NETTIE HANCEY REEDER
1885-1973

On October 7, 1885, in Hyde Park, Cache County, Utah, a 3rd child was born to James Hancey and his 3rd wife, Annie Marie Christophersen. This baby daughter was christened Mary Menetta, but was always known as Nettie.

In her own words she tells of some of her early memories:
“My earliest memory is when I was about 3 years old and the Federal Deputies were after the polygamist men. To keep the men from going to jail, the wives would go into hiding. Mother went into hiding with her 3 small children, May, Alfred, and myself. We lived in a little back room of a Mrs. Fox’s house in Richmond, Utah, just south of where North Cache Junior High School is now. The roof leaked and we had to put pans on the bed to catch the water to keep the bed dry. Mrs. Fox had an old maid sister who lived with her. She thought so much of me and would take me with her to gather eggs and anywhere I would go with her. Once in a while she would slip one egg to me and she would raise her finger and say‘ Now don’t tell Mrs. Fox.” Of course I never did. We were glad to get this one egg and mother would cook it and divide it among May, Alf and me. That was a big treat for us.

We didn’t have very much to live on during this period. If it hadn’t been for Mother’s sister, Aunt Lena (Pauline Josephine), I think we would have starved to death. She was so good to us. Father would come up once in a while when he could, but he was sick with pneumonia about all that winter. I remember once he came and brought quite a big piece of bacon. He and Grandma Rachel (Father’s first wife) had raised a pig and he brought this piece of bacon to us. Mother cut some and fried it, but Grandma Rachel had put it too close to her coal oil can and got coal oil on it, so it didn’t taste very good.

After the polygamy issue was settled, we moved back to our log house in Hyde Park. In the log home there were 2 rooms, and a summer kitchen. Over the east room there was a loft so Father fixed a floor in there and made it so we could use it. When the boys got bigger, that was their bedroom. We had to go up a ladder from the outside and through a short, narrow door. The ladder didn’t quite reach up to the door, and I didn’t like to climb up there. But I had to go up every day to make the beds.

We got our water from a well, and it was a deep one. It had a wheel at the top, of course, and a bucket on each end of the rope so when you pulled one bucket of water up, the other was down in the well to be filled. There was a spout to pour the water in and hang the bucket on the outside of the well. I remember the rope breaking and letting the buckets down in the well. It would frighten me almost to death to have Father get on a curb on the inside of the well. He would locate the buckets by holding a mirror above the water and then would drop creepers down. These creepers were metal things with four sharp prongs that turned up and had a rope around it. As this was dropped down the well, he would fish around until it would hook on to the bucket. We didn’t go to town to buy a new bucket every time the rope broke.”

Nettie tells about her school days:
“School days I enjoyed. I loved to go to school. My sister, May, took me to school the first day. I guess I was rather bashful kid and didn’t want to do things alone-I depended on May. I remember the first person I sat by in our double desk was my cousin, Hannah Mikkelsen. She was in a higher grad than I since she was older, but she shared the double desk. Mary Ann Grant was our
teacher. School was in the little back room of the old rock Meeting House.

We had to go up to the front of the class and read from a big chart. Miss Grant would stand by the chart with a pointer and point to words and we would have to say what they were. About the first reading lesson we had, the words we had to learn were—"This a girl. She is feeding cake to a swan." There was a picture of a swan on the water. When I saw this lesson I thought they surely made a mistake in spelling ‘cake.’ I thought it should be ‘kake.’ That always stayed with me., Whenever I saw a word, I thought it should be ‘k’ instead of ‘c’.

Later, Nettie went to school in the tithing office (Center Street and First East) where Lydia Daines was her teacher. This was probably during her third grade year. She said that she met her first beau here. He was Harry Hurst who sat across the aisle and was always good to help her with anything she asked.

Nettie also had 2 teachers who were not “nat I’ve” Hyde Parkers, but boarded with Hyde Park families so they did not have to travel even the 5 miles or so to the nearest towns. She expressed a liking for all of her teacher, but her all-time favorite was J. W. D. Hurren, and her respect for him continued throughout her life.

