

JOSEPH LARSON MILLER

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Joseph as a child

Joseph with wife Nettie  
Children: Frank  
Janice & Maxine



### JOSEPH LARSON MILLER

Jacob Franklin Miller and Hulda Larson looked forward with great anticipation to the birth of their first child. They had planned on naming him Frank if it was a boy after his father, as that was the name he was called.

When he was born on Labor Day September 1, 1902 the doctor said, "Take him into another room and give him a name and a blessing as he won't live long." His mother knew nothing of this, but his father tried to do as he was told. He wanted to have a baby that lived carry the name they had selected. In talking it over with his sister, and others there at the time, all decided that Joseph was the most known name in the Bible, the Church, the Stake and the Ward, so he was named Joseph Larson Miller. His father wanted him to be called Joseph rather than nick-named "Joe", so within the family he was always called by his full given name.

He was not a strong, robust baby or child, having to undergo many operations, but always happy and contented and a great joy to his parents. He had a sister, Helen Mar, who was two years younger. Their father was a Professor of History and Mathematics at Brigham Young College in Logan, Utah, and came home from school for lunch each day. He would enter the home from an outside door leading into the bedroom, change his cloths, then go in to eat; taking a child on each knee he would play and talk with them while eating. When it was time to return to school he would go back into the bedroom, change his clothes again, and return to school. He loved his family dearly and would spend as much time as possible with them.

His father died March 25, 1906, before Joseph was four years old, so they didn't have another son to carry the name of Frank.

Helen Mar wrote the following account of their early life: "When my father died I was two and have no memory of him. Joseph was three and one-half and said he remembered only of seeing him lying in bed. Our father was the first wife's oldest child; Horton was the second wife's youngest child who would have been five years of age. He said he remembered the people coming to the house before the funeral and we three playing on the sidewalk. I like to think that at least we were happy that day. Joseph and I both knew how to read and write before we started school. (Our grandmother must have taught us although I don't remember about that). Neither of us went to kindergarten. I started in the first grade at six and Joseph in the second at seven. (When I began school I was the only one in the class who knew how to read).

I believe the reason Joseph didn't begin school before he was seven was that he was not a robust child and suffered frequently from both toothache and earache.

Because of his sensitive teeth it was painful for Joseph to bite into an ice cream cone and I didn't like to either, so we always used spoons. Years later, after I was grown, Walter Rampton, owner of the Farmington Drug Store, told me that he remembered Joseph and me, when children, coming to his store to buy ice cream cones and bringing our spoons with us.

Joseph and I were happy children. He was always very good to me. I was proud of his superior knowledge. I remember seeing his penmanship book when he was in the second grade. He had written

all over the page, 'I am very happy for I know that I've been good'. (That was, of course, before Television when it was still fashionable to be good).

Mother said that our father was considered wealthy when she married him. He was next in line to President Lindsay at the Brigham Young College in Logan. They had two live-in servants (one they had sent to Sweden for) when Joseph and I were babies.

Then Uncle Dan, my father's younger bother, encouraged him to invest in a very large wheat acreage. Before the wheat matured the Hammond Canal broke and they lost everything. This contributed to my father's breakdown and death at forty-nine years of age. (This was my mother's version to me).

Before my father died he asked his mother to promise to provide a home for mother, Joseph and me. My mother would have preferred to live with her own mother who wished her to, than with her mother-in-law but grandfather Larson said that Joseph and I were too spoiled and he refused to have us, so we went to live with our Miller Grandparents in Farmington.

Mother went to work at the Davis County Bank before she became Davis County Recorder so Joseph and I were "brought up" by our Grandmother Miller. Grandfather Miller had two wives, Helen Mar Cheney and Annie Christensen. Grandmothers children were grown when grandfather married Annie, who was about my father's age. They both lived on the same side of the street with one house in between. Grandfather shared his time between them.

As children, Joseph and I loved to go to Aunt Annie's, though our Grandmother told us not to go; but we went every chance we got.



Elna said we sometimes came before breakfast.

