

ALEDA HANCEY MAT KIN EARL  
1904-2001

To the past, present, and future I dedicate this history–  
To the past, because I came out of it–  
To the present, because I live in it–  
To the future, because my son and family will inherit it.

I was born in Hyde Park, Utah, 2 Aug 1904, a daughter of dr. James Hancey and Annie Marie Christophersen Hancey, the 11<sup>th</sup> child of my mother, and the 31<sup>st</sup> child of James Hancey.

My mother married in polygamy and was the third wife. We all grew to adulthood except one baby, Georgena, who died at 9 months. At the present time, I am the only living child of that great family of 31 children. I was blessed and named Aleda Hancey by J. W. D. Hurren. I was baptized at the Logan Temple by Jacob Miller, 27 Aug 1912, and confirmed by Thomas Morgan the same day,

As a child I went to Primary in the “old rock meeting house,” which my father built. I remember Lydia Daines as one of my teachers. I went to grade school in Hyde Park. My first teacher was Mary Ann Grant, who had taught all my brothers and sisters, R. Homer Hyde was the principal. I graduated from Smithfield Jr. High and went to North Cache or Richmond High School, but dropped out of school to help my mother, as she was a mid-wife and was busy bringing babies. I graduated from the school of hard decision, I would sacrifice the goodies and send for the ointment. I remember going to the post office early every day, before anyone else could get the mail. Finally it arrived and I was in possession of my prize. I would rub this greasy ointment along my brows. One day to my disappointment, my sister, Lillian, found my “prize ointment”, in my secret hiding place, in the closet on a tiny shelf. This was also the resting place for my chewing gum, when I put it to rest, because I was tired of chewing it. I always saved it for another day. This was her triumph over me. Not only did she tease me about the greasy stuff on my brows that night, but unless I signed a paper stating I would do dishes for one week of her turn, she would tell my brothers and my friends about me. To avoid embarrassment, I signed the paper and did the dishes. As I washed dishes my anger got the best of me and I vowed revenge. I had my chance one afternoon after school. As I was helping with washing the clothes, I starched Lillian’s long ruffled bloomers very stiff—in fact, so stiff they almost stood alone when dry. Mother made me wash them out by hand, after Lillian complained. As the youngest in the family, I may have been pampered, but I was also teased.

In April of 1913, when I was 9 years old, my father died. You see, daddy had at one time broken his 2 legs and always walked with a cane. Our dog, “Sport,” would follow my father everywhere. Dad couldn’t keep up with Old Sport, so the dog would sit down and wait for him.

The next year mother took Lillian and I to visit Aunt Pauline, mother’s sister, who lived in Soda Springs, Idaho. She ran the Soda Springs Hotel. Aunt Pauline was a special aunt, as she had been so good to mother and us girls. She sent many a box of goodies to us, often included silk material to make Lil and I dresses. My sister would make them. While visiting Aunt Pauline, we made friends with 2 girls, Elsie and Vera Drury. We had such good times with them as we would climb up to an old volcano crater, also, we would go to the mineral springs.

How well I remember when the sink was installed in our kitchen. No longer did we have to go outside to the hydrant for a bucket of water, but had a cold water tap and a large square

sink. I'm sure this must have cost mother her wages for many confinements, but she was proud of it. The first time the dishes were to be washed, my brother, Clarence, claimed he hadn't done dishes for some time and it was his turn. This was very much out of the ordinary, and somewhat a surprise. However, it was somewhat of a disappointment to me, as he was given the privilege of washing the first dishes in the new sink. He also stated that I was too young to clean a sink as I couldn't get in the corners. Of course, I had my chance to do dishes in the sink, in fact, many chances as it seemed there were always dirty dishes to be washed.

While I was young, I helped my married sisters, May and Nettie, as well as my sisters-in-law. My help was needed in their homes at the time their babies were born, and in the fall during fruit-canning time.

I remember my first trip to Bear Lake with a group of MIS girls. We went in a truck driven by Riley Harris. Something went wrong with the truck and we had to get off and push every little ways. It was the first time I had seen so much water and I thought the world was a float. As a young girl in the MIA, I was president of the gleaner girls.

I worked in the beet fields thinning and topping beets, usually for Martin Reeder of Fred Ballam. This was hard work, and one cold frosty morning, I fainted. When I came to, I was in a neighbor's home in front of a fire. Mother never let me go in the field again. I found a job picking apples in North Logan for Wayne Yonker. Later I worked on the sorting machine and picking strawberries. Anything to make a little money, as it was scarce.

One of my first jobs during the summer months, was at the pea factory in Smithfield. My work was out in a box car shooting cans. During the busiest part of the campaign, we would work until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning and then walk home, or chance a ride. My friend Martha and I usually walked.

My first boy friend to take me home was Leo Woolf. Later I went with Orson Peerkes. This must have been because they were my neighbors. It was Ernest Kirby, who taught me to dance and, oh, how much fun I had at the dances.

