

Recollections of
Ellen Maria Bailey Humphrey

by her Granddaughter
Edith Scorup Clinger

Ellen Maria Bailey Humphrey

Ellen Maria Bailey Humphrey, a native born pioneer, had a rich heritage from her pioneer parents and grandparents. Her maternal grandfather, Isaac Young, came with the First Perpetual Emigration Company led by Abraham O. Smoot. Isaac Young was a tanner by trade. Soon after he arrived in Salt Lake City, he secured work in the tannery of Ira Ames. Ellen's parents, George Brown Bailey and Elizabeth Young Bailey, came in 1853 in the Third Perpetual Emigration Company led by Appleton Harmon. Ann Smith Bailey (George Brown Bailey's mother) was surprised when she came in 1855 to find Ellen's parents living in Mill Creek with a baby boy, Joseph Hyrum Bailey, who had been born 14 September 1854.

In Ellen's words from a history written about Elizabeth Young Bailey by Ellen Maria Bailey Humphrey:

"Father, with the rest of the men, drew a city lot and started to build him a home on it. A brother came up and told him that he intended to build a house for one of his wives on that lot, as it was near his other home. Father objected to giving it up, so the matter was taken to President Young, who said, "Let him have it, Brother Bailey, and the Lord will bless you ten fold." After seeking the advice father let the man have the lot. A few days after, as he was going home from work, a man, by the name of John Ebbe, asked him if he would like to get a ten acre farm out at Mill Creek. Father answered in the affirmative. He had to work out a seventy dollar assessment, and had three years to do it in. They thought that this was a fulfillment of President Young's words of Promise.

"My parents moved out on the land that was covered with sage brush, oak brush and willows. In fact, the country was so wild that a deer ran close by the wagon as they were driving along. In this wagon were all their worldly possessions. It was also their home, for in it the oldest child learned to walk. Father made some chairs for a Mr. Baket and secured some adobe for a house. Together they laid up the walls. Father hauled three large logs to go across the top of them, secured sheeting lumber which he nailed to the logs with square nails or wooden pegs. The cracks were covered with slabs; and this windowless, floorless hut was their home. This was a wonderful improvement over the wagon box. There were four holes covered with slabs or sheets that served as windows. It was a two roomed house with two fireplaces and a door that father made and hung on leather hinges.

"They built the house in 1855. During the winter father's mother, a sister Elizabeth, his brother Rueben, and a nephew, came to the valley and lived with them. These extra mouths caused a food shortage in the Bailey home. In the spring, the ten acres were planted to wheat, and father went into Salt Lake to work. He was no farmer and never learned to be one. One Sunday, they saw their wheat green and promising; the next Sunday, the ground was absolutely barren. The grasshoppers had eaten it. They replanted it with corn and squash and both crops matured. This was a very hard year for mother. She and her youngest sister gleaned where they could, threshed and cleaned it by hand and ground it in a coffee mill and made it into bread or mush.

"About this time, Grandmother Young, who lived in the Nineteenth Ward gleaned enough wheat to earn half a bushel. She and her children carried it to Neff's mill and had it ground into flour. They then carried it down to our house and made cake with saleratus and buttermilk, drank a cup of tea and felt that they had enjoyed a treat. Mother and Aunt walked part of the way back to town with Grandmother who walked about twenty-five miles that day.

"Father had plenty of work in town; but received little pay. He would walk home twice a week, get up early the next morning and walk back seven miles and work ten hours a day. One

evening he failed to bring home a parcel that he had promised to as he had been unable to collect any money. Because mother felt so badly, he laid off the next day, got two bushels of corn from a man who was indebted to him; took the corn, (it was shelled) into town and bought five yards of factory (unbleached muslin) and three yards of bright yellow calico to make baby dresses for me. I was born the next day, December 10, 1856. Mother was very sorry to bring another soul into the world of poverty, toil and sorrow, as she was experiencing it at that time. I was such a poor, sickly little thing that she felt that it was a judgment on her for complaining before I was born. They had subsisted on roots, greens and none too much of those things. Most of their bread was made from bran that had been sifted so many times that it would fall apart after baking for two hours.