I don't remember ever seeing Grandmother and Aunt Annie together although I have a small picture of a family group including my grandparents, her two sisters and brother, and Aunt Annie is there too.

On one occasion we decided to go to Aunt Annie's meadow below the house instead of on the sidewalk. The land sloped westward and became swampy. We got caught in the quicksand-like area and yelled until grandmother came and pulled us out. I don't remember her ever scolding us or punishing us in any way.

One day Joseph swallowed a pin. She quickly grabbed him by the ankles and shook him up and down and the pin came out of his mouth. When I was four or five grandmother told me I put too much sugar on my oatmeal. Offended, I stopped eating oatmeal and have never eaten any since, although I have tried a time or two.

Once, when we were still quite small, we decided to go for a ride on a very old horse of grandfathers Miller's. Grandfather had pasture land north of Logan, so the horse, instead of going where we wanted, automatically started down the Lagoon Lane. We were in great distress, so Joseph bravely decided to get off the horse while it was in motion (which was a slow walk) and go for help; but I was afraid to so stayed on in tears. A man walking up the lane asked me why I was crying. I told him it was because my horse was running away.

Because we were within walking distance of Lagoon, Grandmother often on Sunday would prepare a picnic lunch of fried chicken or something else we liked and we would go to Lagoon. I suppose

Mother went with us too sometimes, although I remember particularly, Grandmother, Joseph and me. It seemed such fun eating at a picnic table under the beautiful trees.

Uncle Dan arranged to have his mother's picture painted and, because the light was better there, Grandmother crossed the street to the rock Church for the sittings taking me with her. I don't remember whether Joseph went also. I believe Ivah Parrish has this painting now. We had it in Woods Cross for a few years while Ivah was living in Washington, D.C., as well as the large case of sea shells that the women of Tahiti gathered and gave to Uncle Dan when he left the Islands. Later, these were distributed, but I've given away most of the ones I took.

Before I was eight and Joseph had just turned nine our mother remarried to Alma Chaffin Brown and we moved to Wood Cross, but we usually returned for summer vacations to Grandmother Millers' in Farmington. Grandfather Miller died about the time mother remarried. Then, after Grandmother's death we went to Aunt Annie's for our vacation.

I don't know about Joseph but after we moved to Woods Cross I suffered terribly from homesickness for the third floor attic that we had played in at our Grandparents' (Horton Miller's home now, but remodeled and the attic has long since gone). Here, among other wonderful things, was an old phonograph of Uncle Dan's with records in many languages. (He spoke seven and taught languages at the Brigham Young College in Logan).

On Uncle Dan's occasional visits home when Joseph and I were children, he would teach us to pronounce polysyllabic words in

various languages. He was a great teacher and fun. While Uncle Dan was on a mission to Tahiti he translated the Book of Mormon into the Tahitian language. He kept a diary while there. Many years after his death in 1919 our cousin, Sadie Foss Elliott, gave this diary to me and several years ago I turned it over to Elna Miller who placed it, along with other Miller records of value, to the Church which are now available at the University of Utah.

Aunt Annie had four children; Royal, the oldest, was grown when we returned to Farmington for summer vacations there. He and our cousin, Miller Steed, who were near the same age played musical instruments and I remember hearing them often practicing. Royal had a croquet set which he often set up on the front lawn which Joseph and I loved to play with the older relatives.

Elna was a beloved older sister to us. When Joseph and I had measles, or perhaps it was chicken pox (While we were still living with our Grandparents). Elna came and sat with each of us in turn as Mother was always working. While Joseph was recovering Elna began teaching him the rudiments of piano playing. He was always obedient, anxious to learn everything.

One day we were helping Elna set the table. She told Joseph to put the water glass an inch above the knives so he got a ruler and measured them.

Julian was a tease, somewhat like his half-brother, Uncle Dan, and I was usually a little wary of him.

