

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

This is an attempt on the part of Wendell D. Maxfield (#2 Son), to compile the history of Albert Elias Maxfield and Orilla May Brown, my mother and father, and the parents of six children, still living as of this date (February 2002). Naomi Maxfield Shumway (#2 Daughter) mailed a request to family members in 1988 asking for their contributions to this history, which would be recorded, and made a part of our genealogical records, for our children, grandchildren, etc.

What I have in front of me, is the written memories of their six children, plus contributions from other dear members of Mom and Dad's families. And, since there is hardly a way to correlate these memories from a chronological structure, I am just going to include each individual's memories of our parents, as they have written, in response to Naomi's request. Naomi's health prevents her from completing this task, and, since I have all the modern equipment (computer, printer, scanner, etc.) I have volunteered to carry on!

Attached to this history are Pedigree Charts and Family Group Sheets that will give you their heritage for the past five generations. The Family Group Sheets list all brothers and sisters....in the event a name is mentioned that you cannot place in these prolific families.

MEMORIES AS WRITTEN BY LEAH MAXFIELD SIMS, #1 DAUGHTER:

Orilla May Brown was born May 6, 1896, in Provo, Utah. She was the daughter, and oldest child of William and Henrietta Clinger Brown, in a family of 11 children. Two baby girls died, but the other 9 children lived normal lives and left a large posterity.

The Brown family moved to Lakeview, Utah where Orilla received her education. She graduated from school in the 8th Grade. In those days that was considered the same as the 12th Grade is now...the end of High School.

When just 17 years old she met and planned to marry Albert E. Maxfield. Albert was born March 10, 1895 in Vineyard, Utah, the son of William and Johanna Olsen Maxfield. He was the oldest of eight children.

They obtained their marriage license and planned an early spring wedding but Albert's father, hearing of their plans, took sick and insisted that Albert work the farm (instead of moving out). So, on July 23, 1914, Albert and Orilla ran away and got married. Orilla said their marriage license was nearly worn out as Albert had stored it under his mattress all those months. To get away from his father, they moved to Magna. Albert worked in the Kennecott Mills. Leah (4-13-16) and Vard (2-3-18) were born in Magna. They moved to Provo in early 1919, where Dad and his brother Richard opened an Auto Top Shop on Main Street and 4th West.

Their small home was at 507 S 5th West. The house had a kitchen, living room and one bedroom. It had a small screened porch where Orilla did her wash in two tubs and a scrubbing board. Her washing was hung outside on a wire clothes line. The only water was an outside piped well. And of course, it sported an outhouse for other plumbing needs! Mother, also

Leah continued


LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

made her own soap. The kitchen was the largest room in the house, and the center of activity, including the Saturday night ritual of bathing....in a metal tub, from water heated on the coal stove!

Orilla ● s Grandmother Elizabeth Dobney Short Brown (who was in her late seventies, and early eighties) lived next door to us (on the South), and next to her was the Peters family. Ida Peters was mother ● s cousin and between the two of them, Grandma Brown ● s needs were lovingly satisfied..

There was very little money and life was hard work. This was during and just after World War I. Wendell was born November 11, 1919, and Naomi on October 3, 1922, in this home.


Albert always had a large garden, watered by a stream that ran down fifth west. He always raised a pig which was slaughtered and dressed, and Orilla cured the meat for the winter. She also bottled fruit, tomatoes, pickles and the best chili sauce in town.

When Leah was in the second grade, Orilla had her hair bobbed and marcelled✘! Oh...she was so beautiful with her short and curled hair.

It seemed that one of Mother ● s family was always living with us. Orilla was helping her Mother....there would be Jesse, Melba, and very often Vanita, Della ● s daughter. Della had just been divorced and needed someone to tend Vanita so that she could work. I don ● t remember where we all slept!

Orilla was very close to the Clinger family. She and Aunt Lillie (Lillie Clinger Sumsion) were like sisters, and our family grew up with a very close relationship to Aunt Lillie and Uncle Jesse ● s family.

The summer before Leah ● s third grade and Vard ● s first grade, Albert got them a job picking fruit in Orem (George Lunceford ● s Farm). Orilla would wake them at 6:00 AM...give them breakfast and a sack lunch and send them off to catch their ride, up on Main Street. That summer they picked strawberries, then cherries, raspberries, string beans and finally tomatoes! They would earn about \$1.00 a day and it helped to buy their school clothes.

In 1924, Grandma and Grandpa Maxfield had two farms. One in Vineyard, where they were living and one on Provo Bench (where they had lived previously and were now trying to sell). So, we moved to Provo Bench for a year and one-half. It was wonderful to have a large home...three bedrooms, a large lawn in front, fruit trees, a raspberry patch, a barn with a pig pen, a billy goat, chickens...and even rabbits! Dad was able to procure a beautiful (gentle) Shetland pony (with a small colt) for feeding them for the winter. Vard and Wendell had the time of their lives with this pony, named Nellie! They had never had anything so wonderful as this beautiful, inseparable playmate...in their lives! The Outhouse✘ (outdoor plumbing) was half way between the house and the barn.

Leah, continued

Albert still worked at the Auto Shop in town, so Orilla did most of the work on the farm, with

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

some little help from the kids. Vard and Wendell learned to milk the cows. Orilla would take out enough milk for the family, after each milking. The rest she would run through a separator✘. This took all the cream out of the milk. She made butter out of the cream and sold it. The skim milk was fed to the pigs. She also made cottage cheese from some of the skim milk. Nothing was wasted.

Our School House was a small four room building. The first and second grades shared a small room, as did the third and fourth....the fifth and sixth, and the seventh and eighth. Each grade had its own side of the room. While the teacher taught one grade, the other grade studied. We had no home work.

In 1926 we moved to 13th West and 6th South in Provo. This was a small frame home, and as usual....it had outdoor plumbing! We lived here for two years.

Orilla always did a lot of sewing, making all of our clothes. Leah and Vard were always in school musicals and Leah danced the Maypole when she was in the fifth grade. All the rest of the girls were sixth graders..but because Orilla designed and helped make most of the costumes she was able to squeeze Leah into the festivities.

We moved to 3rd West and 5th South in 1928. Ronald was born in that house on November 22, 1928. Albert was no longer in the Auto Top Shop, and was having a very hard time trying to make a living as a salesman of Singer Sewing Machines. He heard of an opening for a seat cover job in Salt Lake City, so they moved to Salt Lake in the early fall of 1929. We moved into a home at 1023 South 8th East, and became active in the 31st Ward.

