

Edith Amanda Adams Neilson
December 4, 1911-January 21, 2002
Life History

Edith was born in Paragonah, Utah - the first girl to Sarah Jane Jones Adams and Alexander Adams. Her siblings include Dean, Belle, Frances and Claude.

Her father was originally a machinist and then tried farming - buying a farm in Parowan Bottoms. They would go to town on the back of a neighbor's white buggy and weren't able to go to church much because it was 1 ½ miles away. Edith's father died of typhoid fever when she was 15 - he caught typhoid from drinking water in the pond where the sheep also drank. Following her father's death, the family struggled with various ways to survive: catching and selling fish and game were her brothers' responsibility and Edith helped by babysitting for 50 cents a night. The family lost the farm and moved to town. She loved to tell the story of local Indians coming to the back door and asking for sugar.

Edith had a passion for poetry and recitation in school - Frances, her sister, has said that Edith had the best memory of anyone she knew and that she could recite lines of Shakespeare. She graduated in 1930 and immediately went to work at the Iron County Hospital in Cedar City, Utah for \$1 a day. She would send much of her paycheck back home to help her family. Her sister, Frances, said that Edith bought her a green dress and shoes for her Jr. prom - which took ½ a month's wage.

It was at Cedar City where she met Joseph Alando Neilson. Alando was working in Pioche, Nevada in the mines and Edith met him through her co-worker at a July 4th picnic. Alando and Edith were married on December 4, 1937.

Their first child, Joseph John, was born November 19, 1938 in Cedar City. When the Bristol Silver mine closed, the new family moved to Hailey, Idaho to work in the mines. Maurice, their second son, was born April 22, 1941. It was at this time that World War II broke out and Alando moved his family to Vancouver. He went to welding school and became a boilermaker in the Vancouver shipyards. Claudette, their only daughter, was born May 19, 1945 in Vancouver, Washington, and was named after Edith's brother, Claude, who was killed in the South Pacific during World War II earlier that year. Alando rented a farm near Vancouver and bought 5 gurnsey calves and was on his way to building a dairy herd. In 1945, the family decided to move to Alando's home in Montevieu. He paid \$160 for a 1935 Ford truck, loaded the 5 calves in the bottom of the truck and the furniture and bedding on the top. They had traveled to about midnight when a fuse blew in the truck - the family rolled out the bedding and slept outside. It took 5 days to travel back to Bertha Dring's - his sister's house- in Montevieu. Aunt Bertha helped take care of the 5 calves that winter while Alando went back to Hailey to work in the mines - it was warmer underground!

Following this, Alando and his brother Kenneth bought 160 acres in Montevieu to farm. They were split into 80 acres apiece. As the dairy herd grew, Edith emerged as a strong partner on the farm: rising at early hours to help milk the cows and tend the chickens.

There was nothing but a straw barn for those milk cows - even during the severely cold Idaho winters. But, Edith never complained.

Edith's life history is not complete without some reflection on her tenderness, caring and ability to give to others without expecting anything in return. She was, at times, bashful and shy - yet this shyness was

more about humility. Her compassion for others was her greatest personality trait. Edith helped care for Charlie Crabtree - a family friend often referred to as Uncle Charlie. She would always ask you if you needed money and write you a \$1 check even if you didn't.

Alando's siblings lived close by and Sunday dinners were an important part of the various families' interactions. Edith would take turns with Aunt Zenna, the Tracys and the Drings for Sunday dinners. Edith was an excellent cook - everyone knows that her roast beef, potatoes and gravy and rolls were her specialty.

Going to Medicine Lodge or Spencer for picnics on the 4th of July were also memorable events. Edith's brother, Dean, would often come to visit the farm so he could hunt and fish in the mountains near Montevieu.

