

## HISTORY OF



### **SUSAN JULIA SHERMAN BLACK**

BORN: 06 May 1869 at Fountain Green, Sanpete, Utah

PARENTS: Albey Lyman Sherman & Mary Elvira Swan

SPOUSE: Miller Snow Black

MARRIED: 04 February 1892 at Huntington, Emery, Utah

DIED: 04 May 1956 at Huntington, Emery, Utah

# SUSAN JULIA SHERMAN BLACK

My Grandma, as I Remember Things

*By Jean K. Laws*

Susan Julia Sherman was born May 6, 1869 in Fountain Green, Sanpete County, Utah to Mary Elvira Swan and Albey Lyman Sherman who had married on the North Platt riverside while they were crossing the plains as Mormon pioneers in 1854. They became the parents of eight boys and six girls all born in Utah. Julia was the ninth child. Her siblings who lived to maturity were: Mary Elivria (Viry) Cox; Albey William; Lyman Royal (Roy); Delcina Elizabeth (Dellie) Furlong; Ellen Viola Cox; George Alfonzo; Don Franklin (Frank); Orlo Lionel (Own); David Edgar; Gertrude Estell (Trudy) Gordon; Joel Elmer and Ada Cornelia (Adie) Jones Guymon.

When Grandma was a child her family was called by Brigham Young to help settle the Huntington area. Here they lived in dugouts along the river, north of what is now the town, until her father built a house of sawed logs in the center of town. It is believed they lived on a farm north of town in these dugouts for many years. Their transportation into town of course, was either walking or by horse. Julia loved horseback riding. Grandma told me, "I used to ride a horse like a clothes pin, only side ways."

Her entertainment, as a young girl was dancing, candy pulling parties as well as horseback riding. She would go into town with her brothers for these. She told me, "We (they and their friends) used to go get in a wagon, a hull (whole) crowd of us. Some set in the spring seat and the rest would stand and then we'd go to the canyon and fish with a rake. This would be me, my brothers, don't remember who my boyfriend was and my three girlfriends. We didn't get many fish so we run around, we picked gum from the pine trees, finally we chased each other and run around some more. Then my brother George saw a rattlesnake, he hit it on the head and stunned it then he chased us girls with it around in the trees and bushes. The girls run and run then I said, 'I won't run another step,' so he came and put that live snake around my neck. The girls were so frightened but I knew he wouldn't let it hurt me. It was still a wigglin' too."

As a young woman Grandma worked in different ways. She helped in the homes of her older married sisters in any way that was needed. She did house work in Price for different people. She also worked in Price for Em Mathis cooking for men who worked on the railroad. She was needed at home so she returned to Huntington but later Mr. Mathis sent for her to come back to work. Not remembering her first name, he referred to her as 'that Sherman girl with the big neck.' It seems she had a goiter, which made a big bulge on her neck. Each day, for months, her brothers faithfully painted it with iodine until it cured the goiter and the bulge was gone.

Grandma married Miller Snow Black February 4, 1892 in her brother George's home in Huntington. To them were born eight children, the first two being twin girls, Nora and Cora. Regrettably Cora died at birth or was stillborn. Grandma said Cora was fair complexion while Nora had dark hair and brown eyes. They were born November 7,

1893. My mother didn't know which baby was born first but in the natural birthing process if Cora was stillborn, it makes sense, to me that my mother would have been first. Next came Perry Snow; then Meleta Cloe; LaVar Miller; Mary Julia; Lyman Royal and Don William. Most of these children were born in the two-room home they built on west Center Street in Huntington.

It is odd how differently things are remembered. This is how my mother remembered a trip to Fruitland, New Mexico, "In 1901 the family went to Fruitland, New Mexico to visit Grandpa's parents. We went by team and covered wagon, the trip took two weeks of travel to get there, we stayed two weeks then two weeks to return home. Mother was pregnant at the time but stood the trip fine. We went in mid-August so two of us kids missed five weeks of school that fall." (There is a discrepancy as to the year this took place but it makes sense that because of their ages if two of the children missed some school it must have been 1902, thus I assume it was Lyman Grandma was carrying). No one is still living to substantiate the positive details of this trip, I'm just glad I wasn't on it.

Grandma served as a nurse and a midwife as she had taken training from Dr. Ellis R. Shipp in 1905. She worked in conjunction with Grandpa's sister, Margaret Rowley, or Maggie as she was known. Both women were expecting babies at the time of the training and when their babies were born each took care of the other. Women used to be kept in bed 10-14 days after giving birth and were given special care each day.