The Stock Market crashed and things were tough again. Leah had a few baby sitting jobs. Vard and Wendell passed out ads for H. E. Lobrot (Grocery across the street from us)....and did cleaning work at the Tower Theater on 9th East and 9th South. Their pay for work at the Tower was in passes for free admission to their shows, which they shared with all of us. Vard and Wendell also cut lawns by canvassing from door to door, etc.

A couple of years later, Grandpa Maxfield was trying his hand at selling homes. He had made some deal that wasn't quite right (honesty wise), and asked Albert to try and buy the duplex on Belmont Avenue to help keep him out of trouble. So, again we moved....and now to 1020 Belmont Avenue (about 10th East & 10th South) in Salt Lake City.

The home was a duplex and in a very run-down✘ condition. It took a lot of hard work, cleaning and painting to get it fixed up. After several months, the East side was ready to be rented out.

We all became active in the LeGrande Ward. Orilla taught a Primary Class. Leah taught a Junior Sunday School Class. All of us made life time friends in that great old LeGrande Ward!

Leah, continued

Leah and Vard graduated from East High School and Leah obtained work at the Glade Candy

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

Company. (George Glade...a co-owner, was in our LeGrande Ward). It was only part-time but enough to pay board and room, which helped the family a little. Six months later, Vard got on at Glades, too. Donna (Mother's sister), moved in with us and Leah helped her get a job at Glades. With each of us paying board and room each week, it helped Mother to keep her head above water, financially.

Albert was again in a little shop with his brother, Richard and making very little. Orilla's brother, VerNile, was a very special caring man. He worked at Kennecott Mills and still worked a small farm. He brought us flour, eggs, vegetables, etc...from his garden, and several times he threw in a rabbit, dressed and ready for frying. What a treat!

Mother always baked bread. Someone gave us a very large sack of black beans. We ate a lot of black beans before Leah and Vard got their jobs and were able to help out. These were plain black beans...without any ham or bacon to flavor them!

On January 4, 1936, Albert and Orilla left in a very heavy snow storm for the Holy Cross Hospital. Karen was born on the morning of January 5, 1936. She is approximately twenty years younger than I am....and was a joyful addition and a great blessing to our entire family!

Vard left for his mission to Norway on December 5, 1937. Wendell graduated from East High School and immediately went to work for National Biscuit Company in May 1936, and became another sustaining board and room contributor.

Leah and Jim Sims were married on December 3, 1938. Orilla made Leah's wedding gown and the bridesmaids' dresses as well as little Karen's Flower Girl dress (3 Years old)...almost! I believe that was the first of many, many wedding gowns she made. My daughter Peggy was the last one. Each one was so very beautiful. Pat and Peggy drew a picture and she made the gown from their sketches.

MEMORIES AS WRITTEN BY ALBERT VARD MAXFIELD, #1 SON:

After Mother and Dad's marriage in 1914, they were later married and endowed in the Salt Lake Temple on June 15, 1921. At this time Leah, Vard and Wendell were sealed to their parents.

Albert grew up on the farm in Vineyard. It was a dairy farm, where as a youth, he helped with the milking of cows and other chores around the farm. In those days they had no electricity or running water. Candles and kerosene lamps were used for light and water was obtained from a well. He attended school up to the 8th Grade, which was all that was provided in public schools, in those days, prior to college entry. He would take a wagon and team of horses and travel to the sugar factory where he would get a load of beet pulp and bring it back to the farm to feed the

Vard, continued

cattle. They raised their own hay and grain.

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

Vineyard was located close to Utah Lake, so swimming in the lake was a great form of recreation. He courted Orilla Brown with a horse and buggy, and they were married July 23, 1914 in Provo, Utah. (See Leah ● s version for other details of this event!) And, they became parents of six children: Leah, Vard, Wendell, Naomi, Ronald and Karen. (See Family Group Sheets).

The first home I remember, was on the South East corner of 5th South and 5th West, an adobe house with kitchen, living room and three bedrooms. (Leah ● s recollection was that there was only one bedroom!)

In those days, cars had open sides and canvas tops. Albert set up shop on Center Street between 4th and 5th West, with a long table and sewing machine, needles, scissors and all the equipment he needed to put new tops on cars and repair side curtains with isinglass windows. This went well until about 1928 when cars came out with hard tops and glass windows.

In 1925 we moved to a 17 acre farm on Provo Bench, where he farmed on the side to support his family. There was a lane leading to the barn where he had three cows, two horses and a goat. During the winter Dad obtained a pony, with a colt, in exchange for feeding them. This provided a lot of fun for Vard and Wendell. Vard was in the second grade and went to school a half day. Wendell was in the first grade and went to school the other half of the day, so a lot of fun was had riding the pony. (WDM note: We thought we had died and gone to heaven!)

When the cows were milked, the milk was taken to the back porch of the house where it was run through a separator...cream came out of one spout and skim milk came out the other. Mother made butter with the cream and the pigs were fed the skim milk. We also had a raspberry patch where raspberries were picked and sold. Chickens were raised and the kids would take eggs to the store, down the road, and exchange them for candy.

While living here in 1926, Vard became very sick and finally broke out with the smallpox. As a result of this, the whole second grade students were vaccinated for smallpox...as well as all the other children in the family.

The family lived on the bench just one year, then moved to Provo and rented a house on 6th South and 9th West, and the children attended the Franklin Grade School. Our next move was to 3rd West and 5th South, where the family lived until 1929, when we moved to 1023 South 8th East, Salt Lake City.

Shortly after this last move, Father took Vard and his two youngest twin brothers, LeGrande and VerNile, and another friend and traveled by auto to Idaho to work in the fields, picking up potatoes (during the Fall harvest). Dad had a harness around him to which he attached a 100 pound gunny sack (burlap bag) and would walk along and fill it with potatoes which had been plowed up and left on the ground. Vard had a wire basket to fill with potatoes, which he would

Vard, continued

then dump into Dad ● s sack. The work continued for two weeks and the pay was seven cents a

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

hundred weight. At the end of the two weeks, Vard was sent home by bus, and Dad worked another week topping sugar beets, before returning to Salt Lake City.

After living two years on 8th East, we moved to 1020 Belmont Avenue, into one side of a duplex which had a kitchen, dining room, living room and three bedrooms and a bath, upstairs. This was still during the depression and Dad could only find occasional jobs to support the family. During the Christmas Season of the second year on Belmont, Vard and Wendell were sleigh riding on 7th South, between 9th and 10th East, when Vard miraculously found a \$20.00 bill lying in the snow. This provided for our entire Christmas that year, and everybody was so thrilled to have been blessed with this ☞manna from heaven☞! It was truly a miracle in our lives, at that time. (WDM ● s note: I remember Vard got the biggest gift (which he deserved) a pair of shoe ice skates!)