"The winter I was born, as I stated before, was one of the hardest in Mother's life. Often they did not have enough to eat, even of roots and herbs, and one night they went to bed without a supper after praying that a way might be opened up whereby they might obtain food. Shortly afterwards, they heard a knock on the door; upon opening it they discovered a sack of flour. Several days later a neighbor told them that he had gone to bed and was pressed to get up and take the flour to them as he felt they were without food.

In a letter written to Ruth Scorup Clegg and family from Castle Gate, February 10, 1937 Ellen described the food the pioneers ate as follows:

Well Ruth, I will try to tell you as much as I can remember about the food the Pioneers had. I was never very particular; so it must have been all right for me. I never remember suffering for the want of food. The hardest they [the Pioneers] had was before I was born. We always had bread and that was about all, as there was no fruit to put up; but we raised vegetables and the Bishops helped every family to get a cow or two. We nearly all had cornmeal mush and milk for supper, bread and milk for breakfast, potatoes for dinner. Everyone had a little meat for winter. It was harder in the spring for so many poor cows died, and then it was bread and water; but there was lots of things to eat such as choke cherries, service berries, haws and ground cherries. I didn't like any of them cooked without sugar. Of course, greens came before fruit. There was nettles, not the stinging kind or else they don't sting when young, greasewood sprouts, milk weed, young oaks--all before our garden came on.

Segos and other roots were before my day. I don't even know what kinds of roots they were, but the Pioneers did, and they ate them. Before my day [before Grandma remembered] the Church or the county put a dam in the Jordan River. [It was a fish trap, not a dam.] In May or June the Bishops would tell the people to get together a team and tubs, buckets, baskets or anything that would hold fish and go to the Point of the Mountain and get all the suckers and chubs they could haul home. They were divided to all. If there were more than could be eaten fresh, they would be salted and later boiled.

One year Father strung a lot on sticks, then got on the house and put them down the chimney. The sticks held them up. They smoked and dried and were very good to eat.

This was always a good beet country, so people made beet molasses first [first sorghum factory did not work properly], then sorghum cane. It made better molasses. We never dipped our bread in molasses; it was spread on like butter. It was good dipped in milk or water.

Then there was no law against killing deer or anything wild; and as they had no way to keep meat fresh, so it was divided out. There were plenty of children to take it to the neighbors, even if it was two or three miles away. Then what was left was jerked--cut in strips, hung on a stick, put over a smoky fire and dried to take for to eat with bread when they went for wood. It took two days to get a load of wood.

Grandpa Gates has told me that the Walker Brothers has stopped at his place on Mill Creek and got a few green onions to eat with their dry bread as they were going up Cottonwood Canyon. When they got rich, they never forgot him or his onions and tomatoes. Gateses used to dry tomatoes. Marcia used to give me some at noon for our lunch. They taste good, but not much to them.

Our bread was not as white or as light as it is now, but I am sure it was better tasting and more to chew on. I think another thing that helped us was that we ate our carrots and potatoes raw and corn parched. Peaches were not good cooked without sugar and sugar was twenty and twenty-five dollars a hundred; so we ate them off the tree as we did apples. There were no fruit bottles so when we got molasses and honey, fruit was preserved [in crocks]. Just think of gooseberries and pie plant [rhubarb] sweetened with molasses! Pottawattamies can be eaten if they are sweetened with any thing--that is most children like them. And there used to be salmon rivers [wild raspberries], gooseberries, bull berries, and wild currants. So you see we had a change.

And nobody was afraid to eat what they could get for fear of getting fat.

In thinking it over to reminds me of the Negro woman that was bragging about being so small when born. Another Negro said, "Lawse me! And did you live?" She said, "They say I did and did well."

That is the way with me. I didn't have the things I have now, but I lived and grew tall [5 feet 11 1/2 inches].

"The next year, crops were better. Then the cloud of an invasion by an army of the United States hung over the valley. Mother took the wagon cover and made a shirt, a cap and a pair of trousers for father to wear when he went out with the State Battalion to Johnston's army. Before leaving, they put as much of their possessions as they could into the wagon and put the rest in a box ready to be burned if the soldiers remained in the valley. Then the family moved to the Fish Trap, in the Jordan Narrows. Everybody was at a high tension and every nerve was on a high pitch; so when Reuben Bailey came in one day and cracked his whip, mother thought it was a gun. The shock put her to bed and her life was almost despaired of. The neighbors sent word to father and walked the distance of eighteen miles in less than three hours. After the soldiers arrived, food and clothing were more plentiful and the problem of obtaining food was simplified a little.