But Horton, nearer our own age, was our friend and playmate and we loved being with him. We mostly played with him in the yard as he was a child-carpenter, always building things. Once he hit

his thumb with a hammer and yelled "Blame it!" I was quite small and had never heard anyone swear and I thought, "isn't Horton wicked - he swore!" Recently I mentioned it to him and he said, "Blame it was an expression of his father's (Our Grandfather) and he never considered it swearing."

After we moved to Woods Cross, for several years, while we were still children, on Memorial Day Mother would give us a dollar and carfare and Joseph and I would take the Bamberger train to Farmington, stop at the Miller Floral (no relation), buy some flowers and decorate our father's grave.

In Woods Cross there was a period of time when Joseph and I were not as close as we had been in Farmington. We were absorbed into a large family. There were six of the Brown children still at home so there were ten of us at the dinner table each night. Besides, we had different chores. Joseph helped the older boys with the milking and caring for the horses, although sometimes I helped water them, leading the horses individually to the watering trough.

One of my tasks was to get the turkeys on top of the barn at night, for their own protection. Turkeys are sensitive and don't like anyone to imitate the gobbling but frequently I was unable to resist it; then they would charge me. So, when night came we had developed a very strained relationship and it was a delicate operation to convince them that they should go up on the barn, at the same time I always kept a safe distance.

We both helped with fruit picking, caring for the animals (he had pigs too, and chickens and I once had a pet goat and rabbits).

My stepfather always grew potatoes and we helped gather them in buckets after they had been plowed up. Wheat threshing and haying were always busy and exciting times.

We each helped herd the cows at different times. This was a pleasant duty. We had only five or six cows at a time, who were gentle and stayed grazing where we took them until it was times to bring them home. When it was my turn I would sit under some locust trees, fragrant with blossoms which smelled like sweet peas, and read and invent games with locust leaves.

Lyle Brown told me recently that when Joseph herded the cows he read the Bible, but I don't remember that. Lyle said that Joseph never wasted any time. (I read the Bible through when I was riding the Bamberger to Davis High School in Kaysville).

At haying time Joseph, Lyle and Lloyd helped my stepfather unload the hay from the huge hayrack into the barn. (I sometimes rode the derrick horses). At this time Nathan and Newlove had gone to Idaho homesteading). The hay was lifted from the wagon by a large forklift which the derrick horses pulled, One day Joseph caught his thumb with the rope in the forklift pulley and it split his thumb lengthwise. He ran to the house. Mother took one look at it and nearly fainted. She sent him over to Wanie Brown's who bandaged it and it healed without complications (it seemed we never had time for doctors) but he always carried the scar.

At Woods Cross Joseph and I soon rode horses bareback, as did the Brown boys. (I never saw a saddle until I was grown).

When Joseph was about nine he told me that he had a continuing dream. This went on for several nights and each morning I was

excited to hear what had happened next. I wish I had discussed this with him after we were grown because I don't believe he invented it; he was not a teasing person.

I helped mother make butter and we sold both butter and milk to some of our neighbors. A German family, who lived on the street running south from our house near the Bamburger tracks, bought milk from us after the evening milking. One winter Joseph and I delivered milk to them after we had had our dinner. Sometimes they would give us homemade pastries and because we were not familiar with this kind of food we decided not to eat it and walking home in the dark, we buried it in the snowdrifts by the side of the road. This household consisted of husband and wife, his old father, and old mother. One night their house caught fire just as the Bamberger was passing. The train stopped and the workmen awakened the family and attempted to extinguish the blaze the fire while the husband was yelling at them "was it necessary to break all the windows"? The house burned to the ground and the four of them came to our house to spend the remainder of the night. We children were awakened because of the excitement and I remember the old woman sitting crying because she had been ironing all her gingham dresses that afternoon, yet in her hurry to escape the fire, had put on her old one and now all the better freshly ironed ones had burned with the house.

While in school Joseph had a paper route as did Lloyd, the youngest of the Brown boys. Often, in the winter time, I remember seeing Joseph sitting by the stove after he had come in from his paper route, trying not to cry because he suffered so from either

toothache or earache, perhaps both.

When Joseph was in the ninth grade and his class was studying Julius Caesar, he would walk through the house from time to time exclaiming, "ambition made of sterner stuff" which impressed me very much.