In about 1908 they built a new home still on west Center Street. The large living room and bedroom downstairs faced south with a lean to kitchen built on the north. There was one large room upstairs (steep stairs), which had curtain dividing it into two bedrooms. I remember the downstairs well. As one entered the front door, to their left was large, beautiful gold-framed mirror. Under the window was the sewing machine, further over along the wall stood a beautiful upright Schaeffer piano, which very few were allowed to touch except to dust. I do remember she loved having Orlando Mathie come to play it. The west wall had a freestanding Columbia Grafanola, (or Phonograph) which if we were very careful Grandma would let us play. I remember winding slowly and carefully so as to get it to play the 12" records. Especially do I remember Al Jolson's "Climb upon my knee, Sonny boy," I loved that record. Next was 2 X 2 table with an embroidered, crocheted, linen cover upon which rested a small radio. Grandma always kept a long fingernail file under the cover and she would let me use it. The table had a lower shelf. There were geraniums on the windowsills of the lace-covered windows on both walls. On the north wall was a coal heater in front of it was Grandma's rocking chair, which it seemed she was always sitting in with a wet cloth on her forehead when I went there. Years later I figured out why. There were some straight chairs in the room somewhere. The floor was covered with linoleum.



This phonograph looked similar to Grandma's it had the shelves below to hold the records and looked like a piece of furniture.



This is how it held the record and you can see the crank on the right that created the power to play the record.



You can see the needle that played the record.



This was Grandma's table that was described above having a linen cover and a radio on top.

I do not remember where her china closet was but it runs in my mind that it was in her bedroom. In here she had a brass bed, a freestanding clothes closet, a chiffonier which when she opened the second drawer from the top there wafted out a most lovely fragrance her Coty face powder. I still love that fragrance and the face powder, it always

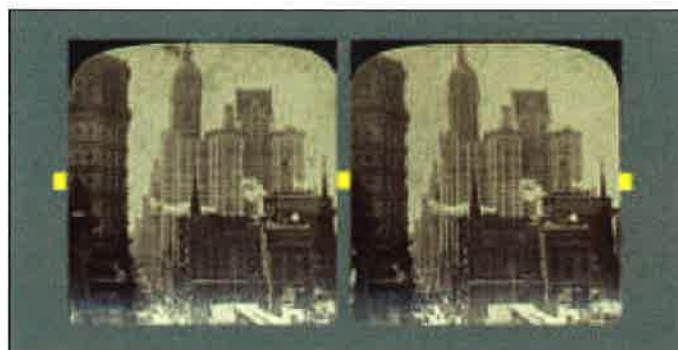


reminds me of Grandma. (1999 – The Coty still smells the same and comes in the same beautiful round box Grandma’s was in).

It was from a large trunk or the windowsill in here that Grandma brought out this wonderful little miracle that brought so much delight to Cloe and I. It was a stereoscope with a lot of double picture cards that looked through the lenses. It seemed as if we could almost reach out to pet the animals to pick the flowers, caress the children or to touch any of the objects. What pleasure it brought! We call the new-fangled ones View Masters and they aren’t near as much fun as that old stereoscope.



This is like the stereoscope we looked through at Grandma’s.



This is an example of the pictures we would put in the clips to view.

The kitchen was narrow it had as I remember a round oak oil-cloth covered table, a Majestic coal range with reservoir, a wash-stand with washbasin and cold running water, a Maytag washing machine and maybe two kitchen cupboards. There were hooks behind the door for coats to hang on. Outside the door was an embedded ‘scrapper’ so folks would scrape the mud from their shoes before entering.

Grandma sort of specialized in delicious whole wheat bread and an equally delicious chocolate cake she also made cream cake and really good sour cream biscuits in that kitchen along with her other cooking. I remember she used turkey eggs in her baking it only took one of those when it called for two or three chicken eggs.

All I remember there being upstairs was three beds. I would go up there and sweep every so often. This is where Grandpa and the boys slept. This is the home Grandma lived in until the late 1930's when they bought a large home on Main Street from Amos Wakefield. Here she lived until her death.