"The family moved back home and on April 13, 1859, a pair twins were born. They were so small that they were regarded as curiosity. People came from all around to see them. One day, Brother John Scott came in. He held both of them in his left arm and in the name of Israel's God, promised mother that they should live to be a father and a mother in Zion. The boy, George S. Bailey, weighed four pounds at a month old, and the girl, Elizabeth D. Bailey Humphrey, was smaller. George is now the father of twelve living children, and Elizabeth is mother of seven; three living.

"Father planted four acres in fruit trees that spring, nearly all of them peaches. This was a fortunate move for later the peaches brought many dollars in, for in 1869 we cut and dried

1300 bushels of peaches and sold them at forty cents a pound to Mr. Teasdale. Soon after the trees were planted father's brother accidentally shot himself in the leg and died in a few days. Father's brother and his mother were living in Spanish Fork at the time, so father took us there to help take care of his mother's farm. We had more to eat, but clothing was hard to obtain.

"One winter's day, I, with the other children, was sliding on the ice. I had no shoes; but would slide for awhile, and sit on my feet to warm them. Father watched me for a while, and then turning with tears in his eyes, said that he would make me some shoes from the tops of his boots. I had shoes that year.

"That fall when the grain was nearly ripe, the Indians drove their ponies into the fields. They dared the farmers to drive them out. There were too few white men to attempt it, but Brother A.K. Thurber persuaded the Indians to take them out, so bloodshed was averted at that time.

"One day, my brother Joe took several of the neighbor women and mother to the Payson Bottoms to gather saleratus. I stayed at home and was to keep the door locked. My curiosity overcame my prudence; for when some friendly Indians came up I opened the door and gave them all the bread that we had in the house. That same fall, Joe with two other boys, were herding sheep on the Bench, when they saw some warriors approaching. Taking hold of hands they ran for home. Joe was the smallest and in the center. An arrow was shot that went over his head and between the heads of the other two. Indian troubles were so bad that we had to abandon the farm in Spanish Fork and move back to Mill Creek. While we had been in Spanish Fork a cloudburst in Mill Creek had carried rocks over the orchard, and washed a channel under the north room of the house. They tore this room down and built two small rooms back of the south room.

"Mother learned to spin and weave cloth to clothe her children. Often the men scoured the sheep, before shearing. They drove them into the streams and rubbed them with sand. It was hard work to do this and often the sheep were sheared without it. Then all bits were picked out by hand, the wool washed in cold or warm water and greased for carding. Getting grease was a problem; the lard was usually gone, so we often went without butter to eat and used it on the wool. It took only one pound of butter to grease ten pounds of wool. When it was ready, it was taken to the carding machine. They took two pounds out of five for carding it. Mother made lye with ashes, this she used to make soft soap with scraps of fat that she had saved during the winter months. The wool she colored black with logwood and copper, red with madder root, blue with indigo and chamberlye, yellow with peach leaves and alum, or rabbit brush blossoms and alum, brown with oak brush bark, and green she colored blue, then yellow. One spring, she did not have time to spin, and she could not buy cotton warp in town; so she hired a girl to do it for her. The girl could spin four skeins a day. Each skein had ten knots, each knot had forty threads two yards long in it, and she was paid ten cents a skein for filling and twelve and one-half cents for warp.

"One child had been born in Spanish Fork, and three more were born in the old house. Every woman had all she could do, but they had to help each other. Medical help was out of the question and mid-wives were scarce, so mother began helping her neighbors. She kept no record, but often said that she felt sure that she had brought more than a hundred babies into the world.

"On February 8, 1868, father married Elsie Andrews, a Danish girl. I was very glad, for all the men around had more wives than father; they had bigger houses and more dishes. Our peaches began bearing the following year, and our financial straits were passed. We purchased

our first stove that year. One day, more than a year later, all of us went out into the yard to look at a bird's nest. Someone discovered a swarm of bees in a small tree nearby. We caught them and they were the fore-runner of an apiary that brought in thousands of dollars during the remainder of father's life. Father, mother and the boys worked with the bees while Elsie took charge of the house and the smaller children. Everything was peace and harmony; the two women living in the same house and as happy as mother and daughter.