Once, when I was in the ninth grade, I had a problem in arithmetic that I couldn't solve so Joseph worked it for me. The next day in school I was the only one who had the answer, so Mr. Taylor had me write it on the blackboard. Then he asked me to explain it; that was my downfall. (I suppose Joseph either explained it to me and I still didn't understand it, or it seemed so simple to him that he assumed that I could see it.

Woods Cross is so changed since Joseph and I came to live there. Then, the street running east and west by our house was just a dirt road, with sunflowers growing on each side taller than we were. There were no sidewalks so everyone walked down the center of the road. Even a dozen years later there was little traffic because I remember one day when Keith was about nine and had decided to commit suicide because no one would give him a dime to go to a movie, he went out and lay down in the middle of the road. After awhile, as he still hadn't been run over, I went out and told him that he would do better if he went up on the main highway. This made him angry so he came in. There were no homes east as far as what was called the main road, one-half mile east, beyond the Bamberger Tracks, just fields of lucern on either side.

Running north outside was a dirt sidewalk, then a row of trees, some Lombardy Poplars and Boxelders, beyond that a little



creek with running water during the spring and part of the summer. Across the creek was a wooden foot bridge so we could cross it to go to the mail box on the road. The sidewalk didn't go much beyond our property. Later, when the road was widened into a main highway, we lost the sidewalk, trees, creek and a bit of property.

The stream of water was pleasant, and the day Keith was born (Mother had a peculiar pride in the fact that her four children were all born at home). I was sitting on the little bridge with Vernon, who was two years and one week old, when Mrs. Haacke came walking down the middle of the road and said to Vernon, "Your mother won't want you now, she has a new baby". I thought that was a mean remark but if Vern thought anything he didn't show it but just looked at her impassively with his large sky blue eyes. That afternoon Lyle took Vernon out to the barnyard, showed him the animals and taught him to say cow. They came in and Lyle showed him his new baby brother and Vern looked at Keith and said, "Cow Cow", so for years after we all called Keith "Cow Cow".

In our front yard were two tall locust trees, planted by our step-father's mother when she was a young woman, so they were more than a hundred years old. One had a swing tied to a very high limb. At the corner of the house by the driveway stood a cottonwood tree turned golden in the fall. At the south of the front lawn were two cherry trees, by the east gate a small plum tree that perfumed the entire area in the spring when in blossom; to the north of the house, past the flower garden, a large orchard.

There were several old snarled apple trees that had yellow apples, thin-skinned, crisp, juicy and sweet, the best I've ever

tasted, a pear tree, cherry trees, a white Royal Anne, a pie cherry, two apricot trees, and several peach trees. Most of the fruit was just for eating fresh, much went to waste but we did can peaches, they were our favorite. When we were all at home mother canned, with some help from me, 200 quarts of peaches each summer. One day when mother was cooking peach preserve Lyle asked her what she was doing and she said she was boiling them down so Lyle named peach preserve "boiled down".

We had lots of raspberries which I picked and we sold a large quantity of them; also black raspberries, strawberries, dewberries, and a couple of gooseberry bushes. There were plenty of green vegetables. My step-father raised pork and beef for the winter. A large potato pit in the orchard that could also store carrots and other vegetables that grew in the ground. Mother often said the only food items that we really needed from the store were flour and sugar; everything else we raised.

This was the life Joseph and I came to in Woods Cross as children. Looking back, it was a healthful way of life. We were outdoors most of the time, especially in the summer, Joseph more than I, and always very busy."

His brother Keith wrote the following: "my first remembrance of Joseph is that he was Ward Clerk and a very efficient one in the South Bountiful Ward. At that time my sister, Helen Mar, was the secretary of the Sunday School there. The Bishop, Samuel C. Howard, was excommunicated for immorality and it was a terrible blow to the community and I remember how Joseph suffered because he thought so much of Sam Howard. He continued to serve, I believe,

under the new Bishop Ezra T. Hatch.