In the early part of 1938 Mother converted the East side of our duplex into a nursing home, and began taking in older patients, to care for them. This gave her a source of income to sustain her family. Dad was a great help in this endeavor. During the day and even during the night, he would get up several times to take care of the needs of the patients.

Dad was an excellent upholsterer and worked for a while for a furniture manufacturing company. When World War II broke out, he obtained work at Hill Field, using his skills in canvas and other materials. He drove to Hill Field on a daily basis, and during the Winter, when it was often foggy, he covered the top part of his headlights with tape, which made it possible for him to see better in the fog.

After the War he opened an upholstering shop in Salt Lake City, which he operated for a period of time, prior to going to work for Carleson Motor Company, as their upholsterer. This was his last job, and he retired from Carleson ● s in about 1960. Dad was not active in the Church until later in his life, even though he supported his family in all their activities. In these later years, he served in several positions in the High Priests Group of his Ward.

After Mother died in 1977, he lived alone in their home on Clayborne Avenue and continued doing upholstery work in his basement, where he had a complete set up, with large table, sewing machine, etc. He was an excellent worker and did beautiful work covering sofas, chairs and other items such as reupholstering cars, etc.

For many years after his retirement, during the Holiday Season, he sold boxed chocolates and candy for the Maxfield Candy Company (Vard ● s Company). He developed a large clientele with businesses and friends, which grew consistently over the years. We appreciated the work he did. It helped the Company and Dad enjoyed calling on the people...and it also supplemented his income. He was always proud to sell Maxfield Candy, and we were proud to have him represent us with our retail customers.

MEMORIES AS WRITTEN BY WENDELL DEAN MAXFIELD, #2 SON:

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

Since Leah and Vard have covered most of the chronological events of Mother and Dad's history, I will confine my remarks to my own memories that will, of course, follow the same time-frame as theirs. Since I was born at 507 South 5th West, my first memories quite vividly begin at this location. And, since Vard was born in Magna, and I was born here in Provo, as was Naomi, I calculate that we lived here for five years (a record in those days)!

But despite the rough economic times that we experienced (from the depression) many fond and happy memories of our family activities and involvements, in those early years, are still vivid in my mind. My mother (Orilla May Brown) was something to behold--endless energy--devoted dedication to her family--a marvelous cook--a creative and artistic talent in almost every field of domestic activity--and always the "rock of Gibraltar" in every crisis that occurred in our developing years. During our youthful years, we had practically no toys--only those that we made or created ourselves. Keeping the children busy and happily occupied, more often than not, involved working with Mother in the kitchen---especially during the winter months when the weather prevented us from playing outdoors. We all learned to cook---to mix bread dough--roll and cut it into fancy pieces for baking or frying--to make pie dough--to churn butter--to bottle food (of every kind)---to make gravy, etc. These were not tasks, but privileges that Mother permitted us to do, to keep us involved and happy and to afford the training that none of us has ever forgotten.

Dad (Albert Elias Maxfield) grew up on a farm and never lost those farming instincts, that were in his blood. He had his own garden and orchard at their home at 2282 Claybourne Avenue, (S.L.C.) up to his final days. He was an upholsterer, however, by trade. I still have his journal that he kept in his shop in Provo (I remember the shop clearly), showing his daily jobs, charges, etc. The first entries in his journal were on June 21, 1919---five months prior to my birth. In fact, on the day I was born, Dad did four jobs amounting to a total of \$28.30...a good day! When Naomi arrived on October 3, 1922...Dad did two jobs amounting to \$32.75...another banner day, in that economic time-frame! His work journal continued until December 1923 and then commences again October 26, 1937 and continues into August 1939.

I was born in the old adobe house, at 507 South 5th West, in Provo, and in the 6th Ward. Dad always told the story of my arriving as a "blue baby", but through the valiant efforts of Dr. Grua (our family doctor), he finally got me breathing. My memories of this are a bit vague! I spent the first five years of my life at this address. Our Great Grandmother Brown lived on the south side of our home, and next to her was another family of Brown relatives by the name of Peters. We were close to the Peters in these early years.

In the summer of 1925 we moved to the old Maxfield home on Provo bench, where Grandma and Grandpa Maxfield had lived for several years. This was

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

in the Grandview Ward, on the old Highway 89, and it was here that I started my education in the First Grade at the Lincoln Grade School. I loved this new arrangement, as we were really in the country with a cow, a goat, chickens, a big garden, rabbits---but our most exciting involvement was with a Shetland pony, by

Wendell, continued

the name of Nellie. Dad had made some arrangement with her owner for her use, through feeding and taking care of her. She had a tiny colt, and Vard and I (obviously) were in 7th heaven during this memorable interval of our lives.

It lasted for but a year, and again we moved . Our next residence was West of Provo at about 13th West and 6th South. This, too, was mostly in the country at that time, although we were in a small home, with the usual outdoor plumbing--but with a small yard. We attended the Franklin Grade school and lived here for about two years. Our next move was to a home two blocks North of the Railroad Station, on 5th South and 3rd West (just two blocks from our old adobe home where I was born). This put us in the Provo 3rd Ward, and it was here that Ronald was born in 1928. We lived in this house until 1929, when we moved to Salt Lake City.

Our home in Salt Lake City was at 1023 South 8th East and we have strong memories of these years (as we were getting older!). At this point, we were attending the Hamilton Grade school on 8th East and 8th South. We lived on 8th East until the summer of 1932, when we made our last move to 1020 Belmont Avenue, (Dad finally bought one!) where I spent the rest of my youth, living at home. I was transferred from Salt Lake City to San Francisco in February 1940 and this ended my Belmont residency with the family. Two years after World War II (1947), mother and dad bought their new home at 2282 Claybourne Avenue and sold the Belmont home. At this time, they were finally in "black ink", and I was thrilled for dear Mother, to know that she finally had a brand new home, with all the new trimmings!

Mother and Dad spent many happy years in their home on Claybourne Avenue, and were there until their respective deaths. Mother died on February 16, 1977, and Dad lived alone in the home for another five years. He died December 20, 1982.

I could write a book about my Mother. She was a rare daughter of Zion, and there was nothing she couldn't do. She had all the homemaking and domestic talents of her era. She was never idle. If she finished her household tasks, she would sew, crochet, knit, plus she would get involved in new techniques...such as working with Dennison Wax. She went through a period (when we lived on 8th East) when she made many beautiful wax

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

trees, and other decorative items. She would heat the wax and mold it to the desired shape, etc. When it cooled, it was hard and durable.