Grandma was honored several times as the oldest woman or mother in town. She and Grandpa were also honored as the oldest living pioneer couple in the area. This was done at the Black Diamond Stampede Rodeo in Price in July 1951. They were brought to Price in a new car by courtesy of the Redd Motor Company and taken to the Parkview Motel as guests of Geneve Oliver (a friend and a sister of Byron Howard). They led the parade up Main Street out to the rodeo grounds. If I remember right it was in a new convertible. The spotlight later showed them receiving a bouquet from the Price Junior Chamber of Commerce, Grandpa laughing, smiling, talking to friends enjoying every minute of it and Grandma just sitting there with 'that' look on her face as if defying anyone to even think she might be enjoying herself too, but I'm pretty sure she loved it, aren't you?

I don't remember Grandma or Grandpa being actively engaged in the church but she liked saying that she did her part in keeping Uncle LaVar in the mission field in Mexico for three years. She said she sang in the ward choir for a few years. Both of them loved attending the Relief Society February 25<sup>th</sup> and March 17<sup>th</sup> Birthday parties. They especially liked the dances at these parties. Grandma said she was a member of the Relief Society for 45 years and a faithful visiting teacher some of that time giving it up to become a teacher in the Primary for fifteen years.

Grandma belonged to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She took part in community plays and sang with groups. She sat up nights with the sick and also with the dead (this was when the Relief Society prepared the dead for burial). She helped with the birthing of many babies as the result of taking the obstetrics class from Dr. Shipp.

A pretty girl – woman was Grandma. Her hair was dark brown with a bit of a wave or curl in it, her eyes dark brown also. To me, as a child, she always seemed very tall but I don't know how tall she was. As there was no sink in her kitchen all the dish, bath, laundry, mop and hand washing water was thrown out in the back yard where she grew cosmos. They grew very tall and there were times when she could hardly reach the top of some of the blossoms so I guess soapy water helps plants grow good. I know the soil was not very good on their lot and the only flowers I remember her growing were cosmos, four-o'clocks and tiger lilies. There was lots of ugly salt grass in the yard and no lawn that is so common today. There was salt grass most places in Huntington making it hard to grow much of anything.

As well as being pretty, Grandma was a proud woman. When they were stylish, she had a black fox fur collar. It had the fox eyes, nose, mouth, a tail that dangled and I think the ears were there also. She had one of those huge black umbrellas with a bone handle. When vacuum cleaners were not a common appliance, she had one though she didn't even have carpet to use it on, but she did have Navajo rugs.

Yes, she was proud. I stayed with Grandma the rest of the summer after Uncle Don died in June 1934. One night as we were sitting on the edge of her bed she looked at my feet and said, "Your feet is jist like mine, they're jist be-ut-iful." I was only nine at the time but it made me so pleased that she thought my feet were like hers and that they were beautiful. I have remembered it all these years, now with amusement.

While I was staying with Grandma if she gave me a choice of sleeping on the floor or with her I always took the hard floor because sleeping with her meant having to put my beautiful feet in a cloth sugar bag, which she then tied, this was to keep me from kicking her. How I hated that, I thought it was an ornery thing to do and still do. Now back to proud. One day when I was twelve or thirteen she had me try on her new hat in front of her big gilt-framed mirror, then she said, "Your jist like me, you can put on any hat you pick up and look jist be-ut-ti-ful in it." That pleased me too, because Grandma was sort of a cross woman and I wasn't at all sure she liked me very much. Back again to proud. According to Grandma she crocheted her pineapple doilies jist perfect. When I told my daughter, Kaye of these little incidents she laughed and said, "Your Grandmother must have been quite a character." I agree but I loved her.

Grandma loved flowers, hats and to dance. I learned from her to love and appreciate a beautiful thunderstorm and beautiful sunsets.

As a younger woman Grandma sewed quite a bit making her own patterns. She made bloomers for her little girls and then for her granddaughters out of flour sacks. She also made aprons from the sacks. She made quilts using fabric scraps and with wool bats.

Grandma could mimic anyone. Many people in Huntington called Grandma, Dul, I don't know why. I know she mimicked to a "T" when she was telling me about Mel Meeks calling to her from a half a block away, "Oh Du-ul, is Em-a-lee pregnant?" It infuriated Grandma – her answer as she continued on her way, "I didn't ask her." One has to know about this Mel Meeks character and Grandma, to really appreciate this story.

One day Grandma showed some small red stones to me. Her explanation of them, as I remember it was her cousin or a future brother-in-law who found the stones. As a young boy he was herding cows in the foot-hills of ? town. He came across a dried-up streambed. The flow of the previous water had at some time caused a small waterfall. It was in the waterfall pocket that he discovered these red stones. He gathered them up and carried them home in this overalls pocket. He gave quite a few to Grandma when he showed them to her. She was probably seventy when she showed them to me. (She presumed them to be rubies) They were smooth but not perfect in form nor uniform in size, they were a beautiful red color. I have often wondered what became of them and of the others that the boy kept. Such an interesting incident.