I have always remembered a great deal about a trip we took to Oregon with the whole family, including Helen Mar's friend, Lois Brough. It was in 1923 and Joseph had bought a new Ford, a sedan. I can even remember the license plate which was #1043, showing how few automobiles there were around at the time. I think the automobile cost him \$640.00 and he was real excited about it. We took a tent along and stayed in the tent at night. I can remember worrying about the tracks of mountain lions around the tent. As a boy, I guess, we worry about it a lot more then we do as adults. And I remember when we had an accident in Mountain Home, Idaho, and the car tipped over, what a fearful thing it was until we got it repaired. I remember, too, staying overnight at The Dalles near Hood River, Oregon, learning that it was Indian Territory by an Indian Reservation.

It seems to me that it took about ten days to go from Salt Lake to Hood River, Oregon and while we were up there we learned of the flood in Davis County and Farmington, and up in Box Elder County. We didn't know whether our home had been washed out and there was no way of finding out about it, but I do remember coming back through Farmington and Centerville with mud stacked ten feet high above the roof of the car and the cars coming through single file, seeing the enormous size of the rocks and wondering what was left of our house. Even a flat tire was a major problem on a trip of that nature.

In 1926 we took a trip to Bear Lake, staying at Fish Haven and that was the most momentous time for all of us. When repeated in

1927, some of the thrill was gone in trying to repeat a great success.

I remember how loyal he was to Western Loan and Building Company, even at the time of the great embezzlement case there which involved one of Joseph's friends. It seems to me that Joseph and the other fellow, named Sharp, were working together on the books involving Oregon and Washington States, and there were some improper entries involving a large sum of money which was embezzled. Both of them were suspected and I can remember the detectives coming out to Woods Cross where we lived and testing the typewriter there to see if the entries had been made in our typewriter. The other fellow had been very popular as a student body president at West High School, etc., so it seemed to me that they concentrated on trying to prove that Joseph was guilty. Casually they checked around the Sharp house and the story I remember is that there was a dog digging under the porch there and kicking out bundles of currency and that's how they discovered that the Sharp fellow was the guilty one and everyone apologized to Joseph.

Incidentally, the Sharp fellow served time in the State Penitentiary, began working in the commissary there and ended up embezzling there. I don't know where they sent him from that experience.

The best memory I have of Joseph, however, is that when I started at the University of Utah, I was working in the stadium during the fall and spring and working cleaning walls in classrooms during the winter months. Also, I was working a midnight shift at

the Ute Hamburger Company to try to put myself through school, but I was still short of money. Joseph and Mother held a conference and she indicated to him that out of her salary as County Recorder of Davis County of \$110.00, there wasn't much help she could give, but Joseph agreed at that time to pay me \$20.00 a month to keep me at the University of Utah. It must have been an enormous sacrifice for him because I know salaries were very low then, but from that time on, as I recall, which was about the beginning of my Sophomore year until the time I graduated, Joseph never failed to pay the \$20.00 per month to me. I never would have graduated from the University of Utah, I'm sure if it hadn't been for this financial help. I know very few people knew of this, but it is something that certainly should be included in his history.

He was a man very much in a hurry and I can remember him running from time to time."

Joseph was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints September 1, 1910 in Farmington, Utah by James H. Steed, who also confirmed him the same day. After moving to Woods Cross he was ordained a Deacon on January 27, 1916 by Samuel C. Howard and a Teacher on November 17, 1919, also by Samuel C. Howard.

He was ordained an Elder in January 26, 1920, by Joseph Hogan; a Seventy on June 4, 1922 by Edward B. Clark; and a High Priest on May 14, 1938 by Apostle Charles A. Callis. He was endowed in the Salt Lake Temple on October 23, 1933. He received two Patriarchal Blessings - one on January 21, 1903 by Patriarch Lorenzo Hill Hatch and the other on December 7, 1920 by Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith.

His mother said that their Grandmother Miller was very good to him and Helen Mar as they were with her a great deal of the time while she was working. She said that they sometimes rode on their Grandmother's back while she scrubbed the floor; she must have been very good to them to permit this. While living with her they both contracted Whooping Cough and she caught it from them at seventy-five years of age.