Mother was the greatest cook in the world, and loved to try new foods. When Leah married Jim Sims, Jim worked for a wholesale fish house. Mother delighted in cooking and preparing items that Jim would leave her...including oysters, shrimp, and other such seafood that was rarely seen in those years. She baked bread constantly, from my earliest memory, and up until I left home in 1940. I loved her bread, biscuits, corn bread, cinnamon rolls, cookies, cakes, etc. etc. She was a marvel in the kitchen...and it rubbed off with all of her children. Leah, Naomi and Karen are all great homemakers and cooks!

Wendell, continued

I didn't fully appreciate my Father until later in life, and after I was married. We spent more time together during this period. He made all the living room furniture for our first home (a new one) in Kaysville, and Mother did our drapes. Dad and I both loved to hunt and my first venture at deer hunting was with him in Hobble Creek Canyon, where he had been hunting for many years with friends and relatives. I had been spoiled with pheasant hunting in Sioux Falls, South

Dakota, during the war (where I was stationed), and after my release from the service and return to Utah, we moved to Kaysville where I went to work for Clover Club Foods Company. At this period, we had great pheasant hunting fields and hollows in our back yard. Dad and Uncle Jesse (and sometimes Vard and Ron) would come out for the annual fall hunt. I bought a pup (pointer) when we first moved to Kaysville, and after a year or two, she became a great pheasant dog. Dad loved to hunt with her (we named her Spud), and after a couple of years, I ended up giving her to Dad. He had her bred and raised pups. He kept one of the males...together with Spud, for years.!

Dad's greatest pride and joy was his family. In these later years, we had all done pretty well, by economic standards, and had all been instilled with a motivating drive to provide well for our families. We didn't want our wives to go through what Mother had lived with, most of her life. We were very blessed, in an honest analysis, to have gone through these years of poverty and struggle! After that....anything was easy, and we had only one way to go....and that was up! In earlier years, we were inclined to blame Dad...but in reflection, I feel that he was the victim of an evolutionary period in history...from the horse and buggy days to the industrial and automotive age...and he got trapped in the middle...with his childhood training in farming...and later with his auto top business... which changed

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

dramatically, when hard top cars came out. And....he didn't cause the depression. We were all just plain victims of it!

There is much more I could write, but I'm a great believer in brevity and condensation. And, with the other children, there should be ample memories outlined here to give a pretty clear history of the two of them. We will continue with Naomi's writings.

MEMORIES AS WRITTEN BY NAOMI MAXFIELD SHUMWAY, #2 DAUGHTER

I can't remember when Mother didn't sew. She made many, many dresses for me, not only when I was younger, but several after I was married. She made my graduation gown from High School, and several dresses for my daughters. She was a **dress factory**!

I remember going with Mother to the Power Electric Cooking Demonstrations, in Provo. Mother made a special occasion on Holidays. When I was five years old, she made me a special doll, with a beautiful china head. I have this special doll, to this day...and it is the envy of our granddaughters.

She was an artist, and delighted in working in the Relief Society on Home Making Day. Every holiday she made something special, of an artistic nature...and shared her teachings with our

Naomi, continued

sisters. She was a great homemaker and was a genius at putting wonderful meals together, with the frugal grocery supplies that we normally had on hand.

As a small girl, one of my vivid memories of Dad was when he sent me a pair of Indian Moccasins filled with pinenuts, from Nevada, where he had gone to find work. Another keen memory was when he took all of us kids down to the railroad depot area, to watch the Circus unload. We didn't have the money to go to the Circus, but the unloading, with all the animals, etc. was very exciting. Dad loved parades....and I think I inherited that trait from him! I, also, love parades!

Prior to my marriage (during World War II) I was employed at Hill Field, as personal secretary to the civilian over the Supply Division. Dad had also been employed at Hill Field, so we rode together for a period of time, from our home on Belmont Avenue.

Dad never opposed the church, in any way, except that he was inactive until

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

his later years, after they moved to Claybourne Avenue. We were all thrilled when he became active and came back to the flock. And I was very proud to have him attend and participate with the General Authorities when I was blessed and set apart as General President of the Primary! Dad was very proud of his posterity.

Dad upholstered several pieces of furniture for us. It was done professionally and with great and affectionate care. He was a real craftsman.

MEMORIES AS WRITTEN BY RONALD GRANT MAXFIELD, #3 SON:

When the family moved from Provo to Salt Lake City at 1023 South 8th East, I was but a year old. Two years later (about 1931) we moved again to our most permanent location at 1020 Belmont Avenue. My memories, of course, only go back to my life on Belmont Avenue.

Dad always loved Chrysler automobiles. But, we had a Moon automobile in our back yard for a number of years. (WDM's note: I remember the Moon vividly. In fact, I drove it a few times after I got my drivers license, and began dating. It was the only vehicle the family had, at that time frame.) Ron continues... I don't remember him ever driving it but we kids had a ball climbing all over it...through the cloth top, down the seats and out. Other than this one exception, Dad had nothing but Chryslers or Chrysler made cars (never a new one, always used). In about 1941, he bought a 1938 Chrysler that he drove for ten years.

Dad had a tough time making a living, during the depression. In the mid thirties, he traveled the Northwest in search of work as an automobile upholsterer (his major talent)..and in this one trip he was in Spokane, Walla Walla, Boise, and Tonapa, Nevada...plus other stops, in between. We all vividly remember the wonderful pinenuts he sent us from Tonapa, that we learned to relish and enjoy to this day.

Ronald, continued

Dad went to work at Hill Field during World War II. The workers car pooled, as gasoline was rationed under tight control, and Dad drove his 1938 Chrysler for several years. I remember we always had C-Stamps for gas (more than common A-Stamps for non-essential driving) and occasionally he would have an extra one for us to use with a friend's car to go to Blackrock.

After the War, Dad and his brother, Richard Elton Maxfield (Uncle Dick), went into business together at 715 South State Street...two doors north of Cloverleaf Dairy. This was an automobile trim shop...seat covers and automotive upholstery repair and replacement.....and eventually a little furniture upholstery. One of their major jobs was completely re-upholstering the booths and chairs of the Hotel Utah Coffee Shop (all removal and replacement had to be done after they closed at night). Most of their work for automobile and dealerships (new and used), including Blair Motor Company, a Chrysler Dealership, as Dad still had the 1938 Chrysler and had a deep spot in his heart for Chrysler products. I worked with Dad and Uncle Dick at this location while going to the University of Utah from 1946 to 1949.