Edith never learned how to drive. Following Alando's death in 1975, Aunt Bertha and Aunt Zenna were her companions and ensured that she was driven to her destinations. Aunt Bertha's speedy white Datsun gave Edith a number of scares! Janice Fransen was a constant and loyal companion for many years. Edith would love to eat out and go for dinner someplace with her family which was a very important part of her life. She enjoyed working for many years in the Montevieu ward nursery with Helen Olliverson and Ruby Mitchell. She loved to have a small garden. Neighbors such as the Fransens, Eddins and Wadsworths became special family friends and looked after Edith. One nickname became "Mrs. Weelson", after Fransen's farmhand, Lupee, called her that. She also loved her weekly lunches at the senior citizens centers in Mud Lake and Dubois.

Edith doted on her family and grandchildren. They were her life. But, she was overly protective of them: her children and grandchildren alike would be warned, "I'll get me a switch". But, the punishment never came. She hated water and would warn "Never go near the canal." Terrie and Tess will never forget Grandma telling them to never, never put your hand near the "Woofe's cage" (wolf).

She would spend many winters in Las Vegas with Joe and June. Edith was very fond of the memory of visiting Maurice's family for 1989 Thanksgiving in Lake Bay, Washington and was very happy to see Maurice, Cindy and their children when they visited her in 1996. Claudette's children were only an hour away from Montevieu and would spend many summers with Edith. And, she would say "oh, goody, goody" when Claudette would say we would drive out for Sunday dinner. Her grandson, Shawn, would say, "Let's go to Eedies' Cafe" because of her good cooking. In 1990, her water pump quit and she moved to St. Anthony, Idaho to live with Claudette's family for the next decade. She would always say: "When my pump get fixed, I'll be going home." Since April, 2001 she was provided care by Alyss Morgan.

Perhaps you knew my Grandma

You used to be a pretty good cook until you went to Relief Society and learned to make casseroles - then, perhaps you knew Alando 's wife.

Is there one among you who knew the one who could milk the cows, feed the kittens, gather the eggs, and never complain? Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Lidy Hot Springs was the place to go to a hotpool. Oh, wow, old Dan Sullivan was the man who sold a case of coke for 80 cents then - Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Have you met the woman who never spoke an unkind word, who you could tell a secret and would never again be heard? Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know the lady who called us "angel pie face"? That would ask "who's girl are you?" And, would clap her hands with excitement when we would reply: "Yours!" Then, perhaps you knew my grandma

Have you ever encountered a woman who would fiveyeverything she had to you? Who found pleasure in cooking for a crowd? Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know someone with many stories to tell? Who memorized songs, Shakespeare and poetry and recite them by heart? Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know someone who would buy you Schwaan' s ice cream and pushup sticks? Who would give you 50 cents for candy at the Montevue store? Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know someone who would tell you to clean up your plate and be thankful for what you had because "all those kids in Africa have nothing to eat?" Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know someone who loved The Price is Right, Lawrence Welk, Jeopardy and Wheel of Fortune? Then perhaps you knew my grandma.

Did you ever see the lady walking down the long lane to get her papers, pulling her grandchildren in the rusty, old wagon along the way. Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know the lady who asked, "Need any money"? and would write you a check for a dollar. But, if you told her you didn't need her money that would surely make her holler. Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know the lady who would fix you breakfast - not longer than 5 minutes and she had you a dipped egg? Then, before you started eating she would bend over - with her little hunched back - and whisper in your ear "Now, do like magic and make it disappear." Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Do you know the woman who would drink Pepsi by the pack, who would save all the bottles and cans, to trade in the bottles and use that money for our sack? Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Maybe you know the lady who smothered you with loves and kisses after school or would share everything she had? Then, perhaps you knew my grandma.

Did you ever see a sweet, grey-haired lady in the passenger's seat of a red Buick patiently waiting at the Saving Center? Then, perhaps you knew my friend.

Did you ever know the lady who filled your heart with gladness and cheer? Who was satisfied with little? Who was always loyal, trusting and a true confidant? Then, perhaps you knew my friend.

So, dear Grandma, now the page has turned. For, it used to be you tucking us in and saying this prayer, but now we're going to tuck you in and say your prayer:

Now, I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take

We love you, Grandma