Their mother married Alma Chaffin Brown, a widower with children all older than her children, on October 25, 1911 and she, with Joseph and Helen Mar moved into the Brown home in Woods Cross. It was located on the northwest corner of the intersection of the first street north of the 'underpass' on what is now known as 5th West and 15th South.

His Mother and Step-father were always very interested in the Elections as she was County Recorder in Davis County for several terms, and his Step-father was Chairman of the Republican Party. Each year, on Election night, they would all go to the Davis County Court House in Farmington, where groups of people gathered, to hear the results of the Election - there was no television during these years to bring the news into their homes.

His mother continued as Davis County Recorder after her marriage, her Deputies carrying on the work while she took time off to have her two baby boys Vernon and Keith. Alma Brown died on September 11, 1919 when Keith was about five years of age, so she, out of necessity continued to work.

Joseph did not finish High School as he felt he should seek employment to help his mother in supporting his sister and two

brothers. He started working for Western Savings and Loan when seventeen years of age, and continued being employed there all his life. He went through the terrible depression days when many banking facilities failed and Western Savings went through a very bad time, but he stayed with them giving them his support and helping in every way possible through the bad time when the Company came very near closing its doors, and everyone losing what they had put in there. Western finally made it through, with their loyal workers, and in time everyone was able to draw out all they had deposited, and more, in the Company. Those who lost out were some that were sure they would lose everything and sold the stock they had at great discounts- some people got quite wealthy buying up this stock and waiting for the Company to get on its feet again and able to pay in full.

Joseph worked in the Accounting Department and had a great desire to be a C.P.A. but it was impossible for him to take the examination because he had only worked in one place of employment, and at that time, one of the requirements before taking the examination was to have been employed in various kinds of business. Lyle Dickson (Dick) said that Joseph was a natural born accountant and was always willing to help everyone with their problems. Dick said that he could never have passed the C.P.A. Examination himself, without the help that Joseph (Joe as he was called at work) gave him.

Until Joseph was about nine years of age his hair was very light brown, almost white, then it gradually darkened until it was dark brown when he married; but it was always straight. He was



about five feet eight inches tall and the most he ever weighed was 140 pounds. He was slightly built, always wore a small, well trimmed moustache. He was a little taller than Nettie but one would not think so unless they were standing together. His eyes were very expressive, being very large and a beautiful blue, with long eyelashes that curled, but were not so noticeable because he always wore glasses.

He married Nettie Lambert Woodbury on the October 12, 1935 in the Salt Lake Temple. The Temple had been closed during the summer for a complete renovation and it was scheduled for completion before the marriage date that was planned. However, there were delays and the opening kept being postponed. They were allowed to be married then but with the odor of fresh paint all around. Both Nettie and Joseph had received their endowments previously, so were just married that day. They both wanted Apostle John A. Widtsoe to preform the ceremony, but he was teaching, on special assignment, in Southern California and could not leave there on the date selected. Joseph could not change his vacation time so they did not change their wedding date but were happy to be married by Apostle David O. McKay, with whom they were both acquainted and loved. Apostle Widtsoe had been well acquainted with Joseph's father in Logan. He said that J. F. Miller had taught him more about the Gospel than any other one person in his life; he was the teacher in the Elder's quorum that Apostle Widtsoe was member of. Nettie had labored under the leadership of Apostle Widtsoe the first year of her serving in the European Mission and had spent many hours with him, his wife Leah D. Widtsoe, and their daughter

Eudora. A wedding Dinner was given for only the members of their immediate families and Nettie's 'pal' for many years, Jessie Cox.

They left immediately after for a Honeymoon trip for two weeks to the canyons of southern Utah - Bryce, Zions, Cedar Breaks, and as far South as Las Vegas, where the car broke down twice as they started for home, and they had to be towed back to Las Vegas for repairs.