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

In about 1950 Dad and Uncle Dick split up, and Dad rented space with Robbins and Evans (an automotive repair business). He was able to do auto and furniture work...and he let me remodel the old sofa from Belmont Avenue (the one Vard, Wendell, Leah and Naomi replaced with a new green mohair model). I restyled and recovered the sofa which became the first piece of furniture in our first apartment...(this happened just after Billie and I were married)!

In about 1955 or 1956, Dad went to work for Fred A. Carelson Company, as their Pontiac/Cadillac upholsterer. He was in his glory dealing with higher income clients ...Doctors, Lawyers, etc. who could afford to own Cadillacs. This was a good period in his life, where he had a good job, and a little prestige, as well.

Dad liked fishing, which he did occasionally in the East Canyon stream, with his brother-in-laws Glen Brown and Claude Brown. However, he liked pheasant and deer hunting, with a greater passion. He hunted pheasants in Lake View with Uncle Jesse Sumsion (and family) during earlier years....but later moved his pheasant hunting to the Kaysville area, with Wendell and Ron and other family members. His deer hunting activities, for many years, were with family members up Hobble Creek Canyon. He used a 30-40 Craig and later a 32 Special rifle for deer and for pheasants, he used a double barrel 12 gauge shotgun.

Another of Dad's few passions, was a nice hat...size 7 1/4 long, oval, and it was always an experience to shop with him. The dialog that went on with him and the clerk was priceless.

When Dad and Mom moved to Claybourne Avenue, Dad had enough ground for a large garden. He had it plowed, and proceeded to level it with a homemade leveler made of 2x12's...which he pulled around with the '38 Chrysler. The first year you couldn't pull out the icicle radishes, as the ground was so hard...the radishes were like they were screwed into the soil. We all laughed about this for years. But through tender loving care, this changed and his garden became his greatest hobby. He took great pride in sharing his harvest with all members of the family!

Ronald, continued

I remember the time we had corn from Dad's garden and the chickens that were purchased at Easter (as colored chicks) for a big meal on July 24th. When Dad picked his new peas from the garden, Mother mixed them with new potatoes and a cream sauce....what a treat!

At Claybourne Avenue, Dad had a rock wall, built on the East side of the driveway, from the front to the back south end of the house. He watched the mason so well that when he decided to extend the wall back to the garden, he did it himself. You couldn't tell where he started and the mason left off.

He didn't like to paint, and would put it off so long that Mother would finally get her brothers, Glen and Claude, to do most of the painting work in maintaining their home.

Dad was a saver...and saved every little thing, making quite a mess in the basement. This always bothered Mother and other members of the family...but it was a normal reflex from his fight to provide for the family....you just didn't throw anything away that you might use later! (WDM


LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN


note: A few of us still have this same instinct, today! It ● depression born!)

He cured meat on the back porch on Belmont Avenue. He would hang it there, covered with an old sheet, etc., and let it age until it turned green (with mold). This is more commonly called aging.... and is very necessary to tenderize beef, venison, pork, etc. You just scrape off the mold, and cook the meat. He also made pork sausage and flavored it with sage, and other seasonings. His sausage was very tasty. I also remember his hash brown potatoes, with sage. Dad was a good cook and helped Mother when she cooked for the family, or a large crowd.

One of Dad ● major pleasures, in those depression years, was a trip to A & W Root Beer, for a root beer float. He did this quite often and would take me along. I would get the miniature root beer float....but over a period of time, I graduated to the full sized one! They were good!

I remember the razor strap that Dad used to sharpen his straight edged razor..but he would, also, use it occasionally for disciplinary purposes. If you ever got the treatment, you remembered it well!

Mother loved cats as long as I can remember..and more often, had a female who would have kittens. The mother cat would hide them when they were born and the only way we located the litter was through their mewing✂! This happened several times and the litters were found, most of the time, in the back of a closet on an old sweater or other item of clothing. As they grew up, it was always interesting how Mother found a continually larger place for them to live and grow. In her later years, she had purebred Siamese cats, that she truly enjoyed.

Mother liked nice surroundings and furnishings, and as in today ● society, she became one of the first working wives✂, by opening a Nursing Home. She had as many as eight patients, all of whom were elderly and some infirm. This gave her income to support her family and improve her surroundings, but the work was very demanding and with a huge daily workload. She did an

Ronald, continued

excellent job, worked at it very hard, and was very successful with her new enterprise. To accomplish this, she had the duplex at 1020 Belmont Avenue remodeled. Three openings were cut from the West Side (our residence) to the East Side (the Nursing Area)...two in the kitchen and one where the stairs led to the basement (North end kitchen) and a second in the South end of the kitchen, which included a bathroom that was accessible through both East and West sides. The third opening was at the top of the stairs, leading to the upstairs bedrooms. This enabled them to have a residence, somewhat divided from the patients, and convenient enough to serve meals and care for patients any time...day or night. There were doors to close to maintain privacy.

As time progressed, she was able to improve everything, inside and out. New paint, wallpaper, rugs, furniture, etc. She even had a cement floor poured in the basements. She replaced her old coal furnaces with new gas ones...and the mess of a dirt floor basement was finally corrected. What a major accomplishment!

Her tenacity and overall success provided her with the means to purchase a new home, a life time

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

dream! In November 1946 we moved into this new home at 2282 Claybourne Avenue. This was the material joy of her entire life...all new and clean...the most joy from a material item that she ever had. The only thing that we didn't have was the homemade root beer that she made for many years on Belmont Avenue.

After moving to Claybourne Avenue, Mother took up Rag Rug Making. She made some wonderfully beautiful rugs which she did for many years....and thoroughly enjoyed this work. Crocheting was also one of her great talents. She made many, many table cloths and doilies...which many of her children still have to this day. She loved flowers, especially Asters, and would display them in her home for all to enjoy. Billie (my wife) volunteered to plant some tulips for her one year....but they never came up! She had planted them upside down!

Mother loved her house to be clean and we enjoyed washing walls and windows for her. She made pan gravy every time she cooked meat, of any description...with either milk or water...but always very delicious. She made a mean carrot pudding and a lemon sauce for the topping. Most of us remember this and have her recipe in our cook books. Her parker house rolls were the greatest, and her Raisin/Cranberry pie was another of her great creations. We all have these recipes today.