One winter while going to school, Nettie had her first paying job. She and her friend and cousin, Lillie Mikkelsen McQuarrie, did the janitor work at the school. After school they would sweep the floor, clean the blackboard and clean the water bucket, dipper and wash bowl. In the mornings, they would have to go early enough to get all the desks and seats dusted. She earned $1.25 per month for this work, and saved enough to buy herself a new winter coat. It was a short coat, brown and white check in a heavy fabric.

Before Nettie had completed the elementary grades, her mother began her work as a midwife. Since there were now several more children in the family, and Nettie being one of the older girls, it was necessary for her to drop out of school to care for the younger children while their mother was away. She willingly did this even though, in her words, “it almost broke her heart because I wanted to go to school so badly.”

Her family responsibilities provided her not only with work, but with good times. She says: “While I was growing up, there were always babies in the home. I was the 3rd of 11 children, so I knew how to take care of babies from the time I was big enough to care for them. I didn’t mind it. I loved them and enjoyed caring for them. We always had a baby buggy and a little express wagon. Almost everywhere I went, I took either the baby or next youngest one with me for a ride.

Of course I helped with the washing and ironing, also Baby’s diapers were made out of unbleached muslin, which was not very soft. So after they were washed, they all had to be ironed very carefully. I can remember how I hated ironing that big stack of diapers once or twice each week. Mother would dampen them and then I would have to iron them until they were dry, smooth and soft.

I grew up with my brothers, especially with Alfred and George. We had a corral and a shed where we kept two cows. There was a chicken coop at one end of the shed. The boys would always get on top of the old shed and then up into Perkes’ barn which was right next to ours on the west. I was always afraid of heights and didn’t like to climb, but my brothers coaxed me up on top of the shed one day. I finally made it up, where they were, and stayed and played there a long time, talking and laughing and seeing all that we could see from that height. When it was time to get down, they had no problems, but I was afraid. The ladder didn’t quite reach to the top there was about 3 feet down to the top rung. I didn’t dare slide down to reach it like the boys did. They finally had to go and get Mother. She got up on the ladder and I sat down on the roof, and she
pulled my legs until they reached the top rung of the ladder. It was probably her words of encouragement and knowing she was there that helped me more than her actual physical help.

There were other fun times during the growing up years. Nettie said that she and Sadie Waite were good friends who had many good times together. One of their favorite entertainments was to go to the barn and climb to the hay loft and ride the guy rope down to see who could get thrown off the farthest. This was a rather dangerous trick, but lots of fun.

The family had a work horse named Old Doll. Nettie and Sadie did lots of riding together on that horse. Of course, they couldn’t ride straddle—that would have been awful in those days, so they rode sideways.

Later, Nettie had an adventure with a horse. Her father, who served as a doctor to many people in the community, had carted for a Mr. Purser during his fatal illness. Mr. Purser, in gratitude for this care, willed his pony to Dr. Hancey. Nettie was allowed to ride this pony many times. This horse had been a race horse in her early days, and so could get a bit rambunctious, but mostly was a gentle and good horse. One evening, Nettie, along with a group of friends, had ridden horses to North Logan. When they were on their way home, one of the group called “Let’s have a race,” and started his horse running. This was all it took for this former race horse to take off. Nettie was unable to control the pony and had the fastest and most frightening ride of her life. She got home way ahead of the others in the group.

Another fun experience Nettie had was going to Logan to a Ringling Brothers Circus with her sister, May and her husband George Kirby. Their seats were up high in the tent and it became very hot there, and Nettie fainted from the heat. George carried her down and laid her on the grass in the shade of the tent. She soon revived and they went to a restaurant for dinner which was another rare event in her early years. She didn’t remember what the menu was, but she did remember that it was a very good and cost 25 cents.

In addition to her work in caring for her younger brothers and sisters. Nettie also worked at other jobs. One harvest time, she worked for Henry Hancey picking up potatoes. She would fill a large bucket so full someone else had to carry it to the wagon to empty it. In this way she was able to earn the potatoes for her family’s winter supply.

