

I was born and raised here in Huntington canyon. My parents came from Sanpete County, but I was born here.

Sometimes, when we were growing up, we had lots of fun. We had horses. We had to make our own entertainment. We played ball with a group. We went swimming. We went down by the river and built play houses. We had a big rock behind the corral. It was a huge rock about half as big as this room. It was washed out and had a big hole under it. We used to play back under there except on days when it was stormy. They wouldn't let us play then cause then the flood would come down there.

We raised our own garden, canned our own food and did the best we could. I was probably a strict mother. In those times you had to be strict with your kids. I wasn't that strict. My dad let me get away with anything. My mother didn't spoil me but I was with my dad the most. I didn't spend much time in the house with my mother. I orcharded with him all the time, except when it was cold. My mother wouldn't let me go out. I spent most of my time with my dad.

I just watched my dad to learn what he did. He didn't do the canning. He killed his hogs for meat and did his own curing of the meat. His own hams and bacon, all I had to do was watch him. I was with him all the time.

After I was married he would kill the chickens and things like that. That's where I learned to kill chickens. He was good. When he would kill a pork he would have a whole table full of ham and bacon. I used to watch him rub the salt in and turn them over, back and forth. He'd leave them on the table for awhile. He had a smoke house. He'd take them down there and put them in the smoke house. Then he'd get his apple leaves and smoke them. It was kind of built in the bank and it had an air hole that the smoke came out of. You could smell it all over the yard. I used to even when the fire was out I would go over there and stick my nose over the hole and sniff. I use to always smell like ham smoke. We had a house down there with a big long table that he put the meat on, then he would rub the salt in and keep turning and salting. A few people have tried to do that now but they give up;

We went to school with a horse and buggy. We had an old black horse that we called Black S and she was the one that took us to school. Era and I went to school. By the time Era was out of school we had an old car that we brought from Arizona. It was a Ford and my dad took me to school except when you couldn't get the car started, then we would walk to school and back. Most of the time he would take me. We didn't have to go far. After my dad got another car sometimes we would go to Price. That was rarely.

My dad had two teams of horses and wagons that he took to Price for years. He sold his honey over there and sometimes he would gather things up while he was over there like sugar and salt, macaroni and things you couldn't get around here. Sometimes we got a case of oranges.

We didn't get to church much. Sunday school once in awhile. I was hard to get there, especially in the winter. In the summer we had so much to do. I worked in the young womens for 5 years. I was secretary. I was secretary in the Relif Society for 4 years.

I use to go with my dad up the ditch. We took our water out of the river up by Lemons. Once a week he'd go up there to clean the ditch out. I was the baby with 3 brothers.

I've got some old pictures, most of them are in my genealogy. One of my faith promoting stories is quite touching. We were working on a film with Brother Hansen and I needed some information for my grandfather and we had trouble, the film was so dim it was hard to find what you needed. He had a magnifying glass and he would check. It was so hard to see the page number. We knew it was in the right time and place and we just kept searching and then we found just what we needed. Then a little while latter we went back to see if we could find something else we needed and we couldn't find a thing, that we had gotten. I figured we were privileged to find just what we needed and that was all.

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Huntington 3rd Ward

Ella Elmida Howard Collard

I was born on Dec. 6, 1909. My mother said it was a cold, cold winters day. My Grandmother Gardiner & my Grandmother Howard were present and helped with the delivery.

I was born in the home located at 210 South 2nd West in Huntington, Ut. This home burned down on a cold November night in 1938. It was replaced with a house brought from the mining town of Newaika, rebuilt & remodeled by my Brother & a friend.

My mother was Sarah Elmida Gardner, <sup>born May 9, 1886</sup> & my father was Joseph Ernest Howard, born Oct 29, 1883, he was a <sup>farmer & a carpenter</sup>.

I had one Brother, William Clayton Howard, ~~born Jan 23, 1907~~ & three Sisters: Eva Howard Nanteman, ~~born Jan 27, 1912~~, Lauretta Howard Elmer, ~~born March 7, 1915~~, Ila Howard Cox, ~~born Dec 17, 1919~~.

Our fondest memories as children were when we lived on our farm in Buffalo & later on our farm in Huntington Canyon located where the UPTL farm is now.

My residence now is still in Huntington Canyon, on a farm bought with my husband Lynn Collard in

June 3, 1937

April 22  
1908  
March 28, 1981

1944 Fall

the fall of 1944.

Lynn was born April 22, 1908 in Newtonston,  
Ut. We married June 3, 1937 and he  
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