Joseph and Nettie made their home in the Woodbury Family home at 236 Orchard Place in Salt Lake City. Nettie's father, Frank B. Woodbury, urged them to make their home there as Nettie was the last one at home and had been keeping house for him since her mother's death, and recording his Patriarchal Blessings, as he was a Patriarch in Pioneer Stake.

Joseph had asked to be released as the Clerk of the South Bountiful Ward, as he was moving to Salt Lake City, but Bishop Ezra T. Hatch urged him to stay on to the end of the year to make out the yearly reports, which he agreed to do. However, he was not released until March 8, 1936. The following evening, Bishop Richard D. Andrew of the 6th-7th Ward came to our home asking him to assume the duties of Ward Clerk there and he consented, although he really needed a rest from this responsibility of fifteen years.

Joseph had a strong testimony of the Gospel and always wanted to do whatever he was asked to do - never refusing anything asked of him in the Church. He was always willing to accept any responsibility, was gentle, kind, strong, loving, wise and patient. He very seldom got angry, but when he did it was best to leave him alone and he could get over it.

He and Nettie had a happy married life with their three children - Maxine - born September 30, 1936; Frank Woodbury born May 7, 1939; and Janice Kaye born May 31 1942. He loved his children very much and was willing to sacrifice anything for them. He was always interested in what they were doing and their accomplishments. Always urging them to read good books, not to waste time, and get as much education as possible; always feeling that he would have been better able to cope with life and his responsibilities if he had received more education. His great desire was that he could help them in every way to do this. He encouraged his children to study and learn to play musical instruments as well. He was very happy and proud of Maxine when she was sustained as the Ward Organist in the 6th-7th Ward and always loved to hear her play in Sacrament Meeting.

He loved good books and was always happy to receive one - mainly Church Books - for Christmas and Birthday presents and he read them from cover to cover. His memory was exceptionally good in remembering dates and events in History and Church History. A great thrill of his life was when he signed to purchase the Encyclopedia Britannica, as it was a set of books he had always desired. Even when recovering from a bad case of the "Flu" he enjoyed reading it and the Bible.

In his married life he remembered dates and special occasions, not always with a present (there wasn't always money for that) but with a call on the phone from work on his lunch hour, or special mention of it in the morning or evening. He never forgot a Birthday, Anniversary, or date of a special event in their married

life. He knew that Nettie loved to ride up or down Main Street, and at one time in particular when he was bringing her and a new baby home from the L.D.S. Hospital he drove down Main Street, remembering how she enjoyed doing so.

After his mother retired from work he called her on the phone every day on his lunch hour, and she said he did it so regularly she could almost set her clock by the time of his phone call, which was such a joy to her.

He wrote the following account of his Church services: Served as Secretary of the Sunday School in the South Bountiful Ward, South Davis Stake, from March 14, 1920 to January 9, 1921. Served as secretary of the Y.M.M.I.A. of the South Bountiful Ward, South Davis Stake, from April 25, 1920 to November 30 1920. Served as Clerk of the South Bountiful Ward, South Davis Stake, from January 16, 1921 to March 8, 1936. Set apart as one of the Presidents of the 74th Quorum of Seventy February 1, 1928 by Brigham H. Roberts and served until February 24, 1932. Was Senior President of that Quorum from February 11, 1930 to February 24, 1932.

Served as Ward Clerk of the 6th-7th Ward, Pioneer Stake, from April 12, 1936 to May 29, 1938. Set apart as one of the Presidents of the 23rd Quorum of Seventy September 26, 1937 by Antoine R. Ivins and served until May 14, 1938. Served as First Counselor to the Bishop of the 6th-7th Ward, Pioneer Stake - H. Gilbert Barton, from May 8, 1938 until June 10, 1945, with John R. Burt as the Second Counselor. Sustained as a member of the Auditing Committee at the Pioneer Stake Conference, February 4, 1945 and served until the division of Pioneer Stake and formation of the Temple View

Stake, January 13, 1946; it being the 155th Stake in the Church.

Served as Secretary of the High Priest Group of the 6th-7th Ward from June 30, 1946 until December 8, 1946. Served as Superintendent of the Sunday School in the 6th-7th Ward of Temple View Stake from January 27, 1946.