Another harvest time job was topping sugar beets. She did this for Joe Waite and for Robert Reeder. As the beets were plowed out, she would follow the plow and throw the beet into piles of windrows and then “top them. The tops were used for animal feed and the beets were taken to the sugar factory. The money Nettie earned in this way was used for her essential clothing.

Another event Nettie often told about was having smallpox when she was about 16 years old. Mabel Woolf, (later Kirkham)a relative from Idaho, came to Hyde Park for a visit. A big party was held for her the night before she was to return home, and the “big pimple” she had on her chin turned out to be smallpox, so all were exposed to this dread disease. Nettie was very sick with them. She counted how many pox were on her left hand, and there were 133 from the wrist down. All the children in her family got them, and Alfred was seriously ill, even delirious and would call them names and pull faces at them and say crazy things. They would all laugh in spite of themselves. Nettie was the first to recuperate, so while her brothers were still sick, she had to milk the family cow. Her feet were still so sore and swollen from the smallpox on them, she had to wear her father’s house slippers. Her father never milked a cow—“he couldn’t stand the thought of this chore,” so Nettie inherited the job until her brothers were recovered sufficiently to resume the task.
Nettie saw many changes during her life time. One of the earliest was having the telephone. While she was attending school, she and other children during their recess would go to the L. C. Lee store to hear if the phone would ring while they were there. This was the only phone in Hyde Park at that time. They were never allowed to talk on that telephone, or even to listen. All they could do was listen for it to ring, but even that was exciting.

Another big change was when electric lights came to Logan, and she was able to see them for the first time. She thought it was so wonderful she couldn’t think of anything else, but had to keep it to herself. Her mother did not approve of the boyfriend who took her to Logan on this occasion, so she had to keep this great experience to herself.

It was not until after she was married that electric lights came to Hyde Park. The Horace Hancey family that lived across the street from Nettie came to see the lights come on in her home. One of the girls was quite thrilled about the lights and wondered if she could get a shock from the electricity. She stuck a pin into the wire and damaged it so repairs were needed.

Nettie tells of another enjoyable experience of her teen years. “One of the experiences I enjoyed when I was about 16 or 17 and was singing in the choir. I sat by Mary Jan Seamons and Hattie R. Lee who sang alto, so I sang also with them. Sometimes we would get to talking between the songs, or maybe during a rest, or while she was telling another group what they were doing wrong. Sister McQuarrie would say, ‘Now you over there in the magpie corner, it is time to start singing again.’ She always called Hattie, Mary Jay, Bessie Elwood and me the ‘magpie corner.’

Nettie was a member of the choir for 3 or 4 years prior to her marriage and 3 years after her marriage before her 1st baby was born. Some women took their babies to choir practice with them, but Nettie never did.

The big entertainment in Hyde Park was dancing, and Nettie was permitted to attend the dances when she was 15 or 16 years old. Dances were held every 2 weeks. The music was provided by “Chris Fiddler” from Logan, and townspeople who could play the organ. The dances were held on Friday night in the Old Hall on the northeast corner of the church lot. It was a large building, with a stage at one end and a vestry back of the stage. Benches on the stage provided a place for coats to be stacked and storage underneath for boots. Benches about the large room were always filled with parents who came to watch the young people dance. Nettie said her mother never missed a dance, but would attend with 2 or 3 of her friends. Parents didn’t dance, just sat watching and undoubtedly made remarks about the way some of the young people were dancing since some would not dance in an approved way. Some would dance too close to their partners, or dance too fast.

There would be square dancing, waltzes, two-step, and of course always plain quadrilles. The boys chose their partners, but once in a while it would be “ladies choice.”