MEMORIES AS WRITTEN BY KAREN MAXFIELD ANDERSON, #3 DAUGHTER:

My earliest memories of Mother were at 1020 Belmont Ave. where she ran a convalescent home and provided care for eight elderly men and women with various needs. She worked long, hard hours providing assisted care for them as well as keeping up with the demands of her family. Large loads of wash and meal preparation were ever constant and she taught me how to assist with the laundry at an early age. The ringer washing machine with two rinse tubs was as

Karen, continued

automatic as it got, in those early years. There was a system by which the clothes were hung on the clothesline to dry. All of the sheets were placed on the line first, followed by the pillowcases, shirts and then the socks. I also helped at mealtime. I carried the dinner trays to the patients and then went back to collect them and return them to the kitchen. Ron and I always did the dinner dishes. Ron liked to tease me and flip my bare legs with the dishtowel and make my legs burn and Mother was always after him so stop teasing me. Mother hired a woman to assist with the workload, but it was still hard for her to do much more than run that business. Dinnertime meant well planned and prepared meals. We usually always had several seated around the dinner table. Mother was a very good cook and mealtime was enjoyable.

When Wanda Brown died suddenly at age 27, Glen (Mother's youngest brother) and his two boys came to live with us. Glen and Wanda had just moved back to Salt Lake from Oakland, California and had only been here a short time when Wanda took sick and died within a few days, of spinal meningitis. This was a most difficult time for Glen, and his two boys.... Michael (age 4) and Bradley (age 2). Mother offered to have them come and stay with us until Glen could adjust, get work and find a place for them to live. However, Mother soon found that caring for these two young boys, in addition to everything else was too much and Aunt Fern and

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

Uncle Claude (Mother ● brother) had the boys come and live with them.

It seemed that Mother was always caring for one of her siblings. When Aunt Noreen had lung surgery she came and stayed at our home and Mother cared for her and changed the dressings from that serious surgery and assisted her until she was strong enough to go home.

Dad and Naomi worked at Hill Air Force Base during World War II and Ronald was the one that carried a pretty heavy workload, helping Mother with the convalescent home. He helped with the cleaning and shopping and yes, the patients.

There was only one car and Dad drove it. We rode the bus and the 9th East Streetcar when we needed to go to town. When Mother had an afternoon off from her work she would take me downtown shopping and to lunch. She loved to shop for a new hat. She was always a very stylish dresser and enjoyed a pretty hat. She usually found what she wanted in Auerbach ● or The Paris Co. She was always generous with me and rewarded me for helping her with new clothes and shoes. On these trips to town Mother liked to eat at the Mayflower or Keeley ● Coffee Shop. She loved Keeley ● fudge cake. Sometimes we would eat at Woolworth ● or Kresses, sitting up to the counter.

On occasion, Dad would take Mother and me downtown to the old Red Popcorn Wagon on about 3rd East and 4th South for a hot dog and a bag of popcorn. Sometimes we would just go for popcorn. On special occasions we would go to Coon Chicken Inn on Highland Drive and about 30th South for a delicious chicken dinner. I remember a surprise birthday party the family planned for Mother. Dad told Mother we were going to Coon Chicken Inn for dinner and when we drove there and went to get out of the car he told her he had forgotten his wallet and we would have to go back home to get it. She was so disgusted. When we returned home the entire family was

Karen, continued

waiting in the backyard. Mother was so surprised and enjoyed her wonderful party.

In those days we did more visiting. Mother and Dad always took me along with them to visit Aunt Lillie and Uncle Jesse, in Lakeview. We also visited Aunt Melba and Uncle Bill in Magna, Aunt Jesse and Uncle Cliff in Farmington and Aunt Tina and Uncle Fred. Wherever we visited they would always set the table and serve us a Dutch lunch with whatever was in the refrigerator and cupboard. These were fun visits and Mother and Dad enjoyed them.

When I was about ten years old (1946) we moved to Claybourne Avenue and Mother was happier than I had ever known her to be. She was relieved to be away from the work and care of the elderly and to have time on her own. She wanted to become active in church again. She, Dad and I went to sacrament meeting when our church memberships were read and we were introduced to the ward members. That was the first time I remember Dad going to church with us. Even when I was baptized and confirmed, Dad wasn't ● there. Prior to this time, Mother had always assigned Naomi to take me to church with her.

When Grandma Brown was dying of cancer she came to stay at our home where Mother could

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

take care of her. During her stay, she had many spiritual experiences that bore powerful testimony of the truthfulness of the Church, and this strengthened Mother and Dad ● testimonies. From that time on they became actively involved in church work. Mother served as homemaking leader for many years and in two or three different wards. She taught the women many great homemaking skills. She would enroll in all types of classes to learn how to make various things and would then teach the Relief Society sisters. She taught everything from how to recover a lampshade to sewing, tailoring, crocheting, tatting and then on to beautiful wool hooked rugs. Many a day I came home from high school to the smell of boiling wool on the stove, and a group of neighbor women getting instructions from Mother on making hooked rugs.

Upon the death of Grandma Brown, Mother inherited a little money and purchased a new Singer sewing machine. She had sewn and created all types of lovely clothing all of her life, but had put that all aside during the years she ran the convalescent home. She enrolled in sewing and tailoring classes that were taught at Auerbachs. She would take the bus into town and enjoy all that she was learning in these classes. Viola Crow taught these classes and would move from Auerbachs to Z.C.M.I. Mother followed her wherever she was teaching and became an extremely accomplished seamstress and tailor.

A shopping spree with Mother meant going to Auerbach ● wonderful fabric department where we would select fabrics and then sit and look through the pattern books to find the right look to be created. As the years went by Mother taught me these sewing skills and the differences in fabrics and educated me so that I could enjoy this world of creativity that was so meaningful to her. Mother became involved in making beautiful bridal gowns. She started sewing for others and made bridal gowns for several of my friends and found that this was a way to again have a little income. Dad was back in the upholstery business and was struggling to make a living. In addition to sewing for others Mother heard about a family who needed someone to care for their

Karen, continued

elderly mother. She converted one of the bedrooms into a nice room for this little lady and had her come and live with us. This was her way of assisting the family with the additional income we needed..

Mother always loved cats and had always wanted a Seal Point Siamese. She bought a registered female and had a lot of fun raising cats for several years. She also learned all about African violets and raised some beautiful varieties and took pride in them.

Mother and Dad made Christmas and holidays really special. They loved having the entire family come to Christmas breakfast, which became a traditional event. Dad enjoyed helping with the shopping and cooking. When the family grew out of the house on Claybourne we started going to Roden ● Pioneer Bank in Bountiful for the Christmas breakfast and exchange of gifts. We met several times at Wendell and Christine ● home in Kaysville and then we expanded into Vard ● ward house, Colonial Hills Ward.