On 1 Aug. 1928, I started working for Dr. O. H. Budge, a dentist at the Budge Clinic. I worked for him for more than 2 years, helping pull teeth and make dentures. I loved my work. Dr. Budge was Logan Stake President at the time, and I helped him as his secretary in this work. Dr. Budge was called to preside over the German-Austrian Mission and left in September 1930. From then until the following March, I worked for Dr. L. V. Wilson, a dentist, doing general practice and x-ray work. In March, I was promoted and worked as a receptionist and switchboard operator at the Budge Clinic. I worked there until May 1936.

In the summer of 1931, Mother and I went to the northwest for a 2 week vacation. It was a trip that mother really enjoyed, and I was always happy we went for just 2 years later, she passed away. In March 1934, I bought a car and my first trip was to Yellowstone National Park. Clarence, Leo Matkin, Mae Hancey and I went on a good 5 day trip. Later in 1935, I had my first trip to California. I enjoyed the Rose Parade, the parks, zoo, planetarium, the beach, Hollywood and all places of interest.

On 19 June 1936, I was married to W. Leo Matkin in the Logan Temple, by Joseph B. Daines. We were the first couple he had married since his appointment to the presidency of the temple. Leo's mother gave us a wedding breakfast, after which we left immediately for our honeymoon trip to California. We visited the Southern Parks of Utah, stopping to visit Ernest Kirby and family in Kanab. We went out to see the great Boulder Dam and then on to California, where we stayed for more than a month. Our first and only child, Roger, was born 24 November

1938, in Logan, Utah. In 1945 Leo and I separated. I returned to work at the Budge Clinic as a receptionist and worked there until April 1962. In all, I worked 30 years at the clinic.

In 1956, my brother Evan came to live in our basement apartment. His wife had passed away, and his health did not permit him to work at this time. He lived with us for some time before moving back to Brigham to work as a bookkeeper for Parson Construction Company.

It was in 1959, while we were living in the Logan Third Ward, and Wilford Kowallis was bishop, that Roger was called on a mission to Australia. Those 2 years were lonesome, but good years. It was during this time that I started keeping company with J. W. Earl, whom I married in 1962. He provided a lovely home for me, and we enjoyed many travels and good times. He taught me to fish, and how I loved it. We would go to Wyoming or Idaho, where fishing was good, and stay for days. Lillian and Delmar would go with us at different times, and we had such good times together. I have fished in California, where we would spend the winter months, also in Canada, Mexico and once in Hawaii. Our travels were to Australia, New Zealand, all the South Pacific Islands and winters in Hawaii, California and Arizona. We visited all the states, but 4. He was truly a good companion to me. He passed away 5 May 1975.

I have moved several times in my life, like 25 to 30 times. I would buy a home and then sell it to make a profit, each time having a little nicer home. I was conservative and didn't waste anything. Once while I was moving, I was packing things from the bathroom, and I came across a bottle with a little castor oil in it. Rather than throw it away, I took it...Well, I moved again.

My hobbies are crocheting and embroidery work. My mother taught me to crochet when I was only 8 years of age. I can truthfully say I have made at least 75 afghans and many doilies. I have given most of them away, or sold them to Mormon Handicraft. Roger tells me to my crochet hook down and read the scriptures more.

I served as vice president of the genealogical committee. Leo Matkin was the President. I worked in the clothing department of the Logan Temple in 1979. Due to a knee problem, I was released from this calling. I was also a Relief Society Visiting Teacher and was secretary of YWMA for a time. These experiences contributed to my life.

Life has been good to me. I've had sorrow and happiness, but in all it has been a good full life. Being a daughter, a niece, an aunt, a mother, a mother-in-law, a grandmother and a great-grandmother have been special blessings. I have my wonderful son, Roger, a lovely daughter-in-law, Harriett, and 4 beautiful grandchildren: Kelly, Jenifer, Karry Lynn and Jared. I enjoyed a special trip with them to Florida in January of 1987. What a good time I had. Roger wheeled me at Epcot and United Kingdom, because of a bad knee.

My desire is to live until I die, and I hope that won't be for a time, as there are so many things I want to do.

#### A Tribute To My Mother Aleda Hancey Matkin Earl By Roger L. Matkin

I suppose that being an only child and being raised pretty much alone by my mother, she and I were much closer than most sons are with their mothers. There has always been a great deal of love and affection between us both and it has always been openly expressed. Most of my "father-and-son" talks were "mother-and-son."

I've always got a kick out of hearing about her early childhood and how her brothers used to tease her and play tricks on her and her sisters. She comes from a great family with a rich heritage and background. However, she has also experienced sadness in her life. I know of a fact the many hard and difficult times mother had in raising me and making a home, while at the

same time being the “bread winner.” I often wished during some of those earlier times that I was older and could have done more; however, as I stated, she came from a wonderful family with helpful brothers and sisters.

