Westmoreland in making the arrangements.

*April 19 - 1947*



Now On Display the recently-opened Golden Spike Museum on Main Street is this bed, reported to be in excess of 100 years old. Owner of the rare antique, which was brought to Brigham by ox team in about 1860, is Mrs. Ella H. Anderson of Bothwell. She is known with her son-in-law, Kenneth J. Pasket, Bear River City. (LEADER PHOTO)

*April, 1969*

Her Aunt Emma who lived in Brigham City gave this bed to Ella. This bed had pegs around the frame to tightly wrap rope from peg to peg to place a feather tick or straw tick on top of the rope to sleep on.

## Ella Hunsaker will be honored on 90th birthday in Bothwell

1974

by Flo Munson

Mrs. Ella Hunsaker Anderson of Bothwell, one of Bear River Valley's pioneers, will observe her 90th birthday anniversary July 10. Mrs. Anderson is the oldest senior citizen in the Bothwell ward. She will be honored at a dinner party by immediate family members held at Maddox Ranch House in Perry that evening.

Mrs. Anderson was born in Calls Fort (now known as Harper Ward). She is the daughter of Enoch and Martha Ellen May Hunsaker.

She attended elementary school in Honeyville and also attended Box Elder High School in Brigham City. Because of her fun-loving disposition her classmates called her 'Laughing Gal'. She loved to attend dances.

She taught in elementary schools in Plymouth, Bothwell, Honeyville and Sinks (Rose Ranch) two miles west of Snowville. While teaching in Bothwell she met her future husband Eli Carl Anderson and they were married May 30, 1907 in Honeyville. Their marriage was later solemnized in the Logan LDS Temple.

Her husband owned and operated a farm, was a sheep shearer and a trapper. He died Nov. 22, 1946.

### Active Church Member

Active in church organizations, Mrs. Anderson taught Church History classes in Sunday School. She gave the Literary and Social Science lessons in Relief Society for 19 years. She still serves as a Relief Society visiting teacher. She was also a teacher in Religion Class and YWMIA. She served as president of the Box Elder County Farm Bureau and is a member of the Midland Camp of DUP.

Thirteen children blessed the Anderson home--ten are living--six sons and four daughters--Ray H., Max and Keith of Bothwell, Verl of Fielding, Carlyle of



... to be honored

McCammon, Idaho; Dean of Corona, Calif., Mrs. Eph (Vesta) Jensen of Tremonton, Mrs. Joseph (Maurine) Toone of Croydon, Mrs. Kenneth (Dorothy) Paskett of Bear River City, Mrs. John (Eloise) Martineau of Morgan. Among the Anderson children were two sets of twins. Two died in infancy. Gerald Anderson was killed in an airplane crash at 17 years of age. There are 49 grandchildren and 58 great grandchildren.

One of Mrs. Anderson's daughters, <sup>Maurine</sup> Eloise served on two LDS Missions. Two of her sons served in the armed forces. She has 12 grandchildren who have served LDS Missions.

This pioneer lady lives alone, doing her own work with some assistance from her family who live close by. She enjoys crocheting and has made hundreds of pairs of pillow case lace which she has given to her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. An avid reader she keeps up in world news, etc. She cares little for TV.

Friends and relatives are invited to call at her home prior to her party on July 10.

## Ella H. Anderson

Mrs. Ella Hunsaker Anderson, 90, of Bothwell, died Wednesday at Pioneer Memorial Nursing home in Brigham City of natural causes.

She was born July 10, 1884, in Calls Fort, Utah, a daughter of Enoch and Martha Ellen May Hunsaker.

She was reared and educated in Box Elder county and graduated from Box Elder High school.

On May 30, 1907, she was married to Eli Carl Anderson in Honeyville. The marriage was later solemnized in the Logan LDS temple. He died on Nov. 23, 1946.

She had been a school teacher in Box Elder county schools for five years.

She had served as president of the Box Elder County Farm Bureau auxiliary. She was a member of the Bothwell LDS ward and had served as Sunday school, Relief Society and religion class teacher and Relief Society visiting teacher.

She was a charter member of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Midland camp, and active in 4-H club work.

Surviving are six sons and four daughters, Ray H. Anderson, Max H. Anderson, Keith H. Anderson, all of Bothwell; Carlyle H. Anderson, McCammon, Idaho; Dean H. Anderson, Corona, Calif.; Verl H. Anderson, Fielding; Mrs. Eph (Vesta) Jensen, Tremonton; Mrs. Joseph (Maurine) Toone, Credoyn, Utah; Mrs. Kenneth (Dorothy) Paskett, Bear River City; Mrs. John (Eloise) Martineau, Morgan; 50 grandchildren; 62 great-grandchildren, one great-great-grandchild.

Also surviving are three brothers and one sister, J. Ross Hunsaker, Milton L. Hunsaker, Mrs. Velda Cook, all of Salt Lake City; William Eldon Hunsaker, Honeyville.

Funeral services were conducted Saturday in the Bothwell Ward chapel.

Interment was in Valley View cemetery at Bothwell.

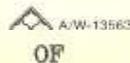
## Comfort

Oh, deem not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
The Power who pities man has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

ROGERS MORTUARY  
TREMONTON, UTAH



SARAH ELLEN "ELLA" HUNSAKER  
ANDERSON

BORN	DIED
July 10, 1884	May 7, 1975
Calls Fort, Utah	Brigham City, Utah

Floral arrangements under direction of the  
Bothwell Ward Relief Society  
Assisted by the Grandchildren

### PALLBEARERS

Ray H. Anderson	Dean H. Anderson
Carlyle H. Anderson	Verl H. Anderson
Max H. Anderson	Bp. Keith H. Anderson

### HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Eph C. Jensen	Kenneth J. Paskett
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## In Memory

### SERVICES

Saturday, May 10, 1975 — 12:30 P.M.  
Bothwell LDS Ward Chapel  
Bishop Boyd S. Marble, Conducting

Family Prayer	Clair W. Anderson
Prelude and Postlude	Mary Jane Anderson Jones
Musical Selection	Relief Society Chorus
"The Lord Is My Shepherd"	dir. Ethel May Firth, acc. Susan G. Anderson
Invocation	Bp. Reed C. Jensen
History	Ellen Martineau Hedoni
Vocal Duet	Shauna and Julie Toone
"Lead Me Into Life Eternal"	acc. Mary Jane Anderson Jones
Speaker	Bp. J. Leo Stokes
Tribute	Wilma Anderson
Vocal Solo	Lisia Anderson
"O My Father"	Wallace Anderson
Speaker	Bp. Boyd S. Marble
Remarks	Relief Society Chorus
Musical Selection	"Abide With Me"
dir. Ethel May Firth, acc. Susan G. Anderson	
Benediction	Earl Anderson

Interment - Valley View Cemetery