"After the peaches and the bees began swelling the bank account, father built a larger home. They were just nicely set in it when the dreaded disease diphtheria swept through the family. From the 26th of January (1878) until the 24th of February it raged, and when it had spent its force, mother had buried three sons and two daughters, and Elsie had buried a son and a daughter. She had but one child left. The following summer, Joe, my older brother, who was married and living in Salina, died of diphtheria. This was almost more than they could bear.

"The following poem written by Father, George B. Bailey, in 1878 was in remembrance of the deaths of his eight children from diphtheria. Seven of them died within one month.

In Loving Remembrance

Our Carrie dear and Isaac too
And Rhoda dear so fond
With Mary Ann and little Frank
David and Charles are gone.

And now the boy, our first born child
Has gone to join the rest;
He was cut down though young in life
And left his wife bereft.

He was esteemed and gained a name
Among the saints of God
His life was spent in doing good
He bowed beneath the rod.

We miss our boys, our darling girls
When we are all alone.
We see their hats, their clothes, their toys
Around our silent home.

And they are gone to realms of bliss,
Far, far from wicked men,
While we are left to mourn their loss
Until our days shall end.

Then when our time shall come at last
To meet them all again,
May we be found Faithful and true
With Christ, our King to reign.

Ages of Children

Caroline 7-30-1871 to 1-26-1878
Isaac 8-10-1861 to 2-3-1878
Rhoda 4-10-1875 to 2-15-1878
Mary Ann 11-28-1870 to 2-18-1878
*Frank 2-6-1873 to 2-22-1878
David 3-16-1867 to 2-23-1878
Charles 6-17-1869 to 2-24-1878
Joseph Hyrum 9-14-1854 to 7-30-1878

Joseph had married and moved to Salina, Utah where he died of this dread disease.

*Children of the second wife. All others were born to the first wife.

(end of Ellen's words)

Ellen Maria had the opportunity to work in the home of William H. Hooper for four years. She helped with the children and did whatever else she was asked. The other employees were quality help. Ellen, at one time used some mild swear words. One of the men said, handing her a hammer, "Ellen, drive a nail in this board. Now pull it out. It is gone, but the hole is still in the board. It's like that with swearing. The mark is always there." (For all my life I never heard Grandma use a bad word. She did not use any slang either.)

Work experience in the Hooper home provided Ellen with sewing and management skills which were valuable throughout her life. Before Hoopers had a sewing machine, all of the women backstitched in an attempt to make hand sewing look like machine stitching. Ellen was an excellent seamstress, growing in skill as styles changed.

While Ellen was still at home, a new song was introduced in church. Her father, who was ward clerk and choir leader in Mill Creek, for many years offered a prize to the child who learned the words to "Love At Home" first. Ellen was delighted with a china doll her father selected for her when she was first to learn the verses by John Hugh McNaughton who also wrote the music.

Ellen started school in Mill Creek when she was ten years old. The pupils picked soapstone from the bed of Mill Creek with which to write on their slates. Ellen went to school for part of three years. She progressed as far as McGuffey's Third Reader. Fortunately for her and her family, she believed that education was a life-long endeavor. One of her quotes her grandchildren remember is "Education is a light load to carry."

Ellen was fortunate to grow up in a home where the gospel was discussed and lived. Neighbors, all being converts, discussed principles of the gospel in order to become better informed.

Ellen never could carry a tune, but her daughters played the organ and the piano. Ellen encouraged all of her children and grandchildren to sing to the best of their abilities. Ellen said once, "If I had had any musical ability I would have been able to learn from listening while the Hooper girls had their music lessons."

Good friends were part of Ellen's growing up. Marcia Gates shared dry tomatoes at lunch with Ellen. Among new converts moving in was the Humphrey family from Georgia. Richard had arrived in 1869. Most of the rest of the family came as a group in 1870. The only daughter, Rebecca, had become a special friend of Ellen's.