I don't remember ever having eaten Thanksgiving dinner with Grandma and Grandpa Black either at their place or ours. I feel sure they must have had Thanksgiving dinners because they raised turkeys not for sale but just for them to eat. They raised pigs, cattle, turkeys and chickens so there was always pork, beef and poultry to cook for their meals. I think they ate meat at every meal. I don't think they ever gave a turkey to us but I remember Grandma having me look for their hidden nests in the Lucerne (like alfalfa) and in the weeds. I would gather the eggs from those nests for her.

### **THINGS GRANDMA DID AND SAID**

A cup of hot water was probably the first thing in her stomach in the morning. Also many mornings I saw her make a hole in the opposite ends of an egg, hold it to her mouth and drink the raw egg right out of the shell. Why?? I have my own ideas. I remember she always drank a tumbler full of water before a meal and no liquid during a meal.

One day in the spring of 1935 Grandma went to the out house, as she sat down she sat on a bee and it stung her on the back of her knee, it swelled, itched and hurt. Each spring from then on, it seemed her knee would swell up and break out in hives, giving her misery.

Grandma always said of cleaning, "Do the corners good and the rest will take care of itself." How true. That advice instilled in me the dusting and cleaning from the corners out, not in rubbing towards the corners.

- Put earwax on cracked fingers and feet for fast healing.
- If one is thirsty and no water is available suck on a small smooth stone.

We thought her canker medicine tasted good and it did well. Here is the recipe:

#### **CANKER MEDICINE**

1 big pinch dried peach leaves  
1 big pinch dried raspberry leaves  
1 big pinch dried rubbed sage  
Steeped in water to make about 1 quart  
Add 1 Tbsp burned Alum\*  
1 tsp Golden Seal Powder  
1-Cup Honey  
Then bring to boil then bottle

#### **\*Burning Alum**

Put it in a metal pie tin or fry pan. Place over hot burner. The alum will bubble beautifully and become really white and hard. It doesn't take long and it dissolves easily in the hot leaf tea.

Grandma's remedy for chapped lips was to rub your finger on the back of one's ear to get the natural oils and then rub it on your lips. (Folks used to wash their hair only once or twice a month so oil accumulated behind the ear and in the hair).

To transfer an embroidery pattern on to something else she would place tissue paper over an item with the desired pattern embroidered on it, rub a *silver* spoon through her hair then over the tissue paper. The oil in the hair would cause the silver to trace the pattern. Sounds complicated but it wasn't.

My sister Glenna was born on Grandma's birthday, May 6, 1921 at the Carlisle Ranch north of Monticello in San Juan County. Grandma went down to help out. Mother said the snow was still so deep one could hardly see the tops of the fence posts. Just imagine that!! My Dad had to meet the doctor at the highway, a couple of miles from the house in a horse drawn sleigh so he would be there to deliver the baby (me). Grandma also went to the ranch when I was born. I have heard her tell, many times, this cute little incident that happened while she was there. She was giving four-year-old Glenna a bath in a galvanized tub – of course. She put some water up over Glenna's head with a washcloth to begin shampooing. She got this response, "Grammah, I ain't a-gonna have my head washed." "Oh, ain't you Glenna?" as she continued shampooing. "No, Grammah, I ain't a-gonna have my head washed." "Oh, ain't you Glenna, ain't you gonna have your head washed?" "Grammah, Grammah, I ain't a-gonna have my head washed," she said with vigor. "Oh, ain't you gonna have your head washed, Glenna?" By this time the shampoo was completed and a dejected Glenna said with real chagrin, "Grammah, I wasn't gonna have my head washed." Can't you just picture, in your mind's eye this taking place?

Another hair story, one day tiny tow-headed Don came in to Grandma saying sadly, "Mama, the kids are teasing me about the color of my hair but I think it's quite pretty when it's clean, don't your?" Grandma said, "Yes, Don, clean's a pretty color."

As we all know, Grandma could mimic anyone really good and she told me how one day she and a couple of friends were talking about how smart Don, her little son was. A little neighbor boy was listening. He said, very jealous-like, "I could be just as smart as Don if I tried." One of them said, "Well Anson, why don't you try?" to which he replied dejectedly, "Well, I do try." They got such a kick out of it.