Sustained as a member of the Temple View Stake High Council June 25, 1950 and served until his death on March 9, 1956. We were sitting together as a family in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, enjoying the Temple View Stake Conference, when he was sustained as a member of the Temple View Stake High Council. He was not asked before if he would accept this new responsibility, but the Church Authorities knew him well enough to know that he would accept any assignment given him.

In about February 1948 his mother felt it best to give up her apartment where she was living alone, as she was not well, and we were happy to have her move into our home. We gave the small bedroom downstairs, with her own furniture in it. We felt she was happy and contented there and we enjoyed having her. Joseph would come home from work each day and, taking the newspaper with him, to her room; read it and when he found something he thought would interest his mother, would read it to her and they would discuss it and other topics until dinner was ready. She lived in our home until her death on July 28, 1948.

One of his great desires was to take his family on a trip to the Northwest. He had taken his mother, sister and her girl friend, and brothers there years before to visit their Aunt Nellie Davenport (his mother's sister), and enjoyed it so much he wanted

his family to enjoy it also. It seemed there was always a baby too young, a car too old, or gas rationing and they couldn't go. In August 1953 he and Nettie went East with her sister, Lillian and Husband, Wilford C. Wood. They went to New York, stopping to see Church Historical places on the way. The children were left at home, Janice in Ogden with Aunt Mamie and Grandpa Woodbury being with the other two part of the time. On the way home Joseph and Nettie were left in Detroit, where they picked up a blue Plymouth, four-door sedan which had been previously ordered, and they had their second Honeymoon driving back to Salt Lake. The plan was that they would take the family to the Northwest the following summer. However, the next spring Joseph suffered a slight stroke. After a few weeks at home he was able to go back to work but the Doctor felt he should not drive the car, so Nettie took him to and from work each day, and also to his Church assignments unless Rudy Hahn, a fellow member of the High Council, and Elders' Committee, called for him and brought him home.

Instead of going to the northwest the Doctor said he could take a short trip. Maxine decided to stay home and work as she needed the money for her schooling at the University of Utah, so Frank and Janice went with us, going to Vernal, to Dinosaur Land, then on into Colorado and saw the beautiful mountains, and home through Moab and the Arches. Frank and Janice gave their parents quite a scare at the Arches National Monument as they wanted to go for a hike. They promised to be back soon and not separate; However, Janice got tired so Frank went on without her. She promised him she would wait right there where he left her. She

thought he had gone on without her so she started to try to find him and they went different ways and couldn't find each other for some time. The prayers of their anxious parents in the car as they waited for their return, brought them back safely, together. It was truly an anxious time for all four and all felt that their prayers had been answered.

In December 1955, Doctor Maurice J. Taylor felt it best for Joseph to go to the hospital for tests as his kidneys were damaged and he wanted to know the extent of the damage. He found both kidneys damaged and also that his heart was enlarged and there was nothing that could be done to help him. He worked through January but was so ill on February 1, that he stayed home and was unable to return to work again.

About the middle of February he took very ill and had to return to the hospital for a few days, but was at home after that. His condition gradually worsened until he died on March 9, 1956 about 5 a.m.; Nettie and the children were all with him. There was a beautiful, peaceful look, with a smile on his face as he passed from this life, just like he was being met by his mother, who was so dear to him, and probably his father, who was so happy to have a son.

His funeral was held in the 6th-7th Ward Chapel, which was filled to over-flowing, with friends and relatives, on March 12, 1956. He was buried in the Farmington Cemetery on the lot with his father and mother. The cemetery is a small but beautiful spot with the mountains to the east and sloping to the west a lovely view of the Great Salt Lake. The day was cold and wintery, but the spirit



at the funeral service was so warm and good that we didn't notice the cold.

There was a profusion of beautiful flowers, sent by relatives and friends who loved him for what he really was - a noble son of our Father in Heaven who loved to serve Him.

Written in November 1978 by Nettie W. Miller