Nettie tells in her own words about the dancing: “There was a difference in the way people danced. I know I didn’t dance like a lot of others, but I believe I was pretty good. There were some of the boys about my age, who were the clumsiest things to dance with, but we had fun anyway. The boys had to pay 50 cents for a ticket to get into the dance, but this could be paid in cash or in farm commodities. Very few would bring a partner, so we would just congregate and dance with any and all. There were always a few Smithfield boys who would come to the dance. Steve Candtwell was one I liked really well, and I danced with him and stepped out with him a few times. During the dance most girls would find a boy friend who would take her home. I usually had one to take me home. That was no sign you were going to go steady, they were just polite enough to see you home, and someone to have a good time with.
I always had a boyfriend, just good friends. Maybe all we would do would be to go for a walk, or anything, just to be together and have fun. One day as I was walking along the street, I met George Daines and he said, “I guess you were at the dance last night.” I answered, “yes.” He said, “I’m going to tell you that you are the biggest flirt in town.”

Dances for young children were also held and sometimes Nettie would take one of her younger brothers or sisters to those dances. On 4th of July, or perhaps as part of the celebration of Pioneer on the 24th of July. Nettie and her friend, Dessie, spent the day together. One of the things they did was to each take a younger sister to the children’s dance. There was a committee of adults that had charge of all the dance activities, and one of the committee members was Martin Charles Reeder. On this particular day, Mart has been at the children’s dance as part of his duties with the dance committee. Dessie and Nettie left the dance and walked to the gate of the yard and there met Mart. They stopped to talk with him, and he invited Nettie to go to Smithfield to a dance that evening. At this time, Mart was living with his brother George’s family to take care of George’s animals while he was a mission. Mart had a good pony and a very nice, one-seated buggy which provided the transportation to Smithfield to the dance.

After this evening, Nettie continued to date Mart occasionally, but also went out with other young men. She knew, however, that her mother was always pleased and free from worry, when she was with Mart.

Nettie’s brother, Alfred, invited Mart to their home for his first visit there. She was not sure whether he had come to see her or just because of Alif’s invitation. Nettie always made root beer for a summer drink, and she poured some for Mart. While they were all enjoying this cool drink, another guy came to the house and asked Nettie for a date, which rather embarrassed her.

After this evening, Mart was a rather frequent visitor to the Hancey home to see Nettie. However, if her father was there in the kitchen, he would start talking to Mart because he always had stories to tell him. Nellie said she used to get rather cross with her father for monopolizing almost all of Mart’s time, but she thought Mart enjoyed those evenings anyway.

At Christmas time, Mart gave Nettie a large photograph album with a red plush cover. From that time on, Nettie did not accept dates with other guys, only with Mart.

On the 17 May 1905, Nettie and Mart were married in the Logan Temple. She tells of that important day in these words: “It was a beautiful day, and of course, we went to the temple in the horse and buggy. Just Mart and I went. No one went with us so everyone else at the temple were strangers except for one other couple from Hyde Park, but they were not people Mart and I had established a friendship with. It was important that it was a nice day because the day before had been a stormy day and people used to say if one got married when it was raining, your life would be miserable.

We left for the temple early, probably 8 a.m. and returned about 3 p.m. Mother and May had cooked a big dinner and had it ready for us. I can’t remember all we had, but I know Mother had made a big fruit cake. We didn’t cut it as she said it was for us to take home. We did, and it surely lasted a long time. In the evening we gave a free dance. Mart paid the musicians and all were invited to come and dance free of charge. It was a big event. We danced until midnight. I danced with all my friends and had a good time.

I had a trousseau about like all the girls in my day. That consisted of 2 or 3 quilts, 2 pillows, and 3 sheets, some dishtowels, and one tablecloth. The tablecloth was made out of unbleached muslin. I had washed it and bleached it, and hemmed it. The pillow cases were made out of bleached muslin, and I had crocheted on the edge and thought they were very pretty.
Wedding gifts in those days were not like they are now, but what we received was very much appreciated. Jennie and Nell Hancey gave us a set of plates. Aunt Stena Mikkelsen and her girls gave us a berry set consisting of a large glass bowl and 6 small ones. May and George gave us a water pitcher and tumblers. Mother gave us a coal oil lamp. Aunt Amanda and her family gave us a rocking chair, just a plain wooden rocking chair.