Grandma once told me of her brother and sister planting corn. When they were through and came in the house the sister (?) told her mother, "Ma, Lionel was throwing in whole hand fulls of corn." Lionel, "Was Not." "Was Too." "Was Not." Said their mother, "Time will tell, Lionel, time will tell." How true and what a wise mother.

I don't know how old I was when I stayed a few days at Grandma's while Dad and Mom went to Blanding. I 'ran away' to play with Cloe on one of those days, so when I got back Grandma tied a string around my wrist and then to the fence. I was so scared I didn't even try to 'get away.' It is funny the things we remember, the way we remember them – but mostly it's fun.

Cooking for the threshing machine crew was kind of a family affair. Grandma's daughters, Nora and Meleta and their daughters, Jean and Cloe, all worked together with Grandma fixing the delicious meals. Many times they did the canning of their vegetables and their meats together. They canned them in a huge cooker that held several levels of bottles.

### **GRANDMA'S CHOCOLATE CAKE**

½ cup Lard	1-2 eggs
4 rounded Tbsp Cocoa	1 tsp Baking Soda
1 Cup Sugar	½ tsp Baking Powder
1 Cup Buttermilk	¼ tsp salt
2 Cups flour	Vanilla

Heat the lard, stir in the cocoa and sugar. Add flour, salt, baking powder and alternating the buttermilk. Add beaten eggs, then vanilla. Dissolve baking soda in a small amount of hot water, add to mixture. Bake in a 9 X 13 pan in a medium hot oven.

When Grandma was probably 75 years old when the doctor told her to quit eating salt. She told me, "Well, I ain't agun to, if I have to live without salt I'd rather not live." She didn't give up salt and lived to be 87 years old, dying of what they said was hardening of the arteries. Seemed like she decided she was ready to die, she went to bed and did just that and did it within two weeks. She died at the home of her daughter, Nora's on May 4, 1956 in Huntington, Utah just two days before her 87<sup>th</sup> birthday. Her burial place is in the Huntington City Cemetery beside Grandpa, her infant daughter, Mary and her two sons, Lyman and Don. Son, LaVar is nearby in another plot.

# SUSAN JULIA SHERMAN BLACK

## Autobiography

When I was a girl I took part on the programs of the auxiliaries of the ward and liked to attend the classes and learn the truths of the Gospel, which were taught. Also I took part in the Ward choir and sang for a number of years.

After my marriage I joined the Relief Society in Huntington and have been a constant member for at least 45 years. In this organization I served as a visiting teacher a number of years until Martha Marshall's administration I resigned in favor of working in the Primary. I dearly loved to work in the Primary where I served as a teacher for fifteen years without a break.

The Relief Society used to appoint different members to "Sit Up" with the sick, as we called it and I have served by appointment many times in this capacity. I recall that Esther Grange and I sat up with Aunt Bell Geary before her death and that Martha P. Marshall and I sat up with Christina Pearson. Also I sat up with Mary E. Westover when she was very sick one time.

I took the class in obstetrics taught by Dr. Ellis R. Shipp (female), which was sponsored by the Relief Society, and subsequently I waited on many cases of childbirth.

I have taken my part in cleaning the church house and in doing free-will service such as committee work for anniversary or other entertainments in the ward.

With my husband I have served on the Old Folks committee two different terms and with him I did my part in keeping our son LaVar in the mission field for three years.

Our son Perry served in World War I as a volunteer and now his youngest living brother, Lyman we have sent into the service of our country in World War II. May God grant that our efforts to bring him up in the fear and admonition of the Lord will reserve him.

Primary Teaching I Loved Most.

Julia Black

Age 73

Mother of 8 Children

# History of Catherine Maxwell -

Adapted from a history by Mrs. J. M. Jones

Catherine Maxwell was born in Lanark, Lanarkshire, Scotland, on 15 April 1827. She was a proud woman, firm in her convictions, and strong in character. She was the daughter of Ralph Maxwell, who was born 25 Dec 1794 in Celerity, Ireland and, Elizabeth Donnelly, who was born in 1804.

Catherine started working in a factory at age six. She had a beautiful voice and would often sing as she went about her work. Her favorite song was "Listen to the Mocking Bird". She also sang Operas. Catherine's family belonged to the Presbyterian Church before their conversion to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints in 1843, or 1844. Her father was President of the Glasgow Branch of LDS Church for many years.