One son, Griffin, had remained in Georgia, hoping to make enough money to go to California. At one time a carpet-bagger had sold Griff some counterfeit revenue stamps. When the fraud was detected, Griff loaded his liquor in a wagon and headed west. All of the family except Richard M. Humphrey were baptized the same day, 4 May 1871.

One Sunday, Ellen and Rebecca were walking home from Sunday School. They presented a contrast in size. Ellen was 5 feet 11 1/2 inches tall. Her eyes were gray and her hair was long and dark brown. Her size and weight had earned her the nickname "Bailey's Bean Pole". Rebecca was 5 feet 2 inches tall, very petite. As they approached some trees, Griffin was sitting in the shade. Rebecca introduced Ellen and Griff. When Griff went home, he said, "I've just met the girl I'm going to marry."

Courtship was neither fast nor easy. Ellen needed to mature. She was working at William Hooper's home and would continue to do so for three more years. When Griffin came courting, Ellen and Griff would sit in the parlor, chaperoned by Ellen's father's second wife, Else. Griffin and Ellen wrote notes to each other on their slates. Being from the south, Griff in one note expressed himself differently. Ellen misunderstood. She answered him in such a way that she hurt his feelings. He did not return for quite a while.

The following is a letter from Ellen M. Bailey Humphrey to a niece, Edith Bailey. It was written between September 1935 and February 1936 and describes Ellen's wedding in her own words. The last portion of the letter is missing.

Dear Edith, I was surprised to get your letter. I felt like one day when they get a telegram--in a hurry to open it yet afraid to. I was glad you [and] Mary [are] all well. Leone's wife told me Geo K had been to see me. I have been here in Provo for three winters. Two years Ellen and Edith were both here. Edith went on a mission last June to the North Central States. She is in Winnipeg Manitoba Can[ada] this winter. Ellen will graduate in the spring. Then we will go home to stay--maybe.

You asked me to tell you a number of things of early days. I wondered if my own experience would be interesting. We were not the poorest and not the richest. I had worked [at Col. Wm. Hooper's home] in Salt Lake City four years before I married, two years at a dollar a week, then I received 1 1/2, and when I left I was getting two dollars. I might of had a few more nick nacks [because of this work (added by RSC)]. We were married December 21, 1874 in the Endowment House. We only had to go there to be sealed as we both had our endowments October the 20, 1872. We had a big wedding supper, between 70 and 80 were there. After supper we danced until 3 o'clock in the morning. Wedding presents were not in style then so we got no presents but a number of our close friends and relatives gave us things we needed. I think I can tell you most of the things we had in our house when we went to house keeping. First we rented a small, frame one-room house. We paid three dollars a month for the house, an acre of ground, a small corral and an outhouse. The house had a lean to for a store all. My husband had a good camp outfit. It consisted of a bake oven, frying pan, camp kettle, tin plate and pint cup. Our cup was lost. [Our bed furnishings were (added by RSC)] three quilts and two pillows. We had an iron bedstead with slats of wood, a blue and white striped bed tick

filled with clean straw. I had two quilts, two sheets, a pair of pillow slips, two pillows and a pair of woolen blankets that I paid twenty dollars for long before I got them but they came in good then and lasted a long time. Aunt Elsie [Ellen's father's second wife] gave me a cup and saucer, plate, knife. Uncle [Aaron Young, her mother's brother] gave me a butter dish, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, and spoon glass. I forget who gave me a big tin spoon and 6 teaspoons. I had 6 plates, 6 cups and saucers and a glass. We had a water bucket. I was going...

Indians added color to Ellen's life. She went from Mill Creek to Salina with her six-week old son, George John in December of 1875. Her husband had been in Salina with his brother, Joe Humphrey, and Ellen's brother, Joe Bailey, getting salt by boiling some of the red salt rocks and then boiling the water down. About the 26th of June 1876, Ellen watched a giant smoke signal in the form of a man sent by Indians from the hills on east of the valley to response on the Pahvant range on the west. That was the announcement of Custer's last stand.