Grandfather Reeder gave us a cow which he said was for me, not Mart. Aunt Betty Haylock, who was living in Iowa, sent me a linen dresser scarf and an 18 inch doily that was embroidered. They were very pretty, but didn’t last very long.

For our indoor “bathroom,” Mother gave us a big white bowl to go under the bed.

Mart and Nettie bought a home on 2nd North and 2nd West in Hyde Park from Noah Wardle for $900. It was a practically new house, 2 rooms downstairs, with a pantry built on the north that was a “deep freeze.” There were 3 rooms upstairs since the room over the kitchen had been partitioned to make 2 rooms. These rooms were not finished, but the upstairs room was finished.

The furniture they purchased consisted of a bed, mattress, and dresser, for the kitchen had a dining table and 6 chairs and a small stove for heating and cooking. The west downstairs room was used for their bedroom and did not have a heater until just before their first baby was born, then they borrowed one from Grandfather Reeder.

In addition they had to buy a boiler for boiling clothes, a tub and washboard. Nettie’s brother, Alfred, built a washstand which stood in the kitchen to hold the wash basin and water bucket. Getting good fresh water was no problem since just a few steps from the back porch there was an artesian well which was piped and when it didn’t flow freely a pump was added. The main source of hot water was the reservoir at one end of the stove. It held about 2 buckets of water. Of course, it was so far from the firebox it never really got hot, but would be warm enough to wash dishes. When they wanted a bath, water had to be heated on the stove in the boiler and then poured into the wash tub. Taking a bath in the round wash tub was not exactly easy since no adult body fit into it.

The lack of modern conveniences in her home did not deter Nettie from keeping an immaculate house. Her interest and concern were her home and family. She assisted with a vegetable garden, and spent summers canning the produce. She also kept the yard neat and attractive with flowers. And she was fastidious about her personal appearance. There was always a clean, ironed apron to slip on over her house dress. Before ever getting into an automobile, she was certain to change into clean hose and shoes. When she started working outside the home she wanted to look her best, and with the help of daughters still living at home, her hair always had that “beauty parlor” look. Even in her last few years when she would spend the daytime hours home alone, she would be up and dress and have her hair combed in the early morning.

Her talent as a seamstress made it possible for her family to be well dressed even when there was no money to purchase new fabric. She needed neither fabric nor pattern, but could take an unused piece of clothing and fashion it into something desirable for her children.

Nettie truly made her house into a home, not only for her husband and children, but for others as well. After Grandfather Reeder’s second wife, Aunt Ellen, died in 1914, Grandfather Reeder came to live with Nettie and Mart. Nettie said, “Our house was small and without conveniences of running water, a bathroom, etc., but the door was always open to those in need.” Grandfather Reeder spent a few months with other family members, but most of the time at Nettie’s until he died in Dec. Of 1917. He was bedfast the last several months of his life and Nettie cared for him, and waited on him, as well as caring for her family of 5 small children.
After Grandfather Reeder died, his brother-in-law, Billy Wilkinson came to live with Mart and Nettie. He had never married and was in need of a home. He, too, spent some time with other family members, but much of the time he was at their home until he passed away in 1919.

Not only did Nettie serve her family and extended family, but served many neighbors and friends when they were in need of help. She had learned much about nursing and caring for the sick as she had grown up in a home where her father was the town doctor and dentist and her mother a practicing midwife. To obtain better training and knowledge, she took a Red Cross Nursing Course.

Later, when her mother was bedridden with cancer, a doctor taught Nettie how to give injections of morphine to relieve her mother’s intense pain. She added this service to the other care she and other family members gave to their mother until her death. From then until many years later when there were registered nurses living in Hyde Park, many people depended upon Nettie to administer injected medication. The nearest hospital and doctors were in Logan, and it was not customary to go those 5 miles to see a doctor for regular injections. Therefore a patient would get the required medication from the doctor and bring it to Nettie to administer. Terminally ill people were usually cared for in their own homes by family members. Many cancer victims had their pain relieved daily when Nettie would go to their homes with her hypodermic needle and the doctor-prescribed medication and administer the pain-reliever, which usually was morphine. She would stay in the home long enough to give words of encouragement and support to both the patient and the family caregivers. She was always generous with her time and efforts in giving this very responsible service.