After her father's death about 1853, the family re-doubled their efforts to move to Zion, and join her brother John, who had come ahead to prepare a way for them to come. They left Liverpool, England 23 March 1856 on the ship "Enoch Train", and arrived in Boston, Massachusetts Harbor 1 May 1856. They traveled by rail to Iowa where they purchased a handcart for the journey across the plains.

A man by the name of M. Gaddes paid for her to ride to Utah, but she walked so her mother could ride. Catherine's mother became in Winter Quarters so decided to stay until she became able to travel. This left Catherine, a young lady of 25, with the responsibility of caring for her brothers and sisters, namely Arthur, Ralph, Elizabeth and Ann, also Ellen Russell (who later became a sister-in-law) and Elizabeth Darrough.

When they finally were able to leave Winter Quarters in 1856 (their mother stayed behind until she was able to travel), they traveled in the second Handcart Company led by Daniel D. McArthur. The names and ages of the family as listed by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers (D.U.P.) lesson Jan 1971, pg. 312 are as follows: Elizabeth 52 (this has to be in error, as explained later in this history), Arthur 30, Catherine 25, Elizabeth 23, Ralph 18, and Ann 14.



The way was long and they saw no other white persons along the trail. Often some their possessions had to be left along the trail to lighten the load. Catherine did manage to bring a beautiful paisley shawl with her prized possessions.

Word reached the Maxwell family that their mother had joined another Handcart Company and that she was on her way. But she was not strong enough to take the hardships of the journey, and she died at head of Echo Canyon. She was buried in a Cache Cave alongside of the trail. In the meantime, when Catherine's brother, John, heard that his mother was on the trail to Salt Lake Valley with another Handcart Company, he went back along the trail to meet them. There he learned that his mother had died the day before he met the company. This was severe shock to him.

This news made Catherine's heart ever heavier, for she found that upon arriving in the Valley that the man she was to marry already had a wife. She said, "I will be the second wife to no man", but she changed her mind when she met Jacob Mica Truman. She became his second wife, within six months.

Having lived most of her life in the industrial cities of Scotland, many adjustments had to be made by her to become a pioneer wife.

Often indeed did her fiery Scotch temper have the upper hand. Many of the neighbors felt sorry for the gentle Elizabeth Boyce, Jacob Truman's first wife. But well do they remember the mutual anger at Jacob when he brought home a third wife, Julia Ardena Hales, whom he had married 14 Jun 1857. Together they made him see the error in bringing Julia there as she did not fit in with them.

Alice Hunt Jones, a granddaughter of Rhoda Maria, relates the following incident: "I will just have to relate a little incident told to me by a granddaughter of Catherine's (Libby Terry). One morning Aunt Katie (as she was more commonly known) was getting ready to go milk the cows, she had her little brass milk bucket in her hand ready to go, when Julia said to her, 'I slept with Jacob last night, but all you slept with was little Jacob.' At that Aunt Katie threw the bucket at Julia's head, but Julia ducked in time to miss it."

Julia finally left and divorced Jacob, leaving Catherine and Elizabeth with the labor of rearing their families in the path of righteous living.

Jacob Mica and his two wives, Elizabeth and Catherine, lived in South Cottonwood for several years. Then he was called by Brigham Young, to go help settle the little town of Hamblin, better known as Mountain Meadows. They lived there several years, when in November 1881 he was taken very ill and after one week he died suddenly on the 23rd. He was only 56 Years old. John Pulsipher wrote in his diary that Jacob Mica Truman was buried 26 November 1881 in the little cemetery on the small hill just southeast from the town.

Jacob and Catherine had seven children:

Ralph, born 2 Oct 1857

Rhoda Maria, born 4 May 1859

Lauretta Catherine, born 4 Aug 1861

Elizabeth Ann, born 26 Apr 1863 (but died on 9 Jun 1865)

Mica Spencer, born 19 Oct 1865

Ellen Sophia, born 18 Feb 1867

Arthur Monroe, born 12 Dec 1869

Years later Catherine moved to Huntington, Emery County, Utah, to live with her son Mica and family, where she lived for a few years. Her son Arthur lived in Sugar City, Idaho and when his wife died she went to live with him to help take care of his son Reave who was just a small boy at the time. Later she moved back to Huntington, where she felt more at home.

At the age of 90 years she fell and broke her hip, from which she never entirely recovered and she died 31 December 1922, at the age of 93 years. She was buried in Huntington Cemetery.

---