Soon after the Humphreys set up their new home, Joe Humphrey and Griffin went south exploring by Carter's Peaks. An Indian came to Ellen's door after the men left and demanded her butcher knife. Ellen wondered, "Will he use the knife on me? How will I cut my bread? If Joe or Griff brings meat, how will I cut it?" She gave the Indian the knife, seeing no other alternative. On Griffin and Joe's return home, they stopped by a dead fire on a trail by Carter's Peaks. To their surprise they found Ellen's knife lying by the fire where the Indian had carelessly left it.

Later Indians came every spring from their reservation located near Koosharem begging for sugar, coffee, bacon or anything else they saw that they could ask for. Ellen could always talk to them. Sometimes the Indians would bring handmade clothes baskets or a basket with a handle. They never came after Ellen became ill.

Ellen's home was open to everyone. When she moved to Salina, her brother, Joseph Bailey, and her husband's brother, Joseph Humphrey, made their home with Ellen and Griffin. After Griffin's mother died in 22 July 1875, Griff's father, Mexican and Civil War veteran made his home with Griffin and Ellen until he died of cancer on 26 June 1879. Periodically Griffin's brother, Charles, came from Salt Lake and stayed with Ellen and Griff. Any weary traveler was welcome to camp at Humphrey's home. At the time of the "underground" when polygamists were in hiding, Griffin took men in hiding in the dark of night from Salina north or south, east or west.

Visiting general authorities were fed and housed part of the time at the Humphrey home, possibly because Ellen was President of the Relief Society. She remembered having President Heber J. Grant as an apostle sit at their organ singing hymns, accompanying himself with one finger playing the melody.

Griffin had killed a pig when B.H. Roberts was going to be entertained at stake conference. Ellen had prepared a fine roast. She put pigs feet on the table. Her daughter, Elmina, said, "Mother, please don't put pigs' feet on the table."

Ellen said, "I'll set them at the lower end of the table."

As Brother Roberts began to fill his plate after the blessing was said, he said, "Did I see some pigs' feet at the other end of the table? Pass the pigs' feet please!"

After Griffin's mission to England, some of the converts came to Salina for extended visits. All of Griffin's and Ellen's relatives were always welcome. Ellen's daughter, Rhoda, said, "Mother and Father were so poor because they fed so many people."

Although they were poor materially, they were rich in love and friendship.

Because Ellen was tolerant and understanding, she was asked to speak at many funerals. On one occasion a granddaughter asked, "What can you say good about that man?" Her reply was, "He had pretty teeth!" She saw good in everyone--more than pretty teeth or nice hair. Two quotes indicate her tolerance of difference and her non-judgmental nature. They are "'Every woman to her own notion', said the old lady when she kissed her cow". and "You can't tell how far a frog can jump by the length of his legs."

Three hymns were special favorites of Ellen's, "Nay, Speak No Ill", "Let Us Oft Speak Kind Words", and "Let Each Man Learn to Know Himself". Speaking well of everyone and using kind words when reproof was necessary made Ellen well-beloved by her family and the community. Knowing herself well and liking herself gave Ellen the self-assurance and self-confidence to make her a capable leader.

Ellen took advantage of all of the traveling concerts, lectures and shows that came to Salina. Local theatricals were also enjoyed. She like movies, but rarely stayed to see the same feature twice. Perhaps her insistence that she see the news reel on changing the Gulf Stream makes a statement about her and her interest. She was always anxious to learn.

Acquisition of new skills was part of Ellen's habit of lifetime learning. The beautiful hair flower arrangement, Mexican drawn-work, new designs in knitting, ha[n]d-woven rugs (non-traditional loom), crotched bedspread and tablecloth, bright cotton embroidery, hooked wool rugs show some of the variety of skill she possessed.

Each girl or woman in Ellen's household had at least (maybe at most sometimes) two new best dresses annually. A summer dress was finished for the Fourth of July and a winter dress for Christmas.

Ellen sewed the Scorup boys' suits from homespun their mother had woven in return for material. Ellen sewed many burial clothes while she was president of the Relief Society. Her daughter, Elmina's wedding dress has beautiful machine sewing on it. Ellen was particular all of her life about sewing and hand work. If anything was sewn poorly she said, "That was sewn with a red hot needle and a burning thread".

Ellen had little patience with poor work. One of her daughters-in-law was always remodeling her clothes. A granddaughter asked Grandma Ellen, "Why is Aunt H_____ always remaking her clothes?"