One Christmas that stands out in my mind was in about 1963 on Claybourne Ave. Mother had made a gift for every single family member. She had worked for several months to accomplish this. It was an extremely snowy Christmas when we heard a Ho Ho Ho at the door. It was Santa

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

with a big bag of gifts and he came bouncing in the house. Everyone was soooo surprised and we all had a turn sitting on his lap to receive our gift. Mother and Dad and all of us talked about this Christmas for many years.

As a family we had many birthday parties and picnics and family reunions and I always felt of Mother and Dad ● love and pride in us and I appreciate Mother ● organization in keeping us together as a family. I ●e always had unconditional love for Mother and Dad as well as each of my brothers and sisters.

2

Mother and Dad were close friends with Aunt Tina and Jim Birrell. They enjoyed going out to dinner with them and then they would go back to their house or ours to play cards. They took a few trips with them. They loved the trip to Hawaii that my brothers gave them and Tina and Jim made it even more special by going with them. They also enjoyed socializing with a few couples in their ward.

Some of my earliest recollections of Dad were on Belmont Ave. when he would come home from work I would be waiting for him to turn into the driveway. He would stop and let me stand on the running board of the car while he drove back to the garage, which was a little distance back from the street.

As a child and young girl I seemed to have leg aches occasionally. Dad would have me climb up on his lap and he would massage my legs with the heel of his hand until the aching stopped. It always worked. His other remedy was a can of black salve he kept in the bathroom cupboard. It healed cuts and abrasions and to him it was a Gilead ● Balm.

Karen, continued

Dad was always a very social person who enjoyed other people and took an interest in them. He kept up on current events and read the daily newspaper from cover to cover. He always had something to discuss, with his buddies, customers and other associates. When I was in high school he always looked forward to the father-daughter night, which usually consisted of a program and dancing. He was a fairly good dancer and he had a great time on the dance floor. We ended the evening at Snelgrove ● for an ice cream sundae. Dad usually had a pineapple ice cream soda, which was a favorite of his.

Dad was an extremely accomplished upholsterer and he taught me a great deal about upholstery fabrics. During the years he had his upholstery shop on State Street he also taught re-upholstery classes for Granite School District ● Community School Program. These classes were held in the evening and he taught them in our basement on Claybourne Ave.

Dad loved to go pheasant hunting, as well as deer hunting and had an English Pointer for several years.

Dad always took delight in Mother ● accomplishments, as well as any of his children ● accomplishments. He always thanked Mother for the delicious meals she made and he always gave her positive reinforcement with her sewing and homemaking projects. I always felt that

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

Mother and Dad would have had a good marriage had he been able to financially support the family. There was a lot of contention in the home most of my life because of his inability to earn enough money to pay the bills. Mother was always trying to supplement by doing sewing, etc. as I mentioned before. I was always grateful to my brothers for seeing that Mother had money for her needs.

Dad continued to grow a beautiful garden until he could no longer physically do it. Every summer we had wonderful vegetables and fruits and as Mother grew older, the garden became difficult for her because Dad expected her to bottle all of the fruit and make pies and she just couldn't keep up with it.

Dad enjoyed his church callings in the High Priest Quorum and later he did missionary work and served on a stake mission. He spent many evening hours reading the scriptures and studying the gospel.

After Dad retired from Fred A. Carleson he continued to do upholstering in the basement of their home. He did a lot of beautiful work for many people, including myself and many family members. He also delighted in selling candy for Vard during the Christmas season. He was extremely proud of Vard and his candy company and each year he looked forward to contacting his repeat customers and to also have the challenge of finding new customers. He started in early fall and worked right up until Christmas. He did this for several years. Even when he was Mother's care taker he would arrange for me or someone to come and be with Mother while he made his candy contacts, and he spent endless hours that year making his contacts by phone.

Karen, continued

I never knew Dad to be idle. He was either working or gardening or upholstering for others or selling candy. After Mother's death when he lived alone I dropped by to see him one late afternoon and found him cooking up a pot of beef stew to take to his ailing neighbors, the Follands, who weren't able to get around very well.

3

I knew Dad as a kind, caring person. From the time I started driving he shared the car with me when I needed to use it. After I got married and Lee and I only had one car, Dad picked me up each day and drove me to work and home again after work. He was always kind in doing things for me like tending my children for short periods of time, he drove me to the grocery store when I didn't have a car and he was always willing to drive Mother and me downtown and then come back and pick us up later. One cold, snowy, December night Lee, Melanie and I were invited to Melanie's primary teacher's wedding reception which was over by the University. We were living off 3900 South on Feramorz Drive and Lee refused to drive to the reception in such a terrible snowstorm. Melanie, age 6, was so disappointed because she wanted to go so much that I decided to call Dad to see if he would drive us and he was most willing and he handled the car so well in the storm and he sat out in the car and waited while I took Melanie in to the reception for a brief time.

Dad always drove used cars, but thought his car was the best on the road and delighted in its performance. He preferred Chryslers, and ended up with one of Vard's that he enjoyed until he

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

could no longer drive. It was so hard for him to get to the point of not being able to drive.

I respect Mother and Dad for doing the best they could despite their many problems. They were both hard-working, kind people who taught me correct principles and always wanted the very best for all of us. Their influence is with me every day of my life and the knowledge I gained from them enables me to manage the decorator fabric business in which I have been involved for the past fifteen years.

MEMORIES MOTHER & DAD ● S HISTORY OTHERS:

MOTHER ● S SISTER, MELBA BROWN BECK (5 DEC 1905):

I was nine years old, when Orilla was married. I remember when Glen was born, she brought him out and let each of us hold him... Della, Jessie and myself. Aunt Lillie had come to Grandma ● to have Pauline, about the same time.

Our home in Lake View had several bedrooms, a large living room with chairs and a velvet suite. I believe we also had an organ. We used this room only when we had company, or at Christmas time. There was a large kitchen which we used for dining, and as a living room. There was a dark room, where we stored apples. We had an orchard, a barn, and sheds in the back. The home had porches on the sides and a flowing well.

Melba, continued

In the summer, on holidays, Mother would have all of our clothes laid out in the parlor. We would get up in the morning, put on our clothes, and go for a ride in the surrey, hitched to two horses. We would go to the parade, or Geneva for the day. Mother (Henrietta Clinger Brown) always had everything ready, the day before, and we would have a big lunch, and would meet almost everyone in the Ward there...plus all our uncles, aunts and cousins. I remember those times as being very happy times.

We moved to Magna, just below the mill. They called the town Rag Town. Our house and Aunt Lillie ●, who lived next door, were made of stucco, and the ones across the road were covered with tar paper. Those above us were yellow frame. They belonged to Utah Copper Company, which is now Kennecott Copper Company. Dad and Uncle Jesse (Lillie ● husband) were foremen at the mill.