Another custom of the time which required compassionate service was when a deceased member of a family was brought to the family home a day or 2 prior to the funeral. Someone outside the family would be asked to sit with the deceased throughout the night. Nettie gave this service on many occasions.

Even with her large family and home responsibilities, Nettie found time to serve in various Church assignments. She organized the Ward Gleaner Girl Program in the YWMIA and enjoyed her work with those girls. Later she served as president of the YWMIA. She also served faithfully in the ward Relief Society as a class leader and for many, many years as a Visiting Teacher. She put into action the Relief Society’s Teaching of compassionate service. Also she was a member of the Daughter of Utah Pioneers. She remained active in that organization through the years and served as an officer and teacher many times.

Nettie also found time to give community service. She served as Registrar of Vital Statistics, a position she inherited from her Mother who had served in that capacity. Along with this, she served as the voting registrar and was responsible for posting notices of upcoming elections and helping townspeople be registered voters. She took an active interest in local and national elections and was an informed voter. The only pay she received for these services was when World War II began and young men needed birth certificates in order to get into the Armed Services, she charged 50 cents for each certificate she issued.

Nettie was the mother of 8 children, 4 boys -Stanley, Robert, Wendell, and Russell; and 4 girls-Erma, Phyllis, Doris, and Marnette. Sadness came to her life as 3 of her sons passed away as young men. Russell died in 1930 at the age of 18; Stanley died in 1937 when 29 years of age, leaving a wife and 2 small children. And Wendell died in 1960 when he was 49 years old. These were indeed heartbreaks to her, but she bore them with faith and courage.
Nettie was a spiritually sensitive woman and was granted some very special experiences. When Nettie was a young teenager, her mother took into their home an infant whose mother had died in childbirth and cared for this baby as though it were her own. The infant’s deceased mother was granted the rare privilege of visiting her baby one night. The baby slept in the same room with Nettie. As this concerned mother visited her baby, Nettie’ spiritual eyes were opened ans she observed this mother bending over her baby’s bed and gently caressing him.

After her son Stanley’s death, Nettie questioned why he would be taken when his wife and young children needed him so much. She was again privileged to partake of a visit from the Spirit World when Stanley appeared to her and explained the important work he had been called to do.

Also, she was present during the dying moments of George Kirby, her sister May’s husband. May had preceded him in death by several years, and in his last moments, he recovered from the coma, opened his eyes and looked up near the ceiling of the room and called out “May.” Nettie again knew she had been privileged to have a glimpse into the spirit world.

Even as she endured the sad events in her life, she never lost her sense of humor. She could entertain her children and grandchildren with humorous or serious poems and stories, play games with them, recall and retell humorous events. And she could enjoy playing a few tricks. One daughter remembers Nettie dressing herself as a ghost and coming out to the bonfire where the daughter and friends were enjoying a wiener roast. She enjoyed dressing up in a disguise on Halloween and visiting friends and neighbors. She was always able to come up with some humorous verses to entertain at social events. Her sense of humor along with her compassion and understanding, made her a sought-after friend and neighbor.

Nettie kept a diary during the years of 1931 and 32 which, due to the recent loss of her son, Russell, and the Great Depression years, this was a trying period in her life. This entry shows the anguish she was suffering: “It is 5 months today since Russell’s funeral and so the months go by, and soon grow into years.”

There are many entries regarding her family since they were her primary interest, but there are also brief entries about events in town and other concerns she had.

During these 2 years, Robert, Stanley and Wendell were all married, so there was quite a change in the family and this is noted in her diary. She spent many hours in the temple during this period and that seemed to bring comfort to her as she adjusted to these many changes.