Ellen answered, uncharacteristically, as she hardly ever said anything uncomplimentary about anyone, "If she would sew her clothes right in the first place, she wouldn't have to remake them".

In addition to being the mother of twelve children, George John 20 September 1875, Thomas Griffin Jr. 1 October 1877, Joseph William 29 November 1879, Elmina Elizabeth 14 January 1882, Alice Rebecca 25 August 1884, Wilford Josiah 20 December 1886, Rhoda Ann 28 January 1889, Charles Ethelbert 1 April 1891, Ray Bailey 16 February 1894, Ellen Maria (Nellie) 12 February 1896, Bessie Lavonia 25 April 1898, Leone Isaac 21 February 1901, Ellen served well in her church.

After she moved to Salina, Sevier County, Utah she worked in Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association for ten years. She was first counselor in the Salina Relief Society from 6 January 1880 to 3 January 1889, when she was called as Relief Society Teacher 7 February 1889. She served as Relief Society President from 5 January 1893 to 16 October 1913. She resigned on account of poor health. On 22 October 1914 she was reappointed and served until 2 July 1922. She served on the Genealogical Committee from 3 December 1922 until 1933. She also taught Sunday School for thirty-eight years.

Little mention has been made of pioneering experiences in Salina. No mention has been made of Ellen's experiences while her husband, Thomas Griffin Humphrey, served a two year mission to England, 1891-1893.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,
nor be afraid!"

-Robert Browning

Spring of 1919 found Griff and Ellen Humphrey in their own home, rejoicing that their two sons, Ray B. and Leone I. had survived World War I. Ellen's mother, Elizabeth Young Bailey had died at their home the preceding November from influenza. Griff and Ellen were anticipating the birth of a new grandchild, to their daughter, Elmina. She lived across the street. Her four children adored their grandparents.

Griffin and Ellen looked forward to the growing season. Both were excellent gardeners. Through the years they had planted currants, gooseberries, apples of enough varieties to provide good eating and cooking for the entire year, pears, grapes, strawberries, rhubarb and several varieties of plums.

A well trimmed hedge bordered their home on two sides for a quarter of a city block in Salina. A few cows provided milk and enough cream that Ellen could churn and make butter for sale. The butter from the cows and eggs from a small flock of Rhode Island red hens provided them with the money to supply their modest wants and needs. A well built brooding pen housed six or eight setting hens ("scrooks" in the terminology of the locale) which provided replacement chickens for the coming year and frying chickens for the summer.

Bell, the buggy horse, also supplied the power for plowing the garden spot and the lower half of the lot. Some pigs were recipients of the excess milk and buttermilk and any weed that appeared in the well-kept orchard and garden. Pigs were the source of fresh and cured meat and a small additional source of income.

Real trouble developed in May. Near the end of the influenza epidemic, Ellen's daughter, Elmina Humphrey Scorup, developed "flu". Pregnant women were especially susceptible to death. Elmina was no exception. The four children, ages three to eleven, were left motherless. Ellen faced the difficulties of trying to help without interfering with relatives or housekeepers. Then in February 1920 her son-in-law, James Halvor Scorup, came to her home to be cared for. He was suffering from flu-pneumonia. Ellen was an excellent nurse. According to available

treatment of the time, Ellen made him a cotton-batting vest to which she applied heat. Jim joined his beloved Elmina. Before he died he asked Ellen and Griff to look after his orphaned children.

While Jim's well-educated sisters were getting certified copies of Jim's will to see to whose care Jim had entrusted his most precious possessions, his four children, Ellen calmly and firmly announced that Jim had left his children to her care. She was sixty-three years old at the time and Griffin was seventy. The children ranged in ages from four to eleven. "Trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

If Ellen had ever cried, she was all cried out by the time her daughter and son-in-law died. She and Griffin closed their home and began rearing their second family.

With the same regularity that Ellen had run her own home, she settled into the task of training her grandchildren. At 7:20 a.m. by the clock on the mantle, Grandpa and Grandma would kneel with us for family prayer. 12:00 noon found dinner on the table. Supper time was a little more variable; but it was after chores were done.