In Rag Town, Orilla and Albert lived in a little house across the road from the floom. Once I was down to their house. They had a cellar with pull up doors and steps. I pulled it up and it fell back, pulling my fingernail with it. Orilla ran in the house and got the turpentine and poured it on my finger. I remember some of Orilla ● friends...Helen Duckworth and Florence Hardy Reed, a cousin of ours that lived in Magna.

After Leah and Vard were born, Orilla and Albert moved to 5th South and 5th West in Provo. I would go stay with them, quite often. I remember Albert always bringing home salted peanuts. I

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

stayed with Orilla a week or so, when Naomi was born. She made me a red voile dress and a pink linen one. She was always sewing new things that came out in the art magazines, and she was always trying new recipes. Mother (Henrietta) was the same way...they always kept busy.

Orilla and Aunt Mame (Parley Clinger ● wife) gave me a shower when Bill and I were married at Mame ● home in Lake View. I remember an enjoyable trip that Bill and I took with your Mother and Dad...plus Teeny and Jim (Albert ● sister and brother-in-law). We went to Lava Hot Springs and visited Pocatello and other small towns in the area.

Once we went to Lava Hot Springs with them, in a trailer. We always had a good time. When the  Sound of Music  was released, we went with them to see it. We also went fishing and stayed in a cabin that belonged to a fellow who ran a restaurant in town. Orilla made ebelskeversthe first I had ever tasted.

MOTHER ●S SISTER, NOREEN BROWN THOMAS (21 JUN 1920):

I feel sad in being unable to give you an elaborate history of Orilla. Orilla ● third child, Wendell, was seven months old, when I was born. I never lived with her, and my memories are of you (her children) and the few times that I came to Provo to visit. We played in a ditch of water, in the old Provo Park on Main Street, just five blocks from your home.

Noreen, continued

Your Mother was so kind to take care of me for a week after one of my lung operations. She was always busy and so quiet.

DAD ●S TWIN BROTHERS, LE GRANDE AND VER NILE MAXFIELD (18 SEP 1911):

Albert was born on a farm, about one-half mile South of Geneva Resort, in Vineyard, Utah. He lived there seven years. The family then moved to an undeveloped farm.

He drove a horse and buggy to Lakeview to court Orilla. In the late evening, he would just start the horse home, go to sleep in the buggy... and let the wise animal take him home, without guidance. At that time, he knew Jack Dempsey, who later became the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. He walked to school in Vineyard (a distance of two miles), which he did by following the railroad tracks. But, in stormy weather, he used the horse and buggy (with hay) and took the other children with him.

While in his early teens, he went to American Fork on horseback to bring back a cow to the farm. The cow bolted and pulled him off the horse. He suffered a fractured skull and was unconscious. A second doctor was called in and was credited with saving his life.

FROM RAY & PAULINE SUMSION GAMMON (AUNT LILLIE ●S DAUGHTER):

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

Perhaps some of what we write may not all be appropriate for a history, we still have fond and precious memories of Orilla and Albert.. We remember the pleasing and hospitable way they welcomed us as we entered their home. They always made us feel welcome. We recall the lovely crochet and needle work that Orilla did. Her skill, as a seamstress, was incomparable. We were always delighted to see her varied and wonderful creations. Her rug making was another notable skill.



We recall that your Father always had a beautiful and productive garden. They both delighted and enjoyed keeping and having everything in good taste. We always thought of them as being a very compatible and cooperative couple.

When we lived on our farm, some years ago, we had to reupholster our living room couch. Your Father did this for us, and when he returned it, he brought along an ottoman that he had made to match the couch. We were very appreciative and delighted with his work.

Pauline has said that her mother (Lillie) often mentioned that Orilla was more like a sister to her, than a niece. She recalls how the two would exchange their sewing accomplishments. This made it possible for them to sew that which they enjoyed sewing best. Pauline remembers, very fondly, how a group of the Lake View children would ride their small sleighs, pulled by a horse, to your home on 5th West in Provo. She tells of how your Mother took them in, and warmed them up

Ray & Pauline, continued

and gave them a hot drink of cocoa. She also remembers how nice and neat Orilla kept her person. She was a beautiful, petite lady...her hair was always neatly combed...her clothing clean and tidy. She was a person that one could not help but love and respect.

I (Ray Gammon) have some early memories of Albert. I remember when Albert was courting Orilla, he drove a very nice horse and buggy. My brother, Clarence, who was the same age as Albert, was also courting with his buggy and horse. They would often meet as Albert was going South and Clarence North....and challenge each other to a race. The dirt and thinly graveled roads were dusty and they would create a cloud of dust as they raced down the roads! We most often never knew who won...but the two men were lifetime friends. The bright red buggy wheels would shine as the wheels whirled down the road. The boys loved to shine and polish their buggies, harnesses, etc..... as we do today, with our cars. And, they took wonderful care of those precious  race horses !

The roads, in those days, were dirt, and some had sparse gravel. There were no hard surfaced roads, so that travel was hazardous and often rough. I remember the spectacles (or eye glasses) that Albert wore. It fascinated me to see how they squeezed tightly on his nose. Of course, many people used that style of eye-glasses, then.

Albert always dressed neatly and kept himself clean. Perhaps it was cleanliness, among other things, that attracted them to each other. Another item you may not be aware of is that the

LIFE HISTORY OF ALBERT ELIAS MAXFIELD & ORILLA MAY BROWN

William Maxfield family (Albert ●) and my father ● family were neighbors in Vineyard for many years....all living in the same Ward. This is how I came to know Albert, as a young man. Of course, my memories were more of the younger Maxfield family, as Albert was eleven or twelve years older than I.

SHARI SHUMWAY OMAN (NAOMI ●S DAUGHTER):

I remember going to visit Grandpa, after Grandma died. We were in Utah for Jan ● wedding, so I think it was about March 1981. I had taken Stephanie (4 2) and Matt (13 Months) shopping, and decided to go see Grandpa. He had fixed a pan of ham and beans, and I shared lunch with him. I remember Grandpa always wanting the Christmas 🍷ham bone ✂....so he could fix one of his favorite dishes! I remember their back yard hammock, Grandpa ● beautiful garden...and especially his green peas. I also recall that he liked Chryslers, and he loved hunting dogs (he raised Pointers). Grandma had Siamese kittens, beautiful African violets...cookies in her cookie jar and chocolates in her candy dish. I recall her 🍷much used ✂ sewing room and many tales of her dressmakingregular, and many for weddings. I remember Christmas mornings at their house, with much happiness and joy... and a fire in the fireplace.