One of the most difficult decisions I’ve had to make was to leave my mother alone for 2 years while serving on a mission for the Church. Not that I didn’t desire the mission call, but by that time I was getting to the point where I could be of more help. I remember the list of “do’s” and “don’ts” that I prepared and left on mother’s bed the day I went into the Mission Home. I suppose the list pretty much paralleled the list she made for me and slipped into my suitcase.

I remember when I reached Australia and unpacked my luggage and found the kitchen table salt shaker neatly tucked in with my personal belongings. This old salt shaker had been the source of much laughter and fun between us, as we constantly handed it back and forth. I won’t try to explain further; Mother can tell you more about it if you’re interested.

Another item of exchange over the years has been the old bed pan. This almost became a traditional Christmas gift given back and forth each year, and on other special occasions. I believe that mother has it in her possession at the present time; however, with her moving into an apartment now, I’m sure that she’ll find she doesn’t have room for it and I’ll probably wind up being the lucky recipient again.

I remember all the long evenings that mother used to work at the Budge Clinic in Logan. I would go up and keep her company and do my homework, while she minded the switchboard. I guess I got used to the place, because later on I took over the same job-6 p.m. until midnight, every other night. At that time mother was working days again and I would go to work just as she was ending the day. Then she got to bring my dinner to me.

One thing for sure, “life with Leda” (the title of the novel that will someday be made into a movie) was never dull. We were always on the move. Literally...I don’t recall how many times we moved from one home to another or to apartments. Perhaps mother has an itemized list. It was kind of fun then and I still like to look at homes, however, with 4 kids now, I told my wife I wasn’t about to move again until they were all married off and gone.

I’m sure that this last move for mother into her new apartment was the hardest one for her. Too much “stuff” to move and I was not available to help her. After a while and when she has become accustomed to apartment living, we hope she will move one more time..to Salt Lake City to be close to her family and grandchildren who love her so much.

In June of 1962, mother married Jesse W. Earl. They went to Hawaii on their honeymoon, over on the boat and back by plane. Mother moved over to 162 West Center Street and I took up the free and easy life of a bachelor in our basement apartment. But not for long, as I married in November of the same year.

In September of 1964, mother and J. W. Left for an extended tour of the South Pacific, including Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa, New Zealand, (where I was on my mission), and back through Hawaii again. It was while on this trip that her first grandchild was born, my son, Kelly (September 29).

Mother and J. W. Have traveled extensively throughout the country, along with J. W.’s brother, Frank, and his wife. Mother has been in all but 2 of the 50 states of the United States. Many of their winters were spent in such places as Arizona, California and Balboa Island.

Mother became an avid “fisherman” under J. W.’s expert guidance. J. W. Loved to fish and soon mother was right in there with him. We went on some of those fishing trips with them.

However, Aunt Lillian, and her husband, Uncle Delmar, became 2 of their more permanent partners. Mother and Aunt Lillian still haven't decided who caught the biggest fish yet.

I'm very sorry that I am not able to be with you all today on the occasion of the Hancey Reunion and when all pay honor and respect to my mother. Kelly, my 12 year old son, and I are attending the National Boy Scout Jamboree in Pennsylvania. We left on July 23<sup>rd</sup> and will not be back home until August 11<sup>th</sup>. We're even missing mother's "39<sup>th</sup> birthday."

But I want her to know from this written tribute how much I love and appreciate her. I believe that the greatest tribute I could pay to my darling mother at this time would be to express the fact that whatever I am that is good and wholesome, whatever accomplishments I might have obtained in my life thus far, and whatever principle of truth and righteousness I have patterned my life after, are all a direct result of my mother's influence and my home life with her.

I will never forget the words that a man spoke to me some years ago. I have never told mother this before. Dr. Gasser, a M.D. at the Budge Clinic, said to me one night while I was working there. "Make your mother proud of you; she worships the ground you walk on." I have never forgotten these words and the impact they have had on me. I hope that I have at least partially lived up to what he said to me on that occasion.

#### AM I GETTING OLDER?

As I turn my thoughts to the future, But remember the days that are past  
Doing things for tomorrow as the days seem to go so fast.

Can it be that I'm getting older? When I think of the things I have done;  
The things that aren't easy to do now. When they used to be, oh, so much fun.

Your hair seems to change its color. Your thoughts seem to stray far away.  
And it's nice to sit in the rocker and dream a little each day.

God gave me this body to care for. I hope it has done its best.  
But there will be a day in the future this body will be laid to rest.

I look to a heavenly future, when I leave this world of care.  
Seeing and greeting my loved ones: For I know that they all will be there.

So now as I soon go on my-way. (As we're taught that parting will come)  
May all of my loved ones here now say. "Oh Lord, Thy will be done...."

Aleda H. Earl (1988)

Aleda died 4 May 2001 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She is buried in Hyde Park.)

Information from book JAMES HANCEY AND HIS FAMILY Publ. 1988. Death information from newspaper clipping, sent to me by Joeleen Woolf Hooper, our daughter, and a good friend of Roger and Harriet.

Typed into computer 3 Nov. 2002 Kathleen Jardine Woolf Idaho Falls, Idaho