Evaluation of Ellen Maria Bailey and her husband, Thomas Griffin Humphrey, has been made by people who knew them, but were not family members.

The first account is a tribute given on KSL radio to Ellen on December 10, 1936.

"Ellen Bailey Humphrey, who receives this morning, our tribute, was born in Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, December 10th, 1856. Today is her birthday and before we tell you about the woman herself, we would like to wish her Happy Birthday, and Many Happy returns of the day.

Mrs. Humphrey's father and mother, had crossed the plains in a hand-cart company [not so], in the year 1854. The second child of a family of twelve, she suffered, or, as she puts it, was privileged to enjoy, the many hardships in those early days of pioneering. As a young woman she worked as a governess, or a sort of nurse, in the home of a Captain Hooper, and in 1875, she was married to Thomas G. Humphrey, after which they moved to Salina, where she still maintains her home.

Ellen Humphrey became the mother of twelve children, and upon the death of one of her daughters, she assumed the care also of the four orphaned grand-children. She has had a very rich life--full of joys and sorrows. She had had, as all mothers do, I suppose, cause to worry. She had two sons serve during the World War [I]--one in the Army and one in the Navy.

The very energetic woman, for thirty five years she was President of the Salina R Relief Society. During a good deal of that time, there was no doctor and no undertaker within 100 miles, and to her and her assistants, fell the task and responsibility of visiting and nursing the sick, and preparing the dead for burial. Today on her eighty-second birthday, we see her--a woman in whom the years had added beauty to her face, and from whose calm and noble countenance irradiates peace, and wisdom, who yet retains the twinkle in her eye, the humorous smile about her lips. She's fascinating to talk to--for example, she remembers well the Fire Flares that the Indians used to convey the news of the Massacre of General Custer and his brave regiment of soldiers, in the battle of Little Big Horn in June 1876.

It is interesting to know that she often entertained some of the prominent Indians, later, who visited in Salina.

Altogether, she is a charming, delightful, and very lovable woman. And on her 82nd birthday, we are especially proud and pleased to be able to salute her. And we now say to Mrs. Ellen Bailey Humphrey.....

"You've learned a secret, in your life,
That's fine, my dear-
And precious, too, and rare
That priceless gift of knowledge-
Which has taught you how to work.
There is no thing--no worthwhile thing,
Existing in this world
That has not found its place through labor
Not just today, nor for an hour,
Nor even for a year,
But work consistent, patient, work.
You know this--your life shows you do.
God bless you, oh, my dear."

The following is from Our Own Sevier, Centennial History, 1865-1965, compiles and edited by Irvin L. and Lexia D. Warnock, age 440

Mr. and Mrs. T.G. Humphrey
First Golden Wedding in Salina

"Thomas Griffin Humphrey, born Dec. 6, 1849, in Fayetteville, Georgia. His parents were John Humphrey of Georgia and Agnes Elmina Murphy of South Carolina. Ellen Maria Bailey, born Dec. 10, 1856, in Mill Creek, Utah her parents being George B. and Elizabeth Davis Bailey, who were natives of England.

They were married Dec. 21, 1874, in Salt Lake City by Wilford Woodruff. They came to Salina in 1876, were the parents of twelve children, five of who are living: R Rhoda Gibson, Helper; J.W. (Will), Provo; Wilford J. and Ray B., Orangeville; Leone I., Salina. In 1950 they had 31 grandchildren, 63 great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild, and were survived by more than one hundred descendants.

Mr. Humphrey was active in church work and held many offices in various organizations. He did much in civic betterment, too. He raised cattle and was a farmer with special interest in growing fruit trees, shrubs, gardens and flowers. He died January 2, 1929, in Salina, age 80.

Mrs. Humphrey, a very important woman in her church and community, lived to be 94. As an officer in the church she contributed many years of her life: president of the Relief Society, 30 years; M.I.A. president 10 years; a Sunday School teacher 38 years. After her retirement from public service she cared for four grandchildren, Ruth, James Marden, Ellen and Edith Scorup following the death of their father and mother in 1919-20.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey were both very helpful to anyone in time of illness and trouble, and friends to mankind. Children and young people enjoyed their home and were always made welcome and there. They were truly people who made this happier place."