She makes references in the diary to farm prices which were so depressed, not only due to the Great Depression, but because those were years of drought: “Eggs, 6 cents per dozen; Milk, 18 cents for butterfat; potatoes, 30 cents CWT, Hay sells for $16 to $20 per ton.”

In May, 1932, she recorded: “The price of milk is still going down, so I guess we will soon be giving it away.”

Since Mart was a dairy farmer, this created difficulty for them, but that is the nearest to a complaint that is recorded.

In May of 1931, Nettie did have an enjoyable experience to write about. She and Mart, George D. And Alice Reeder and Glenn Reeder drove to Alberta, Canada, to visit Robert William Reeder. Glenn’s father who was a brother to Mart and George. This was the first vacation Nettie and Mart had and the longest trip they had taken, so it was an event she always remembered with fondness.

By the time her youngest child entered school, Nettie was ready to take on extra work to add to the family income. She worked a short time for Lettie Nielsen making shoulder pads that Lettie had designed and patented. Nettie also worked for a furrier remodeling and repairing fur
coats. For a short time she served as temporary postmistress in the Hyde Park post office.

In the summer of 1942, Nettie and daughter Doris took a bus trip to Washington to visit with relatives. A very short time after they returned, Nettie’s youngest daughter became ill and by the time a diagnosis had been reached, it was a ruptured appendix and Marnette was very near death. Nettie devoted full time to Marnette’s care. After 5 weeks in the hospital, with her Mother’s constant care, Marnette returned home, still very ill and weak, and Nettie was still devoting full time to her care. 3 days later, another tragedy and shock came to her on 31 Aug 1942, when Mart was killed in an automobile accident. She knew she had to go on, and she had to have money to support herself and Marnette who was at home, still very ill and facing more serious surgery and life-threatening illness. Yet, in the midst of all this trauma, Nettie went to work as a seamstress for Mode-O-Day and continued there for 16 years. She had a sense of achievement and satisfaction in her work. She did not want to quit work then, but for health reasons the doctor recommended she get away from the pressure and tension of a demanding job—after all, she was 73 years old.

During her years as a widow, she was able to do more traveling and sightseeing than during her busy years of raising a family. She visited Yellowstone National Park, the parks in Southern Utah, and took another trip through Montana, Glacier National Park, and into Alberta, Canada. She also made several trips to visit her children who lived in Texas, California, Illinois, and Idaho. She always enjoyed these trips, but she also enjoyed it when her children with their families would come for a visit. Sundays were usually family visiting days when those children and their families who lived nearby would come for a visit and would be treated to her delicious chocolate cake and home bottled grape juice if they had not come early enough for a Sunday dinner.

In the spring of 1962, Nettie’s dream of a new house came true as construction was started on a modest red brick house at 180 North Main in Hyde Park. In August of that year, she and her daughter, Doris, moved into the new home. She was very happy and proud of her new home. The old homestead in which she lived for over 50 years was sold. All her family which she so much deserved. Nettie lived more than 15 years after her retirement and enjoyed reasonably good health. She kept busy keeping house, reading, sewing, doing handiwork, including quilts. She was never idle. In 1965, she had a stroke but made a good recovery. But her health was never as good as previously. However, she was fortunate to have her daughter, Doris, still living with her and providing her with comfort and help. Other family members would do what they could for her, but because of their own family obligations and the distance between them. Nettie depended on Doris for any need she could not meet herself.

On July 5, 1973, Nettie suffered another stroke and died in the Logan LDS Hospital, Saturday, 7 July 1973, at the age of 87.

In her 85th year, Nettie said this about her life: “Life has been good to me, although it was not always easy. I’m proud of my children and grandchildren whom I love dearly and pray they always do what is right and be happy. I have lived to see many changes. It’s a different world now than when I was growing up—better in many ways—maybe not so good in other ways.”

Her family knows Nettie helped make a better world, not only for them, but for all who knew her.

History done by the daughters. Also she had made a tape recording. Information is in the book JAMES HANCEY AND HIS FAMILY Publ. 1988
Typed into the computer 31 Oct. 2002 Kathleen Jardine Woolf Idaho Falls, Idaho